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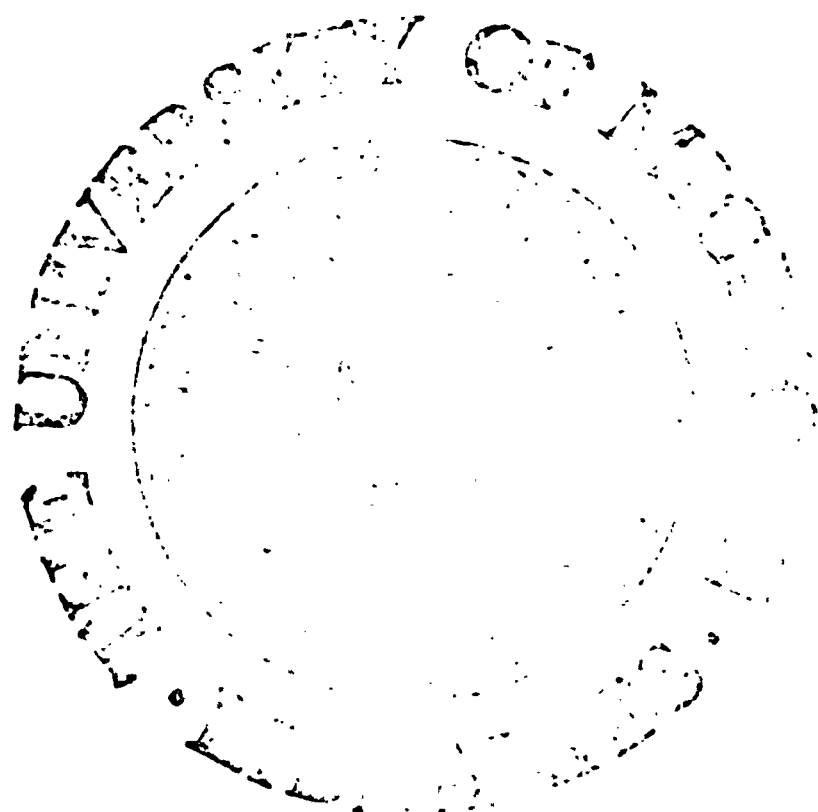
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THE

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1857.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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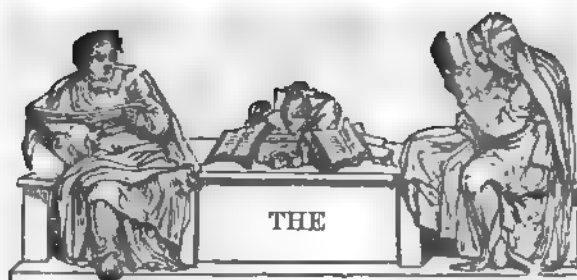
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# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1857.

From the North British Review.

## DR. CHALMERS' WORKS.\*

THE high place which Thomas Chalmers occupies in the religious history of Scotland, he holds securely; it is a position which he will not lose, unless a time shall come when John Knox and other worthies of the like stamp shall have ceased to be thought of in their native country with reverential gratitude. But the rank which his writings will ultimately hold in the body of English literature is a point yet to be determined; and at present it can be only conjecturally spoken of, and this on the ground of considerations of quite a different order from those which affect his place in the regards of his countrymen. Nevertheless, on this ground we do not hesitate to profess the belief that, as a religious writer and as a theologian, he will live. A distinction, however, must here be made: The "Works," entire, of Dr. Chalmers, will, no doubt, continue to be sought after, through a course of many years, and will often be reprinted in their mass for the use of Scotland, and of England too, buoyed up, as one might say, by

his immortal renown, as one of the best and the ablest, and the most useful of the great men whom Scotland has in any age produced. The grateful and religious Scottish people at home, as well as those thousands of the "dispersion," who are scattered over the face of the earth, will (so we imagine) for generations yet to come, regard it as a sacred duty to possess themselves of the Works entire of their own Chalmers. And, moreover, among these purchasers and readers of the Works, there will always be many who will draw from certain portions of them a large amount of their spiritual and theological aliment, and who will think themselves well and sufficiently disciplined, and kept safely orthodox and evangelical, so long as they are content to sit at the feet of this revered teacher.

But when we come to think of English literature at large, and to think of it as influenced or favored by no special or national feelings, it is quite certain that the "Works" will undergo a severe sifting. Portions—large portions of the mass, we can not doubt, must subside, and, at no distant date, will cease to be often asked for, or popularly read. The works

\* *Dr. Chalmers' Works.* Twenty-five Volumes 12mo.

*Posthumous Works.* Nine Volumes 8vo. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

of the very best writers (if voluminous) have undergone the same descriptive process. Nor has any human reputation hitherto been of such plenary force as might suffice for immortalizing every paragraph or treatise that a man has written and printed. Assuredly Chalmers will not stand his ground as an exception to this almost universal doom—a doom which has consigned to oblivion a half, a three-fourths, or a nine-tenths of the products of even the brightest minds; especially if they have been, in their day, teeming and industrious minds, and if such writers have mixed themselves at large with the social and political movements of their times.

At this time—and if we are looking to the volumes now before us, it is not Chalmers as the great, the good, and the eminently useful man of his age and country whom we have to do with: it is not Chalmers as related to those religious and ecclesiastical movements of which Scotland is now reaping the fruits; but it is the same distinguished man, considered simply as a writer; and as one who comes at this time to claim the place that may be due to him in the permanent religious literature of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, spread, and spreading over all the world.

When thus thought of, the mass of his writings, as they are now put into our hands, ask for classification. Although these four-and-thirty volumes are characterized, in an unusual degree, by singleness of intention, by coherent thought, by unity of spirit, as well as by much uniformity of style and manner, they are, as to their form and their subjects, very diverse; nor could they well, as we think, be brought under a simpler distribution than the following. The volumes seem to range under five heads, as thus:

I. The Methods and the Principles of Christian Benevolence, as related to the Parochial and Municipal System; these methods being made to rest upon the author's principles of Political Economy, in its more general aspect.

II. Ecclesiastical Polity.

III. Moral Philosophy.

IV. Theology; and the Christian Evidences.

V. Christian doctrine; Christian Ethics, Biblical Exposition, and the Principles of the Spiritual Life.

It may be that in forming this classifica-

tion, as to its order, we have followed the guidance of a conjecture as to what will be the relative longevity of the several Essays and Treatises—which conjecture, in fact, may prove itself quite groundless, and concerning which there may be room now for differences of opinion. We are disposed to take up the various materials before us, beginning with those treatises which, bearing as they did upon those movements of his times of which Chalmers was the soul, and which have long ago passed their season, are, as we imagine, likely the soonest to be seldom read, if not altogether forgotten. It will be no disparagement to the permanent repute of this great man, if it be found that his enduring fame rests upon what he accomplished in those regions of thought which are the most remote from the littleness and the perturbations of secular, and local or national interests, and which abide substantially the same from age to age.

It is no doubt true, that in those of his writings which we assume to possess the least of an enduring quality and an intrinsic merit, there is much of what is instructive—sound as it is in principle—and which may therefore be made available in all times and places. And yet, as to these same principles, it is probable that the men of the next age may incline rather to take them up, practically wrought out as they were in Chalmers' own course of life, than as they are laboriously argued in his writings. The history of his beneficent achievements—the mere narrative of his useful life, not only has more force and carries more of available instruction, but it comes to us in a more condensed form. Chalmers' elaborate pleadings—his defences—his counter-statements—his endless clearings up—his many iterations—and his lavish figures, might indeed be eagerly listened to when his voice quickened the soul of an audience; but in the reading of the same (and it will be so more and more as time runs on) they tend to exhaust patience, rather than to instruct. It is eminently true of subjects of this class—to wit, the topics of social science, of municipal economics, and of ecclesiastical polity, that a severe condensation, as to the style, is the one excellence upon which a lasting reputation must turn. In relation to those great social questions which never remain seven years together in quite the same position, Chalmers' pub-

lic course will be appealed to in confirmation of this or that rule or principle; and perhaps his writings on this class of subjects may continue to be sometimes cited; but they will not, as we think, like the "Wealth of Nations," and a very few other books, continue to be read, as a matter of course, by every student in this department. In expressing an opinion such as this, little disparagement is implied; and, in fact, none but what Chalmers' well-sustained reputation may easily afford.

Chalmers, if it were required of us to characterize him in a word, was the man—great in action: he was the man to give a needed and an irresistible impulse to whatever he applied his Herculean shoulder. The world—or that world where-with he concerned himself, he would not, and could not, and he did not, leave just what and where it was when first he looked about upon it; for that first glance moved his soul to its depths; moved it, not with scorn—not with malign antagonism—not with a wild, unknowing enthusiasm—not with despondency; but with a hopeful and a reasoning confidence—a calculated trust in the efficacy of those forces, those energies of renovation which, if well employed, and manfully worked, will not fail to bring about a better state of things, more or less complete. Chalmers was the man to give a healthful impulse to all things around him; but he was not the man to give them altogether a new direction. He was just so far the philosopher as an accomplished man must be who concerns himself at all with the things of philosophy; but he was not (as we presume to think) a philosopher in any higher sense; or in any sense that should give him a place of his own among those who have wrought out a scheme of thought for themselves, and for their times. The *Thought* of this present age has not pivoted itself upon Chalmers' mind. He was the philanthropist, eminently so; and his understanding was of that robust order which utterly forbade his giving himself up to any of those vapoing modes of enthusiasm which so often bring all philanthropy into contempt. By an instinct quicker and surer than the guidance of reason—although reason never failed to come up to his aid, he rejected whatever was visionary and impracticable, or not at the moment practical; and by the same instinct, duly sustained as it was by the

force of the dialectic faculty, he seized upon whatever was good and right in the main, and also sound in principle, among things actually existing and constituted, and which may be made available for immediate purposes: these he took up, and upon these he worked with a prodigious energy, and with an industry—rare excellence—commensurate with that energy. Decisively conservative in temper, and reverential too in feeling, his aim was to bring up the *things that are* as near as possible to their normal state of effectiveness: he labored to reinstate—to invigorate—to quicken the languid pulse of the social body; to redress, to clear away from it encumbering accumulations. But there he stopped.

Wanting almost entirely, as we shall have occasion to show, the analytic faculty, wanting also the severe critical faculty, and wholly wanting that melancholic element which leads minds severely reflective to distrust obvious conclusions, and to scrutinize all things that are offered to their assent, Chalmers sent down his line into no abyss: he himself, as to the dim world of painful speculation, had never trodden a path, like that of Bunyan's Christian, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. As a most kind-hearted man, his sympathies were awake toward all kinds of trouble, whether of mind, body, or estate; but specially and intellectually he had no sympathy with minds deeper rooted than his own, or more discriminative, or more exact, or more analytic, or more scrupulously honest toward their own misgivings. Such minds, in approaching him, would quickly discover that from *him* they would not receive the aid they needed.

And thus it is as to his philosophic writings. Admirably adapted as they were to effect their immediate purpose—a purpose conservative and confirmatory, as related to the diffuse intellectuality of the times when they appeared, and well adapted too, as they may still be, to meet the same order of intellectuality at this time, or in any time future, they wholly fail to satisfy the conditions of philosophic discussion, such as it has of late years become. It may seem unfair to require of a man—of a teacher, that he should forecast the progress of opinion for half a century in advance of his own times; but this at least may be said, that while a writer who touches the boundaries of thought in all



directions is likely to anticipate the recurrent theories of times future, he who stops far short of those limits is likely to be numbered with the antiquated at the very next coming on of a crisis in speculative philosophy. If, in these last times, religious relief has had to contend with more than enough of flippant sophistry, it has also come to stand its ground in opposition to deeply-wrought speculative systems, against which writings like those of Chalmers, whatever ability they may display, afford little or no defence. And besides, in the tone and style of these apologetic writings, as toward gainsayers, these Essays are less applicable than perhaps they might have been to the purposes for which they were intended. That firm conservative temper, and that reverential feeling, which we have just now spoken of, and which made Chalmers the thoroughgoing and uncompromising champion of the Creed of his Church, impelled him also to look out upon the host marshalled on the other side with a lofty and indiscriminating disapproval; these opposers—one and all—were, in his view, “the enemy;” howbeit more than a few of that antagonist host would gladly have accepted CHRISTIAN TRUTH, if only it had been presented to them in its purity, as severed from the national Creed. Yet to render even this service—a service on the side of Christianity so needful, and yet so rarely attempted, namely, to present the TRUTH apart from the Creed—Chalmers, although large-hearted enough, and bold enough, and broad enough in his habits of thinking, lacked some qualifications. Nevertheless he might have addressed himself to the task, if only he had come to see the urgent necessity there is for doing it, and especially if he had perceived how urgent this necessity is, as related to the Christianity of Scotland, where the close adhesion of the Creed to the Truth—the entombing of the Truth within the Creed—has in modern times forced so many of her choicest minds into a position of antagonism, whether open or latent, to the latter. An obstacle in Chalmers’ way, which perhaps he would not have surmounted, even if he had clearly seen his call to enter upon that ground, was what we have named as his strong inbred feeling—might we say, his Churchman’s feeling of alarm lest a pin of the Tabernacle should be loosened by presumptuous hands. Moreover, there was a difficulty in relation to a task of this

kind which he would not easily have overcome; for it took its rise in the very constitution of his mind. This, as we have said, contained too little of that discriminative severity, or of that penetrative exactitude which is required in parting off the great and deep things of Christianity from the offensive asperities and the crudities that had their origin in a rude, revolutionary, and fanatical period. Scotland—and England too, in a different sense—yet waits the advent of one equal to her own Chalmers in grandeur of soul, and in moral energy, who shall take up the work of her renovation at the point where he left it unattempted, and shall give her at length a Christianity far larger than any Confession, and burdened with no burdens that are of man’s devising.

Diverse as are the subjects embraced in the compass of Chalmers’ works, the mode of reasoning throughout them, and the style, are much the same everywhere. This mode and this style are clearly indicative of the history of his mind, as well as of the several positions he occupied toward the Church and the world. When first his powerful intellect woke up to a consciousness of what is termed “evangelic doctrine,” he looked around him and found, on almost all sides, that this doctrine, although it still held its place as the authentic belief of the Church and the nation, had lost its hold, very generally, of the heart and soul both of the ministers of religion and of their hearers. The conviction that this was the actual state of things around him, wrought mightily in his mind and spirit, and it roused him to undertake the work in which his success was signal—that of calling back ministers and people to the realities of their own admitted faith. In prosecution of this great work, which was essentially unlike that of the Reformers, his style formed itself upon the leading conditions of the task before him. He seized those principles and doctrines which were not in dispute between himself and his hearers, and he strenuously insisted that these doctrines should be readmitted to their due place of influence over the heart, the conscience, and the conduct of men. Hence comes much of that iteration which is so prominently the characteristic of Chalmers’ style, and of that patience-trying practice of turning an argument over and over a dozen times. The Preacher, the Professor, the Writer, has his eye fixed

always upon that mountain mass of popular inertness which he must break his way into and overturn; and he is slow to believe that, after all, he has done his work efficiently. He has his eye fixed upon certain rigid and inveterate formalities, trebly fenced against assault; and after he has carried the outworks, he is doubtful of his own success, and returns upon the ground ever and again, and is fain to look back anew to assure himself of his conquest. Throughout the early years of his course, and indeed throughout the whole of that period in which his style was in process of formation, his office, his calling, was that of the champion intent upon achieving a victory, and maintaining the **RIGHT** against all comers.

Although the entire Works, as now before us, are susceptible of the classification above stated, no purpose which we have in view in this Article requires a strict adherence to it. We intend nothing more than to take a glance at the mass, commencing with those of its constituents which, in our opinion, possess the least of an enduring quality, and going on to those of which it may be thought that they will take a permanent place in English religious literature. We therefore take up first the volumes on

**POLITICAL ECONOMY.**—To enter here upon any questions belonging to this science would be quite out of place, and ill-timed also, as related to Chalmers' treatment of the subject. The volumes now named, and others of the series, bearing upon kindred subjects, should be looked into as exponents of his power of mind—his logical force, and that statesman-like breadth of view and capacity which distinguished him as a controversialist. But these treatises can scarcely be regarded as having taken a place permanently among authorities in the science. We are far from affirming that he has not, in these and other of his writings, won some lasting repute in establishing certain points; but we believe there are few, if any, who are conversant with these subjects, that would now care to vindicate for him a claim to a foremost rank among the masters and teachers of this branch of philosophy, still in course of development as it is. The years that have elapsed since Chalmers first took up these questions have not only been marked by the appearance of works of the highest merit; but more than this, during these eventful

years social and commercial changes have come about, affecting not this country only, but Europe, America, the world, which few or none of the men of that time had dreamed of, and which, if they had lived to witness them, must have compelled them to abandon some of their favorite dogmas, and greatly to modify others.

Chalmers' economic writings give evidence of a masculine energy, a power of holding and of dealing with those intricately related abstractions which constitute the materials of the argument in this department. Whether right or wrong in his doctrine, he swayed his argument this way and that with ease. In the logic of the science he was expert, with its methods he was familiar, and he had affixed for himself a determinate meaning to its principal terms. We may believe him to be wrong, but we do not find him bewildered, or crushed under a burden that is too heavy for his shoulders. Smitten as he was with the charms of an hypothesis which started the world, (Malthus' Essay,) but which has had its day, and yielding himself too readily to its parade of demonstration—to its partial array of facts—to its conclusions so hastily concluded, he instantly saw how well this doctrine concerning population might be built upon for giving support to those further inferences of which his instincts and his principles as a moralist, and as a Christian minister, and as a warm philanthropist, impelled him to make himself the champion. Whatever there is in these economic writings which approves itself to our convictions on grounds of mere humanity, and of Christian feeling, is true *so far*; but these things are legitimately available as a basis for the inferences which the author builds upon them, only when they have been brought into their place as modified by considerations which Chalmers in his earnestness quite overlooks, or is not aware of, or which he misunderstands. Who can find fault with anything that is indeed *moral* in what he urges and reiterates about the usefulness of the "moral restraint," considered as a force counteractive of the law of increase?—but when we come to the question of "early marriages," and of protracted or absolute celibacy, an even-handed morality has something else to say on this point; and besides, there are facts physiological and ethico-physiological, which also demand to be well thought of and considered. If it

were to be alleged that Chalmers was a one-sided thinker, we should affirm, on the contrary, the breadth and grasp of his intellect, and we could adduce many convincing instances of his aptitude in planting himself on opposite sides of a subject. But when, at the bidding of his own powerful feelings, he surrendered himself to a particular dogma, he did not always hold himself free from that species of entanglement which so often drags able logicians far astray from the fields of a tranquil and a true philosophy. Nothing is so little to be trusted to as "demonstrations which you cannot answer;" nothing is more fallacious than "tables;" nothing is more to be suspected than "facts admitted on all sides;" nothing so like a broken reed as "an established axiom in political science." The great man before us was often led away by his "tables" and his "facts;" but more often was he snared in his own massive logic.

The great ends he aimed at in concerning himself with politics or political economy, were those higher purposes relating to the well-being of the lower classes, which, as a Christian moralist and a Christian pastor, he so devoutly and so devotedly sought to realize. We find him, then, quite on his proper ground in those of his writings which naturally take their place after the Political Economy, and the cognate treatises, and which flow from these as consequences, and as practical deductions.

Pursuing Chalmers' course as tending more and more toward his true position as the Christian divine, and, if not the philosopher, yet the philosophic theologian, and the bold champion of religious truth, we next take up that Essay on the CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES, which is not merely the earliest in date, but which first brought the writer into view before the English public. It is unnecessary here to recur to the circumstances under which it at the first appeared in 1813: we now take it as it stands in the series of the collected works, in which it takes its place as the third and fourth volumes.

A considerable portion of this Essay consists of summary statements, or abridged recitals of the staple Christian argument—an argument which has never been refuted—such as it is found in the writings of Lardner, Paley, Blount, and others. These synopses, or condensed evidences, call for no other remark than this, that

they are characteristic of Chalmers, both in mind and temper. As to temper, he had an openness and a candor which led him to admire, and freely to avail himself of, the authenticated products of other minds. There was in him a reverential feeling toward all those who might be named as the "canonized" of philosophy and literature—the few who have been unanimously voted to pedestals in the temple of fame. Free as he was from selfish ambition, and superior to the egotism of authorship, no sinister jealousies stood in his way when, in the course of an argument, he found other men's labors ready to his hand, which might be brought forward and commended, and perhaps incorporated with his own train of reasoning. It need scarcely be said that, in any such instances, he would have abhorred to act the plagiarist. In frequent instances Chalmers followed the guidance of others; but if, in any case, this sort of following was a fact of which himself was conscious, he made the reference and the acknowledgment in the most ample manner. But these legitimate borrowings are also characteristic of Chalmers' order of intellect. Bold, large in his grasp of subjects, statesman-like, business-like, prompt to seize the salient points of an argument, and singularly firm in his logical hold of whatever he held, he was not a suggestive, explorative, penetrative thinker. His intellectual habit was not that which impels, or which compels a man to pass his entire material of cogitation, even every atom of it, through his own mind, and in doing so to make it his own, whencesoever it may, in the first instance, have come to him. Whatever he believed to be sound, right, and logically available, Chalmers took up, and carried it to its place, in any discussion which for the moment engaged him. This he did, in part, as a practice, forcing itself upon a man so deeply occupied as he was in active life; but mainly (as we think) as the consequence of his individual structure of mind.

In illustration of what we are here affirming, it might be enough to refer the reader to the three concluding chapters of this Essay. It would be unfair to take these chapters in hand as if they had been recently composed, and were now put forth. We must believe that, at this time, Chalmers would materially have qualified many passages which, as they stand, must give pain to those who, as



zealous as himself for the genuine authority of Holy Scripture, have thought more upon the subject of inspiration than he had done, and who have taken pains to inform themselves better as to the condition of the argument as a question of fact. The chapters to which we refer are curious specimens of that logical style which has prevailed among a certain class of theologians; as thus: a position is assumed; it is, let us grant, mainly good and valid; but it is reasoned from unacceptively, and it is pursued as if the reasoner were utterly unconscious of serious difficulties standing in his path, and which should be met or removed, sooner or later in the argument. These chapters of the "Christian Evidences," if they came before us from the pen of an inferior writer, a dogmatizing theologian, would not seem to merit any sort of notice in reply: we should leave them to be forgotten, and the sooner the better. Coming as they do from a mind such as that of Chalmers, they give weight and urgency to the demand of this present moment—that the doctrine of Inspiration should now at length be set clear of the many confusions which still attach to it; and that this work should be so done as not to leave staggering difficulties unnoticed and unheeded; while a genuine and untroubled faith in the authority of Scripture is brought to rest upon its true grounds. This is a work for the undertaking of which neither was the Christian world in his time prepared, nor was Chalmers himself specially qualified. It might be asked, Is the Christian world, even at this time, prepared for entertaining, intelligently and reverentially, freely, boldly, and religiously, that great and arduous argument which has so long stood waiting its time, and which is to determine what we mean by the hackneyed terms, Revelation, and the Inspiration of Holy Scripture? If an answer to this question were peremptorily demanded, it must be, we think, of this conditional sort: The Christian world is at this moment no better prepared to listen to a dispassionate discussion of this subject than it has been at any time heretofore: it is not so, because none have come forward to take it up, and to deal with it, in whom, as to their competency, as to their freedom from entanglements, and as to the thoroughness of their religious principles, it has any well-grounded confidence. But further, it may confi-

dently be assumed, that such a state of preparedness will ensue, as if instantaneously and spontaneously, whenever the men, or the man, shall step forward who shall be able to command the respect and attention of the Christian community, and in presence of whom intemperate and ill-informed persons shall feel abashed, and shall hold their peace. When this cause shall come on for a hearing, there must be proclaimed "Silence" in the heaven of theological debate. But we return for a moment to the volumes on the Christian Evidences.

This Essay first appeared in 1813, forty-three years ago; and as to the core of the reasoning, it is as sound and as available now as it was then. Chalmers' revision and correction of the argument against Hume stands entire; and as to his own mode of refuting the flimsy sophism of the "Essay on Miracles," it is clear and unexceptionable; it is so, because Hume's cobweb may be swept away by more brooms than one; it needs no such refined process as Campbell and others had imagined to be necessary for the purpose: only bring it to the test of facts; let us see, in some half-dozen instances, which might be easily adduced, what becomes of the demonstration alleged to abate or destroy our confidence in testimony. Chalmers well states the fact that human testimony may be of such a kind, and it may be presented in such a form of complicated and intimate coherence, as would not merely *carry* our assent, but must *compel* it, even to the extent of its prevailing against our experience of the constancy of any natural phenomena whatever. All this is certain, and it is clear enough.

If, then, the question were asked, Is Chalmers' Essay on the Christian Evidences a book proper to be now put into the hands of an intelligent young man for the purpose of confirming him in his Christian profession? we should answer, Undoubtedly it is: let him read Chalmers and Paley, with one or two other books that treat the question concisely and forcibly, and he cannot go wrong. But if such a question were put with a more discrete meaning, and if the propounder of the question had in view the case of a thoroughly informed reader, one of those, to wit, who are fully conversant with the science and with the literature of the present time, then we must make excep-

ions to the Essay on two or three grounds.

None who were favored to have intercourse with Thomas Chalmers socially, can need to be assured that his personal dispositions were manly, cordial, generous, kind, sympathizing; but he was as *strong* in temper as he was robust in understanding; he fired at sophistry; he was hotly impatient of subterfuges and shams, and he was impatient toward any reasonings or difficulties of the sort with which, constitutionally, he had no sympathy, and the solidity of which he did not understand. Logic has to do with *propositions*—Yea and Nay: Philosophy has to do with *things*—with the things of visible nature, and with the things of mind; and its dealings with these things go far deeper down than do those of logic. But Chalmers was the categorical logician much more than the philosopher; his intellectual destination was to the senate—to the House of Commons, or to courts of law—rather than to those silent places where the human reason, and the human spirit, converse with and explore the universe of matter and of mind. Therefore it was that Chalmers' opponent, real or imagined, in any argument, was a somebody who is to be strenuously fought with and knocked down, and tumbled over the city wall as a nuisance.

Besides, it behoves the reader of this great man's works at large, to keep in mind, we may say at almost every page, what was his position, and what was the feeling which he had of that position, as the notable champion of great, and then neglected principles in *Scotland*; or, to confine ourselves to the subject now in view, Chalmers stood forth in his time in defence of that Christianity, of the truth of which he had newly convinced himself, and of which he had been some time a minister. This Christianity was then assailed on all sides by men—some of them atheists and some deists—who stood around the church of Scotland, and who, alas! had, some of them, comfortably lodged themselves within its enclosures. But as atheism and unbelief are at all times reactions from the Christianity in and about which they arise, they take their semblance from it; they are reflections of it; they are counterparts or complements: they are negative photographs of the religion to which they oppose themselves; they show blacks for whites—

whites for blacks—all over. But we are all apt to be the most angered by that which, while it dares to contradict us, is yet, in some occult manner, a resemblance of ourselves. Hume, and the accomplished men of whom he was the leader and the idol, had formed no other conception of Christianity than that which, in their paternal homes, they had acquired in the course of their training, according to the religious fashion of an ill-conditioned by-gone time; this fact should be considered in mitigation of the disapproval to which they may fairly be liable.

Chalmers found himself on the battlefield opposed to men with whom the rejection of Christianity, such as it had always been offered to them, was, we may say, an inevitable consequence of the free development of thought in strong minds. But of this fact he had himself no distinct consciousness; we think he had no consciousness of it at all; his training and his professional feeling as a clergyman, and the non-discrete quality of his own mind, stood in the way of his coming to a perception of it. Hence it is, therefore, that the tone of this Essay, and so of many of his writings, and the cast of the epithets which he allows himself to use, are too pugnacious, too arrogant—they are, in fact, offensive in their apparent meaning; and therefore it is, that the Essay before us is less adapted to the present time, and to England, than its substantial merits would have made it.

And yet this is not all. During the years that have elapsed since this Essay appeared, the Christian argument, as it was carried on between Christian advocates and the several classes of those who opposed themselves thereto, has moved many steps in advance toward what must be the resting-place of the controversy—namely, a never-to-be-ended antagonism between Christianity and atheism in its simplest form. Historical and literary criticism have undergone much improvement of late, and these improvements—these more exact and more erudite modes of proceeding—have wrought a great change in the feeling of well-informed men towards the books of the New Testament (and those of the Hebrew Scriptures also) which corrected feeling places these writings, in a historical sense, far beyond the range of doubt or question. Moreover, during this same period, several elaborate and highly ingenious endeavors

to nullify the historical evidence, or to reduce it to a cloudy condition, have signally failed; and these abortive attempts, spurned as they are by the learned everywhere—in Germany as in England—have been handed over as a useful stock in trade to those inferior writers and popular lecturers who contrive to earn a miserable subsistence, as the apostles of atheism, among the common people.

But what, now, is the consequence of this movement and of this advance? It has produced a feeling which may thus be put into words: "As matter of *history*, your Christianity is now granted you; we do not care any more to encounter the argument on *that* ground; and as to what is supernatural, and the elimination of which from the historical element is, as we allow, very difficult, we abstain from expressing any distinct opinion concerning it; in fact, we do not trouble ourselves either to frame or to defend any such opinion, even if we had formed one; we are in possession of no hypothesis, thereto relating, which altogether satisfies ourselves. But granting, as we do, your Christianity in its historical aspect, and waiving the perplexed question of its supernatural accompaniments, we must claim for ourselves the right to step back, or rather to ascend to a higher position of theological speculation. You must needs allow us this liberty, because you come to us asking our submission to the Christian revelation on this very plea, namely—that it follows as a legitimate inference from the principles of natural religion. Be it so; but if it be so, then we must feel our way towards it, and we must touch firm ground upon this speculative path. Until we have reasonably disposed of some formidable difficulties, and until we have secured for ourselves a position—somewhere short of atheism, and short of pantheism too, and short of a deism that rejects the moral attributes of the Creator—until we have achieved all these arduous labors, we must postpone altogether the Christian argument." This plea for an indefinite adjournment of the question may, undoubtedly, be conclusively replied to; and it may be shown to be both insufficient and irrelevant. But such a showing is indispensable; and in attempting it, regard must be had to the depth and to the difficulty of the subject, as seen from the position which cultivated minds have come into anew at this present time.

On this ground it is not the most irrefragable *verbal* logic that will serve us; it is no nicely-worded propositions, put together in the most approved technical order, that will help us at all. It must be a large, a cordial, and a genuine philosophy: it must be a *true* metaphysics; and this metaphysics must be inclusive of the axiom that, to those who occupy a place as we do in this world, in the midst of a system wherein evil so much abounds, the attainment of a point of view toward which all lines might be seen to converge, is an achievement which should not be thought of as possible; for, to suppose it attainable, is just to assume that disorder is only a form or a disguise of order, and that evil is good.

It is in *this* sense, therefore, that Chalmers' Essay on the Christian Evidences, though it will always be popularly available, and though it may without any scruple be put into the hands of unsophisticated young persons, must fail to recommend itself to those who are conversant with the course of thought at the present time, and who have passed through the discipline of an intellectual education.

But we have now to see in what manner Chalmers deals with these arduous antecedent questions. We look, therefore, to the two volumes of—

NATURAL THEOLOGY.—At the outset of an argument which, if it is to bring conviction to an *instructed* reader, should be purely scientific in its method, and abstinently concise in its style, we have to regret those faults of method and style which tax our patience even when the author is not acting as our guide in the region of abstract philosophy; we need scarcely say that we refer to his wonted method of cumulative and redundant illustration, and to his rhetorical, not to say factitious style. The pellucid stream of thought, flowing without noise in a channel that is well defined and not tortuous, is that to which the reader would willingly surrender himself in this region. Chalmers' course of thinking whirls itself through many eddies, and hurries us onward at a stormy speed; but too often he brings us round to a spot which is at no perceptible distance from the point of departure. It is these uninviting characteristics of his style which must, as we imagine, confine his philosophical writings to a comparatively narrow sphere; they



are substantially valid in argument, and they may with entire confidence be used for purposes of popular instruction; we mean they may be put into the hands of intelligent and Christianly trained young persons; but they must not be brought forward when we have to do with those who are acute, accomplished, and thoroughly instructed.

In the first chapter of this treatise—"On the distinction between the ethics of Theology, and the objects of Theology," a true distinction is well stated and insisted upon. But a few pages might have sufficed for conveying it to the intelligent reader with precision. The illustrative comparison between the mathematics of astronomy, and the observed facts of the science, is indeed pertinent; but the four or five ideas which this distinction and this illustration bring together, are, in this chapter, turned over and over again with so unsparing a profuseness, that they are made to fill as many as fifty-six pages! This prefatory chapter, therefore, would at once discourage a reader whose habits of thinking are scientific, and whose literary taste is at all fastidious. A passage in the next chapter, which Chalmers quotes from John Foster, exhibits all the difference between his own order of mind and that of one who could be philosophical, even when rhetorical; and who, when he amplifies, does so by exhausting his subject—not by holding up some of its constituent ideas in twenty aspects that are nearly identical. The second chapter reiterates the argument of the first, and might be listened to with pleasure as a sermon: and indeed it would read well if condensed within the compass of three paragraphs, prefatory to a philosophical essay. It is after making our way through nearly a hundred pages that we come upon the real argument of the treatise.

Nor have we gone far before we meet with evidence of the author's peculiar powers of mind; as, for instance, in his exposition of the illusory quality of the *a priori* argument, as propounded by Dr. S. Clarke. In this chapter, as well as in the next, wherein Hume's atheistic doctrine is considered, the instructed reader may perhaps desire a stricter process of analytic reasoning; but undoubtedly it is robust good sense which is here brought to bear upon a specious sophism; and, bating some redundancies, and some repetitions of reasoning which occur elsewhere,

a substantial argument is very effectively and powerfully presented. Yet, in fact, available as these chapters are, (IV. and V.) it would be needful, if we were directing the studies of well-informed young men, or of those who intend to become well-informed, to show them that the line of reasoning pursued by Chalmers, when he undertakes to be the critic of Hume, may be presented in a manner which is much less open to exception, and which may be brought within less compass. This, in fact, has been done by several recent writers.

In the fifth chapter, on "the Hypothesis that the World is eternal," that want of severe analytic reasoning which damages the preceding portion of the argument, leads the author to risk the whole of it by stepping upon ground which must be judged to be at the best very precarious. The theistic argument, as it stands opposed to Hume's sophism, is good, irrespective of any determination of the question concerning the world's origin *in time*, or its alleged eternity. We may state the case thus: a book which happens to be just now under my eye, may have been produced last season, or a thousand, or five thousand years ago; or its origination may stretch out into the infinitude of past time; nevertheless, and whichever of these suppositions I assume to be true, its pages—let me open the book where I may—bring me at once into correspondence and communion with another mind, namely, the mind of the author, and I find it to be a mind like my own in its constitution; it is the same in its rational structure; and it is like my own also as to its tastes and as to its sensibilities. The mind of the author, with which his book has brought me into this vivid correspondence, must have been greatly superior to my own, as to its range of knowledge, and as to its powers, and as to the compass and elevation of its moral sentiment, for I cannot imagine myself to have written a book such as this; and yet, now that it is written, and now that it has come into my hand, every page, every paragraph, and each line of it, is intelligible to me: and it is so, although I dare not flatter myself so far as to think that I could have written it; nevertheless, I may at least take to myself the consciousness of knowing that, as the reader of it, I am such a reader as the author himself would have wished for. In reply to my eager in-

quity, Who was the author? or when did he live? you may tell me perhaps that no one knows; or that he lived and died a million years ago; or you may say that the book itself has always been in existence, and is eternal. You do not mean the paper and the ink, for these are perishable, and are even now, as it appears, in course of decay. That, then, which is eternal, must be the thoughts—the feelings—the tastes—which are therein embodied. What I hold in my hand—the paper—is recent, is perishable, for it is material; but that which is imperishable is the symbolized mind and soul of the author; this, whencesoever it may have proceeded, allies itself instantaneously with my own mind, and claims kindred with it irresistibly: with this mind and soul—with this intelligence—with this feeling, I hold communion—like with like commingling; and this communion of spirits quickens, elevates, expands my own faculties, intellectual as well as moral. But now I lay aside *this* book, and turn toward a greater book—even the Material Universe. Is the world—the Cosmos—eternal? I do not know: but whether it has had its birthday or not, yet let me open its pages where I may—and this is true of every page which hitherto I have been able to open and to read—it sheds light upon my reason, and gives instantaneous energy to my thoughts: it kindles the intellect, it kindles the noblest emotions; it awakens tastes: every page of this Book of the World becomes to me, as I go on to read it, a new education; the study of it is a new life to the mind, to the heart, to the imagination. In the study and contemplation of this material universe I am daily abiding in the company of a Teacher whose every word is wisdom and goodness. Where does He dwell? I know only that “He inhabiteth eternity.” He is not visible as the material world itself is visible; but that He is, I have evidence which is more copious, a thousand times, than any which I have of the existence of other minds around me. If there be, indeed, any meaning in the noted axiom—“I think, therefore I am,” there is the same meaning in this version of it—other minds around me think, and therefore they are; that they do think, I have proofs numberless, and proofs as good as that which I take as evidence of my own existence. But if other minds exist, so does that Creative Mind, with which I hold communion in the material universe.

But further: Chalmers risks more than he should have risked, when he goes about to make the theistic evidence of the origin of the world rest upon the chronology of the Mosaic books. In doing this he misstates the case as to the Modern Geology. Instructed persons who maintain, as well they may, the truth of the Bible, geology allowed, carefully abstain from a pugnacious style, as if they felt themselves, while standing on their own ground, to be confronted with “geologists.” They well know, that what they have to do with, and what they should make room for in their religious belief, is not “the daring speculations of geologists,” but the incontestable facts of geology, and that to kick at geology can be no proof of wisdom. The modern astronomy convinced our predecessors, that the Hebrew Scriptures are true, if only they are interpreted under the guidance of common sense. The modern geology repeats this same lesson, although in other terms. Chalmers, in another mood, or if he were writing at *this* time, would readily have granted as much as this; indeed he does grant it in other places.

Very much of this Natural Theology, as of his other writings, would be quite proper in a popular lecture, or as a sermon, for it is substantial as well as impressive; but, in its actual form, the tendency of some parts of it is to suggest an atheistic rejoinder to the mind of any reader whose habits of thinking are exact, and who is well informed in abstract philosophy. There are young men whose atheistic surmises would become ripened into absolute atheism while reading this treatise. In the first place, the frequent repetitions are disheartening to those who easily admit an idea if it be *once* expressed with perspicuity, and who are offended by its recurrence a dozen times in a single chapter. A neat thinker takes all care (if he be composing a philosophical treatise) to convey his meaning, once for all, in the fewest and in the best terms. But Chalmers, when a notion or a doctrine strikes him as highly important, and especially if he regards it as subversive of some serious popular error, is never content with a first, a second, a third, presentation of it: he must say the same thing, in almost the same words, until the patience of the reader is fairly exhausted. It would be easy, but not useful, to adduce instances from the first and second chapters of the second



book, more than enough of this kind. We should not now advert to it at all, if it did not seem to us seriously important to caution a certain class of readers against the mistake of supposing that well-instructed theists at this time would be content to abide by the issue of an argument conducted in the manner of Chalmers, as seen in his philosophical writings.

Candid as he was, and superior to the small jealousies of mere authorship, he would himself, we fully believe it, have allowed Paley's superiority to himself, in respect of style, and as to the mode of treating a subject of this kind: his eulogy of Paley conveys implicitly, almost explicitly, a disparagement of himself. Paley, he says, "attempts no eloquence; but there is all the power of eloquence in his graphic representation of classic scenes and natural objects: without aught of the imaginative, or aught of the ethereal about him; but, in virtue of the just impressions which external things make upon his mind, and of the admirable sense and truth wherewith he reflects them back again, does our author, by acting the part of a faithful copyist, give a fuller sense of the richness and repleteness of this argument than is or can be effected by all the elaborations of an ambitious oratory." In his writings, "we have altogether a performance neither vitiated in expression by one clause or epithet of verbiage, nor vitiated in substance by one impertinence of prurient or misplaced imagination." To cite the entire passage which Chalmers generously devotes to the praises of Paley, would be to bring forward a curious sample of his own overdone style.

A passage which concludes the second book of this treatise, is noticeable, as being an instance—somewhat rare, we think, in the author's works—of his sympathy with those saddened meditative speculations which sink some minds almost down to the abyss of despair. We may, perhaps, find occasion to recur to this passage. But it is when the course of his reasoning in this treatise leads him upon the ground where he was always at home, that we find his great powers of thought and expression fully expanded, and this with such energy as to induce in the reader a happy oblivion of everything but the writer's genius.

In the chapters "On the Supremacy of Conscience," as well as those which follow on analogous subjects, Chalmers may have

been more or less indebted to his predecessors, especially to Bishop Butler, to whose sermons he makes a careful reference; but the staple of thought is his own, and these chapters, occupied as they are with the weightiest moral and theistic doctrines, possess a merit which ought to give them permanence in this department of philosophic literature. Or, if this perpetuity be questionable, it must be on the ground of those interpolated discussions upon political or ecclesiastical subjects, which the author's peculiar opinions induced him to admit, and in admitting which, his vehement feelings overpowered his sense of fitness. The "English Poor Law," and the "Tithe System of the English Church," hurry him away from the prosecution of a lofty argument, and give a polemical and an ephemeral aspect to a treatise in the perusal of which one class of ideas—the moral and the theological—should, without distraction, have occupied the reader's mind. A serious and a right-minded reader, when he comes on a sudden upon a social question which is now quite obsolete, relating to the stormy controversies of times gone by, is likely to throw the book aside in a fit of disgust. Yet in giving way to any such impatience he would do himself a disservice; for the chapters which follow well deserve his careful attention. The several topics which they treat of have been ably handled by recent writers; but if by some with more precision, by none with more power.

**MORAL AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.**—In all departments of thought or of action with which he concerned himself, Chalmers appeared, first as the Champion, and then, and in a secondary sense, as the Philosopher—or we might say, he was the well-instructed Philosopher, just so far as was needful to constitute his qualification as the Champion of religious principles, considered under their philosophic aspect. It was in this manner that he put forth the principal truths of the Christian system, as worthy of "all acceptance;" and thus also whatever relates to the welfare of men in society. In very few instances, as we think, has he made any noticeable contribution to science strictly speaking. But it was with instinctive sagacity, and with a robust force, that he seized upon whatever is of primary importance.

As to truths already admitted, these he

took up almost without scrutiny, concerning himself little with their constituent elements; but he saw where they had got mingled with popular errors, and where they had suffered obscuration from the advances of a false philosophy; and then, with a high hand, he came in to the rescue: he overthrew his opponents right and left; he cleared up popular misapprehensions, and came off with applause; and it was a well-earned applause. This, as we venture to affirm, is the light in which we should look at this great man's philosophic writings; they are powerful, common-sense pleadings for certain momentous principles, which, in his day, had become entangled, either popularly or learnedly, with errors that had crept over the national mind through a period of spiritual slumber. Chalmers, on behalf of a recovered Christianity, appears in the pulpit, and he rushes into the halls of universities, to seize and recover its own, for the Gospel.

It cannot be thought a good omen when a treatise, professedly scientific, opens in the style of theologic animation, as thus: "All must be aware of a certain rampant infidelity which is now abroad." A feeling of this kind, however warrantable it might be in the *Preacher*, ill suits the *Professor*; and under its influence he will fail to do, from the Chair, the work which might have been effectively done from the Pulpit, if the Chair had kept itself to its office—namely, the conveyance of abstract truth, in a purely scientific style—condensed, unimpassioned, yet not soulless. This "rampant infidelity," which seemed ever present to Chalmers' thoughts, whence had it come to darken Scotland to so great an extent—a religiously-minded and piously-educated country? or how was it that in Scotland, notwithstanding the strictly religious discipline through which all men had passed in their boyhood, how came it that so many of its brightest and strongest intellects had forsaken the religion of their early homes, and had, some of them, become the apostles of atheism—noted as such throughout Europe? An inquiry of this sort had not presented itself to Chalmers' mind: the mere statement would have startled, and perhaps have angered him; but if he had been led by it to institute a comparison between Scotland and England, (ecclesiastically considered,) between Scotland and Geneva, between Scotland and Germany

—Calvinistic and Lutheran—his sagacity and his stern integrity, and his high moral courage, might have brought him into a position to discern the root of the mischief, and to attempt a remedy; and thenceforward leaving "rampant infidelity" to run out its own reckless course, and to work its own ruin, he would have given his giant energy to the more hopeful task of ridding his country and its Church of the thraldoms imposed upon them in a dark and evil age.

How little he had allowed himself to look into things remote from his path, and in how slender a degree he had made himself acquainted with facts out of his range, appears in that passage of the preface to the *Moral Philosophy* (and again in the first chapter) in which he denounces at large the German biblical criticism: he seems to have misunderstood its quality and office; yet we should keep in mind the fact, that a true discrimination, setting off the genuine German criticism from the spurious, had scarcely been effected, or even attempted, by the biblical scholars of his time.

Well and ably, in the first chapter, is the important distinction between Ethical Science and Intellectual Science, which in Scotland had been too little regarded, set forth and defended. Throughout this treatise, what might be called the independence of the moral element in human nature is boldly affirmed; Bishop Butler's doctrine is stated and elucidated, and Dr. Thomas Brown's signal failures on this ground are pointed out. In this respect, the *MORAL PHILOSOPHY* has, and will continue to have, a substantial value: Chalmers here makes it his task to rectify the mistake of his distinguished predecessors, of whom he justly says, that he "does not see in the writings either of Stewart or Brown any tendency to restore these topics (those of Moral Philosophy) to the place and the preëminence which belong to them." A merit may also be claimed for Chalmers, as compared with Brown, (whose proper merits he himself, however, fully admits,) on this ground, that whereas this acute analyst is always throwing himself back among the evanescent phenomena of his individual consciousness, as if to be the anatomist of his own mental structure were his only calling as a philosopher, Chalmers affirms the fact that—especially as to the emotions with which Ethical Philosophy has to do—the pheno-

mena themselves are gone, when they are thus subjected to scrutiny, and when the proper external excitement is no longer present. While we are analysing an emotion, we are not feeling it—we are only recollecting something about it. On the ground of this incontestable fact, he demands that Moral Philosophy should be made, far more than it has been, a science of observation, and that its materials should be sought for on the great theatre of common life, and among the palpable realities of the open and busy world—not in the darkened closet of the recluse philosopher.

Brown and others, although exact thinkers, have barely kept in view considerations so essential as are those which Chalmers insists upon in the first chapter of this treatise: "To learn the phenomena of moral feeling, the varieties of human life and character must be submitted to its (the mind's) contemplation. In a word, it is the mind that is most practised among externals, which is most crowded with materials for the philosophy of its internal processes; and we again repeat, that the way to be guided through the arcana of our subject is, not to descend into mind as into a subterranean vault, and then shut the door after us; but to keep open communication with the light of day, which can only be done by a perpetual interchange of notices between the world of feelings that is within, and the world of facts, and of illustrations, and of familiar experience, that is around us." Passages of this order, and they are more than a few, not merely give to this treatise a permanent value, but, on the ground of them, a claim might be advanced on behalf of the author, as entitled to special commendation, when placed in comparison with some of the leaders of the "Scotch Philosophy."

The following chapters of this treatise possess much substantial merit, and if they be perused as *Essays* on subjects intermediate between Moral Philosophy and Christian Ethics, or as occupying a ground common to both, they will be read with much satisfaction and great advantage. They suffer disparagement in the reader's esteem only when the volume is opened on the presumption that it is a strictly scientific disquisition: viewed in this light, large portions which the plain Christian reader may think the most instructive and the most "edifying," will,

to the well-informed reader, seem out of place. If, as Chalmers so often says, the sciences should not be allowed to interfere with each other obstructively, it is also true, and it is well to be remembered, that the several functions of public instruction should observe their proper limits—the professor of philosophy not attempting to preach from the chair; while the preacher should abstain from addressing to a promiscuous Sunday audience the themes of abstract science. But we are willing to grant to Chalmers an exceptional liberty, inasmuch as his powerful and impetuous mind, filled with vivid conceptions of momentous truths, pursued its course, whether in the chair or the pulpit, with an earnestness which gave uniformity to his style, and to his manner of treating all subjects—regardless almost of time, place, or of conventional modes.

CONGREGATIONAL SERMONS.—When we find this great man in the pulpit, we find him in his place—we find him where his mission, as related to his country, and to his times, makes itself the most conspicuous. Chalmers was the man—every intelligent hearer felt it with force, and every such reader of his Discourses must feel it in measure—why should we hesitate in saying it?—who was "sent from above" to revive, to restore, and to reestablish the Christianity of Scotland. He had, in ample measure, the natural powers and the visible aspect—he had the form, the force, the vehemence, the earnestness, the boldness, and the majesty which befits a man who, without presumption, demands to be listened to, and who can always command the attention which he challenges. He was a man whom none could condemn—whom none could affect to turn away from, as if he were a fanatic, or a demagogue, or a caterer for popular applause. He seized upon the principal subjects of the Christian ministry—he did battle with those universally prevalent illusions, those fallacies and those various modes of self-deception which are springing up always and everywhere from the ground of human nature, such as it is, and which show nearly the same front in all countries and in all ages.

Chalmers, as a preacher, was a great preacher in this sense—that (for the most part) he occupied himself with First Truths, and treated them with a boldness, and a force, and a largeness of apprehension, which were in keeping with their in-



trinsic importance. To be great upon small matters is bombast; to be small upon great matters is imbecility; but to be great upon the greatest themes is that sort of fitness which the human mind recognizes always, and which the conscience bows to, whether willingly or unwillingly, and to which even the most contumacious dare not openly oppose themselves. Such a preacher was Chalmers; and on this ground it is safe to claim for him the benefit of a decisively advantageous comparison with two distinguished men—men whom he admired, and whom, to some extent, he followed—men as much his superiors in structure of mind, as greatly inferior to him when the three are thought of as Heaven's messengers to the world and to the Church. Every reader will know that we are thinking of Hall and Foster.

That affectionate reverence with which we think of Chalmers would quite forbid our bringing forward any one of the discourses included in these three volumes, with the intent of placing it side by side with the best of Robert Hall's discourses. We refuse to do this: a reader gifted with correct taste, and right feeling too, would resent an endeavor so ungenerous and superfluous. It is enough to say that while the one composition may be read and pondered, and relished in every sentence, and may be read again with undiminished zest, the other composition too often tempts the impatient reader to jump from page to page, and is rarely taken up a second time in the way of an intellectual indulgence. Grant all this: but what was the upshot of the ministrations of these two accomplished men? Here again, but on the other side, we will stop short of carrying an invidious comparison too far. Robert Hall, it is true, occupied himself with the highest themes in the circle of Christian teaching: and he treated these themes—need we say it?—with a graceful majesty, exquisitely fitting them. What could be looked for that was not actually found in the best of this orator's discourses? One went far to hear him; one risked ribs and life, almost, to obtain a sitting or a standing in the meeting-house where he was to preach; one listened to him breathless, or breathed only as if by permission at the measured pauses of his periods. At the conclusion of each head of discourse, one looked round to exchange nods of delight with

friends in the adjoining pews, or in the farthest corner of the distant gallery. "What a treat have we had this morning!" This accomplished preacher won in his day, and he deserved, a splendid reputation—a reputation perhaps unmatched in recent times. Nor should it be doubted that, in the long years of his ministration as the pastor of a congregation, he well fulfilled his part, and "gathered some fruit unto life eternal." Hall's sermons will always be sought after as classics in religious literature: but is not this nearly the sum of the account that can be given of him as a preacher of the Gospel? He made little or no appreciable impression, either theological or spiritual, upon the English religious mind; he brought about no crisis; he introduced no new era. As to the effect of his sermons upon the conscience of the individual hearer—let us be indulged for a moment in so speaking—it would have been quite a *contre-temps*, to have undergone a change for the better on such an occasion—in fact, no one nerved himself for the struggle of getting in where he preached with any such thought as that of coming out another man.

Chalmers' admiration of John Foster is well known. It was an admiration of that sort which may be taken to indicate the relative position of any two minds on the scale of intellectual endowments. He could not for a moment think of taking Hall as his exemplar, yet he *might* think so as to Foster, albeit Foster, as a profound and original thinker, was greatly Hall's superior; but between Foster's mind and that of Chalmers, there was one ostensible or apparent analogy, for there was the cumulative tendency in both; but this tendency in the one mind was as to its products, the heaping up of opulence, while that of the other (do not let us be misunderstood) was the filling a large space with few materials. But now, if these two men are to be measured, one against the other, either as masters in the great world of mind or of moral life, or as Christian teachers, Chalmers moves as a bright and burning light in a high sphere, where the flickering, melancholic lamp of Foster's overshadowed spirit could make no appearance—would be quite dimmed. Foster ministered to the religious intellectuality, to the mental luxuriousness, of a class of minds, many arithmetically; but they were not the masses. Chalmers held in his grasp almost the

entire mind of Scotland, (not now to speak of any wider influence,) and he so moved and so moulded that mind as to issue it forth anew, other than it was when he addressed himself to his task, and greatly amended.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.—We must here refer to a former article (in No. XXXIII.) as conveying briefly, but with deliberate conviction, our opinion of the high merits of this Exposition. It is our part now to say that further acquaintance with it has confirmed and enhanced that opinion. Yet this is not all. Chalmers' Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans have, in the years that have run out since they were delivered, acquired a new *relative* position, regarded as exponents of a form of Christian belief from which several highly accomplished writers have been, and are still, laboring to disengage the religious mind of this country. This is not a place suitable for entering upon a criticism of the recent philosophic Christianity; but it is a place, as we think, and we shall use it accordingly, for setting forth, in its fundamental principle, Chalmers' Christianity, as conveying implicitly a protest against these unsubstantial parhelion gospels.

In expressing, as we do, the hope that Chalmers' Discourses, and especially that these Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, may long hold their place in the esteem of the Christian laity, and be regarded also as models of biblical interpretation by the rising ministry, we must be understood as doing so on the ground of a principle of biblical interpretation, which we consider to be at once definitely ascertainable, and clear of any such ambiguities as would render it nugatory, or slenderly available in practice. What then is this guiding principle? or otherwise to put the question, What is it that is tacitly assumed as unquestionable by *this* expositor, and which he takes for granted as between himself and his hearers or readers? In answering this question, let us shut off all grounds of exception; that is to say, let us exclude those exegetical principles in advancing which we should ask leave to differ from Chalmers; as, for instance, when, as in the closing chapters of the Essay on the Christian Evidences, he propounds his belief as to the inspiration of the canonical writings: we think his assumptions in this case are quite untenable; in truth, that they become *unintelligible*

when they are brought to bear upon the facts, such as they are; or rather, when these facts are brought to bear upon those assumptions. We think, moreover, that a belief so crude and so impracticable would at once have been abandoned by a mind as free and as large as was that of Chalmers, if only there had been placed before him the alternative of a consistent and integral DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION, which, while it should save the *authority* of Holy Scripture in the most absolute manner, should allow scope for, and should invite, the freest methods of historical criticism. He had no such saving doctrine within his view; and therefore, conservative as he was in temper, and reverential too, and moreover, as a theologian, more of the Scotch than of the English school, he went over bodily to what he thought the safer side; not staying to adjust difficulties in the rear, or to square his belief with the stern realities of criticism. All this ground of difference we set off, therefore, as well as several other matters in relation to which, if the books before us were the work of a living author, we might think ourselves bound to take exception, or to make a protest. But further, although Chalmers does in various instances give his reader the benefit of his own acquaintance with the Greek text, yet, as we think, he might well have done this more frequently than he did; and also with a more precise regard had to the much advanced practices of modern biblical criticism—and especially to historical criticism. And again, to take another step forward, we imagine ourselves to discern, in certain of his doctrinal interpretations, the too binding influence of the national confession. There is a theological straitness, from the entanglements of which English churchmen, who are bound only to their Thirty-nine Articles, feel, or believe themselves to be happily exempt.

These several grounds of difference, more or less important as they may be, and open to discussion as they are, being allowed for, then we are at one with Chalmers on the vital question of the authority of the canonical writings, in matters both of moral conduct, and of religious belief. Or, instead of taking this wider range implied in the term, the Canonical Writings, we may confine our thoughts just now to that portion of them which is before us, namely, Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and, to give the greater preci-

sion, to our averments, let us state the case as it touches the religious belief and the behavior of the individual man; even of every one who professes himself to be, in any intelligible sense, a Christian. If I call myself a Christian, I must believe that Christianity is, in a sense peculiar to itself, a conveyance of religious and moral truth from God to man; and if it be so thought of, then this system must be held to differ essentially from any of those other (real or supposed) leadings of the human mind toward truth and virtue, of which sages, and the founders of ancient religious systems, may have been the instruments. In a word, I must believe that the heavenly descent of the Christian doctrine was attested by the accompaniment of supernatural events; or to put my belief into the fewest words, I believe that Christ died, and that he rose from the dead. But then I believe that those principles and those precepts which are peculiar to the Christian system, and which stand out as characteristic of it, were, by the explicit authority, and (in whatever method) under the sovereign guidance of Christ, consigned to writings, even to the Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament canon. Further, after taking due pains to convince myself that, among these, the Epistle of Paul to the Romans is entitled to hold a place, I must believe that it conveys the mind of Him whom I regard as having been sent of God, to be at once the Saviour of the world, and its Sovereign Teacher.

To this writing, therefore, supposing that I read and interpret it in the sense intended by the writer, there attaches, in my view, the sanction and the caution conveyed in the words, "See that ye refuse not," or fail to listen to, "him that speaketh from heaven." It is in this persuasion, then, that I give myself to the perusal of the Epistle before me. I hold myself bound to gather thence my religious belief, and to be governed by its precepts, (rightly understood, in the spirit of them.) If thus I am governed in temper and in conduct, it is well; but if, wilfully, or from negligence, I fail to do so, it will go ill with me, here and hereafter.

On this ground we have before us what is perfectly coherent and intelligible, and what is practically available on all those occasions of the Christian life when a sure support is the most needed—when the

conscience is troubled, when the understanding has come under a cloud; and especially on those trying occasions when perplexity attaches to our path—morally considered. Differ as we might from an expositor such as Chalmers, we can imagine no shadow of difference to come between him and ourselves on *this* ground. We need to know authentically the mind and will of Him with whom we have to do; and we look to Holy Scripture that we may know it.

But is it so, at this time, that all who "profess and call themselves Christians," thus think, and thus acknowledge themselves to owe submission to the apostolical Epistles? Far from it: there are those—and they are not Unitarians, for they assure us that they are not; on the contrary, they call themselves orthodox—who admit no such obligation as this. How can they do so, for "modern modes of thought" refuse to conform themselves either to "Jewish" or to "Pauline notions"? Besides, if the Pauline Epistles are to be regarded as exhibiting the spiritual life in its highest and its normal state, then does it include certain extreme modes of feeling which (so we are assured) no calm and well-disciplined mind *at this time* can imagine itself to pass into, or could even wish to realize. This being the case, something must be done for the relief of those who, resolved as they are, from whatever motives, to remain within the Christian pale, cannot tolerate or listen to—say, an expositor of one of these epistles who takes the ground that is here taken by Chalmers. What, then, can be done to meet the difficulty? We apprehend nothing; or nothing which will bear looking into.

It is alleged that, in the course of a twenty years' ministry among heathen nations, barbarous and civilized, the religious opinions of Paul underwent many changes; or that they were so much moderated as that, at the time of writing the Epistles to the Thessalonians, he had held articles of belief which, at the time of writing his later epistles, he had seen reason to discard. If this were granted, then the consequence, if we are to take up this hypothesis as our guide in understanding these writings, is this: that we are free to choose, nay, we must make a choice, between the earlier Pauline belief and the later; we *must* do so if we propose, in any way, to gather our notions of



apostolic Christianity from the New Testament. But to which of these Christianities shall we give the preference? The later-dated theology may be that of a matured mind—its early extravagances and its exaggerations having been corrected by a more enlarged knowledge of the world. But, in fact, it may be the earlier-dated theology that is the very truth—even a bright and unimpaired impression of the heaven-given original! This pristine Gospel, perhaps, in the course of many toils, sufferings, perils, and mental depressions, may have lost its sharpness and its lustre. What we have before us, therefore, is an evenly-balanced alternative; and if we are free to choose the one of these theologies, and to reject the other, then are we not free also to reject both? If A. B. may take the first, and may refuse the second; and if C. D. may elect the second, and may disallow the first, how can we refuse to F. N. the liberty to spurn as well the first as the second? And if this be done, then it is certain that the Pauline Epistles must henceforth go to their place among other curious remains of ancient religious literature; they are indeed singular compositions, which the philosopher and the historian will think themselves bound just to look into, if not to peruse with care.

As far as the east is from the west, so far is any hypothesis of *this* sort remote from the principle assumed, and so religiously adhered to, in the Lectures before us. But are there not exegetical theories of an intermediate kind, by aid of which we may effect some sort of coalescence between the apostolic writings, and “modern thought”? We answer there are several such theories, and each is *apparently* available for saving our Christian consistency on the one hand, and our philosophic integrity on the other. Yet if this were the place for attempting such a task, we might undertake to demonstrate that every imaginable hypothesis which may be put together for serving a purpose of this sort, will bring us round, by a more or less circuitous route, to the same point, the issue of all being this, that the canonical writings have, in the process, been stripped of every claim to our regard, beyond that which may still attach to them as records of the opinions of a remote age.

But even if space and the fitness of the occasion did allow of our engaging in an

argument of the kind here specified, there would be room to put the previous question, and to ask, At whose challenge is it that we are required to debate this question at all, between Scriptural authority and its formidable antithesis, Modern Thought? An answer to the question is to be obtained by submitting Modern Thought itself to some analysis. What, then, are its elements, and whence has it come? How old is it? and who are the men that give it their support? To dismiss the last of these queries first, we must say that, as we are not intending to enter upon criticisms foreign to our subject, we abstain from introducing names, and shall simply express the wish, that those who believe themselves to have reached a position much in advance of that occupied by their educated contemporaries, and who designate themselves, and each other, as “the most advanced thinkers of the age,” would be content to speak of themselves, individually, and not of any others, when they assure us, that no man who is not encased in obsolete prejudices, will now attempt to defend such and such positions. Let these “advanced thinkers” be content to say—if indeed anything so nugatory be worth the saying—that none of those who think precisely as they do, think any otherwise! If they would condescend to look about them, they might convince themselves that men who are every way their equals in power of mind, in freedom and independence of spirit, and in accomplishments, do profess, and are well prepared to maintain, those principles and doctrines which themselves have so inconsiderately rejected.

How old is Modern Thought? A few years only—we think ten years—in this country, will include the time within which this peculiar tendency and feeling has distinctly shown its characteristics. But whence has it come, and what is it?

Modern Thought, regarded as the opposite and the antagonist of an unexceptive submission to the authority of Holy Scripture, is, as we think, the indication, and it is the measure too, of that silent progress which Christianity has very lately made in embracing and in surrounding the educated and intellectual classes in this country, and in Germany. In times that are gone by, men of the very same class, and who did not come over to Christianity, allowed themselves either to assail it as an imposture, or they covertly

scorned it; and in society, as often as occasion served, or whenever none of the "cloth" were of the party, they put forth their rank ribaldries, and their stale morsels of atheism. No doubt there are those still who do the same thing; but they are the malign, the paradoxical, the ambitious, the overweening. One knows them in a moment by their flippancy and cant: there is no depth in them, no honest intention, no seriousness; they are scoffers; they have been such from their boyhood upwards; they blaspheme Heaven; they mock whatever they have no comprehension of; they vilify human nature in the concrete, and deify it in the abstract: they have a foul mouth whenever they can eject poison with an aim, and the mouth of adulation when praise is destined to come round to themselves.

Men of this class are becoming every day fewer; and they are descending lower in the social scale. But if persons such as these are set off, then there are everywhere to be met with, even in the best society—in and around colleges—and throughout the professions, (must we not admit it? and in truth in the clerical profession,) men who are highly cultured, who are correct in their habits, and nice in their tastes, and who might be pointed at as samples of intelligence and good feeling: they are the "elect" of the world of mind. At length Christianity has made these men its own, at least, so far as this, that they regard it, and speak of it, with respect: they have ceased to think it possible, or even desirable, if it were possible, to call in question its historic reality. The difficult problem of its supernatural attestations, they relegate. Among these persons there are differences on this question; some avowing their belief in the resurrection of Christ, and many of them wavering, from day to day, in their own convictions regarding it. There are those, still coming under the general description, who step forward much beyond this negative position, and who even profess a faith that is ample enough to warrant their subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Nevertheless, as often as the undisputed grammatical sense of any doctrinal passage of Scripture is pressed upon them, as if it were authoritative, they draw back, and ask to take a position on much lower ground. Holy Scripture, with these ambiguous persons, is of authority in a broad or universal sense; but it is of little

or no authority in any particular instance to which it might be applied.

Historical criticism, in many cases, and philological criticism also, in many, and often the two conjoined, afford grounds enough of exception, which come in between any given passage of Scripture, and any one interpretation of it which should command our assent, as if it might rule, or overrule, our religious opinions. These special exceptions, founded on the criticism of the canonical text, considered as a merely human composition, are not of the substance of "modern thought:" they are its defensive weapons only. Modern thought, in its *substance*, is a congeries of all those refined theistic speculations, of all those baffled aspirations, of all those deep and distracting surmises—those exhalations of the abyss, and those miasmas of earth, to which Christianity itself has given intensity, and toward which it has rendered intellectual and sensitive natures cruelly alive. Or, if now we were to express nearly the same meaning in the old theological style, and after the fashion of our puritanical grandsires, we should say, that modern thought is "the striving and the wrestling of the natural man against the things of God when the conscience has become enlightened." Though it be so, yet we must exclude Christianity altogether from the regions and neighborhood of a highly developed intellectuality, and of refined moral feeling and taste; we must confine the Gospel strictly to the masses whose culture, from childhood, has been biblical *only*, if we would free ourselves entirely of this spectre, this modern thought, which, in a word, is Christianized thinking and feeling—short of Christian thought and feeling.

But we return to Chalmers' Lectures, which suggest a comparison full of significance at the present time.

Let an intelligent reader, who has himself passed through exercises of mind—through conflicts, the deepest and the most trying—let such a reader take up any of those recent books—we need not name them—in which Modern Thought has uttered itself—some covertly, and some boldly. We appeal to him, Will he be able to gather, out of these volumes, an intelligible and coherent religious system, as put together by these various laborers on the same field? We think he will not be able, with his best endeavors, to achieve any such task, nor even to



make an approach toward it. But our second question, unless it can be favorably answered, carries still more meaning. Let the reader—one who is candid and instructed—let him take in hand the writings of any one of the noted expounders of Modern Thought, and try his skill in the endeavor to make out exactly what it is which this one author means, or what it is which he wishes us to accept from him as a scheme of religious belief—a belief which we may profess, and may defend against assailants; or a belief to which a man might have recourse, as his stay and consolation, in the day of sadness and trial. We do not think that this could be done in any single instance; for the one characteristic, which is *the most characteristic* of the writers whom we have now in view, is mistiness, incoherence, and self-contradiction. Each of them is found to be building up a belief on one page, which he is seen to be pulling down on the next. It must be so; for principles eternally contradictory, the one of the other, are at war within him. It must be so, by the rule of an inexorable necessity, for those elements of confusion, which have jarred the universe, are, in these writers, racking the reason and the moral sense. In accordance with our statement of the case, vacillation and inconsequence should be the conditions of this Modern Thought; and we ask any reader who is familiar with this class of literature, if it be not so in fact.

But, now, let this same reader, whether or not he may relish all points of Chalmers' theology, let him institute a comparison on this ground: whether or not he may think his criticisms, in single instances, the most exact and the best possible; yet he will find, in these expository Lectures, a conspicuous unity of principle, a firm coherence of the parts as related to that principle; he will find the very opposite of that waywardness and variability, and that petulant contrariety, which are the characteristics of Modern Thought. Throughout these Lectures there is a deep and serious intention; there is a devout cogency, an honest explicitness, leading, and urging, and inviting us onward still upon the same path, toward the same conclusion. To *this* teacher we are never tempted to apply the apostolic dictum, "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Throughout these Expositions all lines of thought

are tending toward one centre, namely, the indisputable authority of Holy Scripture in matters of religious belief. Here, then, a religious man—letting alone what does not seem to be of the substance of the author's meaning—will find that which every religious man will be looking for and must desire, and must meet with before he finds rest and peace: he is here presented with the constituents of a faith which satisfies the conscience, which elevates the affections, and which, in a sovereign manner, assumes to govern the life and temper. These four volumes a Christian man will open in those seasons when he needs all the aids which the Gospel can afford him; but as for the books which embody Modern Thought, even the best of them, he will, at such a time, turn away from them with the reproachful utterance, "Miserable comforters are ye all!"

And why is it so? Clearly from the very nature of the case. If we withdraw ourselves from that circle within which the apostolic writings are granted to exercise a determinative authority, we must either be content to remain to the end of life destitute of any settled religious opinions—and what discomfort, nay, misery, is this!—or we must frame a system for ourselves. But if we do this, it can never be more than a negation, as related to the belief which would have resulted from a submissive exposition of the text of Scripture. And not only must our religion have this negative character, but, between it and the next negation lower down on the scale, there is no fixed boundary, nor can there be any. What should prevent our receding and taking a still lower standing? And then, when we have reached it, why may we not repeat this descending movement, again and yet again? There can be no other reason for making a stand at any stage, than that which springs from an instinctive dread of sliding away toward the brink of a precipice.

THE ASTRONOMICAL DISCOURSES, which at the moment of their delivery, did so much in securing for Chalmers the lofty position which he thenceforward occupied as a pulpit orator, will probably maintain their place in our religious literature, and they may even take the lead among those of his writings that will be permanently popular. The line of argument pursued in these Discourses is *substantially* philosophical and warrantable, and it may always be appealed to as presenting a sufficient reply

to those vague assumptions that have been urged as if they involved a hypothetic contradiction of Christianity. Moreover, at the precise time when these Discourses were delivered, they were in a peculiar degree seasonable; and although considerations of the same order as those so eloquently urged by Chalmers had been advanced and urged by preachers and writers, (among these by Andrew Fuller with very good effect,) yet, when brought forward by him with so much force and freshness, they produced all the effect of novelty; and the religious argument—the Christian argument—was felt to have won a signal triumph in his hands. The logical value of the Discourses was immeasurably enhanced, too, by the circumstance that the preacher was known to be himself quite at home among the facts and the principles of the modern astronomy, and of modern science generally. He was not (and some such Christian champions we have seen) a frightened and angry theologian, denouncing as sheer atheism the surest deductions of physical philosophy. Chalmers could not be treated superciliously by those whose unbelief he assailed; for he knew quite as much as themselves of the “Modern Astronomy:” this was his vantage ground, and he took his stand upon it in a manner equally free from overweening boastfulness and from timidity. An antagonist could bring forward nothing of importance on the side of science, which the preacher had not already taken possession of, either explicitly or implicitly, as the basis of his own argument. If this argument failed to carry conviction, or wholly to remove discomfort, it was not because it had been handled incompetently, or had been carried forward under shelter of any concealments.

This Christian advocate, with open eye and with well-instructed vision, stands upon this petty planet, reverently conscious of the immeasurable vastness of the material universe around him—a vastness which to us is infinite—and yet he is not astounded; he is not disheartened while he still grasps in his hand the book of the Christian revelation. Nay, he feels that this very gift of reason which has enabled him, from off this planet, small as it is, to measure celestial space, and to bring the remotest worlds within the range of his calculus, and to put these worlds in his scales—this Reason, this Intelligence, it-

self affords a ground whereupon we may argue concerning human nature, while we assume for it, and for its destinies, all the importance which the Christian doctrine supposes. Ought we to think, whatever may be his stature, that MAN is insignificant, who, laboring as he does, under the abatements, the obstructions, the infirmities, attaching to his animal structure, has, nevertheless, spite of them, mastered the mechanism of the heavens, and has only now at length come to imagine himself unimportant in the universe—how and why? because by his own science, and by his own instruments, he has convinced himself that these our visible heavens are only a nebula amidst nebulae, more vast than it, and numberless!

Those who now for the first time take up the Astronomical Discourses, should carry themselves back to the day of their appearance. Even the agitation of the same general subject within the last three years may seem, to younger readers, to distance the argument of Chalmers, or in some degree to abate the value of it, at least as conducted by him; but we think it is not so in fact. The distinguished men who have recently come forward on this ground, must not be thought to have dislodged Chalmers, much less to have damaged his reputation as a philosophic theologian: what they have done is to bring the argument into its bearings with the latest ascertained facts in science; and more than this, they have assigned to it its genuine significance, as related, not to the flippancy of objectors, such as those with whom Chalmers believed himself to be contending, but much rather to a deeper tone of thought than he had in view, and to the perplexities of men who are serious, sincere, and open to conviction, if it might but be fairly attained. It is a circumstance much to be noted, that this argument, just at the point where it was left by Chalmers, has been taken up by men who not only are of the highest standing in science, but who, although assailing each other somewhat vehemently, are decisively Christian in their professed belief. Chalmers, as we have said, takes a tone towards opponents which has too much of the eager champion, aiming to crush his antagonist, whom he treats with scorn. This tone and manner, which is always of questionable policy, should now be condemned and avoided, not merely as impolitic, but as inappropriate

too. Serious argumentation, and a showing of reasons, are always thrown away upon men of a reckless and flippant temper, whose infidelity is mainly an affectation, or a means of satiating a vicious ambition. It is to minds altogether of another class that arguments on the side of Christianity should be adapted, if we expect to do any good. Readers of this class—thoughtful, disquieted, and honest—who take up the *Astronomical Discourses*, will do well to remember that the line of argument pursued in them would remain quite as substantial as it is, although all those passages and expressions were removed from them which attribute a shallow, impertinent arrogance to the preacher's opponents. Let the reader of these *Discourses* suppose that the term so often meeting his eye—"the infidel"—has been erased from his copy.

Chalmers, in his day, would hardly have allowed himself to imagine that the common belief or hypothesis concerning the worlds around us would ever again come to be seriously called in question, much less that a leading mind in the scientific community should adventure a book in disproof of the persuasion that there are "more worlds than one," and other families endowed, like the human family, with reason and a moral sense. Nevertheless, improbable as it might have seemed, such an argument has actually startled the reading public—has darkened the intellectual heavens; and the ingenious statements so ably advanced by the Master of Trinity, have taken at least so much hold of the thinking community as this, namely—to show that many of those assumptions, or *à priori* conclusions, or those inferences from analogy which had been allowed, unexamined, to sustain a belief in the plurality of worlds, regarded as the dwelling-places of intelligent races, were in a great measure conjectural, and might be shown to be of small logical value; inasmuch as they would support a belief which, in relation to this planet, (and the moon,) the modern geology explicitly contradicts.

Beyond this reasonable abatement of our confidence in certain astronomical conjectures, Dr. Whewell's *Essay* has not, we think—how should it do so?—dislodged from our minds that almost irresistible belief to which the modern astronomy has given, not merely expansion, but distinctness—namely, that the material universe

—the solid masses around us—the luminous and the illuminated—has a worthy purpose—a high final cause—that it is everywhere the platform of life—of *conscious* life, and if so, of life intellectual and moral. Let us be told, when at night we are looking upward and around us, that we know nothing of this universe beyond the girt of this our own planet; and that all conjectures which take a bolder flight are mere creations of a distempered brain—destitute of even the shadow of logical evidence! We must persist in refusing to grant this; for if, by the help of a factitiously severe mode of reasoning, we bring ourselves to disallow our involuntary belief in the "Plurality of Worlds"—worlds inhabited by rational beings, then, and in the very act of doing so, we have also, in some measure, contravened those instinctive convictions by aid of which it is that we advance upward from the spectacle of order, fitness, beneficence, beauty, around us, and go on until we confirm our belief in the creative power, wisdom, and goodness of God. We are far from affirming that this, our theistic belief, is logically dependent upon the other belief—in the plurality of worlds—nevertheless, we say that, in attempting to dislodge this last persuasion from its accustomed place in our convictions, the very framework of our intuitive principles must so have been disjointed or shaken, as must render our hold of the theistic belief thenceforward so much the more difficult and precarious.

It is quite lately that the progress of science, in the departments of physiology and natural history, has opened up views of the system of animal life which would go to strengthen the belief assumed in the "*Astronomical Discourses*" as unquestionable. The ground on which Chalmers takes his stand, is—may we venture to say so?—becoming every day consolidated, as if from beneath. The creation—the world of conscious life—life such as it is *now* developed on this planet—is not a blind process of physical development; but it is a scheme, within which a plan—an idea—the intention of a Mind, has been moving forward through its preconcerted stages. Man—the last-fashioned of all orders and species—so we must believe—Man was from the first contemplated; for we find that his animal structure, in its peculiarities, has been kept in view from the very dawn of animal life. Let it be



true that, through cycles of incalculable ages, this earth was lorded over by no rational species—and yet it is also true that Man, such as he is, was, from of old, noted in the book. Yes, it may be affirmed that, “from the beginning,” in the book of the creative purposes, “all his members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them;” even then they were wrought (in type or symbol) “in the lowest parts of the earth”—that is to say, among the lowest orders of animal life.

These recently admitted principles, so far as they may be regarded as authentic deductions from facts, have then this significance as related to our immediate subject—they give indication of a purpose which, incalculable as may be the reach of its chronology, does not, will not halt, until intellectual and moral life has come to combine itself everywhere with the conditions of animal life. But if a purpose such as this—if an eternal intention, forewritten upon the tablets of animal life, implies, when we carry it up to its source in the attributes of the Eternal Being—if it implies a law of the Creative Mind, the same law will not fail to take effect, sooner or later, throughout the broad platform of the Universe; and if so, then Man is not alone on the platform, and there *are* “more worlds than one.”

But if the worlds around us are peopled; or if some of them are peopled, then how does this belief, or this reasonable supposition—how does it affect our religious belief? or, to put the question more pointedly, what is its aspect toward our Christian belief? In the second of these Astronomical Discourses, Chalmers lays down the law—which, if we profess ourselves to be obedient disciples of the Modern Philosophy, ought to govern our reasonings on this ground: we profess to admire Bacon, and Newton, and La Place; let us then deal with the question above stated in a mode becoming the disciples of this school. This law of the Modern Philosophy, which demands submission to *evidence* wherever it can be had, and which requires also a corresponding abstinence from unsupported conjectures—a law so signally illustrated in the whole of Newton's course, takes effect upon the subject now in view, in this way—it forbids our invading or intruding upon any precincts within which our conclusions rest upon substantial evidence, by conjectures, how-

ever plausible such conjectures may be, but which are mainly gratuitous. Yet such an intrusion does take place where a hypothetic difficulty, drawn from the vastness of the universe, and from the comparative insignificance of this planet, is brought forward as if it might avail to upset those definite conclusions which sustain our belief as Christians. This belief claims to have a peremptory hold upon our assent—as an argument it is irrefragable; whereas the difficulty insisted upon by “Infidels,” can appeal to no *proof* whatever; at the best it is a bare surmise; it is a mere suspicion: there is, as the ground of it, the gratuitous assertion that Christianity is a scheme which is taking effect upon this planet only; but the fact may be far otherwise; for aught we know the redemption effected for man may be taking effect also upon many other races—even upon the intelligent universe. It may be so; thus it is that we oppose conjecture to conjecture; meantime, what we have to do with is the historic evidence which sustains our faith in the Gospel; and the rules of our Modern Philosophy demand that we should yield ourselves to what is positive—to what is demonstrative—while we reject whatever wants this kind of support.

To this line of argument the men whom Chalmers combatively designates as “our infidels” would find a reply—they would say: “We deny that the historic evidence which you appeal to is in so strict a sense peremptory as that it should exclude all further question: to make the best of it, it must not be placed alongside of those mathematical demonstrations which form the basis of our Modern Philosophy. The conjectural difficulty which, in our view, possesses an overwhelming weight, may, therefore, stand good as a counterpoise to your historic proof.”

In fact, the species of reasoning upon which Chalmers, throughout these Discourses, expends the treasures of his cumulative eloquence, while it may well give contentment to the easily contented, must leave, as well the melancholic as the phlegmatic sceptic, dissatisfied, or at best only where he was before. Reasoning which is to loosen the hold of any other species of reasoning upon the mind, or still more upon the imagination, must be of a homogeneous quality. A vague, and yet a very powerful impression—a conjectural argument—very strong in ap-

pearance, is not to be dislodged, and will not be made to relax its grasp, merely by bringing to bear upon it a train of reasoning which is wholly of another order, and which demands the exercise of another class of the intellectual faculties. Such, for example, is the historic argument in support of the Christian system. Reasoning which is inferential and circuitous, although it be absolutely conclusive on its own ground, takes its effect upon one mood of mind; but the conjectural difficulty, or the antichristian hypothesis, has already got its hold upon another mood of mind; and even if a highly-disciplined intellect be capable of alternating between the two, very few are so nicely equipoised as to be able to bring the two together upon the same parallel of thought.

Now, although the hypothesis which stands in the way of our Christian belief is confessedly vague, as well as destitute of positive evidence, nevertheless it has continued to present itself as a potent objection in the view of almost every thoughtful mind in modern times. There *are*, however, facts which are not vague, and are neither questionable nor ambiguous, in giving attention to which this adverse conjecture fades away into a more and more phantom-like dimness, until it ceases to show any definite contour. It is in the third of these Discourses that the preacher opens a way for some of these countervailing positive data: such are those abounding illustrations which this earth affords, and especially when the eye is aided by the microscope, of the Divine attributes of intelligence, power, and benignity—contradicting the unphilosophic surmise that the vastness of the material universe—its infinitude—must imply a negligent regard to what is small or minute, and apparently insignificant; no single indication of any such forgetfulness or indifference presents itself within the realm of nature; the microscope teaches us a theology that is more in harmony with the conclusions of Abstract Philosophy.

Further on in this third Discourse, an appeal is also made to the individual experience of the hearer (or reader) in attestation of the truth that the Divine Providence follows each one of us from day to day, from infancy to age—saving, providing for, and comforting even the least and the lowest of us. But here this course of reasoning reaches its close, although it

might well have been pursued some steps further. The difficulty which the preacher has to do with, and which he is laboring to dismiss, has, in fact, been logically disarmed by the arguments he so powerfully urges; nevertheless it will, after a time, recover its footing, and it will continue to disturb thoughtful minds until it has met that true counteractive force which the meditations of an enlightened conscience will supply; and yet *this* is a treatment which it would be a hopeless endeavor to bring to bear upon that class of persons, toward whom, principally, Chalmers turns his eye; we mean, professed unbelievers. Those who might *properly* be the object of a Christian preacher's hot rebuke, are men whose language and behavior show them to be wholly destitute of the moral consciousness and the religious sentiments to which the appeal, in such a case, must be made.

The question is of this sort: may human redemption be thought of as a worthy object of a special interposition on the part of the Infinite Being? But we must not carry such a question into the halls of colleges: let us carry it rather into the depths of the soul that has been taught to meditate upon its own immortality, and has thought of its terrible prerogative of boundless suffering, and of its yearnings and aspirations towards goodness and happiness: then carry the question into yet deeper depths—even into that recess wherein an awakened conscience holds its throne—the representative, as it is, of Inexorable Justice: it is in that court that man finds himself standing in the presence of his Omnipotent Judge; and it is there, and it is while he is alive to the fearful realities which attach to the future life—it is there that those vague surmises, out of which the difficulty in question has framed itself, melt away, or are so lost to the sight as that they do not return until some season when, the moral and spiritual life having fallen into decay, Redemption has come to be thought of with indifference.

The fourth and the following Discourses of this series, although highly declamatory, are yet substantially good in argument, for, as related to infidel objection, they rest either upon principles of Natural Theology, which the deist is supposed to allow, or upon facts embraced in the Christian scheme, which, if duly regarded, weaken, or wholly turn aside, the ob-

jection. Human redemption is declared, in its own record, to be of much wider bearing than the human family—how wide, who shall say?—and until its width be known, and until its enduring consequences be understood, none here on earth can reasonably reject it as an interposition unworthy of the Infinite wisdom and benevolence.

On the whole, the Astronomical Discourses are such as that they must recommend themselves to the perusal of the thoughtful and intelligent, through years long to come. They will delight and edify many, and they will satisfy (rightly, not delusively) some. They will convince few among those against whose cavils they are immediately directed. At this time what we need for the confirmation of our faith in the Gospel must carry a more severe aspect in its logical processes—it must be exempt from combativeness, wrath, scorn—it must show, in the writer or preacher, good evidence of his own susceptibility toward subjects of painful and perplexing meditation; and it must prove that he himself has trod paths where the feet bleed at every step, and where the pulse falters, and the head fails. Moreover, the Christian reasoner must prove himself to possess a keen and fearless critical faculty. It is the want of this one qualification which renders Chalmers' writings generally less applicable to these times than they might otherwise have been.

The seven Discourses that are appended in the collected Works to the Astronomical, as being of kindred character, are, some of them, we think, of still higher value; they are less declamatory, and their effect is less damaged by that polemic tone which too much rings in our ears throughout the others. Chalmers is listened to with most advantage when his eye does not glance at an opponent who must be crushed—not that his temper was soured, or that he harbored ill-will against men of any sort; but the robust orator was apt to take a too animated impulse from the idea of a sophistical antagonism, which it was his duty to rend into shreds. The sermon on the Constancy of Nature is at once true and sound in its reasoning, and deeply impressive in its inferential passages. With one fact or one principle fully or clearly before him, or held in hand, he turns it on all sides, lavishes upon it his illustrative compari-

sons, and, in the tone of a faithful messenger from God, presses the genuine consequence upon the consciences of men. A single volume of *selected* sermons, of this order, could not fail to take its place among the most useful of standard religious publications.

The three volumes of the *Posthumous Works*—namely, the seventh, eighth, and ninth, containing the “*INSTITUTES OF THEOLOGY*” and the “*PRELECTIONS*” on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity—are likely to be regarded as those of his works in which the most matured views and opinions of Chalmers are to be found. It is with these three volumes before us that, if at all, we should incline to offer any suggestions of a general kind upon that form of Christian doctrine which this eminent man left as his legacy to the Church of Scotland, and to English religious literature. It was as Theological Professor, first in the University of Edinburgh, and then in the New College of the Free Church, that these prelections and these lectures were delivered. Of the most general kind must be any remarks we should venture to make upon a theological system, such as that which is embodied in these Institutes. Theology is not our province; but the volumes now in view suggest an inquiry, incidental, indeed, which may thus be put into words: What is the bearing of this Body of Divinity upon those three forms of Christian opinion which, for some time past, have been, and are now at this time, competing among us for the uppermost position? or, to be more correct, we should say—one of them, for continued existence, and the other two for supremacy.

The three are these—*first*, and it is the elder of the three—Logical Theology, or Christianity drawn forth into propositions, and into inferences thence deduced by methods of formal reasoning. The *second*, to which we have already made allusion, is Philosophical Theology, or Christianity fashioned into conformity, as far as possible, with the notions and the tastes which distinguish Modern Thought. The *third* is, or more properly, it is coming to be, Christianity derived ingenuously and fearlessly from the Bible—Holy Scripture, regarded as the source of belief, and as the rule of life.

The utmost that we propose to do at



present is this: to look into these three volumes, and to direct the attention of the studious reader to such passages as indicate, if they do not plainly declare, Chalmers' views, and his inclinations and feelings, in relation to the rival Christianities which we have here specified. But in attempting, within the compass of a page or two, a reference of this kind, we must not lose sight of the fact, that Chalmers, as a theologian, was a clergyman of the Scottish Church: his training had been national, and when he woke up to a consciousness of Christian doctrine, it was to this doctrine as he found it embodied in the "Confession," and in the "Catechism," and in the polemical literature of Scotland. It does not appear that the idea had ever presented itself to him in a distinct form, that an entire Christianity, religiously drawn from the canonical Scriptures, differs from that logical theology under the shadow of which he had been nurtured. Whenever, therefore, passages occur in his writings which seem to have been prompted by an uneasy and almost unconscious sense of a dissonance between the two—a jar which had given him a pain of which he does not understand the cause—such utterances of his spontaneous feelings have the more meaning, and they should command the more attention; and let us say it, they should command peculiar attention *in Scotland*.

We have ventured to affirm of Chalmers' doctrine of the Inspiration of the Scriptures that it is crude, inadmissible, unintelligible. This is not all; for it is such that, if it be insisted upon, we must needs give in to the frivolous cavils of writers like F. Newman, and must admit them to be conclusive against the Divine origination of the Bible. Let the reader consider the entire paragraph, page 174. If we misunderstand the lecturer, we shall gladly acknowledge the error. The affirmation that "Marcus was sister's son to Barnabas," is there allowed to be one which is wholly unimportant *in itself*, as related to our religious state of mind. *Nevertheless*, a rejection of it (or hesitation in admitting it—"the want" of this belief) may indicate another want of fearful magnitude and effect, for it may indicate "the want of a full and settled faith in Scripture." Herein comes out the dangerous consequence of an assumption which is unwarrantable in itself, and which is not only *liable* to be broken up in

the course of a young man's critical studies, but which inevitably *must* be broken up at an early stage of his acquaintance with biblical criticism. It is painful to think of the case of a timid and conscientious student, who, having yielded himself without question to the guidance of such a teacher as Chalmers, meets with evidence—irresistible evidence—which must lead to his coming to doubt the truth of a biblical assertion, like the one above mentioned. Is it not high time that we should know what we mean when we affirm that the Bible is God's book? We think we do not misunderstand Chalmers; and, in support of our supposition as to his meaning, we refer to a passage on page 188, beginning, "There are articles of information in Scripture." If once we yield ourselves to this tremendous dogma, that a Christian man's safety for eternity is put in peril by his entertaining a doubt of the historical accuracy of the canonical books in any single instance, then, what is his position? what is his alternative? He must, with alarm, put far from him every means and material of biblical criticism; he must cease to read and to think; and then how is he to rebut the taunts of the infidel who says: "You hold to your Bible in wilful blindness: you dare not inform yourself concerning its contents." We do not know in what way Chalmers would have reconciled his own doctrine of inspiration with his own often-repeated exhortations to his class—to prosecute biblical criticism. We have looked through chap. ix. in the Institutes, in which so much is said in commendation of critical proficiency—supposing that a paragraph might therein occur, throwing some light upon this difficulty, but have not found one. The question does not seem to have presented itself to the mind of Chalmers in any distinct manner.

In that chapter of the Institutes, as indeed throughout the writings of this large-minded champion of the truth—such unquestionably he was—we are met, far too frequently, with those terms of reprobation and scorn, applied to "infidels," "heretics," "gainsayers," which have come down from a furious and fanatical era, and which, so long as they are indulged in by teachers and writers of repute, will not merely serve to foment the worst passions, and to indurate the narrowest prejudices, but will effectively shut out from the view of "the orthodox," of "us *who are in the*

*right*," those inveterate infatuations, those overweenings of personal arrogance, which still stand in the way, as they have so long stood in the way, of an honest and ingenuous acceptance of the entire sense of Scripture. In a page now before us—215, of the Notes on Hill's Lectures—there is an admission that the tendency to indulge lawless speculation, whence have sprung heresies, has "misled *even* the Church and the orthodox into lamentable extravagances of speculation, and laid open the whole subject of the Trinity, in particular, with its cognate and correlative topics, to the ridicule of the profane, to the merciless satire and severity of the infidel." True, indeed, but it is a part only of the truth.

And now a word in acquitting ourselves of our task. It may have seemed to some of the admirers of this great man—justly entitled as he is to the affectionate and reverential regards of Christian people of all Protestant countries—that, on some counts of the eulogy due to him, we have done him less than justice. Let it be so thought, and we shall willingly stand corrected by any who will come forward in this behalf, armed with reasons, and animated by a well-considered zeal, as his champion. None will so come forward more thoroughly impressed than we are with a sense of his high merits in all those departments within which he was most at home.

More than this—we have a feeling in thinking of Chalmers of which exceedingly few among the illustrious dead could be the objects. We think of him wistfully, as if we believed that, various and large as were his labors, and great as were his

actual achievements in behalf of the Church and the world, there was yet a something more which, with faculties so eminent, he might have done for our benefit.

Ordinarily, when a writer who has well served his time, and is gone, comes to be thought of as a contributor to the general stock of moral or religious literature, we dismiss him gratefully, accepting at his hand what he has done; for it was his best, probably, in the employment of the talent that had been assigned to his care. But once or twice in a century, or not so often, when a distinguished man passes away from us, we think ourselves to be deprived of a further good, which might have been ours if he had longer lived. So it was when, in the very midst of his course, ARNOLD was snatched from his place; the Christian community lost, by his sudden death, the fruit of those mature years which we had supposed he would have given to its service. Chalmers, indeed, lived out the ordinary term of life, and of active labor; and yet his death, even at so ripe an age, was in this same way felt to be a loss.

It does not appear what homage more emphatic than this can be rendered to the memory of a great man, when it is said that the high estimate which the world had come to form of his powers and qualities—moral and intellectual—has outstepped the measure of his actual performances, so as that when at length he falls, although full of days, and worn with years of self-denying labor, we yet think that he is gone too soon, and he has left a work unfinished which he only could well have done. It is thus that we think of THOMAS CHALMERS.

**EQUESTRIAN STATUES.**—Seven castings in bronze are in progress at the royal foundry at Munich: 1. An equestrian statue of Washington, destined to form the centre of an immense monument to be erected in the State of Virginia, and which is to be surrounded by forty colossal statues of men who distinguished themselves in the War of Independence; 2. An equestrian statue of the King Maximilian the First of Bavaria, for Munich; 3. A statue of Wieland, for

Weimar; 4. A group of Schiller and Goethe, for the same place; 5. An equestrian statue of Ferdinand the First of the Two Sicilies, for Messina, destined to replace one which was destroyed by the revolutionists, and which also was cast at Munich; 6. An allegorical monument to the memory of the Fugger family, the chief of which are considered as the creators of manufacturing enterprise in Germany, for Augsburg; 7. A statue of King Louis the First of Bavaria, for Munich.



From the Quarterly Review.

## THE NUNS OF PORT-ROYAL.\*

"An event," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "which happens sometimes even to philosophers,"

"has happened to M. Cousin. He has fallen in love with Madame de Longueville in person; yes, with the Great Condé's sister. The place in which he has most particularly shown his passion for her is where he has to deal with La Rochefoucauld. He does not speak of him as a judge or a critic would speak, but as a rival. 'She never truly loved but a single person,' says he; 'it was La Rochefoucauld;' and this leads him to add, 'I don't deny it; I do not like La Rochefoucauld.' La Rochefoucauld is for him the great adversary, the rival who, two centuries ago, supplanted him."

The sarcasm launched against M. Cousin by M. Sainte-Beuve was not without a personal motive. The author of the *History of Port-Royal* was the first to rescue the subject from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and he had no sooner entered the holy monastery than he would fain have shut the doors on all after-comers. Among the poachers upon his domain M. Cousin has been the most persevering and successful. In fact, his depredations were not confined to Madame de Longueville. Notwithstanding her noble birth, her remarkable beauty, and the important part which she played in the intrigues of the Fronde, she was, after all, but a secondary actor in the scenes of Port-Royal. A far greater offence of M. Cousin was to have denied to M. Sainte-Beuve the privilege of showing Pascal in a new light. Before his narration could reach the period at which this surprising genius shone forth in all his glory, his discoveries were anticipated, and his principal hero torn away from a frame which, it must be confessed, was too narrow for so illustrious a man. Others joined in pursuit of the game which had been started, and there was even a contest for the right to use the manuscripts preserved

in the public archives. In compliance with an old and mischievous usage, students are permitted in France to borrow and retain as long as they choose the books and documents which are necessary for their researches. The right gives rise to incessant inconvenience and frequent abuses. The manuscript which is taken at first for the honest purpose of investigation may afterwards be kept to prevent a rival from making use of it. Whether this was the motive in the Pascal chase we will not attempt to determine, but certain it is that M. Faugère, who published a new edition of the *Pensées*, was obliged to have recourse to a ministerial order to obtain some papers detained by a fellow hunter. The republic of letters has hitherto rather gained than lost by the emulation which has been excited, but we should be of a different opinion if M. Sainte-Beuve allows himself to be driven away by this irruption into his territory. The hedge sparrow, it is said, forsakes the eggs which have been handled, and, fearful for the safety of an offspring which she is too weak to protect, refuses to give them life. But the stronger eagle fights for her young, and, if an enemy succeeds in ravishing one from the nest, the remainder of the brood does but become the dearer. Let M. Sainte-Beuve copy the example of the nobler bird, and, after an absence already too prolonged, return to his beloved nest of Port-Royal. If M. Cousin has not yet conquered his resentment against his fair Longueville for having been admired by La Rochefoucauld, M. Sainte-Beuve should be more generous, and forgive her for having been loved by M. Cousin.

The monastery of Port-Royal exists no longer. All that remains of it are some shapeless ruins, situated in a dark and marshy valley not far from Versailles. It is supposed to have been founded by Bishop Eudes of Sully, and Mathilda of Garlande, in the year 1204, that prayers might be said there for the happy return of Mathieu I. of Montmorency, Mathilda's

\* *Port-Royal*. Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Paris: 1840-48. 3 vols. 8vo.

husband, who was fighting in the Holy Land. A bull, in 1223, conceded to the convent the privilege of receiving secular ladies, who, disgusted with the vanities of life, might wish, without taking the vows, to give themselves up to God. It was perhaps the admission of these worldly recruits, who were not wholly detached from the frivolities of society, which was the cause of that taste for fashion which was reproved at the beginning of the sixteenth century by the superior of the house. The inmates had committed the enormity of wearing sleeves which were wider at the bottom than at the top, and the abbess was ordered to have them made narrower. Later it was found necessary to prohibit the use of masks, gloves, and starched linen. These trifles were the symbols of more serious irregularities. The service was not duly attended, the rule of seclusion was violated, and dances and banquets had greater charms than the offices of religion. Such deviations from monastic strictness were then general throughout France. The reform in Port-Royal was brought about by a girl who was forced against her will into the office of abbess, and who not only succeeded in making her community a model of discipline and virtue, but who attracted into her sphere so many persons illustrious for piety, for learning, and for genius, that, of all the institutions of the kind which ever existed, this is the one which has obtained the largest renown and the most universal admiration. No glory was wanting to it—not even the distinction of bearing nobly a long and cruel persecution. The means by which these results were obtained are a rare example of the power of simple and persevering rectitude, and give a perennial interest and importance to the history of “Mother Angélique,” though the house over which she presided is in ruins, and the succession of her disciples was not permitted to continue.

Antoine Arnauld, the representative of an ancient and distinguished family in Auvergne, married the daughter of M. Marion, an *avocat-général*. This M. Marion was a favorite of Henry IV., and obtained from him the abbacies of Port-Royal and St. Cyr, for two of his grand-daughters. The eldest, Jacqueline Marie Arnauld, was then only seven and a half years old; the younger, Jeanne, was six. Abuses of this kind were fre-

quent at that era, but it was not always easy to obtain the ratification of the appointments at Rome; and Antoine Arnauld, who was noted for a famous speech which he had delivered against the Jesuits, was not likely to obtain much indulgence from the Pope. In consequence the fraud was committed of representing the sisters to be older than they were, and, the better to dissemble the truth, they were described not by their true Christian names, but by the names which they received at confirmation, and which became their religious appellations. This was the reason why Jacqueline was ever after called Mother Angélique, and Jeanne, Mother Agnes. The opening of the drama does not prognosticate reform. The next scene in the history was still less promising.

The two child-abbesses, who were set to preside over religious communities long before they were themselves emancipated from the bondage of the nursery, first spent a year together in the convent of St. Cyr, which belonged to Mother Agnes, the younger sister. At the close of a life devoted to humility, she still reproached herself with an outbreak of domineering authority, when, in a quarrel with her elder sister, she asserted her right, if she pleased, to turn her out of her abbey. “She was proud and romantic,” says M. Sainte-Beuve, “to such a degree as to ask God why he had not permitted that she should be born *Madame de France!*” It would be idle to moralize on traits like these. The whole case may be summed in the fact that she was six and an abbess.

Mother Angélique, with whom we are more immediately concerned, next spent two years at the abbey of Maubuisson, the last place which was calculated to inspire a young girl with religious sentiments; for it was presided over by Madame d'Estrées, the sister of the fair Gabrielle, so famous for her beauty, and the visits which the royal lover paid to the convent were an open insult to morality and religion. It was from Madame d'Estrées that the future reformer of Port-Royal was named Angélique at her confirmation. This most assuredly was not a very edifying beginning.

At first Mother Angélique was only the coadjutor of Jeanne de Boulehard, the existing abbess. The latter died in 1602, and her successor, when hardly eleven years old, was definitively installed in her

office, and invested with all its functions and prerogatives. One day when Henry IV. was hunting in the neighborhood, he took it into his head to visit M. Arnauld, who was at Port-Royal with his daughter. The little abbess went out to meet him at the head of her community, and marched gravely along with ludicrous dignity upon thick-soled shoes, some five or six inches high, that she might appear to have the stature of a woman. That merry monarch could not fail to be delighted with the mock-heroic scene. He left with reluctance, and kept shouting as he rode away, "I kiss my hand to Madame the Abbess."

Nothing as yet seemed to foreshadow the changes which were soon to take place. On the contrary, Mother Angélique felt no vocation for a religious life. She regretted the world from which she had been cut off so young, preferred the reading of Plutarch's Lives to her Breviary, and often meditated joining two of her aunts who had embraced the Protestant religion and resided together at La Rochelle. She even desired to marry, for she justly thought that a holy domestic life was more agreeable to the Almighty than the unnatural austerities of a monastic seclusion. By degrees the conflict of her feelings reduced her to a state of melancholy which impaired her health, and she was taken home to be nursed. She was not then sixteen. Her father detected the causes of her despondency, and with the vehemence of will which was the characteristic of his race he one day entered her room with a document in his hand, and said, "Sign this, my child." Awed by the profound respect which she entertained for her father, but her heart bursting with rage, as she instinctively divined the purport of the unread paper, she complied with his demand. She felt that her honor was pledged, that she had definitively engaged herself against her will to lead a religious life. And, in fact, the act was the ratification of her vows; it was her sentence upon herself!

Her health restored, she returned sad but resigned to the convent, which she accepted henceforth for her destiny. The renewal of her vows, it is true, had been obtained by a trick, but it was a trick played by a beloved father. Filial respect threw a veil over the artifice, and the poor child only thought of her signature, and forgot the mode of obtaining it. Religion had as yet no part in her resolution, but it

was close at hand. One evening at the approach of twilight, as she came from a walk in the garden, a Capuchin friar arrived at the convent and requested to preach. A sermon was an entertainment which broke the monotony of the ordinary convent life, but as it was growing late the abbess was on the point of refusing the offer. Suddenly she changed her mind, and ordered the bells to toll. What the Capuchin said she did not herself recollect: but while the discourse, which was on the humility of the Saviour, was proceeding, a complete revolution took place in her feelings. "God so touched me," she said, "that from this moment I found myself more happy to be a nun than I ever before was unhappy at being one." She perceived, however, that the Capuchin preacher was not capable of guiding her in the path which a divine light had just displayed to her, and she kept her emotions to herself. The new thoughts which now agitated her heart, again affected her health, and she was removed to her father's country seat of Andilly. "That dwelling appeared to me so lovely," said the poor girl, "that I would gladly have remained for ever amidst such beautiful scenes, for God had not yet given me the eyes of a Christian." Nevertheless she assumed a coarse dress, lay on a hard couch, and curtailed her sleep to go and pray secretly in the remotest parts of the house. Sometimes she was found inflicting punishments upon herself that she might become accustomed by degrees to bear bodily pain. Dreading the effects of such austerity, her family, who had hitherto employed their endeavors to engage her in a monastic life, now united their efforts to check her enthusiasm. The nuns, when she got back to Port-Royal, were not less averse to the new spirit which had come over her. In spite of relations and nuns she followed her own conscientious convictions, and resolved to persevere. The first change she introduced was to bring back the community to the strict observance of their vow of poverty. It was not the easiest part of the undertaking, for the best were those who were most opposed to the step. They remarked with some reason that when everything was in common, clothes included, (for such was the rule,) all providence would cease, and nobody would have any interest in economizing. Mother Angélique did not hesitate to acknowledge that in a temporal point of view, the rule might



be disadvantageous, but temporal considerations had no longer any weight in her mind. Her principal aim was the spiritual good of her flock. She considered that the sole choice lay between not being abbess at all, or fulfilling to the letter the requirements of the office, and while the contest was pending she was once more seized with a deep melancholy, accompanied by fever. The nuns asked her what made her so sad. She replied that they knew the cause well enough, and that it depended on them to put a period to her grief. "Tell us what you want of us," they said, at last, touched by her sorrow, "and, provided you are satisfied, we promise to do anything." She reiterated that what she required was that they would renounce the system of individual property; and the following day they brought her their clothes. One nun, named Johannet, who was deaf and dumb, had not been informed of what was going on, and it was intended, in consequence of her infirmity, to exempt her from the law; but on seeing the others produce their wardrobes, she guessed the meaning of the action and imitated their example. From that day, which was the eve of St. Joseph, 1609, and which was religiously inscribed in the *Fasti* of Port-Royal, the community of goods was permanently reestablished, and the Mother Abbess was cured of her fever.

There still remained one refractory member in the person of an aged nun, Dame Morel, who fondly cultivated a little garden. She brought everything except the key of this garden. "We all of us have our little garden," says M. Sainte-Beuve, with his usual grace, "and we often cling to it more strongly than to the large one." Dame Morel flew into a passion whenever any nun or father Capuchin sorrowfully spoke to her of that unlawful reservation. At last, one day, when no one had breathed a word on the subject, she surrendered by a sort of inward miracle. She sent in a letter the key of the garden as of a last citadel. In fact, it was the key of her heart.

When Mother Angélique had overcome this difficulty, and established the community of goods, she made up her mind to strike the great blow. She was determined to restore the rule of seclusion, to sever herself from the world, and with her nuns devote herself completely to God. This involved the separation from her fam-

ily, whom she so dearly loved, and by whom she was so tenderly beloved. But the Arnaulds were not to be disunited by this daring act of filial disobedience, by this richly rewarded sacrifice of feeling to duty. One by one, sisters, brothers, mother, nieces, and nephews, came clustering round the young saint whom they began by opposing, most of them attracted by her virtues, her example, and her insinuating charity. She began by drawing to her her little sister, Mother Agnes, abbess of St. Cyr, whom we have already seen priding herself on her official supremacy. In a few months she renounced her once cherished dignity, and took her vows as a simple nun at Port-Royal.

The law courts rose, and Antoine Arnauld, as was his custom in vacations, repaired to Port-Royal. In one of the huge family coaches of the period were the father, the mother, the eldest sister Mme. Le Maître, a younger sister named Annie, who was then fifteen, and the eldest brother Arnauld d'Andilly, who was twenty. It is difficult for us now to realize the full force of the paternal authority of that age, and the immense hardihood which it required to resist its will. Mother Angélique was hardly seventeen, and had never swerved from the most profound obedience, which was seconded by such love as strong minds only are capable of feeling. Prayer was her weapon against the coming attack, and the nuns of her party joined with her in her supplications. She had taken possession, at dawn, of every key, to prevent a surprise, and, with her supporters, waited the arrival of the dreaded coach "like a little force under arms awaiting the enemy." So daring did the act appear, that few of the inmates could believe she would have the courage to persist. At length the noise of wheels was heard in the outer court, and Mother Angélique, advancing to the wicket, announced her resolution to her father, and begged him to proceed to the grated parlor, where alone she could receive him. No sooner did she utter the words, than he flew into a passion, knocked louder than ever at the door, and fiercely demanded admittance. Madame Arnauld joined in the clamor, called her daughter an ingrate, and swore an oath, which afterwards cost her many a tear, that if she was not admitted at once, she would never again set her foot in Port-Royal. M. d'Andilly, with the impetuosity of youth,

went further still, and declared that his sister was a monster and a parricide. The Abbess stood firm. M. Arnauld, unable to prevail by force, had recourse to stratagem. He demanded to see his two other daughters, Mother Agnes and Marie-Claire, intending to rush in as these were let out. But they were sent round by the church door, and the opportunity was lost of surprising the citadel. As they joined the infuriated group, M. d'Andilly poured forth bitter reproaches against Mother Angélique. Mother Agnes immediately took up her defence, observing that her sister had done nothing more than was prescribed by the Council of Trent. "Oh! forsooth," exclaimed M. d'Andilly, excited beyond endurance, "this is a pretty case; here is another little pedant who quotes to us canons and council!" All this while there were some dissentients in the camp, and among them was old Dame Morel, who clung so fondly to her little garden, and who now exclaimed, "It is a shame not to open to M. Arnauld." Mother Angélique was of another opinion, and at last her father, without relinquishing his anger, yielded to her entreaties, and went to the reception room. Pale and agitated, he spoke to her through the grating, of all that he had done for her, and of the love which he bore her. Henceforth he renounced it; he would see her no more, and as a final request he conjured her to take care of herself and not ruin her health by reckless austerities. This pathetic adieu, in which tenderness mingled with resentment, proved too much for the overwrought mind of Mother Angélique, and she fell senseless on the floor. A paroxysm of alarm now took possession of M. Arnauld. He called wildly upon his daughter, he stretched out his arms to the opposing grate, he vociferated with all his might for help, and his wife and children screamed as loudly as himself. The nuns, believing that the uproar was only a renewal of the original contest, kept carefully out of the way, and it was some time before they could be made to comprehend the situation of their abbess. Her first words on opening her eyes was to request her father not to leave that day. She had a couch prepared for herself by the grating; a calm and loving conversation ensued, and Mother Angélique was victorious over her family. Her ecclesiastical superiors afterwards gave permission for Madame Arnauld and her daughters to enter the convent when

they pleased. But the fatal oath was for a year an insurmountable barrier. At the end of that period she heard a sermon in which hasty and foolish vows were declared not to be binding, and she immediately ordered her carriage and set out for Port-Royal. The day of her reappearance was ever after kept as an anniversary in her heart by the delighted Mother Angélique.

The grand contest which had taken place was known in the annals of the monastery by the name of "the day of the wicket." M. Royer-Collard used to speak of the scene as one of the great pages of human nature, and one which was not surpassed by anything in Plutarch. His admiration, all must agree, was not misplaced. The object for which Mother Angélique contended was indeed mistaken, or rather the mistake was in her vocation itself. But what is beyond all praise is, the unflinching adherence to what she conceived her duty—the sacrifice to conscience of every opposing feeling of her heart:

"—unmov'd,  
Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified,  
Her loyalty she kept, her love, her zeal;  
Nor number nor example with her wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change her constant  
mind,  
Though single."

This was her true glory, her chief distinction, and it was this quality which enabled her to produce such wonderful results.

"Let us," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "recapitulate the actors in the events of the day of the wicket: Mother Angélique, M. Arnauld, Madame Arnauld, their three young daughters—Agnes, Anne, and Marie-Claire—Mme. Le Maître, and M. d'Andilly. Well, these actors or spectators, M. Arnauld excepted, who died in the world respected as an honest man and a Christian, all, with Madame Arnauld at their head, entered finally into Port-Royal." Marie-Claire, who, we have seen, was already domiciled with the Abbess at the time of the battle, had been a lovely child, but was completely disfigured by the small-pox. When she first caught sight of her face in the glass, she covered it with her hands and cried out, "It is no longer I." The involuntary exclamation was true in a sense which she little imagined. It was probably not only her face but her heart which was changed by the

event, and her moral being profited by the destruction of her beauty. Anne, who was six years older, had her religious impressions strengthened by the same disorder. Her convictions continued to gather force until in 1616 she renounced the world for Port-Royal. "When I first entered," she wrote, "I felt a painful void in my soul, and, having mentioned it to Mother Agnes, she answered that I need not be astonished, because, having quitted all the things of the world, and not being yet consoled by God, I was as between heaven and earth. About a year afterwards this void was filled." From this time she considered the convent a paradise. The marshy and unwholesome valley, the damp and narrow cell, seemed delightful to her spirit, soothed by the religious exercises which were indissolubly associated with the locality; and she imagined, as she gazed at the sky, that it was more serene than elsewhere. She once, when she was alone, danced with joy at the recollection that she was a nun, and when she saw one of the sisterhood sorrowful she thought if she did but look at her black veil she would be sad no longer. But mortification was the rule of the house. Her passion was prayer and solitude, and she was subsequently set to perform the uncongenial task of instructing children. For fifteen or sixteen years she continued to obey, but it was, she said, as it were at the point of the sword. Mother Angélique set the example of self-denial. "It would be difficult," wrote her niece, "to find such another piece of serge as she used for her dress—so coarse, rough, loose, yellow, and greasy. What I say of her clothes I might say of everything; she never took for herself anything but the refuse." M. Arnauld had been accustomed to assist in defraying the expenses of the establishment, and she endeavored by economy to dispense with his gifts and render the house self-supporting. In spite of the poverty which resulted, she managed to relieve the poor families in the neighborhood. To the inmates she compensated for the deprivations she imposed on them by redoubling her tenderness. It was on the sick sisters especially that she lavished the tokens of her inexhaustible charity, nursing them and rendering them the most repulsive services. Whenever she was wanted it was almost always in the infirmary that she was to be found. She was discovered there ~~one day~~.

lying on the feet of a sick nun, whom nothing would warm, and she said, with a laugh, that she was performing the office of a blanket. In fact, the irresistible gift of persuasiveness which Mother Angélique possessed, consisted mainly in this, that she was more severe towards herself than towards her flock. She oftener taught by example than by precept. When she had determined upon suppressing the use of meat in the community, she began by trying the practice upon herself. For a month she ate nothing except a piece of omelette, and to conceal the fact, she had it covered with a thin slice of mutton. A petty deception like this does not accord with the nobler proceedings of the holy Angélique; but tricks in some shape or other seem an incurable vice of the Roman Catholic religion. Having undergone the probation in her own person, she invited the rest to repeat the experiment, and abstinence was embraced by the entire community.

Port-Royal set in order, Mother Angélique was called upon to perform the same duty for another establishment. Her former mistress and namesake, Madame d'Estrées, still presided at Maubuisson, where matters had proceeded from bad to worse. She locked up and ill-treated the monks who were sent to inquire into the scandals which prevailed, and her last feat in this kind was to imprison one M. Deruptis in a tower of the abbey, keep him on bread and water, and have him flogged every morning. It was determined, as she refused to vacate her office, to remove her by force and shut her up in the house of the "*Filles pénitentes*," though it was certainly not to this body that she belonged. The king's archers arrived on the 5th of February, 1618, and, being denied admittance, they scaled the walls, broke open the doors, and carried away Madame d'Estrées on her bed. On the 19th of February Mother Angélique left Port-Royal to supply her place. It was the day after the profession of her sister Anne, who remained unmoved while the rest of the nuns were weeping for the loss of their beloved abbess. The gloom which overcast a portion of the novitiate of sister Anne was passed, and she had entered into that joy at her calling, of which we have seen the evidence. "God," she said, when astonishment was expressed at her seeming indifference to the departure of Angélique—"God conferred too great a favor

upon me yesterday to permit me to mourn to-day."

The reception which Mother Angélique met with at Maubuisson was a complete contrast to the regrets she left behind. The report of the reform of Port-Royal had frightened the dissolute nuns, and they pictured to themselves a stern mistress whose very aspect would cause them to shudder. They had none of them the slightest idea of the duties of their profession. They attended the holy services without reverence, and spent all the remainder of their time in entertainments. They gave numerous parties, played comedies to divert their guests, had collations served in gardens where they had had summer-houses built, and often walked to the ponds on the road to Paris, where they were joined by monks who danced with them. The age was dissolute, and there was nothing of primitive innocence and simplicity in these rural amusements, which, even at the best, were a contravention of the rules of monastic discipline. The ignorance of the Maubuisson nuns of everything which appertained to religion was hardly credible. To confess is one of the first demands of the Roman Catholic church, the very alphabet of its faith; and people whose lives were supposed to be passed in pious exercises knew not how to discharge a duty which was performed by the meanest peasant.

"They presented themselves for the purpose to a Bernardin monk who did not bear the name of their confessor for nothing, since it was he who always made their confession for them, and named the sins that they were to acknowledge, although perhaps they had not committed them. It was all that he could do to get them to pronounce a 'Yes,' or a 'No,' upon which he gave them absolution without further inquiry. At last, wearied with the incessant reproaches of this father, on account of their ignorance, they hit on what they thought an excellent method. They composed in conjunction, with much difficulty, three kinds of confessions—one for high festivals, one for Sundays, and one for working-days, and, having written them in a book, each took it when they went to confess, which they might just as easily have done all together, since they all repeated the same thing."

Mother Angélique did not underrate the difficulties of her task. She believed that she was sacrificing herself to others, and that her health and energies would be exhausted in the task. She took with her her young sister Marie-Claire, "and

before setting out," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "she showed her the bed she would one day have to occupy in the infirmary of Port-Poyal on her return from this rude and ruinous campaign, as a general might point out the *Invalides* to his soldiers on the eve of a battle." The Abbess began by endeavoring to win the coöperation of the old nuns whom she had known in her childhood. Her gentle manners diminished by degrees the fright which her arrival had caused, and at last terror was changed into admiration. She next, to infuse a better spirit into the house, introduced thirty new nuns of tried piety, lodged them in a separate quarter, and bestowed all her care upon their training. As in Port-Royal, she was the first to perform the tasks she imposed. She swept the house, carried the wood, washed the porringers, and weeded the garden. Her cell was the narrowest, darkest, and most uncomfortable in the house; a sewer near the window rendered it unwholesome; insects made it a place of torture; and, to complete the self-imposed hardship, she slept in serge sheets upon a straw mattress which was placed on the ground.

Maubuisson was destined, like Port-Royal, to have its "day of the wicket," but the contest was of another kind. Madame d'Estrées had been violently ejected by the King's archers, and she resolved to copy the tactics of her enemies. She had escaped from the house of the *Filles pénitentes* in the night, and appeared suddenly at Maubuisson, accompanied by the Count de Sanzai and an armed escort. She went up to Mother Angélique as she was entering the choir, and, addressing her, said: "I have come to thank you for the care you have taken of my abbey during my absence, and to request you to return to yours, and leave me to manage my own." "Madame," replied Mother Angélique, "I would do it gladly if I could, but you know that our superior has ordered me to take charge of this house, and that having come here from obedience it is only from the same obedience that I can depart." Having said these words, she sat down in the choir in the seat of the Abbess. "What audacity!" exclaimed Madame d'Estrées, "to assume my place in my presence!" and rushing out she demanded the keys of the house. She was answered that they were in the possession of "Madame." "Is there any other *Madame* here but myself?" she cried out in



a rage. The storm soon ceased for a while, but was renewed when Mother Angélique and her nuns returned after dinner to the chapel. Count Sanzai and four gentlemen advanced towards her, sword in hand, and exhorted her to yield. One of them, to terrify her, fired a pistol. She still replied with calmness that she would not stir until she was turned out by force, since this alone could justify her before God. The nuns thronged round her to protect her, while Madame d'Estrées poured upon her a torrent of abuse, and at last took hold of her veil as if to tear it from her head. "Immediately," she says, "my lamb-like sisters became lions, and one of them advanced towards Madame d'Estrées, and exclaimed, 'You wretch! do you dare to pull away the veil of Madame de Port-Royal? Ah! I know you well. I know who you are.'" And upon this she caught hold of the veil of Madame d'Estrées and flung it away. The gentlemen now seized Mother Angélique by the arm, and hurried her into a coach which was waiting for the purpose. The nuns rushed in a crowd to the carriage; some ascended the box, some got up behind, or on the roof, and others clung to the wheels. "Drive on," said Madame d'Estrées to the coachman, but he answered that he dare not, for he should kill the nuns. Mother Angélique alighted, formed them into a procession, and two-and-two they walked to Pontoise. The plague was in the place, but the people thronged about them, exclaiming "that they had left the real plague behind in the person of that infamous and abandoned woman who had turned them out." Their sojourn at Pontoise was short. At the first outbreak Madame Angélique sent to Paris to announce what was going on. A troop of the king's archers were immediately dispatched, and Madame d'Estrées and her bravos fled at their approach without waiting to dispute the field. At ten at night, Madame Angélique and her nuns set out from Pontoise, escorted by a hundred and fifty archers, each carrying a torch in his hand and a musket on his shoulder. It is evident that exciting episodes like these would only increase the sense which the community might before have entertained of the importance of their mission; and would give an impulse as marked as it was unexpected to the efforts of Mother Angélique.

The danger from the myrmidons of Madame d'Estrées did not entirely cease

with this memorable day. They sometimes appeared at the convent, and fired under the windows. A garrison of fifty archers was ordered to watch over the safety of the inmates, but Mother Angélique refused to retain them. Her religious faith was equal to all emergencies, and that calm and enduring heroism, essentially feminine, which she displayed before the drawn swords of the brutal creatures of the infuriated ex-abbess, was the only shield she desired against a renewal of the outrage. She continued for five years her work of reform, and was offered the appointment of abbess, but refused to accept so rich a post. Madame de Soissons was named to the office, and Mother Angélique remained some months to assist her. Disagreements, however, arose, and one of the complaints was that she had filled the monastery with poor girls without dowry. "I answered," she said, "that if a house with thirty thousand livres rent was too much burthened by thirty nuns, I should not consider that Port-Royal, which had only six thousand, would be incommoded by receiving them." She accordingly removed them there the 3d of March, 1623. The Port-Royal nuns chanted the *Te Deum* on the arrival of their sisters from Maubuisson, "welcoming them as a present from God to enrich the house more and more with the inexhaustible treasury of poverty." Mother Angélique, who had business in Paris, was unable to accompany the adopted thirty to their new home; and fearing that the sudden influx of such numbers, when she was not there to keep order, would occasion an inroad on the strictness of the rules, she commanded them not to utter a syllable till her return. Each had a label on her sleeve, upon which was written her name, for the guidance of the officials of Port-Royal. It was not till the 12th of March that Mother Angélique returned, and unlocked the tongues of her thirty mutes. They had already been trained to preserve frequent silence, and, above all, to a general unquestioning obedience. A novice, on proceeding to the cell which had been allotted to her, and which was supposed to be furnished, found nothing but faggots. She accepted the accommodation without one word of inquiry, and slept on the faggots for several consecutive nights. On another occasion, some medicine was carried by mistake to a nun who was in perfect health. That it was brought to



her was sufficient, and she immediately swallowed it. The excesses of a system, if they lead to nothing worse, at least result in the ridiculous.

The Abbé de Saint-Cyran was intimate with M. Arnauld d'Andilly, the eldest brother of Mother Angélique. He happened to be present when she sent to ask for carriages to take the poor nuns of Maubuisson to Port-Royal, and he was so deeply impressed with the disinterestedness of the transaction that he wrote the abbess a letter of congratulation. Such was the commencement of her connection with this remarkable man, who exercised so large an influence over the present fortunes and future fate of Port-Royal. Richelieu, who appreciated his talents and feared his worth, made great efforts to attach him to himself. He offered him several sees, and the persevering refusal of Saint-Cyran to accept the bribe was the principal cause of the persecution to which he was afterwards subjected. "The narrow way," he once observed, "obliged me to marry a prison in preference to a bishopric, because the refusal of one led necessarily to the other, under a government that could tolerate only slaves." "Richelieu," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "like Bonaparte and all despots, could never bear that a person of any consideration should remain beyond the sphere of his power. He did not scorn to make advances, but woe to those who did not yield to them! Whoever was not for him, and wholly his, was soon deemed to be against him." In truth, the aims of Saint-Cyran and Richelieu were as remote as ambition and humility, as state-craft and simplicity, as worldliness and Christianity. While the Cardinal was intent upon wielding the sceptre of kings, the Abbé was engrossed with dreams of reforming the Church. "Formerly," said he, "it was like a large river, of which the waters were clear, but now it seems nothing but mire." The evil was notorious, and was bewailed by every man who had the slightest pretension to goodness. "My daughter," said St. François de Sales to Mother Angélique, "to talk of such disorders to the world would give rise to useless scandal. These sick people love their diseases; they do not choose to be cured. I know this as well as the doctors who speak of it, but discretion prevents me from mentioning it. We must weep and pray in secret to God, that his hand may be laid where men are

not qualified to set theirs." The man who uttered these expressions cannot certainly be taxed with an over-scrupulosity, for he believed that he would be justified in cheating at cards for the purpose of increasing his alms! It was the same in Italy as in France. "Zeal and affliction for the disorders of the Court of Rome," said Frederico Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, "incited me to write a book on the subject three fingers thick. But, having seen every avenue closed against reformation, I burnt my work, well assured that these moral truths did but cause scandal, and proclaim the excesses of those who refuse to mend." The whole soul of M. Saint-Cyran was up in arms against the spirit of an age like this. The world, the flesh, and the devil were in the Church, and, while Richelieu was in league with them, the business of the abbé was to fight against them to the death.

Before the acquaintance of Mother Angélique with M. Saint-Cyran had ripened into intimacy, some disastrous changes took place in the Port-Royal community. "This house, so inconvenient and so small," wrote one of their number, in allusion to the influx of nuns from Maubuisson, "became suddenly enlarged by the ample charity of those who desired to be straightened for the advantage of others." The sentiment was admirable, but the walls did not expand with their hearts, and they felt the annoyance of being crowded too closely in their hive. The marshy valley, too, generated fevers, and fifteen of their number had died in two years. They consequently purchased a house in Paris, and thither the colony was transferred in 1626.

The Mother Angélique, who had long been desirous of resigning her post of abbess, petitioned the King, about the period of the change of residence, to allow the nuns to choose their own superior. The prayer was granted, and a triennial election was substituted for the appointment for life by the Crown. A short time before she abdicated her own authority, she became acquainted with M. Zamet, bishop of Langres, and gave him the directorship of Port-Royal. If M. Zamet had been a M. Saint-Cyran, his fervor and wisdom would have supplied the place of the watchful piety of Mother Angélique, and rendered her resignation innocuous. But she was deceived in her man. Cautious as she was, she had mistaken the

character of this wily bishop, who was of Italian descent—

“For oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom’s gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems.”

Through the new abbess he began with all speed to undo the work which Mother Angélique, with endless toil and prayer, had labored so many years to effect. In lieu of the customary plain fare served up on stoneware, they had now delicate viands on enamelled china. The dresses of the nuns were of beautiful white shalloon, their scapularies of brilliant scarlet, and perfumes, fine linen, and nosegays, were employed to give an air of luxury to the chapel. In short, M. Zamet avowed that he desired to introduce all the refinements which could please the young ladies of the Court, and allure rich and highborn maidens into the house. The discipline was relaxed to keep pace with these indulgences, and the nuns were encouraged to cultivate jesting, ridicule, and mimicry. It was evident that Port-Royal, under such influences, would soon relapse into the indolence and sensuality which experience shows to be the natural tendency of monastic institutions. Mother Angélique’s heart was hot within her, but she held her tongue. “I often felt grieved,” she says, “but I did not speak; and when I asked myself, What is the good of all this? I answered, To confound my own judgment.” But though she forbore to remonstrate, her demeanor told what spirit she was of. “Your shadow is obnoxious to us,” said M. Zamet to her one day. “Then send me where you please,” was her reply. Her submission did not disarm his indignation, for he wanted her to be as worldly as himself; and since he could not subdue her goodness, he resolved to persecute it. The nuns were forbidden to talk to her, lest she should give them bad advice. On several occasions an account of her life, filled with calumnies, was read aloud in the refectory. She continued eating all the time, and on the Abbess expressing surprise at her composure, she replied, “I did not give it a thought.” Once she was taken into the room with a large paper mask on her face, and the nuns who escorted her said, “Sisters, pray to God for this hypocrite; pray to God that she may be converted.” Another day she

was ordered to rise from the table, a basket filled with dirt was tied round her neck, and as they led her round the room they exclaimed, “Sisters, behold this wretched creature, whose mind is more stuffed with perverse opinions than this basket is with filth.” After acts like these, to walk barefooted and bareheaded was a trifling penance. The meekness with which she endured every insult that could be devised is the surest proof of the extraordinary worth of her character and the depth of her Christianity. In her reforms she appeared as a leader and a model; like a captain who goes in advance of his soldiers that he may conduct them to victory. Admiration, success, and obedience, were a full compensation for past self-denial, and the stimulus to new. But when she who lately ruled was mocked and reviled by her former pupils—when austerity only provoked contempt—when piety was branded as hypocrisy, and innocence as guilt—she had nothing to sustain her except the reality of a religion which was all-sufficient for itself. Of the many signal passages in the history of Mother Angélique this is the chief; the unflinching resolution of “the day of the wicket” fades before her unmurmuring submission to protracted persecution.

There is little interest in the events which restored Mother Angélique to the favor of M. Zamet, and which, ultimately destroying his authority, placed the monastery under the direction of Saint-Cyran. We pass at once to the year 1637, which was marked by an event that produced a new appendage to Port-Royal, and was a fresh source of distinction to it. The nephew of Mother Angélique, Antoine Le Maître, was the most eloquent advocate who had been heard at the bar in the memory of man. “The days on which he pleaded,” says M. Sainte-Beuve, “the preachers, out of prudence, and for fear of speaking in a desert, left their pulpits to go and hear him. The Great Hall was too small to contain his audience.” These famous speeches were published after the revision of the orator himself. M. Sainte-Beuve confesses that they do not vindicate the admiration of his contemporaries. They are filled with quotations from poets, historians, and fathers of the Church. The ancient mythology is freely introduced, and Mars and Neptune are cited in the case of a servant-girl seduced by a locksmith. It was the age of pedantry, and

all antiquity was ransacked for precedents and allusions. An advocate once talked of the Trojan war and Scamander. "I beg to remind the Court," said the counsel on the opposite side, "that the name of my client is not *Scamander* but *Michaut*." In the time of Le Maître the Scamander would have been thought a rhetorical ornament, and such frigid interpolations were the admiration, however little they may have moved the feelings, of the auditors. The pious mother of the great advocate dreaded his fame, and thought it a snare of Satan to inflame his pride. She prayed fervently that the danger might be averted; and the request was heard. His aunt, the wife of that M. d'Andilly who inveighed so frantically against Mother Angélique on "the day of the wicket," fell mortally ill in August, 1637. M. Saint-Cyran attended her on her death-bed, and M. Le Maître heard the words he addressed to the dying penitent. As the prayer for the fitting spirit was read — "Depart, Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Almighty God which has created you," — the young advocate thought of the terrible day when this tremendous order should be pronounced over him. The sudden impression did not pass away. He determined to abjure the bar, and went to impart his resolution to Saint-Cyran. "I foresee," replied the holy man, "whither God is conducting me in intrusting me with your salvation: but no matter; we must follow him, even to prison and to death." The Port-Royalist historians explain the allusion. "Cardinal Richelieu could not endure that persons on whom he had views should quit the world and escape from his hands, so exclusively did he consider them as his property and his creatures;" to which M. Sainte-Beuve subjoins, "And what indeed would Bonaparte have said if a Saint-Cyran had converted and carried off from him one of his marshals? He likewise would have had a Vincennes for the converter."

It was settled that M. Le Maître should continue to plead till the arrival of the vacation enabled him to withdraw less obtrusively than in full term. But his mind was no longer in his profession, and his addresses diminished in power. Mortified by the disparaging comments of a rival advocate, he summoned up all his energies to render his last speech worthy of his reputation, and he succeeded to his desire.

He believed he had renounced in his heart, as he was about to renounce in fact, the pomps and vanities of the world, but he could not endure that his fame as an orator should suffer an eclipse, and he did homage to the glory he thought he despised at the very moment of abjuring it.

He had a brother, M. de Séricourt, who was in the army, and who visited him in his retreat. "Will you, who appear so surprised to see me in this condition," said M. Le Maître in greeting him, "do me the same honor as some in the world who report and believe that I am mad?" "No," replied M. de Séricourt, "from the moment that I heard the news at the army I wished often I could imitate you. I came here more than half conquered, and this finishes me." Nor did the results stop here; a third brother, M. de Saci, entered into orders and became confessor at Port-Royal. It is a singular instance of the rigid pride which mingled in the domestic relations of those days that the Le Maître who voluntarily renounced the fairest prospects of worldly ambition, and was content to bury himself in a secluded oblivion, underwent the severest conflicts of soul before he could bring himself to accept M. de Saci for a confessor. The eldest son could not serve the younger. He could exchange distinction for insignificance, but his pride revolted at the notion that he, the first-born, should show any symptom of obedience to his brother. He at last, at the instance of his ecclesiastical superiors, vanquished his scruples, and he wrote to M. de Saci to tell him that he entirely resigned to him his heart.

The recluses at first were lodged in a building contiguous to Port-Royal of Paris, which was run up for the purpose. The persecutions which were commenced soon after caused them to retire to the original Port-Royal in the Fields, from which they were driven in turn. But they finally settled there, and it is there that M. Sainte-Beuve exhibits to us the eloquent ex-advocate performing the functions of a day-laborer, "digging, reaping corn, making hay in the heat of noontide, wiping away the perspiration in summer, his beads in his hand, and refusing a fire in the hardest of winters; then plunging deep into study on his return from manual labor, devouring Hebrew that he might penetrate into the hidden meaning of Scripture, examining all the



doctrine of the fathers, translating them, compiling little treatises, composing learned biographies, and collecting materials for the writings of M. Arnauld his uncle." He once resumed his ancient functions, and pleaded for the nuns of Port-Royal before a village magistrate who had never heard anything so beautiful. He loved to teach the pupils at the schools, and it was still the master of eloquence which spoke in his lessons. "He read to me and made me read," says Du Fossé, "different passages of the poets and orators, and pointed out to me their beauties both of sense and elocution. He taught me also how to pronounce both poetry and prose, which he did admirably himself, having a charming voice and every other quality of a great orator." But what more than all shows how his affections lingered over the profession he had renounced, and with what fond recollections he reverted to the arena of his triumphs, is that, having detected the genius of young Racine, he wanted to make him an advocate!

The forebodings of Saint-Cyran were not long in being realized. On the 14th of May, 1638, he was arrested and conducted to Vincennes. M. d'Andilly met him as he was carried guarded in a coach, and, not guessing what had happened, said to M. Saint-Cyran, "Where are you taking all these people?" "Oh!" said M. Saint-Cyran, "they are taking me." The exact cause of his imprisonment was never declared. He himself enumerated seventeen reasons for it, but tyranny does not want seventeen reasons for persecuting virtue. The papers containing the vast labors of his studious life were seized and carried away. Two or three volumes escaped the search, and they were burnt by his nephew, M. de Barcos, for fear they should furnish materials for an accusation. They were the memoranda for a gigantic work on the Sacrament. "The thoughts," said M. de Barcos, "are not lost, for they have returned to their source." M. Saint-Cyran did not regard their destruction with equal complacency. "If," said he, "a man has amassed by the pious studies of years those riches of the divine word which are infinitely more precious to him than pearls and diamonds, and which he loved as having been given to him by the hand of God, and if this man consents that God destroys them by an unexpected accident, it is an excellent preparation to lead such a person to the voluntary abne-

gation of himself." In effect it was to acknowledge that if he could resign himself to the destruction of his theological labors he could resign himself to anything. Of all the losses of property none would seem so disheartening as to lose the proceeds of protracted mental toil, and it is surprising with what patience these trials have usually been borne, and with what fortitude and resolution they have been repaired. The resignation of Fénelon surpassed that of Saint-Cyran himself. His papers were consumed in a fire which burnt down the palace of Cambrai. The Abbé de Langeron hastened to Versailles to inform him of the disaster. He found him quietly conversing with some friends, and the Abbé endeavored to break the news by degrees. "I know it," interrupted the Archbishop; "but it is better that my house should be destroyed than the cottage of a poor man;" and he tranquilly resumed the former conversation. When Cooper, the author of the Latin Dictionary, had been employed eight years upon his work, his wife, who was a shrew, put it on the fire. The indomitable lexicographer commenced it anew, and in eight years more completed his task. Porson spent ten months of incessant toil in copying in his beautiful hand the almost obliterated manuscript of the Lexicon of Photius. When the copy was burnt he sat down unruffled to make a second, which he completed in the same perfect style as the first. Audubon likewise, the American ornithologist, had one thousand of the drawings for his great work on birds destroyed by fire. "The burning heat," he says, "which rushed through my brain when I saw my loss, was so great that I could not sleep for several nights, and my days were oblivion; but I took up my gun, note-book, and pencils, and went forth to the woods again as gaily as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before. In three years my portfolio was filled." All authors, however, have not displayed the same self-command. A fire consumed the observatory and manuscripts of Hevelius, and such was his regret at the destruction of some astronomical notes that he wrote eight years afterwards that he never thought of it without shedding tears. Father Simon, the author of the well-known "Critical Histories of the Old and New Testament," was denounced by the Jesuits to the Intendant of Rouen, and,

fearing that his manuscripts would form the ground of a charge against him, in the first impulse of alarm he committed them to the flames. No sooner was it done than his regret brought on a violent fever which killed him in three days. An accidental fire destroyed a work of *Urcæus*, which he had just completed. Pouring forth a torrent of abuse on the Virgin and the saints, he rushed into a wood, where he spent the day in a continuous delirium. He passed the night on a dunghill, and next morning took refuge in the cottage of a poor joiner, and remained with him six months, renouncing alike the companionship of his books and his friends. What an effectual antidote it would have been to his grief if he could have rated his works at the same value as they were rated by the world! But the best consolation was that which awaited Thomas Gale, the learned author of the "Court of the Gentiles." The great fire of London burnt the house of the friend who had care of the manuscript. Gale had scarcely subdued his mind to resignation when his friend came to tell him that the manuscript was saved.

The male recluses who lived within the precincts of the monastery of Port-Royal at Paris were ordered to leave on the arrest of Saint-Cyran. It was then they took refuge at the old *Port-Royal-des-Champs*, which had been now twelve years uninhabited, and was going to decay. The cells within were damper than ever, the grounds without more marshy, the surrounding woods more dense and gloomy. The enemies of Saint-Cyran grudged his disciples even this retreat, where they were cut off from all possibility of working mischief, and where malaria promised to deal more rigorously with them than tyranny itself. One M. Laubardemont, of infamous memory, was sent to interrogate them, that he might extract some evidence against M. Saint-Cyran. "The examination of M. Le Maître in particular," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "excites at once laughter and disgust. It is folly, but wicked and cruel folly, and it is just that it should tarnish the grandeur of Richelieu." Among many other puerile questions, Le Maître was asked if he had not had visions. "Yes, certainly," he replied; "when I open one of the windows of my chamber I see the village of Vau-murier, and when I open the other I see the village of Saint-Lambert. These are

all my visions." The ex-advocate was in his element here, and he triumphed as easily over M. Laubardemont, when performing the office of Inquisitor, as he would have done if of old he had been pitted against him in the courts. The recluses, driven from their solitude, took lodgings in Paris; but in the summer of 1639 they went back secretly to *Port-Royal-des-Champs*.

The Prince of Condé interceded for M. Saint-Cyran with Richelieu, and the Cardinal replied, "Do you know for what kind of man you are pleading? He is more dangerous than six armies." Hope of mercy there was none; and it was not till the death of Richelieu, five years afterwards, that M. Saint-Cyran was released from his confinement, the 6th of February, 1643. "All Vincennes," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "was in transports; the monks of the place came to congratulate him, and the guards wept with joy and sadness to see him depart." Mother Agnes was the first who heard the news, when the community were assembled in the refectory, which was a period of the day devoted to silence. Not choosing, even on such an occasion as this, to infringe the laws of the house, she unfastened her girdle to intimate that the bonds of their beloved director was broken. The sign was instantly understood. Every face beamed with gladness, and in the midst of their silence the nuns spoke a language more expressive than words.

The health of M. Saint-Cyran was undermined by his long imprisonment, and he died in the October of the year that witnessed his release. He bequeathed his heart to M. d'Andilly on condition that he withdrew from the world; his bowels were claimed by Mother Angélique for Port-Royal of Paris; and his hands, "which had been so often raised to God, and which had written so many truths," were cut off for M. Le Maître. These ghastly relics of corruption, which are shocking to men of another faith, wear to the eyes of Roman Catholic superstition a hallowed appearance. But if the Port-Royalists honored his remains, they also endeavored to emulate his spirit, and at least in this instance did not substitute for saintship the worship of a fragment from the body of a saint.

Several ladies of rank were attracted by the piety of Port-Royal, and had occasional relations with it. Marie de Gonza-



gue, the future Queen of Poland, possessed an apartment there to which she frequently retired. In her high estate her counsellors exhorted her to save, but she answered that it was needless, for she would always have enough to be received into Port-Royal by her old friend Mother Angélique. "No, no," replied the Abbess, when these words were reported to her; "unless a queen is completely holy she causes a relaxation of the rules. Kings and queens are naught before God, and the vanity of their station rather excites his aversion than his love." There is not a little religious pride in this speech, which was unworthy of Mother Angélique. Another of the frequent visitants at Port-Royal was the Princess de Guemené, and above all the Marquise de Sablé, who built a house within the precincts of the monastery. There she led a placid and agreeable existence, receiving excellent company, and allowing herself a thousand dainties. Her retreat was an odd compound of *bel esprit*, devotion, politics, and confectionary. "Here is all my stock of maxims," La Rochefoucauld wrote to her; "but as people give nothing for nothing, I beg to have in return a carrot-soup and a mutton-stew." And again—"You cannot do me a greater charity than to allow the bearer of this note to enter into the mysteries of marmalade and of your genuine sweetmeats, and I most humbly entreat you to do all you can for him. If I could hope to receive two platefuls of those sugar-plums, of which I do not deserve to eat, I should feel myself indebted to you all my life long." How did Mother Angélique put up with these excellent carrot-soups, these exquisite stews, and these mysteries of marmalade? We are not informed; but her ardent wish to return to the beloved *Port-Royal-des-Champs* serves as an indication of her opinions. Paris, it is easy to perceive, marred her work, and she felt the necessity of a deeper retreat.

It was not till the 13th of May, 1648, that Mother Angélique and a portion of the nuns returned to Port-Royal in the Fields. The dilapidated mansion had been repaired, and the surrounding grounds, drained and cultivated by the exertions of the increasing band of recluses, were healthier than before. Mother Agnes asserted that the place inspired a devotion which was not felt elsewhere; and if, she said, the nuns of Paris, of whom

many preferred to remain in the city, had experienced the sensation, they would desire the wings of the dove, that they might fly there and be at rest. She seemed unconscious, like her sister Anne, that her feelings were derived from incidents associated with the locality, and not from the locality itself. It was here that conviction first dawned upon her mind when the fascination of novelty and the ardor of youth conspired to maintain her in a perpetual joyfulness. These were days never to be renewed, and the recollections of that glorious time haunted the scenes in which they were born, and impregnated every nook with the primitive spirit.

The war of the Fronde, at the commencement of 1649, gave for a while a new aspect to the monastery. The people of the neighborhood brought their movables to this sanctuary to preserve them from the ravages of the hostile armies. The courts were crammed with beasts and fowls till the scene reminded the nuns of Noah's ark. The church was closely packed with corn, peas, pots and pans, and all manner of miscellaneous effects. The dormitory was full of sick and wounded. Many of the peasants who took refuge at the monastery were crowded together with the animals to such a degree, that, except for the coldness of the weather, Mother Angélique was convinced that the plague would have broken out. Even the cold itself was an evil, for their wood was exhausted and they did not dare to stir abroad to cut more. Many of the people were starving in consequence of the general pillage, and they owed their lives to the charity dispensed at Port-Royal. But what, above all, gives a shocking idea of the wanton brutality of the soldiery, is, that the inoffensive inhabitants of the surrounding villages were obliged to forsake their houses and hide themselves in the woods to avoid being killed by their countrymen.

Such as we have seen Mother Angélique she always remained. We pass on to the year 1651 that we may get a glimpse of another remarkable woman, Jacqueline Pascal, who then entered the monastery. "Heaven," says M. Cousin, "had granted her, with the loveliness of a woman, all the gifts of genius. She was inferior to her brother Pascal neither in intellect nor in character." At the age of fourteen, she won the annual prize which was given at Rouen for the best poem on the Immacu-

late Conception. When her name was announced, Corneille rose on her behalf and thanked the President in verse. M. Cousin considers that the poem of Jacqueline surpasses that of the author of the "Cid," and it must be confessed that the woman who was the equal of Pascal and the superior of Corneille must have been one of the marvels of the world. But we cannot accept the estimate of M. Cousin, who is prone to exaggerate the merits of his heroines to a degree which we should not have expected from the rigorous precision of a metaphysician. Whether or not he has fallen in love with them, according to the theory of M. Sainte-Beuve, he certainly writes of them with the blindness of a lover. Jacqueline Pascal, in moral force of character, was not inferior to her celebrated brother, but she was no more his rival in intellect, if we are to judge from her writings, than she was a hundred feet high.

In 1646 her father fell upon the ice and broke his leg. Two brothers in the neighborhood, who, though they were not surgeons by profession, had acquired great skill in the setting of limbs, attended him on the occasion. They were as well versed in the Port-Royal divinity as in the treatment of fractures, and introduced the Pascals to the writings of Saint-Cyran, Jansenius, and Arnauld. In the autumn of 1647, Jacqueline accompanied her brother to Paris, and, having been strongly impressed by the treatises of the Port-Royalists, she was induced to go to their church. The sermons completed what the books had commenced, and she made up her mind to become a nun. She at last disclosed her desire to her father. He answered that his days would probably not be many, and he entreated her to have patience till he was in his grave. In the mean time he promised that she should live as she pleased. She thanked him, gave no direct reply to his request that she would not desert him, but said that he should not have reason to complain of her disobedience. It is seldom that good qualities are mixed together in the mind in their just proportions. Jacqueline's grand merit was the homage she paid to the conclusions of her conscience, and the inflexible resolution with which she acted upon her convictions. Her defect was to yield too much to her personal desires, and to give too little weight to the feelings of others. She was not by nature

deficient in domestic affection, but it was overborne by her conventual aspirations, and the intensity of her individual will. The touching appeal of her father deserved a warmer answer, and a more hearty compliance. In truth, in all her traits, Jacqueline was a complete personification of the virtues and errors of Port-Royal. Within its walls there was a bond of affection which rivalled in its strength the ties of nature, but the tone adopted to those without was hard and chilling. The fountain of love in the monastery itself was never dry, but the stream was not suffered to flow beyond.

In 1649 she went with her father to stay with her sister Madame Perier in Auvergne. She never left her room except at meals or to go to church, and if any one intruded on her privacy it was evident that the interruption was irksome to her. She passed the winter without a fire, and would never approach it when she came down to dinner. Her abstinence was so great that she destroyed her health, and when it seemed necessary, from her debility, to increase the allowance of food, her stomach was unable to bear it. The candles she consumed showed how little she slept, and it is surprising that exhausted nature did not sink under the discipline. The dress of the monastery was so trying to novices, that by fretting the body it acted injuriously on the mind. Jacqueline resolved to prepare herself beforehand for the change. She discarded her corset, cut her hair, and wore a head-dress which was larger and more troublesome than the veil. Prevented from entering the convent, she adopted the conventual life in her home. The moral courage this required was immense, for it was opposed to all which prevailed around her, and was certain to provoke incessant censure and ridicule. In Port-Royal it was the system, and everything there contributed to make it as easy as it was difficult in the world. But here again we come upon the errors and follies which mingled with her high resolves, and deprives them of much of their praise. It almost seemed as if the votaries of Port-Royal held pain to be piety, and comfort to be wickedness. They were not content to declare war against criminal sensuality; they thought that physical deprivation was an essential part of moral beauty. Jacqueline expressed a doubt whether dirt was the most

perfect state of man; but it was encouraged and practised by some in the monastery, and was quite as rational as many of their other observances. It would be difficult to say whether particular portions of their rules are most fantastic or revolting. In the dreary directions which Jacqueline drew up for the management of the children at Port-Royal, she states that in the brief periods of recreation each must play by herself to avoid making a noise! As if the noise of childish sports was a sin! They were strictly forbidden to caress each other, or to show marks of fondness, for nature was not to be directed, but extinguished. Good and bad, they confounded it all in a common anathema, and not content to root out the weeds from the heart, they converted it to a desert.

During the sojourn of Jacqueline with her sister, a monk employed her, as she had a turn for poetry, to translate some of the Latin hymns of the Church into vernacular verse. She imparted the project to her friends at Port-Royal, and they enjoined her to desist. They told her it was a talent of which God would not demand from her an account, and that humility and silence were the attributes of her sex. It was still the same delusion. They would not permit the use of gifts for fear they should be abused. The notion was at the root of the monastic system itself. They fled from the world they should have ameliorated and adorned, for fear the world should overcome them. It was not strength but weakness which drove them into retirement, and to preserve their individual health they ran from the infected, whom they should have remained to cure. When it was literally a physical malady instead of the moral plague with which they had to deal, they acted like true heroines. Jacqueline sat day and night for an entire fortnight by the bedside of a niece who had the confluent small-pox, and hardly left her for a moment. She had, however, passed through the disorder herself, which diminished very greatly the danger of infection.

In September, 1651, her father died. Being now her own mistress, she determined to gratify her cherished project without further delay, and enter Port-Royal. Her brother fondly hoped that she would defer her intention for a couple of years, and remain to soothe his grief and relieve his solitude. He was hurt

when he found she was bent upon leaving him, although she spoke of it at first as a temporary trial of the conventual life. She entered the monastery in January, 1652, when she was twenty-six years of age, and two months afterwards she wrote to her brother to declare her final resolution. "It is just," she said, "that others should do a little violence to their feelings to compensate me for what I have done for the last five years." To compensate her, that is, for not abandoning a loving father! Such was one side of the spirit of Port-Royal, often selfish in its seeming self-denial. When she sent word to her brother that she should take the veil on All Saints' day, he went to her nearly wild with the pain produced in his head by the announcement, and implored her to postpone the final step, that he might have time to get reconciled to the project. He could only obtain a fortnight's respite, which he rejected as useless. To have satisfied the affection, consoled the sorrow, participated in the thoughts, and cheered the home of Pascal, will not seem to healthy minds a less worthy and religious act than to have shut herself up in Port-Royal.

Irritated, perhaps, by the ungenerous obstinacy of his sister, Pascal availed himself of his legal rights to avoid putting the portion bequeathed her by her father into her power. This step threw her into an agony of distress which nearly cost her her life. Unable to endow the monastery with her inheritance, she must either forego the vocation which was the predominant passion of her soul, or submit to be received gratuitously, which was gall to the proud independence of her mind. To escape the alternative she desired to be admitted as one of the lay sisters who were the menials of the establishment, and in fact worked for their scanty board. But this request was refused. Mother Angélique and Mother Agnes thought the dowry a matter so indifferent that they gaily advised her to renounce the property and trouble her brother no more upon the subject; but M. Singlin, the director of Port-Royal, replied that, if some maintained their rights with too much warmth, others relinquished them with too much facility; that it was necessary always to stand neuter, and, regardless of interest on either side, to consider what was right; and that, if a person was disposed to be unjust to ourselves, charity to him obliged



us to endeavor to show him his error and bring him back to his duty. After delivering this wise counsel he yielded to the opposite opinion, and Jacqueline was instructed to write to Pascal and abandon her claim. She would have been inconsolable if he had taken her at her word; but when he found her resolution to assume the veil was unalterable, he paid her portion of his own accord with perfect good will. Thus ended Jacqueline's "day of the wicket." It was as much more trying to her fortitude than the grand conflict of Mother Angélique as it was inferior in dramatic interest and less justified by the circumstances. The Abbess had been compelled by her father himself to take the vows against her will, and having subscribed them she did but claim the right to keep inviolate the solemn obligations she had been forced to contract. Jacqueline, on the contrary, insisted on taking the veil against the wishes of her relations, and forsook a greater duty for a less. The result justified her obstinacy to the person whom it chiefly concerned, for Pascal himself was won by her example to follow her into seclusion, and outdid her in the observances of monastic austerity.

Later events displayed under a more favorable aspect the true grandeur of her character. The Jesuits, who hated Port-Royal because, being famous and influential, it was yet not Jesuit, procured at Rome the condemnation of five propositions which they professed having extracted from the "Augustinus" of Jansenius the friend of St. Cyran. A formulary, as it was called, founded on the bull of the pope, was drawn up in 1656, and ordered by the parliament in 1657 to be signed by all the ecclesiastics of the kingdom. The command slept till May, 1661, when it was determined to put it in force, and the nuns of Port-Royal—the very focus of Jansenism—were required to sign it. For some time previously this party was satisfied to draw a distinction between a question of fact and a question of doctrine. They admitted that the doctrine was false, and that the Pope was empowered to pronounce upon it, but they denied that it was to be found in the work of Jansenius. To satisfy the conscience of the Port-Royalists, a declaration was attached to the formulary, of which the substance, according to Jacqueline, was to

require simple silence as to the fact, and obedience to the bull as to the doctrine. The Jansenist divines consented to the compromise, but the inflexible Jacqueline repudiated it with indignation. She treated it as an evasion, and a cowardly relinquishment of the truth. To bind themselves to silence, and to leave their adversaries free to speak and to triumph, was for practical purposes to admit that the propositions were in Jansenius. This, she said, was consenting to a lie if it was not denying the truth, and she protested loudly against virtually signing a statement that a doctrine was in a book where they themselves had not seen it. Nor was she a whit more willing to give up Jansenius himself. While admitting that they were bound to obey the Holy See in matters of faith, she in reality rebelled against it, maintaining that the author and his doctrine were alike holy, and that they ought to defend them to death. Her position was a triple invasion of Roman Catholicism. Not only was it a *private* judgment, not only was it a *lay* judgment, but it was the judgment of a *woman*. She herself alluded to this objection. "I know it is not for women to defend the truth, although unhappily it may be said that, when the bishops have not the courage of women, the women ought to have the courage of bishops. But if we are not to defend the truth we can at least die for it, and suffer all things rather than abandon it." That the ministers to whom God had confided his Gospel, should be so unfaithful to it pierced her, she said, to the heart. "What is it," she exclaimed, "we fear? Banishment and dispersion, loss of property—if you will, imprisonment and death; but is not this our glory, and ought it not to be our joy?" Her letter, full of such indignant expostulations as these, she, a simple woman trained up in the obedience of the Roman Catholic system, had the courage to send to the great Doctor of her church and party, Antoine Arnauld, who had agreed to adopt the declaration, and was believed to have been concerned in drawing it up. She did not dispute his creed, for it was the same with her own. It was his betrayal of the belief he held, the duplicity, the cowardice, which she denounced, and, by the boldness with which she upbraided him, showed him how to be daring in a righteous cause. She declared that if the compromising conduct continued, the agitation would kill her; and kill

her it did. She expired on the 4th of October, 1661, a martyr to her lofty sense of moral rectitude, and the disgrace of shrinking, at the dictation of power, from the avowal of truth. The Mother Angélique had gone to her reward in the preceding August. On her death-bed she checked a nun who was taking down her words. She was answered that the dying remarks of a preceding abbess had been of considerable use. "Ah!" she said, "that dear mother was very humble and very simple-minded, but I am neither." Doubtless she had had her hours of pride, for she had accomplished mighty things, and could not look round upon her holy flock, and the celebrated men who had gathered round her house, or mark her influence over the minds of others, and the impulse which her example had given to piety throughout France, and not be tempted to feel some complacency at the contemplation of her work; but if a momentary vanity ever intruded, it was quickly expelled, and she was as truly humble as she was good. Not only as the reformer of her convert does she occupy the chief place among its celebrities, but she appears to have been really the most remarkable, as was testified by her associates and successors when they proudly called her the "*Great Mother Angélique*."

It would be doing these holy women a grievous injustice, and would entirely destroy the value of their example, to suppose that they were actuated by the hope of that fame which has eventually fallen to them. It was the hatred which Port-Royal excited, the opposition it provoked, the injustice it suffered, which raised it to the place which it occupies in the eye of the world, and, far from presenting a field for ambition, its insignificant endowments, its homely buildings, and its secluded position, seemed to doom it to

perpetual obscurity. The decisive part of the life of Mother Angélique was passed in an arduous struggle with lukewarmness, laxity, or vice, and she could have no notion that her steady devotedness and gentle wisdom would ever be heard of beyond the walls of the convent which they adorned. The incidents of her career which most attract the reader were, after all, but brief episodes in her humble, unobtrusive existence, and were done in a corner and not in the market-place. The "day of the wicket" was a domestic scene which subsequent events alone caused to be recorded; and if anything could have added to the grief which the Abbess felt in that memorable conflict, it would have been the knowledge that the particulars would one day be published to the world. The noble remonstrance of Jacqueline Pascal against the covert surrender of the most cherished principles of the Port-Royal community was contained in a private letter which was never intended to see the light, and would doubtless have passed into oblivion except for the splendor of her brother's reputation, which, like a sun, illumined every object within its system. The conflicts of mind which killed her were on behalf of views which were discountenanced by the great names of her sect, and she undoubtedly must have supposed that her sorrows and remonstrances would be buried with her in the tomb. Even as it is, the names of Mother Angélique and Jacqueline Pascal have waited two centuries for the honor which, however little it was desired, was so eminently their due. It was in the party of the Jansenists that Roman Catholicism made its nearest approach to the Protestant creed, and rarely indeed have any adherents of the Papal church shone forth with such a pure and steady light as the Nuns of Port-Royal.

QUANTITY OF SALT IN THE SEA.—The amount of common salt in all the oceans is estimated by Schafhautl at 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles; or about five times more than the mass of the Alps, and only one third less than that of the Himalaya. The sulphate of soda equals 633,644.36 cubic miles, or is equal to the mass of the

Alps. The chloride of magnesium, 441,811.80 cubic miles; the lime salts, 109,339.44 cubic miles. He supposes the mean depth to be about 300 metres, as estimated by Humboldt. Admitting, with Laplace, that the mean depth is from four to five miles, the mass of marine salt will be more than double the mass of the Himalaya.



From *Titian*.

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS IN SCIENCE.

WE have to record the safe arrival, in March last, of Dr. Livingston at Yeté, on the river Zambesi, about three hundred miles from Quillimane, on the east coast of Africa. The heroic and indefatigable missionary traveller left St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast, towards the close of 1854, and entered upon the perilous and formidable undertaking of penetrating an unexplored country, occupied by barbarous tribes, and of reaching the east coast, at the distance of more than two thousand miles from his starting-point. The long interval that had elapsed since the last accounts reached this country of Dr. Livingston's progress, had given rise to serious apprehensions for his safety, when the intelligence of his safe arrival at Yeté not only allayed the anxiety of his friends on this point, but proclaimed the virtual accomplishment of his hazardous undertaking. By this journey across a portion of the African continent never before traversed by Europeans, Dr. Livingston has discovered a shorter and more healthy route into the interior than has hitherto been known. In a report of his journey which Dr. Livingston has forwarded to this country, he gives many interesting details respecting the physical features of the portion of the continent he has traversed, of its climate, and the character of its inhabitants, and of the openings it presents for trade, and the ultimate spread of civilization and Christianity. In speaking of the trading spirit springing up amongst the native tribes, Dr. Livingston hopefully ventures the opinion, that, if the movement now begun is not checked by some untoward event, the slave-trade will certainly come to a natural termination in that part of Africa; commerce speedily having the effect of breaking up the sullen isolation of heathenism, and letting the different tribes see their mutual dependence.

In another part of Africa, far removed from that in which Dr. Livingston has

been exploring his way, preparations are being made to add to our knowledge of this interesting part of the world. Two separate expeditions are in preparation for the purpose of clearing up the mystery in connection with the Nile. One of these expeditions is being undertaken by Captain Burton, of the East India Company's Service, and the English Government have contributed £1000 towards the expenses it will involve. The second, and more important expedition, is being fitted out at the expense of the Pacha of Egypt, and will be under the care of Count de Lau-ture, an experienced African traveller, and the author of a recent work on Sudán, and of other treatises on African geography. The expedition will be accompanied by twelve Europeans, two of whom are to be English officers, accustomed to astronomical and meteorological observations, and the management of boats. Count de Lau-ture has been in London, taking counsel with the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society on the subject of the expedition, which is to start from Cairo early in October, and is expected to take about two years for its completion.

One other matter pertaining to geographical science, and we pass on to other topics. It is a notice that should have appeared a month ago—namely, that the Russian Government are fitting out another expedition for a scientific voyage round the world, making the thirty-ninth such voyage that the Russians have undertaken since the beginning of the present century. The command of this expedition has been given to one of the most distinguished officers in the Russian navy, who will enter upon his duties in the course of the present month, when the two corvettes of which the expedition is to consist are appointed to leave Cronstadt. If the expedition prove anything like so fruitful of important results as some of those previously sent out by the Russian Government, we shall have something to

say about it by-and-by that will be worth the telling.

In two or three consecutive numbers of the journal of the Society of Arts, a certain "Augustus Edward Bruckmann, Ph. Dr., Consulting Engineer, and Geologist," has recently been discoursing to the public, in a lengthy, learned-looking paper, stuffed out with numerous quotations and passages put in italics, and well buoyed up by imposing foot-notes, on what he terms "Negative Artesian Wells," or, in plainer words, borings for the purpose of draining off surface-water, and allowing it to escape in subterranean channels or fissures. The erudite German expresses himself throughout his paper in the tone of a person first making known an important discovery that has hitherto been locked up in his own breast, and to which too much importance cannot be attached. Of this pleasant delusion he is first of all disabused by a short note from Mr. Anstead, the late Professor of Geology at King's College, who writes to say, that if the worthy doctor will only refer to a work of his on geology, published in 1844, he will find that the subject, for which he takes such great credit to himself for introducing into this country as a novelty, is referred to and illustrated by engravings, and that England is not so much behind in the matter as he supposes. In the next week's number of the journal Mr. Hyde Clarke begs to call the doctor's attention again to an article in the *Civil Engineer* for April, 1840, where the system is fully described; and then, to complete the discomfiture of the good man, the number following contains another letter, stating that the device announced with so much pomp and circumstance, and under the learned title of "Negative Artesian Wells," has long been commonly practised in many parts of England, under the most undignified appellation of "swallow-holes;" and further, (and cruellest cut of all,) that the practice of sinking these holes is in many cases greatly to be deprecated, as the drainage-water will rise and cover the surface of the ground, and destroy the crops that may be growing there. Dr. Edward Augustus Bruckmann, Consulting Engineer and Geologist, has made no reply to his uncourteous correctors; and as he took care to announce that he had come to England for the purpose of applying his grand discovery, he may probably by this time be of opinion that his occupation is gone.

Mr. Hind, the astronomer, has sent a letter to the "*Times*," suggesting to those who are provided with suitable telescopes the importance of at once commencing operations in search of the long-expected comet of 1556, the reëpearance of which has been anticipated about the middle of the present century. The expectation of the reëpearance of the comet about the present time is founded, Mr. Hind reminds his readers, on a rough chart of its path, copied into several works, from an original publication by Paul Fabricius, which, after having been lost to science, has recently been brought to light at Vienna, as well as a hitherto unknown, but far more important, treatise by Joachim Heller, astronomer of Nuremberg, which gives the comet's positions during an interval of fifty-three days, and consequently affords a very complete series of data for determining its orbit in 1556. Mr. Hind states, that the calculations necessary to do justice to Heller's observations are not yet brought to a close; but so far he is inclined to think they will give an earlier period for the comet's return; and on this ground advises that a rigorous examination of the heavens should be instituted at once, and continued until the limit assigned by the calculations for its reëpearance is past. He is sanguine himself that this reëpearance of the great comet of 1556 is near at hand.

The readers of this Journal were informed some months since, in a "Discourse on Ocean Matters," of the existence, in the bed of the Atlantic, of a far-extending ridge of elevated land stretching east and west for several hundred miles across that part of the Atlantic lying between Newfoundland and the west coast of Ireland; and of the design to take advantage of this ridge, already known as the "Telegraphic Plateau," for laying down a telegraphic cable between the two countries. The *New York Times* of the 8th July states, that a small steamer (the Arctic) had just left that port, under the command of Lieutenant Berryman, for the purpose of taking soundings, preparatory to laying down the cable for this projected telegraph. The plateau is composed of sand and shells, and presents a remarkably level surface. It appears to be undisturbed by currents or icebergs, and seems as if marked out by nature for the very purpose for which it is now about to be made available.

If the survey now being made prove satisfactory, the work of laying the cable will immediately proceed. The plan proposed to accomplish this object is, to have the two steamers, each with half the cable on board, proceed together to a point midway between the two coasts, over the plateau, and then, parting company, for the two vessels to make for the opposite shores, each paying out the cable as she proceeds. It is estimated that ten or fifteen days will suffice for laying the cable; and little doubt is entertained, amongst persons practically conversant with the subject, of the perfect and triumphant success of the experiment. If the result prove that they are right, it will add another and still more powerful bond to those which already bind England and America together in peaceful and fraternal intercourse.

The New York correspondent of the *Times* gives us, in one of his recent letters, an interesting *morceaux* of historical lore, in connection with the destruction of the old "Charter Oak" of Connecticut, which stood near the city of Hartford, and was blown down on the 21st August by a gale of wind. The incident whence this venerable tree derived its name is rather curious. In 1686, James II. dissolved the government of the colony, and demanded the surrender of the original charter—a very liberal one—granted in 1662 by Charles II. The Governor and council refused to surrender their charter, and even resisted the terrors of three several writs of *quo warranto*. The consequence was, that on the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross and a guard of sixty soldiers entered Hartford, to seize the charter, if necessary, by force. The sitting of the assembly was judiciously protracted till evening, when the charter was brought in and laid on the table, and, as it appeared, was about to be given up. But now the lights were suddenly put out, and all was darkness and silence; when the candles were again lighted, the precious document had vanished. The council had not refused to surrender their charter, but it was gone. The stratagem, however, did not succeed; the Governor was deposed, and the royal orders carried out. But, on the abdication of James, the charter, which had been concealed in a gigantic oak, was again produced; the old Governor was reelected under it, and it remained the organic law of the colony till

1818. It was from this incident that the veneration of the people sprung up for the "Charter Oak," which is supposed to have been a very old tree when America was discovered. The loss of the old tree is greatly regretted by the inhabitants; and the day after it was blown down, the city band played solemn music over its trunk for two hours, and the city bells tolled at sunset in token of the public sorrow.

#### RECENT ADDITIONS TO "THE GREAT MAJORITY."

No less than four of our veteran leaders in art and science have recently been stricken down, and added to the muster-roll of the illustrious dead. Dr. Buckland, the geologist; Sir John Ross, the Arctic navigator; Mr. Yarrell, the good old British sportsman and naturalist; and Sir Richard Westmacott, the Royal Academician, have gone from amongst us within a few days of each other, each in a ripe old age, and after a life of more or less distinguished service.

The Rev. Dr. Buckland will long be remembered with gratitude, as one of the band of eminent men who first redeemed geology from the puerilities and absurdities of fanciful hypothesis, and gave it a high and prominent position among the physical sciences. Born in Devonshire, (one of the most favorable districts to develop a taste for geological pursuits,) he early became enamored of the science, and having, after a school life at Winchester, obtained a scholarship at Oxford, we find him, at the age of twenty-nine, appointed to the readership in mineralogy, and five years later to that of geology. The interest excited by Dr. Buckland's advocacy of geology at Oxford not unnaturally brought up many opponents to its claims, and in 1820, only two years after his appointment to the readership, he published his "*Vindiciæ Geologicæ*;" a work in which he shows that there can be no opposition between the works and the word of God, and that the influence of the study of natural science, so far from leading to atheism and irreligion, directly tends to the recognition of God and to his worship. This work was speedily followed by a paper in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," on the extraordinary assemblage of fossil teeth and bones, of various animals now no longer inhabiting our island, found in Kirkdale Cave, Yorkshire; and, in 1823,



the discoveries at Kirkdale, and others of a similar character, were made the basis of a work which he published under the title of "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ; or, Observations on the Organic Remains attesting the Action of an Universal Deluge.*" The hypothesis advocated in this work, as announced in its title, had previously been advanced by Dr. Buckland in his "*Vindiciæ*;" but in his great work, published in 1836, the famous Bridgewater Treatise on "*Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology*," he gives up this idea of an universal deluge as no longer tenable, and adopts the views previously announced by contemporary geologists. Notwithstanding the number and variety of Dr. Buckland's contributions to the literature of geological science, it is in connection with this treatise that his name will chiefly be remembered, and on it that his fame will mainly rest; and though many and important discoveries have been made in geology since the time when this work was published, it still retains in great measure its original value as an exposition of the leading truths of the science. Dr. Buckland was one of the founders of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and he also took an active part with Sir Henry de la Beche in the establishment of the Museum of Economic Geology, now connected with the Government School of Mines in Jermyn street, St. James's. In 1845 he had the Deanery of Westminster bestowed upon him by Sir Robert Peel; and being thus brought to reside in London, he immediately took a lively interest in all such questions as enabled him to bring his great knowledge of geology to bear upon the social amelioration of the people. In 1850 his intellect gave way, and from that time to the period of his death, he was wholly laid aside from literary and mental occupation.

The name of Sir John Ross is chiefly to be remembered on account of his having been the first in the present century to enter upon the difficult task of navigating the Polar seas. The command of an expedition sent out by the Admiralty in 1816 was given to him, then a captain; and he was accompanied by the since equally celebrated Parry, in the capacity of his lieutenant. In 1829, Captain Ross undertook the command of a second expedition for Arctic discovery, fitted out at the expense of Sir Felix Booth, and not

only added considerably to our knowledge of the inhospitable regions of the north, but discovered the position of the northern magnetic pole. On this occasion Captain Ross was locked up for four years in the ice; and the incidents of this long imprisonment, together with the narrative of the expedition as a whole, was devoured with the utmost avidity, when at length it was published to the world; on which occasion it was that its author received the honor of knighthood, with the Companionship of the Bath. The last public service of Sir John Ross, and one that reflects the greatest honor on his memory, was his undertaking the command, in 1849, and when he had passed his seventieth year, of the private expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin to search for her lost husband. The veteran navigator took a deep interest to the last in the proceedings of several scientific societies.

William Yarrell was one of the best representatives of the genial, hearty, and upright English sportsman and naturalist—a man whose pleasures and professional pursuits alike take him out among the beautiful scenes of nature. The son of a West End news-agent, Mr. Yarrell knew far more, in his boyhood, of London streets and the bustle of town life, than of either fish or fowl; but as he grew apace, he acquired a love for angling, and with old Izaak Walton's letters in his basket, would often go out for a day's holiday, to try his skill in the gentle art in the streams in the vicinity of London. Fishing led to shooting; and it was not long before the name of Yarrell was mentioned in sporting circles as that of one of the best marksmen of the day. Early in his sporting career, Mr. Yarrell became acquainted with Manton, the famous gun-maker, and with Shoo-bridge, the well-known hatter of Bond street, better known among sporting men as an unerring shot; and with the latter of these he often made shooting excursions into the country, all this time laying the foundation of that extensive acquaintance with the feathered tribes which was afterwards displayed in his "*History of British Birds.*" It was not until Mr. Yarrell had reached the age of forty, that he began to think seriously of using his pen to give to the world the result of his long years of observation in natural history. In the early part of 1825, he sent to the *Zoological Journal* his first composition, in the shape of "*Notices of the Occurrence*

of some rare British Birds, observed during the years 1823, 1824, and 1825," which at once brought Mr. Yarrell into intercourse with several distinguished naturalists; and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society. Several papers from Mr. Yarrell's pen now speedily followed, and about the year 1829 the Zoological Club of the Linnæan Society, of which he had for some years been an active member, gave rise to the present Zoological Society, in the welfare of which he has always taken the greatest interest. It is to Mr. Yarrell that we are indebted for the discovery of the oviparous propagation of the eel, and the specific identity of the white-bait; but the great work of his life was the production, during the years 1830-1840, of the two well-known Histories of British Birds and British Fishes, published by Mr. Van Voorst, and forming part of the splendid series of works on British natural history which owe their origin to that gentleman's public spirit and love of science. Mr. Yarrell died on Sunday, August 31, at Yarmouth, whither he had gone from London for a summer trip to the seaside.

The veteran sculptor whose name stands the last on our list of lately-deceased celebrities, was the son of a statuary in Mount street, Grosvenor Square, London, and it was here, in his father's studio, that young Richard Westmacott imbibed that ardent love for his profession which was at once the sign and the earnest of his future distinction. In 1793, at the early age of eighteen, he was sent to Rome, to study under Canova, where he made such speedy progress, that upon one occasion he obtained the first gold medal of the year for sculpture, which was given as a prize by the Pope at the Academy of St. Luke. In 1798 Westmacott returned to England, and speedily rose to a high position in the estimation of the private patrons of the arts, who were then both numerous and discerning. St. Paul's Cathedral contains a large number of Sir R. Westmacott's productions, and may be consulted with advantage by those who are unacquainted with his works. He received the dignity of knighthood in 1837. He took an active part in the proceedings of the Royal Academy, and was a member of the council of that body. He leaves a son to inherit his name—one who bids fair to win a reputation as a sculptor.

#### PIECEMEAL NATURAL HISTORY.

We recently announced the addition of an Australian pteropus to the collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; we have now another and still more interesting addition to record, in the shape of three fine specimens of the rare and beautiful Honduras turkey, (*Meleagris ocellata*), from the dense forests of Central America. These fine birds have been sent to the gardens as a present from Her Majesty, and are the first of the kind that have ever been exhibited alive in this country.

The Honduras turkey was first described by Cuvier, from a specimen captured by the crew of a vessel while ashore cutting wood in the Bay of Honduras; and though repeated efforts have since been made to introduce it to this country, yet, until the present time, every attempt has proved unsuccessful. The bird is one of the most splendid of the poultry tribe, and almost rivals, in the gorgeousness of its metallic lustre, the diminutive humming-birds of its own clime, or the gaudy peacock, that has so long been domesticated amongst us, from the remote regions of the coast. It is fully equal to the common turkey in height; but, with a more slim and graceful form, a more erect bearing, and its brilliant tints of green and gold, it has altogether a most attractive appearance. The gaiety of its coat may very probably add but little to its worth on a Michaelmas dinner-table; but assuredly one would like to see such a brilliant creature at home in our poultry-yards. The birds now being exhibited in the Zoological Gardens were, until lately, in the possession of Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of the British Superintendent of Belize, and were sent here by that lady, as a present to the Queen, under the care of Mr. Skinner, the well-known collector of orchidaceous plants, who, by great care and attention during the voyage home, managed to preserve his feathered charge in excellent health and condition. The strangers are now accommodated with comfortable quarters in the near neighborhood of the pelicans and the family group of flamingoes, and are, of course, for the time being, "the observed of all observers."

One of the newspapers in the west of England lately announced another curious zoological importation, which it might not



be amiss for Mr. Mitchell to look after—namely, a live scorpion, which came here with some sedge bags, it is supposed, from Egypt. It was found at one of the canal wharves among some luggage, and sufficiently alert and active to spring about on being placed at large. The last accounts left the venomous little fellow in the possession of a druggist, near its place of capture, in good health, and in the daily enjoyment of a meal of flies.

In a paper which Sir W. Jardine read before the British Association at Cheltenham on the artificial propagation of the salmon in the River Tay, a curious illustration was given of the way in which various races of animals check and countercheck each other in nature, and of the evil and derangement that often result from the short-sighted interference of man. It has been customary, in waters preserved for salmon-fishing, to destroy the common river trout, as one of the worst enemies of the salmon fry; but it has recently been ascertained that the larvæ of the May-fly, on which the trout feeds, carries on far more serious depredations, by preying on the salmon ova; and that the trout, therefore, by keeping down the number of the May-fly, should rather be regarded as a friend than an enemy to the fisherman. Obviously, to destroy the trout is only another way of diminishing the number of the salmon. As an illustration of the same law of nature, it was mentioned, that in parts of the country in which the hawks had been ruthlessly extirpated, with the object of encouraging the head of game, wood-pigeons had increased to such an extent as to become a source of great injury to the farmers. There is clearly a balance in nature, which we, with our partial knowledge, can interfere with only to impair or destroy.

M. C. Davaine has recently published some remarkable facts respecting the vitality of the common *anguillulæ* of milled wheat. It appears that in the larvæ state these insects are endowed with the power of remaining dry and apparently dead for several years, and of again recovering their power of movement on being moistened with water, as in the case of several of the infusorial animalculæ. These larvæ also exhibit a very remarkable power of resistance to the action of violent poisons, provided they are not of a nature to act on the tissues of the body. M. Davaine found by ex-

periment that opium, salts of morphine, belladonna, atropine, and strychnia and its compounds, have no action on these minute animals, though so deadly in their effects on those of more complex organization. In a concentrated solution or paste of these substances, they continued to live and move for a fortnight. Nicotine, on the contrary, soon destroyed their movements, but not their vitality; for, after remaining several days in contact with this substance, they became as lively as ever when freed from it by washing. It was also found that organic matters in a state of decomposition, and especially those of animal origin, had the same effect upon the *anguillulæ* as nicotine; small pieces of meat, cheese, or a little paste, put into water containing them, rendering their bodies straight and stiff in the course of a few hours in hot weather, although they would speedily recover their movements on being washed in pure water. And this resuscitation may frequently be repeated with the same individuals.

It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding their tenacity of life, these *anguillulæ* are speedily destroyed by contact with acids, a circumstance the more singular, as other animals of the same class live and breed in vinegar. Sulphuric acid diluted with two hundred volumes of water kills them in a few hours, and may advantageously be employed to destroy them in seed corn. Another remarkable circumstance is, that these larvæ are able to support an intense cold, though heat is speedily fatal to them. M. Davaine has exposed them to a temperature of 4° below zero, Fahrenheit, for several hours, without killing them; though they perish at 148° Fahrenheit; while the *rotifera* and *tardigrade* animalcules support a heat of 212°. These observations make an interesting addition to our knowledge of the economy of the more minute forms of animal life.

A few weeks ago, a huge whale, sixty-two feet in length, was picked up at sea, and taken ashore about twelve miles from Wick, where it was speedily resolved into its commercial components of whalebone and oil. It was supposed at first that the animal had drifted dead from the Greenland seas; but from information which has since transpired, it is more than probable that the monster was killed only the day before it was taken, in a single combat between himself and another monster

of the deep. The conflict, which took place about a mile and a half from the land, and which was witnessed from the shore by a number of fishermen and others, is described as having been of the most determined and exciting character. The two monsters kept battling with each other, at times with their heads, and at times with their tails, raising a tremendous spray for a distance of many yards around. After a fierce and close encounter, they would each retreat for a considerable distance, and, after a brief rest, would again meet in collision, dashing against each other with fearful rapidity and force. On recovering from the effect of such a sudden attack, they would again resume their fight at close quarters, rising up in the water, springing sometimes to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and coming down on each other with terrible violence. For three hours this desperate battle was carried on, the sea meanwhile assuming a bright red tinge, from the blood that had been shed; and, at the close, one of the whales became motionless, while the other retired from the hard-fought field. The next morning, as early as four o'clock, the carcase was found not far from the spot where the engagement of the previous afternoon had taken place; and from various marks upon the body, and a broken jawbone, there was no reason to doubt that it was the vanquished belligerent in the affray.

One other matter more to our taste, and we must have done for this time with natural history. Mr. Gosse has just announced the discovery of a new British *actinia*, allied to *Edwardsia vestita*, referred to in the article "Aquarium Mania," p. 325. The discovery was made at Torquay, in July last, by Miss Pinchard, an accomplished student of our marine natural history; and the discovered is a very gem of anemones, a little fellow scarcely more than half an inch in length, and with its expanded disk of tentacles not more than the tenth of an inch in diameter. It has a roughened tubular epidermis like its relative aforementioned, out of which, however, it can protrude itself at both extremities. Its body is a sort of fluted column, colorless, and showing its scarlet stomach within, while its tiny disk of tentacles, at top, is like a little complex star of creamy white. Mr. Lloyd's collectors will doubtless soon be at work to discover more of these pretty zoophytes, and no long time

is likely to elapse before it takes its place as one of the prime favorites of the aquarium.

#### PROFESSOR DE MORGAN ON DECIMAL COINAGE.

It is not long since that, at one of the meetings of the Society of Arts, a gentleman from the west of England ventured the opinion, that great good would be done, if some competent person were employed to go through the country lecturing on Decimal Coinage, and treating the subject "poetically." The thought was no doubt a happy one, and was probably suggested by the spirited, not to say poetical, description to be found in the new volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History, of the evils resulting from the depreciation of the coinage in the reign of James II. Our popular lecturers, however, most unfortunately for us, are not Macaulays, and there is much reason to fear that the gentleman at Plymouth will have to wait some time before he can give the promised "cordial welcome" to a poetical lecturer on Decimal Coinage.

In the absence, however, of a competent person to do the thing "poetically," the Decimal Coinage Association itself has put forward a gentleman who has at least shown that this erewhile driest of dry subjects may be treated pleasantly and agreeably, and that, too, without at all losing sight of its distinctive character. The gentleman referred to is the redoubtable mathematician, Professor De Morgan, who, at the request of the association above mentioned, delivered a lecture explanatory of their object a few weeks since, in the large room of the Society of Arts, John street, Adelphi. Let us listen for a while; our readers will find the matter worth attending to, though there be in it nothing of poetry.

"Ever since 1816, sensible people have been desiring and dreaming of the possibility of a decimal coinage. There have been various systems of doing this devised, but all of them have now sunk out of notice. These are the *pound and mil* system, and the *tenpenny* system, those names being used in a somewhat sarcastic sense, which is anything but a disadvantage, as it fixes men's minds on the peculiar points of each system. But then your nicknames must be correctly given. Some opponents on the tenpenny side called themselves Little-endians, and the pound and mil people Big-endians. But that was a mistake. They had got hold of the poker by

the wrong end. Lemuel Gulliver, on whom everybody relied but the Irish bishop, who, when the Voyage to Lilliput appeared, declared he didn't believe the half of it, stated that the Endian dispute arose out of the following dogma: "True believers break their eggs at the convenient end." Now the pound and mil people believed that the small end was that at which the coinage ought to be broken, and a small crack of four per cent. in the copper served their purpose. But the real Big-endians (the tenpenny people) smashed the sovereign into tenpenny bits, and made such a hole as let out all the meat in getting rid of the pound and shilling. Both parties frightened the community by using the word 'decimal,' and so leading people to think they would be puzzled with the arithmetical difficulties of decimal fractions. It would be better for everybody who advocated a decimal coinage, to state plainly that it was counting by tens, twenties, hundreds, thousands, and not counting, as we now do, by fours, twelves, and twenties, the upholders of which system should be named the 'quarto-duodecimo-vicesimists.'

"Of the two systems now before the world, all that the pound and mil required imperatively was, that twenty-five farthings instead of twenty-four should go to the half-shilling. Of course it would be robbery to make people give twenty-five farthings for sixpence; but when we consider the great robberies committed by Parliament in taxation, we could afford to allow that, on account of the great benefits that would be obtained by it. In the tenpenny system there was nothing but inconvenience and impracticability, whether the decimalization was upwards or downwards. The advocates of the pound and mil system were in fault for not more distinctly pointing out the simplicity of the change which they proposed in the coinage, as compared with the entire subversion of the existing system that would follow from adopting the plan of the tenpenny people. In the tenpenny system it was proposed to retain the penny, introduce a tenpenny coin—a franc—and this new coin of tenpence and the existing shilling were to be allowed to circulate together until the shillings should be gradually absorbed by the Mint. There were a hundred and twenty millions of shillings now in circulation, and ten years at least would elapse before they would

all get back into the Mint. Old people could remember that, in spite of the recoinage of 1696, silver coins of Charles II. were in circulation in 1816. The inconvenience and confusion that would arise from this concurrent circulation of the shilling and the franc would be very obvious, if they looked not so much at accounts and large transactions, as at the position of the poor man at the pay-table. The use of the shilling and the franc together, in such cases, would involve a difficult calculation in mental arithmetic, and would be the source of endless confusion with such as could only count without being used to mental calculation. But by the adoption of the pound and mil system no difficulty of the sort arose. It would not be essential to the poor man to know florins, cents, and mils. In receiving his wages, the 17s. 6d. might go down in his employer's books as 8 florins 75 cents; but that would be nothing to him; he would be paid in the same coins as now, or perhaps with more florins than is usual now. The whole point with him would be, that he would receive a farthing more in change for sixpence. In buying a threepenny loaf, he would know that he ought to get 3½d. back instead of 3d. To those who had no books to keep, and no sums to do, this was all that the pound and mil system required. There could be no doubt but that the tenpenny system would fail; any scheme was at once upset that required mental calculation in addition to counting. There is no more chance of the commercial world giving up the pound, which has held its place through all changes in our history, or of the poor transacting their little dealings by tenpences, than of the people rising and petitioning Parliament to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act, or to repudiate the National Debt."

At the conclusion of the lecture a sharp discussion took place, in which some of the ablest advocates of the tenpenny scheme defended their own system, and tried hard to disparage the arguments of the doughty professor. Neither he nor his partisans, however, were to be shaken in their affection for the pound and mil, and they evidently carried the meeting with them. Let future lecturers on Decimal Coinage handle the subject after the manner of Professor De Morgan; and it will be found not so very far removed from poetry after all—that best kind of poetry, the poetry of every-day life.



From Titan.

## THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT-SIMON.\*

At the very moment when the manly language of Pascal, Molière, and the grand school of Port-Royal, was tapering away into the refined and almost effeminate delicacy of Labruyère and the moralists of his school, Saint-Simon, a youth of twenty, nurtured in the traditions and phraseology of the past, was busy infusing into his memoirs something of the force and freedom of that vigorous and racy French written and spoken towards the close of the reign of Louis XIII. The style of Saint-Simon, variously appreciated by Frenchmen, has been particularly impugned by observers of grammatical niceties as loose and desultory. By those, on the contrary, who do not absolutely pin their faith as the slaves of such sciolists as Vaugelas and Dumarsais, it is justly considered as affording one of the richest and most substantial specimens of the language in existence. With something of the length and musical sweep of our Clarendon's periods, it presents ever and anon a curtness, an elliptical abruptness, which, while it prevents the sentence from palling on the ear, it gives it additional zest and poignancy. It would be absurd, however, to assign any particular manner to a work, the essential characteristic of which is variety—a variety exhibiting at one time the austere and searching style of the inexorable historian, with a dash of the broadest humor, the richest comedy; at another, the most harrowing or bewitching narrative; graced, too, when occasion requires it should, by the elevated reflections of the moralist, or the still loftier strains of the Christian orator. These inimitable qualities of style, the exponents of almost unparalleled powers of penetration and portraiture, have long since assigned to the works of their possessor a

place on the same shelf with those of Tacitus and Bossuet. Saint-Simon's memoirs, now publishing for the third time in France,\* made their first appearance *entire* (such is the statement of the early editors) in 1829; and created, despite a literary school thus openly at variance with the classical past, a sensation scarcely inferior to that produced by the first French translation of the Waverley Novels. They embrace a period of paramount importance in the eyes of Frenchmen—namely, the second half of Louis XIV.'s reign, precisely that of his contest with our English William and Anne, and the whole of the regency, closing only with the death of the Duke of Orleans, in 1723. They are the work of a man who traversed, undazzled, some of the most glorious years of the "Grand Monarque's" reign, and who resisted, notwithstanding his youth, the enthusiasm which blinded the rest of his countrymen; judging severely, nay sometimes harshly, a policy which his contemporaries all but worshipped. Macaulay's observation, that the French of Louis XIV.'s time were not aware, in their infatuation of king-worship, that their adored monarch was in stature even below the usual standard, cannot for an instant apply to a mind so vigorously tempered as that of the Duke de Saint-Simon. No man ever took the measure, either mental or bodily, of his sovereign with more provoking coolness than he. No man more clearly understood than he did the object of that sovereign's policy in calling his nobles around him. None ever went deeper into the vices of his administration, the vices of his education, the

\* "Nous faisons une lecture l'après-dîner, les Mémoires de M. de Saint-Simon, où il m'est impossible de ne pas vous regretter: vous auriez des plaisirs indicibles."—*Mme. du Deffand à Horace Walpole, (Nov. 21, 1770.)*

\* "Mémoires Complets et Authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon, sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence. Nouvelle édition collationnée soigneusement sur le manuscrit original, avec le consentement de M. le Duc actuel de Saint-Simon qui en est seul propriétaire; avec une notice de Sainte-Beuve de l'Académie Française, et une table alphabétique complète des matières rédigée spécialement pour cette édition." Paris: 1856.



vices of his temper and character. None ever brought out in more appalling or more ludicrous colors the vices and dangers of the bigoted and idiot piety which could repeal the edict of Nantes, and erect hypocrisy into a standing law of French society. It is he who tells us, that the king's education had been so neglected as to leave him in ignorance of the most vulgar facts connected with law or history, exposing him even in public to the grossest and most palpable absurdities. It is he who informs us that flexibility, meanness, a cringing, slavish air of admiration, or rather of helpless imbecility, seen save by and through the king himself, was the only means of winning his favor; and that this spirit of self-adulation and complacency was carried such lengths by a prince neither deficient in sense nor experience, that, though without either voice or ear for music, he would, in private, keep incessantly humming such opera prologue passages as were most outrageous in his praise. He admits, too, with a candor which communicates a deeper tinge to the darker parts of the portrait, that Louis XIV., though his intellect was below par, was possessed of many good qualities: had a remarkable power of appropriation, an air of natural grandeur; talked well, easily, and in good terms; and that even his ordinary conversation was not devoid of a certain stamp of majesty: adding, however, that his ears were poisoned by the most crying and hideous flattery; that he was deified within the very pale of Christianity, made drunk with his authority, his grandeur, and glory; and that, but for that fear of the devil which it pleased God to leave him a prey to as his greatest disorder, he would assuredly have had himself worshipped, and as certainly have met with adorers. On the score of the royal religion, we have one brief, pertinent, and conclusive anecdote. When the Duke of Orleans was about to leave for Spain, where, says Saint-Simon, he intended to join Berwick, (the bastard son of our James II.,) Louis asked him what persons he meant to take with him. The duke mentioned, among others, Fontpertuis. "What, nephew!" replied the king, with emotion, "the son of that madwoman who ran after the Jansenist Arnauld?" "Upon my faith, sire," rejoined D'Orleans, "I know not what the mother did, but the son I uphold to be no Jansenist; he doesn't even believe in God." "Is it possible?"

was the king's exclamation; "and are you sure of it? Well, if that is the case, you may take him with you."

"Saint-Simon," says Sainte-Beuve, in his introduction to the present edition of that nobleman's memoirs, "is the greatest painter of his age, the age of Louis XIV., in the full blaze of its development. Till the publication of his memoirs, there existed not even a suspicion of the life, interest, and ever-recurring dramatic movement supplied by the court, court scenes, marriages, deaths, and sudden changes, nay, even the ordinary tenor of daily life, with the reflex hues of its hopes and disappointments thrown over the features of countless faces, not one of which is alike, the ebb and flow of conflicting ambitions imparting more or less visible animation to all the characters and groups seen in the great gallery of Versailles, once a mighty maze, but not now without a plan, inasmuch as, thanks to his labors, they give up the secret of their combinations and contrasts. Till the publication of Saint-Simon, we had but snatches, mere sketches of all this: he was the first to give, with an infinity of detail, a vast impression of the varied whole. If ever man has rendered it possible to re-people Versailles in imagination, and re-people it without a feeling of weariness, he is the man. His page, as Buffon says of spring, is warm with life. But they produce, at the same time, a singular effect with regard to the times and reigns which they do not include. On leaving off the perusal of his pages, to open those of any other history, or even memoirs, you are apt to find everything flat, stale, and unprofitable. Every period which has not had its Saint-Simon, at once appears something uninhabited and forlorn, something voiceless and colorless. Very few periods of French history, were the trial made, would stand such a test, resist such a counter-shock; for painters of his description are rare; indeed, for animation and fullness, there has been, down to the present time, but one Saint-Simon. Not but there have been memoirs varied and beautiful in form before his time. He would have been the first to protest against an act of injustice calculated to lessen his predecessors, who were, he makes the declaration himself, his prompters and pattern, the sources from which he derived a taste for living and animated history. Painters, too, were the Villehardouins and Joinvilles, in the

midst of their somewhat cramped but delightfully and artlessly awkward narrations. The Froissarts, the Commynes, also, had already attained to skill and art without forfeiting the graces of simplicity. Then what a galaxy, what a generation of writers, at once soldiers and civilians, was produced by the wars of the sixteenth century—a Montluc, a Javannes, a D'Aubigné, and a Brantôme. What originality of language, and all from the fountain-head, and what diversity in the accent and evidence! Sully, in the midst of his operoseness, evinces many really beautiful, solid, and attaching qualities, lit up by the smile of Henri IV. And the Fronde—what a crop of recitals of all sorts, what a sudden covey of unexpected historians hatched from among its own actors, at the head of which stands his eminently brilliant and conspicuous Retz, the greatest painter before the advent of Saint-Simon. But the generation of memoir writers, proceeding from the Fronde, pause, as it were, on the threshold of the real reign of Louis XIV. From that period we have nothing but rapid, unfinished sketches, traced by elegant, acute, but somewhat listless pens: Madame de La Fayette, La Fare, Madame de Caylus. They beget a relish, but do not satisfy it: they begin, but leave you half-way. Now, no pen is less liable to fail or leave you, less indolent, less apt to be dispirited, than that of Saint-Simon. He addicts himself to history, from his youth up, as to a task and a mission. He does not allow his pen to run on in old age like Retz, calling up dim and distant recollections; a method always perilous, and unavoidably the source of confusion and error. He stores up facts day by day, and writes them down night after night. He begins at the early age of nineteen, in his military tent, and plies his task incessantly at Versailles, and everywhere else. He is, like Herodotus, ever and ever inquiring. On pedigree he is second to none: on the past he argues with the learning of an antiquary. To the present he is all eye and ear, scenting whatever is on foot, and setting it down incontinently. He turns every spare hour to account. In old age, and when living in retirement on his estate, he arranges the whole mass of materials in one unique and continuous stream of narrative, merely dividing it into distinct paragraphs, with marginal titles; and the whole of this immensely lengthy text he once more copies

out in his own hand, with every the minutest attention to clearness and accuracy—qualities of authenticity which, had they been duly taken into account, ought to have challenged for his order and method, his style and phraseology, though certainly careless and redundant, the most religious respect." The introduction states as well as solves the question, why one so young should have evinced so early and decided an historical calling. It traces his instinctively historical qualities to his father, whose portrait, even after every allowance is made for its being drawn by the son, represents a man possessed of moral stamina rather uncommon at court. It discovers in the father a shortness of temper apt to degenerate into sourness—precisely one of the characteristics of the son, and which sufficiently accounts for the father's being laid on the shelf at the early age of thirty. He was a favorite with Louis XIII., but no courtier; and if he withdrew in partial disgrace to the government of Blaye, where he remained till the death of the Cardinal Richelieu, it was merely because he kept his honor, without being able to keep his tongue. To his son, Saint-Simon, born in 1675, when the father was sixty-eight, some say seventy-two, the latter transmitted certain hereditary qualities—pride, honesty, a lofty spirit, and all the instincts of high descent, with a degree of inveteracy they had not perhaps attained in the original. He was bred at home, under the eye of his mother, a person of merit, and his father, who was fond of recalling the manners and relating the anecdotes of the olden court, thereby instilling into the mind of his son a reverence for the past, and an early bias in favor of the beautiful in reminiscence. In fact, the youth's dearest wish and ambition was to be a man of consequence in the world, the better to know and chronicle the affairs of his time. And yet his calling as a writer, which now appears so clearly blazoned, was originally kept secret, masked and muffled, as it were, by all sorts of grandee and courtier-like pretensions, as well as other accessory ambitions appertaining at that time to a personage of his rank. His first attempt was a bulletin of the hotly-contested field of Neerwinden, (1693,) won by Luxembourg over our English William—a bulletin for the use of his mother and friends. In 1694, in the leisure of a camp life in

Germany, he decidedly began those memoirs, in the writing and finishing of which he was destined to employ sixty years of his life. And this he did in consequence of the pleasure he felt in the perusal of those of Marshal Bassompierre, which, though they spoke in disparaging terms of his father, he nevertheless declared to be extremely curious, albeit disgusting from their extreme personal vanity. Saint-Simon was a man of undoubted principle, with a strong and impulsive liking for people of honesty. Of this we have a whimsical illustration in the singular step he took in the direction of the Duke de Beauvillier, the most upright man of the court; one of whose daughters he was anxious to marry—the elder or the younger, no matter which, as he had personally seen neither. In fact, his real passion was for the duke and duchess; and if he failed in his immediate purpose, he succeeded at least in establishing an intimacy with the duke, and the virtuous as well as serious part of the court, thereby opening a vista into the future, connected with the early promise of excellence given by Fenelon's impetuous pupil, the enthusiastic and pious Duke de Bourgogne. Another connection, and one of a very opposite nature, was that he formed with the future regent, the Duke of Orleans, to whom he faithfully adhered through good and through bad report, being the only courtier who durst for a time be seen standing by the side of a prince who had incurred the deep displeasure of King Louis, and who lay besides under the popular and alarming suspicion of having poisoned, in the space of two years, no fewer than five members of the royal family, including the heir to the crown. In his perpetual contact with this most generous and witty of debauchees, Saint-Simon remained uncontaminated; and if any other testimony than his own were wanting to confirm the assertion, we have that of the duke himself, who said (thus profanely) of his steady and unrelaxing counsellor, that he was *immuable comme Dieu et d'une suite enragée*, (as immutable as God, and enragingly consistent.) While this prince's friend and advisor, he studiously declined every offer of personal aggrandizement; refusing to be appointed governor to the young king, captain of the royal guards, nay, even keeper of the seals, and obstinately repelling every attempt to make him par-

ticipate either in the speculative infatuation or more substantial profits of Law's famous system of finance.

Saint-Simon's pictures, though frequently drawn under the secret impulse of disdain or aversion, are startling likenesses. Impassioned as he naturally is, it is by no means a commendable feature in the moral character of any one to have exercised his avenging pencil. His indignation is never roused except in cases where there is a deplorable deficiency in certain fibres, a superabundance of servility, or an exclusive leaning to duplicity. With regard to characters of a different stamp, he may be carried away by error or prejudice, but the nature of his talent is ever more impartial than his will, and if there is any one good feature or quality in the object of his hatred, he feels as if impelled to give it. He stands aloof and alone, not merely for his thrilling portraits, but for the largeness of his dramatic conceptions, his powers of exhibition, his groups, and the endless involutions of his *dramatis personæ*. The two most conspicuous of these are his death of that dullest of Dauphins, Monseigneur, (King Louis's son, and father to the Duke of Bourgogne,) with the attendant and almost operative changes brought about in one night among the mob of princes and courtiers; and that most wonderful court or leet of justice, in which he has the supreme satisfaction to behold his enemies of the parliament compelled to run counter to the late king's will, and degrade from their rank of princes of the blood the legitimized bastards of the haughtiest and most licentious of monarchs. In this last scene, the spirit of patriotism is but too evidently alloyed by the spirit of heraldic pride. The duke and peer Saint-Simon is no longer bound by the law of ceremonial to humble his crest before the spurious seed of royalty; hence a whirl and rush of gratified malignity, which sweeps him beyond the limits of art, prompting a virulence of language bordering on absolute ferocity. In general, however, he is never more happily inspired than when he conceives he has to deal with a scoundrel or hypocrite. Of this we have an alarming instance in a portrait which appears in the very first chapter of his memoirs—that of the first parliament president, Du Harlay, the descendant of the great Du Harlay, of the tempestuous times of the Guises. Of



this obnoxious personage he gives a two-fold, or moral and physical sketch. We shall lay the moral man before our readers first: "He was learned," says Saint-Simon, "in the public law, thoroughly master of the various forms of jurisprudence, well acquainted with history, and knew how to manage his corporation with irresistible authority. A pharisaic austerity rendered him formidable, by the license he assumed in his public censures of parties, barristers, or magistrates, so that every one trembled to have to do with him. Supported, besides, in everything by the court, of which he was the slave, as well as the most humble servant of all really in power, he was an acute courtier, singularly crafty and politic—talents which he applied solely to the furtherance of his ambition of rule and preferment, and to securing himself a character as a great man. In other respects, of no effective honor, of no principle in privacy, of no honesty other than exterior, even of no humanity—in a word, a perfect hypocrite, without either faith or law, without either God or soul, a harsh husband, a barbarous father, a tyrannical brother, a friend of none but himself, naturally perverse, fond of insulting and browbeating, and improving every opportunity of the kind through life." To complete the moral picture, we have Harlay in his own house, with his son, both demurely sitting opposite each other, and making diplomatic inquiries after one another's health; or we have them intrenched each within his apartments, separated by a mere landing-place, and exchanging together dry, ceremonious notes, which would have done no dishonor to a chancellor's office. Or we have the reverend fathers of the *oratoire*, and the equally reverend father Jesuits, tilting together in the chambers of old Harlay himself, the president listening alternately to each without betraying the slightest preference; thus showing both parties out as far as the door, when he looks sharp in the face of the Jesuits, known for the laxness of their doctrinal morals, with a "It's a pleasure, fathers, to live with you," rapidly establishing the balance of attention by addressing the stricter oratoriary with a "and a happiness, fathers, to die with you." The physical sketch, an apt embodiment of the moral outline, is as follows: "Harlay was a thin, small man, with a lozenged face,

a large aquiline nose, vulture eyes, that seemed to devour objects and look through stone walls; wearing a band and a black wig sprinkled with white, both considerably longer than they are worn by ecclesiastics; a *calotte* and flat wristbands, like the priests and the chancellor; always in his gown, though a scanty one; with a stoop in his gait, a slow, deliberate, marked utterance, an old-fashioned Gaulish pronunciation, and often words of the same stamp; his whole outward man cramped, constrained, affected; an odor of hypocrisy, a hollow, cynical deportment; making slow, deep bows; brushing the wall as he went along, with an air ever deferential, but through which would peer out a look of insolent audacity; using demure, set forms of speech, through which oozed all sorts of pride, and as much sneering contempt as he durst venture to show." The following short anecdote is so happy an illustration of this remarkable duplicate, that we give it without hesitation: "The Duchess de la Ferté," says Saint-Simon, "called to request an audience of the President du Harlay, and was obliged, like every one else, to put up with his ill-humor. On her way out she complained to her man of business, calling the president an old baboon. The president was close on her heels, but without uttering a word. Of this she became aware at last, and only hoped he had not overheard her; but he, as if nothing had happened, followed her to her carriage. Shortly after, her ladyship's case was called and immediately won. She made all haste to visit the president, returning him all sorts of thanks. He, humble and modest, ducked and bowed, then looking her straight in the face, replied aloud, in presence of everybody, 'I am very glad, madam, that an old baboon has been able to pleasure an old ape.' Whereupon, in all humility, and without uttering a word more, he began to follow her out, his usual practice when he wanted to get rid of a visitor. The duchess wished she could have killed him, or have dropped dead herself. She talked she knew not what, but could not get quit of him—always behind her, in profound and respectful silence and downcast looks, till she had fairly got into her carriage." His portraits, whether of the army, church, court, or parliament, have a truth of costume, a delicacy or vigor of touch, which mark



them as the work of a master. On Fénélon, so interesting a character, he dwells at considerable length; out of gratitude, he says, to his departed friend, the Duke de Beauvillier, who, when appointed governor to the *Children of France*, selected the graceful abbé as an assistant tutor in his noble task. We shall confine ourselves to the figure and face: "The prelate was a tall, thin, extremely handsome, pale man, with a great nose, eyes from which fire and wit streamed like a torrent, with a countenance such as I never saw the like—such as, once seen, could never after be forgotten. It combined all, and its contraries exhibited nothing conflicting. It was grave and courteous, serious and cheerful, savoring of the scholar, the bishop, and the grandee; but its prevalent expression (as, indeed, that of his whole person) was refinement, wit, gracefulness, decency, and, above all, nobleness. It required an effort to cease gazing upon it."

Saint-Simon has been charged with inaccuracies—a charge easily proved, and one just as easily obviated in an edition containing foot-notes, where slips of the memory, as well as hearsay errors or misstatements, are redressed. But a more serious charge has been brought against him, involving the general truth of the whole. To this there can be but one answer: history differs according to the different objects in view. There is a kind of history which may be termed political or administrative, the object of which is supposed to be sufficiently compassed when the narrative is the clear and combined result of a steady and conscientious examination of state documents, diplomatic papers, and reports. There is another of quite a different stamp—moral and contemporary history written by actors, eye or ear witnesses. The actor or witness lives at court, if it is a period of courts, where he looks on, or listens, or makes inquiries. His authorities are the aged, those living in disgrace or retirement, subalterns, too, nay, even valets. This requires caution, and a certain sifting or comparing of evidence. In what the actor or witness does or sees personally, the process is more rapid. If he is gifted with a power of observation, and to this power adds the equally felicitous gift of expression, his history is at once animated and picturesque, conveying the very sensation and illusion of reality, bringing

us face to face with a living, moving society which he had deemed to have vanished. Now, such a moral history may, in a certain sense, lay claim to as much relative truth as its more staid and buckram companion. In both, the pen is held by one who is swayed as much by his passion as he is directed or guided by his reason. Change the actor or spectator, it may be said, and the whole historical fabric changes its hue. This we are ready to admit. But change the examiner of reports, the collator of documents, and the result as immediately undergoes a similar metamorphosis. The main point is, that there should be one great painter, one great reflecting mirror at every great period. If not, you are reduced to get up your beautiful narrative or historical pictures with all sorts of positive documents: in which case your pages, however true as regards political results, will always be felt to be artificial, nor can you, with all your art, give life to the period of which you have written. Saint-Simon himself, however, appears to have maturely considered this grand question of truth, and this, too, at the very outset of his memoirs. We have in the present edition a letter of his, bearing date Versailles, 29th March, 1699, (he was then only twenty-four years of age,) addressed to M. de Rancé, Abbé de la Trappe, (the same whose life has been written by Chateaubriand,) requesting his ghostly counsel and direction in the matter. His object in addressing the holy man is, not to obtain permission to write, (this he had already long determined on,) but to obtain some more or less easy rule whereby he might be enabled to reconcile truth-telling, as regards others, with conscience, as regards himself. Truth-telling was an absolute passion with Saint-Simon, and one he was bent on satisfying, provided it could be done in Christian fashion, and with a Catholic warrant. To show how much he is in earnest, he favors the abbé with a sight of that part of his memoirs which concerns his lawsuit with his former general, De Luxembourg (a question of precedence in parliament)—one of the harshest, he says, and bitterest written of his pages. These, as well as others, the abbé is to read and judge, after which he is to prescribe to his penitent how he is to record the uncompromising truth without hurting his conscience, as he is resolved to show tenderness to none, and yet avoid

any scruples which might arise towards the close of his life, and tempt him to commit the precious and patiently-collected treasure to the flames. The question he puts to the abbé implies not so much absolution for past, as full and plenary indulgence for future severity; and the abbé, if we are to judge from the general tenor of the memoirs, must have subscribed to his wish, less, no doubt, as a retrospective penance for his own early editorship of "Anacreon," than from the promptings of an ascetic spirit, which made severity the primary law of his now stern and unbending nature. From all this we may easily gather that Saint-Simon's religion was partly his own, partly that of his time—his own, as far as its inward sanction guided and strengthened his sense of honor and justice; that of his time, in as far as its outward and traditional practice might be deemed sufficient to protect the sinner against the consequences of certain peccadilloes. In other words, his religion was sincere, and therefore entitled to respect, though not quite so enlightened as might have been anticipated. He was but too frequent in his visits and sojournings at the Trappe, whose abbé he probably considered in the light of a religious empiric, skilful in all individual cases, but having no call to interfere with the system or soul in general. He therefore unscrupulously indulged all his deep-seated prejudices and moral antipathies, with an understanding that the thing was regulated, or that at stated and particular periods there might be a ghostly reckoning, after which he was once more at liberty to give the rein to his artistic and all-pervading passion. All this may savor of littleness, but it is a littleness which does anything but detract from the lofty opinion we at once entertain of his intellect, when, breaking through the cobwebs of superstitious scruples, he grapples personally with the question, and proves, in his own sustained and massy style, that no fancied Christian charity has a right to stand between the reader and historical truth. The secret springs of history must, he urges, be laid bare, otherwise facts and events are alike unintelligible. History is not, like science, a thing to be created or evolved with infallible certainty in the vast recess of some capacious brain, where the discovery of one principle or degree of evidence invariably leads to that of another. It has

no principle, key, or rudiment, no rule or introduction, which, once understood, can lead even the most luminous or studious mind from one event to another. It must therefore be taught, and fearlessly pursued through every maze and involution of vice, or crime, or folly. Evidently our author is not one of your angelico-Jesuitical natures, whose purblind eye shrinks from the contemplation of unveiled truth, and who would rather vegetate forever in hoodwinked and blissful ignorance, than withdraw the garment which covers the nakedness of past or present. We are bound, says the vigorous and manly critic—we are bound to be charitable to ourselves as well as to others; we are bound to seek the benefit of instruction, to avoid being dull, stupid, and everlasting dupes. Are we, he argues, to recoil from a knowledge of the history of the Guises, the kings and the court of their times, for fear of learning their crimes and abominations? of the Richelieus and Mazarins, for fear of being made acquainted with the commotions caused by their ambitions, the vices and faults exhibited in the cabals and intrigues of their times? Shall we be silent on the subject of Condé, to avoid knowing his revolts and their attendant consequences? Or the subject of Turenne and his relatives, not to witness the most signal acts of perfidy most immeasurably rewarded? Must we have no idea of Madame de Montespan, lest we should come to know the sins which were the cause of her rise? None of Madame de Maintenon, and that portent her reign, for fear of a knowledge of the infamies of her early life, the ignominy and calamity of her greatness, so disastrous to France? Let us, he adds, render to the Creator a more rational worship, nor purchase the salvation which the Redeemer has won for us by absolute brutishness or unattainable perfection. He is too good to require the one, too just to require the other. Let us know, therefore, as far as in us lies, the value of men and the price of things: our main study, in the midst of a world carefully and everlastingly masked, should be to make no mistake. Let us understand that knowledge is always excellent, and that the good or evil lies in the use we make of it. Having thus swept before him what Johnson in his impatience would have called the "cant" of charity, the author concludes with the statement that

contemporary history, when left to ripen for a generation or two under lock and key, has all the dissecting advantages of the past, as it attacks and unmasks none but the dead, or those so long deceased that none alive can take any personal interest in them.

Saint-Simon's life is nothing, or next to nothing, when disconnected with his memoirs. He married the eldest daughter of the Marshal de Lorges, Turenne's nephew and favorite pupil. He was then twenty, was duke and peer of France, Governor of Blaye, Governor and Grand Bailli of Senlis, and commander of a regiment of cavalry. He served several campaigns, with the necessary propriety and application to military duties. After the peace of Ryswich, (1697,) his regiment of horse was disbanded. In 1702, (War of the Spanish Succession,) certain promotions placing above him younger men than himself, induced him to quit the profession of arms at the early age of twenty-seven, thereby forfeiting all hopes of favor in the eyes of a master, who willingly gave a slight, but never received one without a feeling of cold and settled rancor. Notwithstanding all our author's attempts at discretion, suspicions were very generally entertained of his being busy writing his memoirs: at all events, his temper was not much of a secret. Madame de Maintenon, who was his special aversion, says he was vain, censorious, and full of views; meaning bold and systematic projects. It was in vain he kept watch over his tongue—the angry and biting expression would make its escape, or be replaced by an expressive, eloquent, and equally dangerous silence. When complaining one day (he was weak enough to complain) to Louis XIV. of the slanderous language of his enemies, "Why, sir," was his majesty's answer, "you so talk and censure yourself, no wonder people talk of you; why don't you hold your tongue?" Saint-Simon's first chance of positive influence lay with the Duke de Bourgogne. But his hopes, whatever they might be, were blasted by the duke's death in 1712. His political theory, (what Madame de Maintenon calls his views,) of which he treats somewhat *in extenso* on various occasions, was, of course, reactionary. Deeming the power of the monarch excessive, his wish was to temper it by the coexisting power and counsel of the dukes and peers, his

own darling caste and hobby. The *bourgeois* he regards as a very sleek, very clever, insolent, and ambitious aggregate, governing the kingdom through its clerks and secretaries, and exercising unfounded but sovereign authority in the parliaments through the instrumentality of legists—such, for instance, as the President du Harlay. This, of course, he meant to quash. As for the people, properly so-called, they were yet in their political nonage, and therefore formed no part of his system of government. His connection with the hap-hazard, hand-to-mouth, extravagant regent afforded no opportunity for any theory but that of finance. The regent's death, in 1723, once more warned him of the uncertainty of all sublunary prospects—a warning further improved by a gentle hint from the future minister, (Fleury,) that his presence at Paris would be more agreeable than at Versailles. Saint-Simon thought too much aloud for the whispering system about to be inaugurated by the placid Bishop of Fréjus; he therefore retired to his estate. The last mention we hear made of him is by Marshal de Belle-Isle, who compares the old man's conversation to the most agreeable and pleasing of dictionaries. We could have wished the simile had been other, as a dictionary is not generally known as a compendium of sweets. Saint-Simon, we are further informed, would occasionally come to Paris, and visit the Duchesse de la Vallière and the Duchesse de Mancini, (both of the noble family of the Noailles,) where, availing himself of the privilege of age, and waiving the grandee in favor of the country gentleman, he would put himself at his ease, hang his wig on an arm-chair, and talk away, with his *bare head reeking*; reeking, one could almost fancy, like some half-extinct volcano. He died in 1755, aged eighty, long after completing his memoirs. He died during the reign of Voltaire, when Diderot's "Philosophic Cyclopædia" had begun, when Rousseau had made his appearance, and just as Montesquieu himself reappeared from the scene, after producing all his works. What, it has been asked, must he have thought of all these novelties? Probably not much. Like the Abbé Vertot, who finished his "Siege of Malta" before the true particulars reached him, and summarily declined availing himself of further documents by his famous answer, "*mon*



*siège est fait*," Saint-Simon, who had closed all written accounts with his own particular world, must have felt little temptation to mar the economy of his carefully-copied pages by hurriedly recording the exploits of a new and literary world. He does, it is true, make supercilious mention of Arouet, as he calls him, the son of a notary who had been his own and his father's, saying, he was exiled to Tulle for some very satirical and impudent verses. The verses, which were not Arouet's, though ascribed to his precocious malice, were directed against the memory of Louis XIV., and therefore naturally enough attracted Saint-Simon's attention. He does him the honor of a second mention for a second copy of satirical verses, of which he was equally guiltless, and for which he was sent to the Bastille. He states, he should not have thought it worth his while to mention such a trifle, had not the author become a person of consequence in a certain society, as well as poet and academicien by the name of Voltaire, a name assumed by the adventurer to disguise his own! He is equally brief, though by no means so disdainful, in his mention of Racine, Boileau, Molière, and Lafontaine. He thinks highly of Racine; who, as he says, had nothing of the poet in his manner, but *tout de l'honnête homme*—everything of the *honest man*; that is, gentleman of the period. And yet he is unwittingly the cause of a very popular error as regards this illustrious poet, who is, in consequence, believed to have died of that singular mental malady known in France by the name *sottise rentrée*—a species of slow and spontaneous combustion, occasioned by taking a silly or awkward slip too much to heart. Saint-Simon, in fact, gravely relates, that Racine, (the second most polished and handsome man in the kingdom, taking King Louis himself to be the first,) being asked by his majesty why comedy had so much declined of late, adduced as a reason the practice of representing superannuated old pieces—among others, the insignificant and disgusting plays of Scarron. Madame de Maintenon, the relict of that facetious author, reddens to the tip of her nose, not so much at hearing the reputation of her first husband so rudely attacked, as at having his name so awkwardly mentioned in presence of his royal successor. The king looked at a loss what to say, so there was a dead silence, which

suddenly recalled the unhappy poet to a consciousness of the frightful well into which his fatal absence of mind had plunged him. From that hour forward, neither Madame de Maintenon nor the king ever spoke to or looked at the wretched Racine, who, in most courtier fashion, died of his *sottise rentrée* just two years after! This tells wonderfully. Unfortunately, to use the elegant simile coined by the wisdom of the nation, it puts the saddle on the wrong horse. The thing is now known to have occurred to that tough, outspoken fellow Boileau, who committed the *sottise* in precisely similar circumstances, in spite of every hint and look his polished and warning friend could give him to the contrary, and who was, moreover, coarse enough to outlive it so long, that he died only in 1711, twelve years after poor Racine, whose demise therefore remains to be otherwise accounted for.

Saint-Simon's memoirs, though long considered as state papers, and therefore jealously guarded, have at various times appeared in printed fragments, and as frequently been read in manuscript. Duclos and Marmontel were acquainted with them, as is evident from their historiographic labors. Madame du Deffand had them from the Minister Choiseul, (Yorick's old acquaintance,) and conveyed her impressions to her friend Horace Walpole, that other man of memoirs, thus: "We read after dinner" (November 21, 1770) 'the Memoirs of M. de Saint-Simon,' and I cannot but regret your absence: you would feel unspeakable pleasure." And in another letter, (December 2,) that "the style is abominable, the portraits badly done, and the author no man of wit!" In the following year (1771,) she writes how *désespérés*, how distressed she is at being unable to procure him a perusal of those memoirs; she has just finished the last volume, which has given her infinite pleasure: "*il vous mettrait*," says she, "*hors de vous!*" ("It would put you beside yourself with delight.") Voltaire, too, had had a glimpse of them, and towards the decline of his life had, as he says, conceived the project of refuting all those passages in *Saint-Simon's still secret memoirs* which had been prompted by prejudice or hatred. Voltaire had too much experience, and a little too much of the author's own peculiar character, not to pounce at once on what was really objectionable in the formidable memoirs. But,



while he thus attempted to forestall public opinion, he must have been equally conscious how dangerous a rival they would become to his own "Siècle de Louis XIV.," and how easily such pictures as Saint-Simon's, when brought to light, would darken the most brilliant sketches of a merely temporary nature. Numerous extracts appeared between 1788 and 1791, and subsequently, in 1818, but miserably garbled, and though uniformly allowed to be extremely interesting, were as uniformly stated to be badly written! The age had evidently degenerated, as the cavilling spirit and bald rhetoric of Voltaire alone ruled in the literary ascendant. The edition of 1829, in twenty-one octavo volumes, was the first signal reparation made to the mangled and mutilated author. And yet the reparation was far from complete. A whole gallery of portraits (that connected with the Spanish council on the accession of Philip of Anjou to the throne of Spain) was suppressed. Impertinent liberties, too, were taken with the author's text, on the plea that a grandee could know nothing of grammar; while, to crown the whole, a very poor portrait of the author's father flourished on the frontispiece, instead of that of the son; a substitution flattering enough, no doubt, to the filial piety of Saint-Simon, or that of such a man as Montaigne, who used to say he wrapped himself up in his father every time he put on the old gentleman's cloak, but which could not, by any stretch of imagination, be supposed to excite much rapt enthusiasm in a purchaser who bargains for the effigy of the son, and not for that of the father. Thanks to a praiseworthy spirit of competition, we are now about to be presented with an edition positively authentic and complete, both of the works and portrait. To this the publisher Ha-

chette has fairly committed himself. In a first circular, or *première note*, as he judiciously terms it, we have a rather interesting account of the various editions hitherto published, or in course of publication. And as all these are mere reissues of that of 1829, the errors and deficiencies of the first are naturally repeated, and, as might be expected, reasonably increased. To correct these errors and supply these deficiencies, recourse has been had to the manuscript, now in possession of Saint-Simon's lineal descendant, and the task of collation pursued with such searching accuracy and success, as to supply the above-mentioned *première note* with such an overwhelming list of blunders, misprints, and misnomers, as amply to justify the enterprising firm of Hachette & Co., were they even to entitle their publication not merely an original, but *the* original edition; *l'édition princeps des Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon*. In all probability, the undertaking will be carried out on a scale of liberality commensurate with its importance and deserved popularity. No fewer than three distinct editions are announced: the first, a beautiful tall 8vo edition, in 20 volumes, price 300 francs; the second, a handsome ordinary-sized 8vo edition, also in 20 volumes, price 80 francs; the third, a neat 18mo edition, in 12 volumes, price 24 francs. For the two first and highest priced of these, we profess unqualified admiration, but reserve all our tender sympathies for the third and last—sympathies enhanced by a glance at the long receding vista of our own reading past, portions of which are so many grievous blanks occasioned by the exclusively aristocratic tendencies of our great biblioplists, throwing ourselves and the public at large some quarter of a century in arrear of every valuable and standard publication.

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BALMORAL CASTLE.—The furniture of the new castle is of a very peculiar character. All the rooms are alike, that is, all the curtains, draperies, and coverings of the apartments are of one pattern, though differing in the costliness of the fabric. The design is a tartan, with a red and white check; and it is extraordinary how well this harmonizes with the character of

the building—its situation, and its associations. Another peculiarity is the absence of paint on any of the internal doors; without any exception, of all these the wood is perfectly *au naturel*, though it is very highly polished; and thus the aspect of the old feudal castle is maintained in connection with every possible degree of modern comfort.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## F R E N C H N E W S P A P E R S .

It has frequently occurred to us that the character of a nation is well depicted in the history of its press. If the comparison be far-fetched, the most uncompromising Gallomaniac must allow that it is most ominously correct in the case of France. Here we find the newspaper at its birth restricted by the combined influence of autocracy and bigotry: then it gave way to the most riotous excesses during the First Revolution. Brought to a sense of its dignity under Charles X., it formed the most efficient lever to overthrow his bigoted tyranny; then allowing that dignity to be compromised by the bribery and corruption which gave Louis Philippe his bad preëminence; then once more dragging its honor through the mire by the most brutal pandering to King Mob, it has at length ended by becoming—— But we will not say what the French press now is. Let our readers who feel any curiosity satisfy themselves by a glance at the daily papers, which are flatteringly supposed to represent intellectual France.

But, apart from these somewhat mournful considerations, a short sketch of the rise and progress of the French press may afford instruction, by allowing our readers to institute a parallel between it and that most interesting account of British journalism which a monthly contemporary is publishing. Of course the limits of an article will not allow us to *approfondir* our subject, and we must content ourselves with noting the most salient points, in which a little book,\* published by that most enterprising of Parisian publishers, M. P. Jannet, will afford us the most noteworthy services.

The first journal published in France was the brain-child of a physician named Theophraste Renaudot, and appeared on the 20th of May, 1631, under the title of

the *Gazette*. The far-sighted Richelieu, the man before his age, who was as necessary to the France of that day as Louis Bonaparte is to the present, greeted its appearance with pleasure, for he knew that it would act as his unbounded partisan. Nor was he mistaken; and the Victor Hugos and Louis Blancs of the seventeenth century were forced to vent their spleen at not having discovered the new source of wealth and influence by covert *inuendo* and malevolent good wishes. Another point in which they succeeded was in involving the unfortunate gazetteer in a quarrel with the faculty, and embittered his life by the most venomous sallies against his schemes; for, unfortunately, Renaudot was a projector, and could not stick to his *Gazette* without dabbling in other schemes, which improved him neither in reputation nor in pocket. As long as Richelieu lived, he was in clover; for, as a journalist recently wrote, "Louis XIII. quittait sournement son Louvre, pour se rendre à bas bruit dans la Rue de la Calandre, dans cette boutique gazetièrre qu'annonçait si bien l'oiseau criard, le grand coq de son enseigne, et que là le pauvre roi, endoctrinant à l'aise le pédantesque Renaudot, se dédommageait, par les petits commérages qu'il lui glissait à l'oreille, du silence et de l'inaction auxquels le condamnait son ministre."

Renaudot, like all inventors who benefited humanity, died a poor man, while a nation reaped the benefit of his discovery. For a very long period the *Gazette* supplied the newspaper wants of France; and, although slightly altered in form, and improved by the admission of advertisements, it was not till the First Revolution that the full force of the power of the newspaper press began to be felt. Still it must not be supposed that no imitators started on the already beaten track; but their efforts were principally confined to jocularities. The most remarkable of these papers was the *Gazette de France*, in

\* Histoire du Journal en France, 1631-1853. Par Eugène Matin.

verse, established in 1650 by the poet Loret, so called because his pages related what occurred; doing so, however, in a pleasant and agreeable style. On the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, we will give our readers a specimen brick or two as an example of the pleasant and agreeable style. For instance, he writes:

"Sa plume eût été vite usée  
Et sa pauvre veine épuisée:  
Ne sachant ni Latin ni Grec,  
Il eût été bientôt à sec,  
Sans quelque assistance céleste—  
Sans un ange qui l'inspirait;"

which means, being translated into common small-bill dunning phrase, had he not had at his back the bank-stock book of a young and lovely princess, Mademoiselle de Longueville, who generously discounted the rhymes of her pensionary. In fact, the most noteworthy point of his verses is, that for fifteen long years he contrived to address fire-new prefaces, fresh from the mint, to his princess. This newspaper was originally meant to be exclusive to a degree, but that unlucky habit of printing led to so much of the *contrefaçon Belge*, that the author was compelled to take refuge in the press, his lucubrations having been hitherto written by hand, and distributed among the select circle to whom Mademoiselle de Longueville dispensed her literary favors. The success of the *Gazette Burlesque* was rapid and great, for we are assured:

"Qu'elle avait passé le Bosphore,  
Et qu'on lui faisait de l'honneur  
A la porte du Grand Seigneur."

In 1672 a new journal made its appearance, which was destined to have a great amount of popularity and a long life. It was called the *Mercur Galant*. This was a monthly periodical of three or four hundred pages, sold at three livres. From the first editor it passed into the hands of Lefèvre de Fontenay, who altered its title, and called it the *Mercur de France*, and it lived, after undergoing the most unexampled vicissitudes, which can only find their parallel in the history of our own penny press, until it attained its 667th number, in 1815. During the Revolution it had acquired a certain degree of importance, which it owed to its political editorialism. Among the contributors we may quote Marmontel, that celebrated

writer of family stories, which no family could be without in those days, and which no family would tolerate in the present, La Harpe, Mallet du Pau, and, among many other literary heroes, the great Chateaubriand, who in those days, we presume, was only dreaming of his future possible successes, and still more impossible failures.

The first daily paper in Paris appeared only a few years prior to the Revolution, and was called the *Journal de Paris*.

When, during the first pangs of revolution, heads were cut off with the celerity which at present typifies the clearance of an asparagus bed, newspapers, like mushrooms, grew up apace from the same congenial filth. The best which our French author gives is positively tedious, and we do not know where to begin or where to end. The gradual progress of revolutionary ideas is, however, gloriously typified in this *Copia Gazettarum*. At the outset, everybody is amical: we have friends of every possible shade excepting the blood-red; journals exemplifying every color of the rainbow, and conducted by men of the same political chameleon hue; in fact, everything was in confusion, because nobody knew what they wanted, and it was not till the king had proved his weakness that the people found their courage. Louis Seize spared the blood of his mercenaries; he would not take warning by the menacing aspects that surrounded him, and so paid the penalty. *Le Deux Décembre* had not, at that benighted period, been enrolled in the calendar of saints' days. Had it been so, the French press might have been in almost the same condition as it is now. What an apotheosis of intellectualism! As, however, Louis Seize possessed no phlegma, and was constitutionally weak, the opposition press soon gained a head; the illustrious Mirabeau the Elder set the ball a-rolling with his "Lettres à ses Commettants," which was the prolegomena of the *Courrier de Provence*. He was followed by a countless swarm, among others by the *Révolution de Paris*, with its motto, as bold as it became famous, "Les grands ne nous paraissent grands que parce que nous sommes à genoux. Levons-nous!"

Liberty was speedily followed by libertinism, and hence arose the countless throng of papers, which began by disfiguring Europe and ended by revolutionizing France. It is hardly possible to believe

the statements of our author, did we not know they are based on facts, when he described the frenzied throes which the French press experienced during the revolutionary era. Anybody who feels a morbid desire to be disgusted with the products of a revolution, would do well to study the French press as it appeared between the period of the royal murder and the appointment of the consuls. No better light could possibly be thrown on this period than can be found in the volumes of the daily and weekly papers appearing at that time. The language employed is only worthy of a revolutionary epoch: in no other would it be tolerated; in fact, the press of the Revolution furnishes the sharpest weapons against its morality. Such an abnormal condition of things could only exist when a King Mob, far below the animal creation, was at the head of affairs, and the natural venom found an outlet in a variation between cutting off heads and sacking royalist houses. It is not surprising, however, that the press should have assumed such a tone as characterizes the papers of the Revolution; the faith in everything was done away with by the will of the sovereign people, and when the brute dominates, the press must unfortunately obey the impulse. The French Revolution, in truth, is condemned by the sins it has left behind it; and the accusations which the papers of that day bring up against the leaders of the popular movement, are sufficient evidence that France was, at the period to which we refer, suffering from an over-excitation of the nerves, which was nearly akin to lunacy.

Still we may be allowed to quote, as an example not to be followed, the titles of a few of the multitudinous papers appearing in Paris at that stormy and nefast period. The Friends naturally come in for a large share of popular favor. Everybody appears to be the friend of everybody—republican, social, democratic, patriotic; in short, just imagine Proudhon ruling the roast in Paris, and you will have them, if you add that celebrated friend of universality, Cabet of Icaria, who wants to establish a Mormonism without the plurality of wives, and other luxuries of the same nature. The Enemies, however, come in for an equal share: we find the enemy of prejudices, aristocrats, conspirators, oppressors, tyrants—the anti-fanatic, the anti-terrorist, the anti-federalist, and

many others—*quæ nunc describere longum est*, to use the old schoolboy quotation. But the greatest implement of the revolutionary party was the *Père Duchêne*, whose name has become proverbial with his *grandes joies*, and his *grandes colères*, his *bons avis*, and his *grandes motions*. Callot d'Herbois was the originator of this magnificent paper, and sold within six months a million of his *sermons patriotiques* at two sous, and realized more than 50,000 livres of profit.

One of the most amusing papers which appeared during the revolutionary times was the *Actes des Apôtres*, the grandfather of that joyous family which gave the world *Figaro*, and which was followed by *Le Corsaire*, and *Le Charivari*. This paper, which was intended to ridicule the Revolution and its apostles, was tremendously successful. This may be easily imagined, if we call to mind the period when it was published, and that its principal writers were Peltier, Rivarol, Mirabeau, Champcenetz, Bergasse, &c., all famous fellows at working the pen, and full of good humor, slightly tempered by malice.

Under the consuls, the French press soon underwent a revolution. The notion that *l'Etat c'est moi* was very speedily knocked out of them, and they were led to believe that the man and the hour had at length arrived. The first act of the Directory was to suppress a parcel of useless journals, which were doing no good either for themselves or the public. And yet, strange to say, it was under these ill auspices that the brothers Bertin attempted to start the *Journal des Débats*; and, what is still more wonderful, succeeded. In 1799, M. Bertin had purchased the title of the paper for the sum of 20,000 francs, and as soon as he had completed the bargain found himself done to a very considerable extent. He had merely a choice between impotence and impudence. He tried the latter, and succeeded. This state of the newspaper press was very curious at the time when Bertin de Vaux interposed. Republicanism was impossible, and speaking what the *Moniteur* called truth, was equally absurd. He tried to steer a middle course, and the result was the *Journal des Débats*, such as it was under the Empire.

It was not by an exclusive attachment to politics, in the strict sense of the term, that Bertin succeeded; he devoted a portion of his paper to literature, and in that



department managed to direct some very severe blows against the government of the sword. Geoffroy was the inventor of the *feuilleton*, and it was to his coadjutorship that the *Débats* owed the high intellectual influence it established at the outset, and has maintained until the present day. However, the Emperor and the editor soon came to loggerheads, and a compromise was eventually effected, by which the paper was re-christened the *Journal de l'Empire*, and had a very severe censorship exercised over it. A curious anecdote may be here quoted about Etienne, who was appointed censor :

"Although Etienne was a very devoted partisan of the Empire, he would not sacrifice his convictions to it, and at times would even dare to resist his master. One day, Napoleon, in one of his excited moments against Austria, wrote an article *qui cassait les vitres*, and sent it to Etienne, with orders to have it inserted immediately in the *Journal de l'Empire*. Alarmed at the nature of the article, he rushed to the Duke de Bassano, who replied to his protestations with '*L'Empereur le veut.*' The article was sent to press, but on reading the proof Etienne hesitated more than ever, and determined on deferring the publication. The next day the Emperor looked in vain for his article. The storm burst on the devoted head of Bassano, who in his turn rushed to the censor, and held him responsible for the consequences if the article did not appear the following day. Many other people would have yielded; but, courageous to the last, and considering the article unworthy of the hand that penned it, Etienne braved the Imperial wrath; and the article was withdrawn. The next day, the Duke of Bassano, after reading the *Journal de l'Empire*, approached Napoleon, trembling with fear. 'And my article?' 'Sire, it has not appeared.' 'Who dares, then, to disobey my orders?' 'It is M. Etienne: he asserts that the article is not worthy of you, and refuses to print it.' 'Ah! M. Etienne has dared——!' Then, after a moment of reflection, 'Well, he was quite right.'"

On the 1st of April, 1814, the *Journal de l'Empire* resumed its old name, which it threw off again in 1815, and finally restored at the second appearance of Louis XVIII. Then it turned most furiously against the *Ogre de Corse*, and against the men and acts of the Empire. It remained a steady supporter of monarchy until the day when M. Chateaubriand carried it over with him to the Opposition. It was one of the most determined assailants of the Polignac Ministry, and at last gave the first signal of revolt by its world-

famed cry, "*Malheureux roi, malheureuse France!*" The revolution of July only added to the power of the journal, and it received a semi-official character through the communications made exclusively to it by government. It is needless to pursue its history further; at present it is contained among the list of subsidized papers permitted to exist by the grace of the Emperor, and, we believe, affects an opposition character to order, to prove before the world that the liberty of the press still exists in France.

It is a curious fact that the numerous family of *canards* owe their origin to a royal personage. The *Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire*, written by the Academician Arnault, for many years secretary of the cabinet to Louis XVIII., tells us that the king amused himself by inventing fabulous stories, which he used to send to the *Gazette de France*. After his return from exile he became a very regular contributor to the *Yellow Dwarf*. M. Merle, the first editor of that paper, gives the following account in his "*Trente Ans de Souvenirs Historiques*," &c. "The idea of the *Yellow Dwarf*," he writes, "was to jeer at the ridiculous points in all parties, to brand all cowardice and desertion, to raise the glory of France in the presence of foreign bayonets, and laugh at the expense of exaggerated pretensions. . . . In these attacks we had for our ally Louis XVIII., who was one of our first subscribers, and soon sent us articles full of talent and malice, written in his own hand. These articles reached us by the 'iron mouth,' a box we had put up at our publisher's door; and by this route we received a quantity of very remarkable articles, which gave the *Yellow Dwarf* a great reputation for talent and malice, and rendered our part of the work very light and easy." We are glad to find that Louis XVIII. was of some use after all: we only regret that he did not confine his literary efforts to inventing *canards*, and had not tried his hand at the Charter.

Another paper also profited largely by the revolution of July: this was the *Constitutionnel*, which had at that period 23,000 subscribers at 80 francs. But this was too good to last. The ungrateful *bourgeoisie* deserted it, the cheap press hurt it, and it had sunk to 3000 subscribers when Dr. Véron, the *père aux écus*, undertook its cure. The *Débats* had just finished publishing the "*Mystères de*

Paris;" two newspapers were contending for the purchase of Sue's new story, when Dr. Véron stopped it, and settled the bargain by giving 100,000 francs for the "Wandering Jew." By this clever scheme the *Constitutionnel* soon regained its old position, and its fourth advertising page was leased to a company at 300,000 francs a year. The *Constitutionnel* was always noted for its fidelity to Napoleon, and hence it was concluded that the election of the Prince President would add greatly to its *prestige*. But "varium et mutabile semper" is the motto of princes, and so the great Véron retired in disgust, and the *Constitutionnel* knew him no more.

With the revolution of July a great revolution took place in the newspaper press of Paris; for in 1836 the *Presse* was established by Emile de Girardin, at 40 francs a year, and his example was immediately followed by the *Siècle*. Their success was enormous; within three months the *Presse* had upwards of 10,000 subscribers, and soon reached 20,000. The *Siècle* was still more lucky, as it was favored by the attacks made on Girardin about the Carrel affair. Within a few years it attained the fabulous amount of 38,000 subscribers. The undoubted cause of this success was the publication of romances in the *feuilleton*. A very short story by Dumas, "Le Capitaine Paul," gained the *Siècle* 5000 subscribers in three months. But this success cost its weight in gold: the shortest *feuilleton* cost the *Presse* 300 francs. Dumas made a bargain with MM. de Girardin et Véron, which assured him 64,000 francs a year. He engaged to supply the *Siècle* with 100,000 lines a year, at the rate of *one franc fifty centimes* per line! Not satisfied with this, he sold the reprint to M. Troupenas, who calculated on making his money by cutting each line in two. But Dumas was too wide awake, and by the invention of Grimaud, the taciturn servant, he produced a species of dialogue whose conciseness Tacitus would have envied. Here is a specimen:

"Eh bien?  
Rien.  
Rien?  
Rien.  
Comment?  
Rien, vous dis-je.  
C'est impossible!  
Puisque je vous le dis.  
En es-tu bien sûr?  
Certainement.

C'est un peu fort.  
C'est comme cela."

M. Troupenas was a very clever man, but after studying in vain how to make these lines stretch out into two each, he went to Hyères to recover his health, and died there without having been able to solve the problem.

Various journals were established in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe, on the same principle, but, unfortunately, they could not get subscribers. The reading population of France was divided among the already existing papers, and would not listen to the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so sweetly. Among these, the most pretentious was the *Epoque*, which was intended to consist of ten single newspapers rolled into one. But an event was about shortly to occur which, brought about for the most part by the papers, has led to their present abject state. *Ils sont punis par où ils avaient péché*. The Republic was established, and the state of things it produced will be best seen from the following squib:

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

"DÉCRET.

"Au nom du Peuple Français:

"Art. 1. Il n'y a plus rien.

"Art. 2. Tout le monde est chargé de l'exécution du présent décret.

"Fait sur les barricades, le 24 Février, 1848."

It was a glorious time for every man who felt an inspiration to save his country by printing his views of social government. The revolution of February was wrong in principle at starting; it tried to ape the blessed institutions of the First Revolution, and hence the swarm of newspapers which were produced had not even the charm of novelty to make up for their want of sense. The first of the revolutionary organs was the *République*, founded on the 24th of February. At first devoted to the Provisional Government, it afterwards became the most ardent defender of Socialistic doctrines. It contrived to live until 1851, in spite of the numerous fines which it was compelled to pay. The ladies, too, stepped into the literary arena, and expressed their views in *La République des Femmes*.

The *Peuple Constituant* was founded at the commencement of the Revolution, by

the Abbé Lamennais. It endured till the 11th of July, when the caution imposed on the papers brought it to a sudden end. *L'Ami du Peuple* was established by F. V. Raspail, and lasted till the 15th of May, when the patriot was obliged to bid adieu to his country, and meditate on the results of revolution in a very uncomfortable *cachot*. The *Représentant du Peuple* in reality represented the peculiar views of the citizen Proudhon; that is to say, briefly, the destruction of property, the ruin of family life, and the negation of Divinity: "La propriété c'est le vol—Dieu c'est le mal—Travailler c'est produire de rien." The *Représentant* was suppressed in August, but reappeared in November, under the amended title of *Le Peuple*. The *Peuple* gave its last groan in *La Voix du Peuple*, which appeared from October 1, 1849, until March 16, 1850, when it succumbed to the pressure of fines. The first number contained a letter from Proudhon to his old *collaborateurs*, dated Sainte Pélagie, September 30, terminating as follows: "I will speak to you like the general to his soldiers, 'If I advance follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I die, avenge me!'"

The *Assemblée Nationale*, founded on the 28th of February, by M. Adrien de Lavalette, was the first cry of protest against the revolution. Its success was rapid and great; suspended in the days of June, it reappeared on the 7th of August; but its fair days were passed; we might almost imagine that its mission was fulfilled. In 1851, it became the property of a committee, composed of the principal men who had held office under the late monarchy. It is impossible to do more than mention the names of the more important papers which enjoyed a temporary popularity; among them, the *Opinion Publique*, which lived till June, 1850; the *Bien Public*, started by Lamartine, at Maçon; the *Père Duchêne*; *La Montagne*; *L'Organisation du Travail*; the *Aimable Faubourien*, owing its name to an expression made use of by Louis Philippe: "It is necessary to find a victorious resource to maintain in duty and submission the very turbulent population of Paris and its AIMABLES FAUBOURGS;" the *Liberté*, journal of ideas and facts, which was started in March. Among the liberties to be attained, the *Liberté* demands entire and complete liberty of thought, oral, manuscript, printed, or designed—no more duty on

paper or tobacco—justice rendered by judges elected by the people—application of the jury to the police court—the whole National Guard can be chosen as jurymen—suppression of taxation on articles of food, and its establishment on luxury—free and gratuitous instruction—the notaries named by the electors of their arrondissement, or canton, &c. The *Liberté* was very successful, and soon sold 100,000 copies a day. The invincible Dumas soon made his triumphal entry into its pages, announcing his adhesion in the following terms: "There are some people," he says, "who can only make their profession of faith for the future; I am happy in being able to make mine in the past." These two professions of faith, past and future, occupying two numbers, may be thus summed up; "*Ego sum qui sum*: I made the revolution of July; I made the revolution of February; I have written four hundred volumes; I will make all the revolutions that may be asked of me; I will write all the volumes desired: for I am who I am." The specimen of Dumas' political style, which our author maliciously quotes, is superb. Imagine Porthos giving his views of political economy, and they would correspond to Dumas' *fanfarronades*. On leaving *La Liberté*, which did not suffice for Dumas' ardent patriotism and ardent mind, he founded *La France Nouvelle*, then worked on the *Patrie*, and at length started *Le Mousquetaire*, edited by father and son.

The *Événement* was edited by Victor Hugo, and written by his family; the only *événement* it was intended to produce was that of Hugo's candidature for the presidency. However, as the *fiasco* would have been too certain, he was compelled to sustain the cause of Louis Napoleon, with a great deal of warmth if with little judgment. Unfortunately, the *Événement* was not appreciated by the many-headed, and it was on the point of dissolution, when Girardin gave it a helping hand. It changed its color and its form a third time, and became an evening journal, and rather Socialist. It found success in this direction, when, unfortunately, it was suspended for a month by the Court of Assizes. The next day it reappeared under the title of *L'Avènement du Peuple*. All its policy was contained in a single letter. It lived on a precarious existence until the 2d of December.

The history of the French press since



1848 furnishes a very valuable lesson to a people like the French, who know not how to distinguish between liberty and license. They are never satisfied, except with extremes; and hence the governing power, of whatever nature it has been, has always kept up a fight with the journalists. It was not, however, till General Cavaignac gained the supreme authority, that the government began to show its strength by suppressing the hostile papers. On the 25th of June, eleven journals had a salutary death from the African sabre; for "their articles," according to the *Moniteur*, "were of a nature to prolong the struggle which had bathed the streets of the metropolis in blood." The *Presse* was the object of especial severity; for not only was that paper suppressed, but M. de Girardin was incarcerated for eight days in the Conciergerie without being accused of anything, and set at liberty without any trial. Certainly a rather sharp specimen of a first warning. On being let out, Girardin commenced an implacable war against the chief of the executive, which only terminated on the 10th of December with the triumph of Louis Napoleon, whose cause the *Presse* had taken up with a redoubled ardor, owing to its rancor against the general. No one will accuse General Cavaignac of bearing any ill-will against the press. Still, fearing that the decree of the 25th of June might be regarded as an act of passion, he took off the suspension again on the 7th of August from the eleven journals. On the 21st of the same month, he found himself compelled once more to suspend *Le Représentant du Peuple*, *Le Père Duchêne*, *Le Lampion*, and *La Vraie République*. Three days later, the *Gazette de France* also shared the same fate, because it was a strenuous advocate of the monarchical form of government. When Napoleon came to the head of affairs, the press was not treated so mercifully. After suspending several papers, he passed the celebrated decree by which all authors are compelled to sign their names to their productions. In 1852, the newspaper laws were revised and rendered still sharper, the result being the present enviable state of the French press. At present there are fourteen daily political journals in Paris. We give our author's account of their history and tendencies.

"LE JOURNAL DES DÉBATS has remained, after the revolution of 1848, what it was before—the

most important of our papers, we might almost say of European papers. It is read as much abroad as at home. Impassive spectator of the first acts of the revolution which had overthrown that constitutional monarchy of which it was one of the founders and firmest supporters, it took, during the question of the presidency, the side of General Cavaignac. Since the new empire, more especially since the passing of the laws referring to the press, it has maintained a reserve full of dignity, protesting as far as it can by silence in favor of a liberty which it has never deserted.

"LA PRESSE.—While the *Débats* is the journal of facts, the *Presse* is the journal of ideas. There is no system which it does not examine, no theory which it is not ready to discuss. It is in some measure a neutral ground, on which all opinions meet. It is eclecticism applied to the present liberalism, without its revolutionary prejudices. We may say, in a word, that the *Presse* is a true journal, as opposed to certain other papers which we can only regard as shops. Besides, the *Presse* has remained from the first day the expression of an individuality, ever young, hardy, and adventurous. 'It is M. de Girardin himself, with his boldness, his energy, his passion, and his inexhaustible talent.' The following fact is worth a multitude of words at the present day: the *Presse* brings in a net revenue of 100,000 francs per annum.

"LE SIÈCLE.—It has been said of this paper that it was the journal of the grocers and wine-merchants: but it is certain that, thanks to its romances and general tone, and to its good faith and honesty, it has obtained an immense circulation among business men. In a word, it has become for the working classes what the *Constitutionnel* was to the *bourgeoisie*. It is a most promising paper, and will no doubt be successful eventually.

"LE CONSTITUTIONNEL.—LE PAYS.—The latter paper was founded on the 1st of January, 1849, by MM. E. Alletz and De Bouville. In 1850, the political direction was given to M. de Lamartine, who chose as principal editor M. Arthur de la Guéronnière. On the 1st of December, 1852, the *Pays* added to its title that of *Journal de l'Empire*—which, according to its own expression, 'could add nothing to its devotion, take away nothing from its independence.' The *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays* are now both managed by M. de la Guéronnière, and are the property of the Bank Mirès and Co.

"LA PATRIE was founded in 1841 by M. Pagès de l'Ariège. It was just on the verge of dissolution a year after, when M. Boulé, its printer, bought it, and made it an evening paper. In 1844, it was sold for 200 francs to M. Delamarre, who has guided it through all difficulties into the governmental haven, where it now rides at anchor with considerable success, pecuniarily speaking.

"LA GAZETTE DE FRANCE.—The *Gazette*, since the commencement of the Restoration, represented a man rather than a party—M. de Genoude—whom it lost a few years back. He attached



himself to the legitimacy of hereditary power as to a dogma of his conscience: but his legitimacy was more liberal than the republic. He did everything capable for a man to do, in pursuance of his favorite doctrines, especially in the days which followed the revolution of February. The traditions of M. de Genoude are faithfully continued by his successor, M. de Lourdoueix.

"We have nothing to add to what we have already said of the ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE, except that it is the only journal of February that has survived.

"L'UNIVERS, started by the Abbé Migne, pursues, since 1838, with an obstinacy which nothing wears out, the same object—the liberty of the Church. It is one of the papers which excite the most attention at the present day, owing to the aggressive pen of its chief editor, M. Louis Veuillot.

"L'UNION, formerly MONARCHIQUE, was produced in 1847 by the fusion of the *Quotidienne*, *La France*, and *L'Echo Français*. M. Berryer is said to be the directing thought of this paper, which represents the principles of pure right divine. It has two editors—those of the old *France* and *Quotidienne*, M. Laurentie and M. Lubis. The latter published in *La France*, in 1841, those famous letters of Louis Philippe's in which the *aimables faubourgs* were spoken of, and which caused such a lively sensation.

"L'ESTAFETTE, which dates from 1833, and belongs to M. Boulé, and LE JOURNAL DES FAITS, started in 1850 by the Abbé Migne, are papers living on piracy and under the same editorship—a pair of scissors.

"LE CHARIVARI, started in 1831 by M. Philippon, lives a little on its old reputation, which we say without any wish to detract from its present writers and designers: but they cannot do impossibilities.

"LE MONITEUR UNIVERSEL dates from the 24th November, 1789. It was started by Maret, Duke of Bassano, and Sauvo, who edited it till 1840. Its present director is M. Ernest Panckoucke, son of the celebrated publisher of the same name. After sixty-three years of immotion, it has undergone recently a radical change: on the 1st January, 1853, it adopted the large shape, and lowered its price from 116 to 40 francs. One slight effort more, and it could become a splendid journal.

"We would be almost tempted to quote among French papers *L'Indépendance Belge*, which is read tremendously in Paris and the northern departments, from the fact that it contains so much of that dear gossip and scandal which in our hearts we are all so fond of.

"The principal journals have the following rank as to circulation: 1. *Le Siècle*. 2. *La Presse*. 3. *Le Constitutionnel*. 4. *La Patrie*. 5. *Le Journal des Débats*. 6. *L'Assemblée Nationale*. The other papers are only insignificant. The circulation of the *Débats* and *Assemblée Nationale*, united, does not exceed 14,500, of which two thirds belong to the *Débats*. The circulation of the three official papers amounts to 49,000 copies. The circulation of the *Presse* and the *Siècle* exceeds 47,500; there is only a difference of two or three hundred in favor of the latter. Among the non-daily papers we will quote the JOURNAL DES VILLES ET DES CAMPAGNES, whose existence few Parisians suspect, although it dates from 1814, and has a very decent circulation among curés and country burgomasters. Among the political and literary reviews, the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, founded in 1831 by M. Buloz, has attained the highest rank in Europe, and the ILLUSTRATION, whose greatest praise is found in the number of its subscribers, 18,000—a fabulous amount for a review.

"In the departments, something like five or six hundred papers are published; but with the exception of very few, they possess no political or literary value.

"We have said that the papers were forced to lower their prices by the establishment of the cheap press. In 1848, the stamp having been abolished, they underwent a further reduction; but since it has been reestablished, all, with the exception of the *Presse*, have risen again, not to the tariff of 1847, but of 1835. Thus, in this way too, we have retrograded twenty years."

We cannot do better than end our paper, ere it become wearisome, by quoting a profound remark of Renaudot, the founder of the French press, which is of a nature to afford satisfaction, if anything can, to our literary brethren in France: "La presse tient cela de la nature des torrents, qu'elle se grossit par la résistance."

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CONSTANCY.—A young British officer in India, who was shockingly mutilated and disfigured in battle, after mature reflection, requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from the bridal arrangement. Her noble answer was worthy of a true woman: "Tell him if there is enough of his *body* left to contain his *soul*, I shall hold him to his engagement."

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE LOST FACULTY, OR SIXTH SENSE.

THE introduction of sin into the world has produced changes in its moral as well as physical condition, of the true extent of which we can now have but faint ideas. Whilst principles have been added in abundance inimical to the happiness of the human race both here and hereafter, powers and faculties have been weakened, suspended, or altogether withdrawn, that were calculated to increase our knowledge and add to our felicity in the present state, and prepare and fit us for a higher destiny in the world of light. Of some of these, nothing remains to us but short and transient glimpses, scarcely clear enough to satisfy our eager inquiry as to their true and precise nature. Encompassed as we are by the elements of a corrupt and depraved constitution, we have enough to do to correct and restrain its propensities, and to cultivate the moral powers and faculties we still possess, leaving us little leisure to reflect upon, or fully to comprehend, those of which we have been deprived by the fall. It requires a course of inductive research and reflective examination to arrive at anything like a correct or satisfactory judgment of a condition of being which no longer exists in its original form; and the great bulk of mankind have neither the mental power nor the moral disposition to enter upon the inquiry. And thus, whilst surrounded with the indications of attributes once possessed in all their plenitude, and of a nature far more refined and exalted than any they can now boast, their short and occasional revivals, like the geological creations of primeval nature, are the sources of wonder, curiosity, and even terror, to the masses, rather than of reflective examination or analogical comparison.

The existence of spiritual beings—inde-  
pendent of material forms, and possessed  
of the faculties of mind—has been an  
object of faith in all ages and nations of  
the world; and it arises out of the nature  
of things. The Creator himself is a spirit,  
and having made man "in his own image,"

has necessarily bestowed upon him a spiritual as well as a corporeal nature. Without this he would not have been qualified to serve or comprehend his Creator, nor would he have been fitted for a future state of existence, but would have been on a par "with the beasts which perish." We have reason, however, to believe, that the attributes of this spiritual nature were exercised by our first parents before the fall in a far larger and more perfect measure than we can now form any conception of; that by it they were qualified for the enjoyment of personal and familiar intercourse with their Creator, and of habitual fellowship with those angelic and spiritual beings who are described in Scripture as still "sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of salvation." Such, we have just reason to believe, was one of the high privileges attached to a state of sinless humanity.

This spiritual intercourse with beings of another world, involves the question, by what agency was it conducted? Was it by a corporeal or mental sense or faculty that the perception of spiritual beings was communicated to the mind? To this, we reply, that a spiritual communion requires a spiritual medium or perception; a faculty distinct from our ordinary sensual organs. The bodily eye cannot "discern spirits" any more than the hands can feel them. The very nature of spirits forbids this; for if it were otherwise, we should see ourselves continually surrounded with spiritual beings, which, as has already been observed, are employed by Infinite Wisdom in the fulfilment of His high commands in this lower world. We are warranted, both by Scripture and reason, in believing that a faculty distinct from the ordinary corporeal senses we now possess, was the agent by which this spiritual intercourse was held by our first parents.

This faculty, or sixth sense, consisted in the power of perceiving, by the "mind's eye," spiritual beings, with the same ordi-

nary faculty with which the corporeal eye perceives material substances. This mental vision we believe to have been an ordinary endowment of humanity in its original state of innocence; and that had man continued in that condition, it would still have been enjoyed; but that, by the fall, and the consequent corruption of the race, it was lost, or held in abeyance, as a common attribute of our nature; being, however, occasionally and temporarily restored or imparted to individuals, for special purposes. Numerous instances of this are recorded in the Holy Scriptures; and we believe that in every such instance, as well as in those in which apparitions have been seen in modern times, it has been through the medium of this sixth, or mental faculty.

Before proceeding further in our inquiry into this mysterious but deeply important subject, we must digress for the purpose of drawing a line of distinction between the legitimate and authentic manifestation of this mental faculty, and those cases of fraud and imposture, by which designing men in all ages of the world have practised upon the credulity and superstition of the ignorant. Notwithstanding the exposure to which such practices have been subjected, past experience appears to be wholly lost upon succeeding generations. Fresh impostors are, from time to time, rising up with temporary success, to be, in their turn, convicted, and their pretensions exploded, by the falsification of their dogmas, or the failure of their predictions. Innumerable "false Christs and false prophets," for instance, have, since the advent of the true Messiah, appeared, and practised their delusions upon the credulous, "drawing much people after them." And in comparatively modern times, the assumptions of John of Leyden, Richard Brothers, Johanna Southcott, and last, but not least, "Joe Smith," of Mormon celebrity, are but modifications of the same monstrous and blasphemous imposture practised in ancient times by the Sibylline Oracles, under the heathen mythology, and too closely copied under the Christian name, by the authority of the Romish church. We have no hesitation, either, in denouncing as a species of the same class of delusions, the spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other similar novelties of the present day, which are now subsiding, but which for a while withdrew the minds of thousands from

the ordinary but more serious and useful business of life, and occupied them with what at best could yield them no increase of knowledge, no temporal or spiritual benefit, nor leave any salutary influence whatever upon the mind or heart.

Notwithstanding this disclaimer of any sympathy with fraud, imposture, credulity, or ghostly assumption, of whatever kind, we do not the less believe that the superstitious feeling which has given them success, has had its origin in the principle we have been asserting as inherent in the original constitution of the human race, and still latent, though held in abeyance by the grossness and materiality of our minds. And from this abeyant faculty proceeds, also, that fear of spiritual apparitions so commonly evinced. Their unfrequency, their transient visits, the little knowledge we possess of their nature, all tend to render them the subjects of terror and apprehension. The true cause, however, of this, is the consciousness of the degradation of our nature, by the introduction of moral guilt generally, and the conviction of it in our own conscience in particular. Adam and Eve, before the fall, held personal and familiar intercourse *fearlessly* with their Maker; but no sooner were they become transgressors, than they became also the subjects of terror, at the thought of meeting Him in the garden; and "hid themselves from His presence amongst the trees."

How different an aspect would this world have presented had man continued in a state of innocence! Permitted to hold personal intercourse with his Maker, and those exalted beings who inhabit the realms of light, but who are allowed to range this world; himself placed nearly upon an equality with these latter, and destined hereafter to live, like them, forever in a condition of still higher felicity; beholding and adoring the infinite perfections of the Deity, and comprehending the vastness and grandeur of His works; enjoying, through a medium adapted to ethereal and immaterial natures, those refined pleasures which spiritual beings alone can fully appreciate, and void of all fear or apprehension, which are the fruits of a sense of guilt; his existence would hence have been one of unclouded and unalloyed happiness. Earth would have presented a prototype of heaven, time would have been but the vestibule to eternity, and his translation from one to

the other would have been but a change in the degree, not in the perfection, of his bliss.

Such was the condition of man in Paradise before the fall; and although, upon that event, a sense of guilt produced such fear at the thought of meeting his offended Maker, as led him for the moment to seek to hide himself, if possible, from His presence, we have no reason to suppose, although the direct personal intercourse with Him had ceased, that it was not, in another form, renewed upon his repentance. We have no evidence to show that our first parents became at once so utterly depraved in character as to have lost the privilege or the desire of that spiritual communion with Him through a mediator, which was subsequently vouchsafed to the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and which, in a lesser degree, has been enjoyed by believers in all ages of the church. The covenant made with them immediately subsequent to the fall, is a sufficient proof that such was not the case; and that, although they had by their disobedience become transgressors, and therefore unfit to hold *direct* intercourse with the Deity, their repentance gained them, by virtue of that covenant, access to His presence through a mediator. And thus has communion between God and his creature man been *maintained ever since*.

Nor has this intercourse been always confined to the ordinary means of approaching the Divine being by the exercise of prayer and praise. On various occasions, visible manifestations of spiritual agency between the Creator and the creature have taken place. Innumerable instances are recorded in Scripture of such apparitions; proving both the existence of spiritual beings, the immortality of the soul, and the latent possession of that mental vision, by means of which such spiritual agency is discerned. It is to these cases we shall now direct our attention, as affording illustrations of the nature of spiritual intercourse, and of the medium by which it is conducted.

We have already shown that the communion between the Divine Being and our first parents, before their fall, was direct and familiar. We know not how long this continued, the Scriptures being wholly silent on the subject. But we know that immediately upon the fall, the idea of that communion became painful

to them. They were sensible of their degradation and guilt, and feared to appear in His presence who still sought them out. The interview that succeeded, appears to have been the last of a personal nature; and on that occasion, the appointment of a mediator was announced at the same moment with the curse inflicted upon their disobedience, and the withdrawal of the Divine presence in personal intercourse.

The case of Cain is the next that presents itself; and we infer, from the words in the 14th and 16th verses of the fourth chapter of Genesis, that up to the commission of his crime, Cain also had held intercourse, in one form or other, with his Maker. "Behold!" said he, (verse 14th,) "thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from *thy face shall I be hid*." And again (verse 16th)—"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord," &c. We learn from these passages, that up to this interview, Cain had enjoyed the same intercourse with the Divine Being as Adam and Eve; but the heinous crime of which he had been guilty, and his subsequent impenitence, caused the withdrawal from him of those spiritual perceptions by means of which that intercourse had been sustained.

From this period of our fallen humanity, the communion between God and his creature man has been effected through the interposition of a mediator; and those visible manifestations vouchsafed at various times to the patriarchs and prophets under the old dispensation, and the immediate disciples of the Saviour under the new, were, as we apprehend, through the spiritual agency, and by means of the same mental faculty. And, if we are to judge from some of the most remarkable instances recorded, the vision of the apparition was confined to those for whose special benefit, or otherwise, it was intended. The most striking of these cases, perhaps, is that of the young man, the servant of the prophet Elisha; (2 Kings vi, 17,) who, having expressed his fears on account of the multitude of the Assyrian army which had invested the city in which the prophet resided, Elisha prayed—"Lord, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw, and behold! the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha."



This, we conceive, was a temporary restoration of mental vision for a specific purpose; affording at the same time convincing evidence to the believer, that we are surrounded with spiritual beings, invisible to the corporeal senses, and only to be discerned by an impartation or restoration of a faculty of which sin has deprived us.

The case of Saul in his interview with the spirit of Samuel, through the agency of the witch of Endor, is another instance of the temporary restoration of this faculty. (1 Samuel xxviii., 11-20.) In this case, there appears to have been an art used by the woman; probably something analogous to mesmerism or clairvoyance, which, there is reason to believe, was practised in ancient times, by the Eastern Magi and other sorcerers. Of the precise nature, however, of this vision, we have not sufficient data to enable us to judge, nor of the witch's proceedings to procure the vision. But we do learn, from various portions of Scripture, that *guilt was attached to all such attempts to pry into the secrets* of the spiritual and invisible world, by whatever means it is accomplished, and that, under the Mosaic law, the practice of exorcising spirits, or of witchcraft, was punished with death.

Of the appearance of our Saviour after his resurrection, we have the most circumstantial evidence; and from the accounts given by Paul in 1 Cor. xv., 5-8, and several other passages, we infer that he was only seen by his disciples, and not by the people at large. This was still more clearly shown after his ascension, in the cases both of Saul, and of the proto-martyr, Stephen. On the former occasion Saul alone, of all the party, saw the Saviour, although they all heard the voice, (Acts ix., 4-9.) That it was by mental sight only that Saul beheld him, the narrative warrants us to believe; for such was the brightness of the apparition, that his bodily sight was blasted by it for the time, whilst, with the mental eye, he recognized the glorified body of the Saviour.

The case of Stephen was equally striking and clear. He alone, of the whole multitude, beheld "the heavens open, and the Saviour standing on the right hand of God." (Acts vii., 55, 56.) Had this apparition been visible to his bodily sense, it would have been so also to that of the spectators of his execution.

Nor is the case of Peter, recorded in Acts xii., 7-12, less conclusive in this respect. The fact of the mental vision being alone in exercise is plainly to be inferred from the narrative. The apparition in this case was "an angel," and Peter was sleeping bound between two soldiers, and the keepers were at their posts "before the door," watching the prisoners. Yet Peter was relieved from his chains, rose, passed through the several doors of the prison, without being perceived by any of them, and, apparently in a state of somnambulism, followed his spiritual conductor "through one street," when the angel left him, and he began "to come to himself."

Many more such cases might be selected from both the Old and New Testaments, equally conclusive, in our view of them, as to the reality, on the one hand, of a world of spirits on this earth, invisible to the corporeal sense, and only perceptible to the mental eye by a special impartation of power; and, on the other, that this mental faculty, though lost to us as a common attribute of our nature, by the fall, has, in a vast number of instances, been temporarily restored; and that, in all such cases of apparitions, the mental vision alone was the medium by which spiritual beings have been "discerned." Our next inquiry is, whether this sixth sense or faculty is still latent in the human constitution, whether it is ever involuntarily manifested and exercised, and how far it is capable of being restored temporarily by artificial means, as in the case of the witch of Endor.

There are two ways in which intercourse has been held between the material and spiritual world—namely, by dreams and by visions. We shall adduce instances of each, confining ourselves to those which are the best authenticated, and about which, from the number and respectability of the testimonies, there can be no doubt as to the truth.

First,—With regard to dreams, it may be proper to premise that we have no certain knowledge of the philosophy of these singular impulses of the imagination. Dr. Hibbert, who wrote on the subject, ascribes both dreams and visions, but especially the latter, solely to a morbid temperament of the system, producing certain sensations, effected by objects actually presented to the organs of sense; and that spectral illusions, whether sleep-

ing or waking, are nothing more than recollected images of the mind; and apparitions are "*past feelings renovated*" by means of sensations produced by a morbid condition of the system. And yet, this same writer adduces cases of apparitions which it is impossible to account for on his own principle. Let the reader judge of the cases we shall now place before him, with the authorities on which they are related.

The following account is taken from *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1826:

"SIR,—Being in company the other day when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one of which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth. About the year 1781, my father, Mr. D——, of K——, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to enter the classes. Having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, he remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D—— and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, as Rosslyn, Arthur's Seat, Craig Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from one of these places, Mr. D—— said: 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to-morrow to Inchkeith, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat. We shall be off at six.' Mrs. Griffiths had not long been in bed and asleep, when she screamed out, in the most violent agitation, 'The boat is sinking! save, oh! save them!' The Major awoke her, and said: 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh! no,' she said: 'I have not since thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright: 'I see the boat is going down!' The Major again awoke her, and she said: 'It was owing to the other dream I had, for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell into a sound sleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed out: 'They are gone! the boat is sunk!' When the Major awoke her, she said: 'Now I cannot rest; Mr. D—— must not go, for I feel I should be miserable till his return—the thought of it would almost kill me.' She instantly

arose, threw on her dressing-gown, went to his bedside, for his room was next her own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what must I say to my young friends, whom I have promised to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill—for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under my protection, and should anything happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr. D—— immediately rose and wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautiful, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat went to the bottom, with all that were in it, and they were never heard of more, nor was any part of the boat ever seen. I often heard the story from my father, who always added: 'It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude I never can forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream. M. C., Prince's street, Edinburgh, May, 1826.'

The following case occurred when the writer was a boy, and all the circumstances took place under his own knowledge:

A man of the name of Neale, a cattle-jobber, lived at A——, in Norfolk. He was a man of dissipated and intemperate habits, spending most of his time in public houses, and seldom leaving until intoxicated. On one occasion he had been drinking at a house at L——bridge, and left at eleven o'clock at night, completely drunk. The innkeeper tried to persuade him to stop all night, as he had to cross a wide river in his road home; but he persisted in his determination, and set off on horseback to go about two or three miles.

The next morning his horse was found, saddled and bridled, on the opposite side of the river through which he had to pass, in a farmyard which was the thoroughfare. It was at once supposed that Neale was drowned, and parties were employed to drag the river, above and below the ford; but no body was discovered, nor could any tidings be learned of him, except that he had left the public house, in the state described, at a late hour.

About noon, the farmer in whose yard the horse was found came to the writer's father—whose estate joined the farmer's

land—to consult about the affair, the writer also being present. Whilst they were conversing, another man came up, who was a stranger, and asked if one of the gentlemen was Mr. C——? “Yes,” said the writer’s father, “my name is C——; what do you want with me?” “Well,” said the stranger, “I suppose you will laugh at me, but I came here in consequence of a dream I had last night. I dreamt that I saw a man fall off his horse in the river opposite your meadows, and he was drowned.” “That’s very remarkable,” said Mr. C——; “we were just talking about a person that is lost, and we believe he is drowned; but we can’t discover the body.” “Well,” said the stranger again, “then if my dream is right, I think I can take you to the very spot where he lies, for I know your meadows, and have the very place in my eye.” The whole party, *including the writer*, then followed the stranger, who went straight, as if a line had been drawn, to the river side, and there, at about four yards from the bank, lay the body of Neale, the water not being more than three feet deep.

An inquest was, of course, held, and suspicion having attached to the stranger, a searching inquiry was instituted into the truth of his story, when it was found to be perfectly correct. He was a laboring man, and having gone to bed early the evening before, he had thrice awoke his wife to tell her that he saw a man drowned opposite Mr. C.’s meadows; and the next morning he could not rest until he had gone to inquire about it. His innocence, too, was confirmed by the facts of Neale’s watch and purse being found in the pockets of the corpse, and there being no marks of violence about the body. Under the circumstances, therefore, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, exonerating the man from all suspicion.

Our next account is taken from the *Times* newspaper of Sept. 8, 1825, and is as follows:

“On Sunday last, a respectable young man, named James Williams, residing in King street, St. George’s in the east, while on a party of pleasure with some friends, was drowned near Barking. On the nights of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday preceding his death, he was haunted by the most fearful dreams, which presented appalling pictures of drowning in every

variety of shapes, and with all imaginable terrifying accompaniments. The first dream he paid little attention to; neither did he take much notice of the second. But the third, in consequence of its repetition, making a deep impression upon his mind, he communicated it to his sister. She, knowing the engagement he had made the next day, and his intention of going on the water, made use of the strongest and most sisterly arguments to dissuade him from his purpose. All entreaties were, however, without effect. He still, though somewhat staggered, determined to keep his engagement, and not disappoint his friends; and asked what would be thought of him if he were to assign an idle dream as an excuse for his absence? His mind, notwithstanding, was influenced by the conviction that what was intended as a day of pleasure, would eventually prove one of mourning, and fatal to him. He, therefore, told his sister that should the catastrophe which he anticipated take place, let his body be ever so long in the water, it would be recognized by certain marks on his dress. He then punched three letters on each of his shoes, which he pointed out to his sister, and set forward on his ill-fated expedition. Boats are dragging in all directions for his body, which has not yet been found.”

The following case occurred to the writer himself; and as the dream it refers to was probably the means of saving the lives of three children, he makes no scruple of inserting it:

A near relation of the writer’s was on terms of friendship with a family residing in D——, who also had a country house amidst the beautiful mountain scenery of the county of W——. Our friend (a young lady) was occasionally invited to spend a few weeks at this latter place, from whence they made excursions in the neighborhood, which abounds in the most picturesque and romantic scenery. During the winter of 1850, the writer dreamed that his relative was on a visit to this family, and that they made an excursion to the mountains; that on ascending one of them, they had alighted from the cars on a level spot, inclining a little towards the edge, beyond which was an abrupt precipice several hundred feet in depth. Upon alighting on this spot, three of the children commenced running down the slope towards the brink of the precipice—when, such was the agitation of the writer



at the danger they were in, that he awoke just as they reached the edge.

This dream he told to the young lady the next morning; but as she had no prospect for many months of realizing any portion of the dream, the recollection of it wholly passed, for the time, from the minds of both.

In the following autumn, however, our friend was invited down to spend a few weeks in W——, and one day a party was made up to ride to the mountains. One part of their route was so exceedingly steep, that all had to leave the cars and climb up to the more accessible part. On reaching this, they came to a level green spot, radiating about twenty yards from the abrupt rock, and finishing with a sharp edge, over which was a steep precipice.

As soon as the children found themselves on level ground, three of them, of whom our friend had charge, commenced running down the slope. She saw the danger, and instantly the dream recurred, *for the first time*, to her memory, in all its terrors. She screamed out, which caused the children to turn round; and fearing that she had been hurt, they came back to her, and thus were saved—for such was the impetus they had gained by running, and so near were they to the brink, that had they gone half a dozen steps further, nothing could have saved them. Upon calling to mind the description that had been given of the spot in the dream, and comparing it with the one actually before her eyes, she found it corresponded in the minutest particulars, although the writer had never seen or heard any description of the locality; and whatever may have been the influence that caused the dream, it must be considered as the means, under Providence, of saving the lives of the three children.

One more case shall conclude our relations under the head of dreams.

“A young lady of the name of Lancaster, whose father was one of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, and who lived in Warwick-court, Holborn, a few years ago, was suddenly deprived of her speech. She had, at the time this happened, the best medical advice the city of London could afford, without the desired effect. One night she dreamed (about four years ago)\* that she saw the figure of an angel, who told her if she went to Bath, she would recover her speech. In the morning she

communicated her dream to her father, who was then living. He laughed at her dream, and being a man who paid but little respect to these nocturnal admonitions, the journey to Bath was refused. Upon the death of her father, which happened a short time after, she had a dream of a similar nature. Being then her own mistress, she determined upon a visit to that place. The day she arrived at Bath, while she was sitting at dinner with a female friend, who had accompanied her on the journey, she suddenly screamed out and fell from her chair in a fit. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and when she recovered, to the astonishment of her friend, she spoke as well as ever; informing all present, that whilst she was at dinner, she saw before her the same figure of an angel that had admonished her to go to Bath. This lady is now living, perfectly recovered in her speech, which can be testified by many medical men whom she was under during the loss of it.”

Second,—We shall now proceed to give instances of the vision of apparitions; a subject which presents far more difficulties than that of dreams, but which, nevertheless, is to be solved upon the same principle, namely, the existence of spirits, and the presence amongst us of spiritual beings. If we believe this—and none but confirmed infidels and materialists call it in question—the subject then resolves itself into the possibility of these beings becoming visible to us. On this point we would repeat, that the Scriptures are full of instances of such apparitions, and of communications, through their agency, with the inhabitants of this lower world; and there is no reason to suppose that what has happened may not happen again, nor have we any reasonable ground to think it impossible. The argument that the age of miracles has gone by forever, does not apply to these cases at all. The faculty of “discerning spirits” is but the restoration of what was once common to our nature, and not the creation or impartation of something which did not before exist, which latter would constitute a miracle. Thus, the turning water into wine, the instantaneous healing of the sick, the raising of the dead to life, the restoration of sight to the blind, the marvellous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, with the rest of the acts of our Saviour, were essentially miracles, because they

\* This was about the end of the last century.



went beyond the order of nature, and produced effects without an adequate cause, or infinitely beyond the means apparent to the spectator. Such is not the case with the question before us. Admit the existence of spiritual beings, and the truth of the scriptural account of their appearance, and the *possibility*, and thence the *probability*, of a similar occurrence, follows as a matter of course. "The essential difference," says a modern writer, "of the mental and corporeal natures which compose our present state of existence, renders it in a high degree probable that there may occasionally be permitted to take place, some mental communications, usually termed spectral impressions, independent of, and not influenced by, the agency of our external organs of sense, the media of material intercourse in this lower sphere of temporal abode. . . .

An *apparition* is that only which is susceptible of mental perception, and not subject to corporeal proof; an *illusion* is a visible deception or misconception of material objects," producing "phantasms" which are "fancies of the mind. Such is the essential difference between an optical delusion of the material senses, and the mental perception of a supernatural appearance."\* We shall now adduce some well-authenticated cases of apparitions.

"A gentleman of the name of Handcock, who commanded the Norfolk East India-man some years ago, was dining at the Cape of Good Hope with a number of friends, and was observed to rise from table and look a considerable time out of the window. When he returned to his seat, they asked him if there was anything remarkable that made him rise so suddenly, and attracted his notice? He replied by asking them if they had not observed a lady look into the room? They declared they had not, and told him he was dreaming. 'It makes so strong an impression on my mind,' said he, 'that I will immediately note the circumstance in my memorandum book. I can assure you there was one, and it was my wife, and,' he added, 'you will all much oblige me, if you also will enter it as well.' To humor him, they did so.

"On his return to England, an intimate friend of his went into the Downs, where the Norfolk then was, to communicate to

him the melancholy news of his wife's death. The instant he saw him come on board, he told him he knew the occasion of it. 'My wife,' said the Captain, 'is dead, and died on such a day, and at such an hour,' accounting for the difference in the longitude. His friend was astonished, and asked him by what means he got intelligence of her death? 'I will inform you directly,' said the Captain, and went to his secretary, and produced the memorandum he had made at the time at the Cape, when he saw the apparition. There are many persons now living who had this relation from Captain Handcock's own mouth."—*Apparitions Demonstrations of the Soul's Immortality*. 1799.

The character of the late Lord ——\* is in the hourly remembrance of too many to need any notice of him, further than observing that an excessive, inordinate passion for the fair sex, and sentiments closely approximating to the scepticism of the time, tended to throw a dark shade over superiority of manners, and brilliancy of talents, which it is to be regretted should have been so intemperately allied.

Two nights previous to his death, it appears, from an account given by a relation of the nobleman, "that on his retiring to bed after his servant was dismissed, and his light extinguished, he heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention to the spot, when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her life, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed. The room was preternaturally light; the objects in the chamber were distinctly visible. Raising her hand and pointing to the dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with a severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man, that in that very hour, on the third day of the vision, his life and his sins would be terminated, and nothing but their punishment remain, if he did not avail himself of the warning to repentance which he had received. The eye of the dying man glanced upon the dial; the

\* "Past Feelings Renovated," &c., reply to Dr. Hibbert.

\* We make the extract without the name, as the circumstances have now long passed.

hand was on the stroke of twelve. Again the apartment was involved in total darkness; the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away in her departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirits, ready flow of wit and vivacity of manners, which had formerly been the pride and ornament of the unhappy being to whom she had delivered her tremendous message."

It appears, from another account, given by a gentleman who was upon a visit to his lordship at the time of the occurrence, (which took place in the year 1779,) in company also with several other ladies and gentlemen, that the noble lord had not long returned from Ireland; that after the spectre had left him he called his servant, who slept in an adjoining closet, and who found his master in a violent agitation, and a profuse perspiration.

The circumstance affected his lordship's spirits all the next day; and the third day he said, while at breakfast with the above personages, "If I live over to-night I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day." At that time the party were at his lordship's residence in Berkeley square, Wells street, but immediately after set out for Pitt place, where they had not long arrived when his lordship was visited with a fit of epilepsy, to which he was much subject. After a short interval he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when, as his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint water, his lordship, perceiving him stir it with a toothpick, called him a slovenly dog, and bid him fetch a tea-spoon. But on the man's return, he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore hard upon his neck; when the servant, instead of relieving his lordship on the instant from his perilous situation, ran in his fright and called out for help; but on his return he found his lordship dead.

In explanation of this strange tale, it is said that the deceased acknowledged, previous to his death, that the woman he had seen was the mother of two Misses A——s, who resided with him, whom, together with a third sister, then in Ireland, his lordship had prevailed on to leave their mother, who resided near his country residence in Shropshire. It is further stated that she died of grief, through the desertion of her children, at the precise time when the female vision appeared to

his lordship, and that about the period of his own dissolution, a person answering his description, visited the bedside of the late M. P. A——s, Esq., (who had been the friend and companion of his lordship in his revels,) and suddenly throwing open the curtains, desired Mr. A. to come to him. The latter, not knowing that his lordship had returned from Ireland, suddenly got up, when the phantom disappeared. Mr. A. frequently declared that the alarm cost him a sharp fit of illness; and on his subsequent visits to Pitt place, no solicitation would ever prevail on him to take a bed there, but he would invariably return, however late, to the Spread Eagle, Epsom, for the night.

In corroboration of the main facts of this case, Sir N. Wraxall relates, that four years after the event, he visited the house and the chamber at Pitt place, in which it occurred; and that at the Dowager Lady ——'s house he had frequently seen a painting executed by her ladyship expressly to commemorate the event. In it the dove appears at a window, whilst a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to the nobleman his dissolution. This picture was hung up in a conspicuous part of the drawing-room, and every part of it was faithfully designed after the description given by the valet-de-chambre who attended him, and to whom his lordship related all the circumstances.

#### LORD ROSSMORE.

(By Sir Jonah Barrington.)

"Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room in Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day; and he sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company. 'My little Trebenser,' said he, addressing Lady Barrington by her pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter; so tell him that come he *must*. She promised positively: and, on her return,

informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound at short intervals. It resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air, when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone. It seemed descending. I felt every nerve trembling. It was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came. At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an *Æolian harp*; but to that instrument it bore no similarity; it was altogether a different kind of sound. My wife at first appeared less agitated than I, but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden below. The sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued. Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sound lasted for more than half an hour. At last, a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, '*Rossmore! Rossmore! Rossmore!*' I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid flew in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady

Barrington to retire to bed. In about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent. Lady B., who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should probably be rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we both fell into a sound slumber.

"About seven the next morning, a strong tap at my chamber door awoke me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed into my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken by surprise on any subject. It was light. I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the instant, from the other side, 'O Lord, Sir!' 'What is the matter?' said I, hurriedly. 'Oh! Sir,' ejaculated he, 'Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming home from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that half an hour after two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed, (he slept in the same room,) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over.'"

This account was written by Sir Jonah Barrington himself; and he adds: "I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incidents as *unequivocal matters of fact*. Lord Rossmore was actually dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions. Perhaps natural causes may be assigned for the sounds, but I am totally unequal to the task.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY IN METALLURGY.—The *Manchester Guardian* says that M. de Lille, of Paris, has discovered a process by which aluminium may be obtained from cryolite, so as to afford it at as low a price per ounce as silver; and, since an ounce of the former has four times the volume of an ounce of the latter, it will of course give us articles of plate of the same size so much cheaper—that is, at one fourth the price.

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TOTAL ECLIPSES FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS.—Calculations have been made at the observatory of Paris, that from the present time to the end of the nineteenth century there will be only six total eclipses of the sun, not one of which will be visible in France, viz.: In 1860, 1861, 1870, 1887, 1896, and 1900; so that from the year 1000 to 1900 there will have been 255 eclipses of the sun, with only one total for Paris—on August 12th, 1653.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## REMAINS OF JOHN BYROM.\*

THANKS to the deciphering diligence of Miss Bolger, and to Canon Parkinson's editorial industry, we are presented with another instalment of the Remains of John Byrom; and a goodly amount of interesting and curious matter it contains, of one sort and another, theological and theosophical, political and domestical, local and general, professional and miscellaneous. The next coming part, however, which will complete the second volume, is like to be of special interest, containing, as it will, a Journal, printed for the first time, of what happened at Manchester during Prince Charles Edward's stay there, in 1745.

Dr. Byrom's Jacobite *penchant* is discoverable once and again in the present volume. One evening (1737) we find him something ill at ease among a company of Whigs, at the Duke of Devonshire's, where "by-and-by he [Captain Vernon] began: 'The immortal memory'—'a good health in some parts,' Lord James [Cavendish] said, I think; and the Captain said, 'Yes, everywhere almost, now;' and he filled a bumper and drank to the immortal memory of King William, and Lord James followed and took off his hat and performed the ceremony mightily devoutly; and I was thinking how to put by that nonsense, and it came into my head that I might as well take leave to go to Mr. Noole's, and so I did, and they seemed to part with me readily enough." Again in 1739, there is the following passage in an entry in the Diary touching one of Byrom's many interviews with the celebrated William Law, a man after Byrom's own mind in politics, and his own heart in religion: "He said that they talked of the Pretender's coming, was not I afraid of it? I said, No, not at all: and he talked in his favor, and that the m. was satis-

factorily concluded between the psw and the ldstm, and as we came away, gave him (the father) a most excellent character for experience, wisdom, piety; I said that I saw him once; he said, Where? I said, At A. [vignon:] he said, Did you kiss hands? I said, Yes, and parted; he said that Mr. Mordon [? Morton] and Clutton had been with him, that there should not be so much talk about such matters, that the time was not now, that he loved a man of taciturnity." Very natural, too, that love for a man of taciturnity, in such matters as the Rev. William Law was then dabbling withal. Byrom's freedom of speech and open candor of disposition seem on more than one occasion to have wrought his reverence some annoy, to which he was loth to give expression, so dearly did he prize "a man of taciturnity," and so thoroughly was he on thorns with one of an opposite temperament. At another visit, in the same year, we find Law impressing on his friend the need of secrecy in respect to certain apocryphal MSS. entrusted to him: he "insisted," says Byrom, "upon the conditions of my having the MSS., viz., that I should not transcribe them nor let any body know of them, but that the matter should pass between him and me only; I said, So let it be, if you tell me, before, I will be continent, but that I had none to converse with, and it was a desolate condition; he said he had taken notice—but did not know but it might proceed from a superior principle in me, a goodness probably, but—and mentioned that when our king [Qu. the Pretender] came I should go into orders." The *differentia* of character in the two worthy Jacobites comes out with life-like naïveté in this extract—the frank sociability of the stenographic Doctor, and the humming and hawing reserve of the mystic divine.

Here is another brief entry pertinent to the Pretender, of a somewhat earlier date: "Mr. Page showed him [Mr. White, at Will's coffee-house] the picture of Clem"

\* *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom.* Edited by RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D., F.S.A., Principal of St. Bees College, and Canon of Manchester. Vol. II., Part I. Printed for the Chetham Society. 1356.



and her husband upon enamel, valued at 10*l.*, and asked him the value, and he said he did not value the picture of any king or queen to give ten p. for, upon which I said I would inform that he had called the Pretender king;"—a sally which affords the editor a fair opportunity of recalling to mind Byrom's far-famed epigram, which, we suppose, everybody knows by heart, and almost nobody knows to *be* Byrom's:

"God bless the King! I mean our faith's de-  
fender;  
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pre-  
tender;  
But who Pretender is, or who is King,—  
God bless us all! that's quite another thing!"

In the highest sense of the word, Dr. Byrom *improves* on acquaintance; he becomes more serious and unworldly as the Diary progresses, without, however, incurring any suspicion of cant or affectation; the cypher in which he locked up his daily entries effectually precludes the suspicion to which so many modern Diaries are open, of his being devout not without the thought of (if not with a widely-open eye to) publication. His orthodoxy, too, is patent, and even pugnacious at times— notwithstanding the evident interest he took in the sayings and writings of thorough-paced deists on the one hand, and of speculative mystics on the other. "Mr. Reynolds the deist there," he writes in 1736, "talked with me strangely, and I should not talk and hear such things." At the club "they were talking strangely about religious topics, and Mr. Folkes said that Mr. Collins had made him a heretic about the book of Daniel." "Thence with Taylor White, who talked wildly about the sacraments." "Read and noted a little from Saint Bernard's letters about the Trinity in the *Opera Pet. Abelardi*, where find that he [Abelard] was a r—s—n—r in his days." In 1737 Byrom engages in a lengthy dispute with no less a person than Dr. (next year Bishop) Butler and others, on the subject of prophecy and miracles, involving "an argument and talk about reason and authority, they being for reason and I for authority, that we had reason indeed to follow authority, viz., the consent of the Christian Church. Dr. B. [utler] hinted at a time when the whole Christian Church almost was in the wrong, and then what must become of authority? And I said I did

not apprehend that there had been such a time, thinking that he meant the Arian times, which were probably not so universal, as Dr. Deacon\* had I believe rightly observed once, viz., that it was only a flight of St. Jerome." There is some close wrestling and hard hitting on both sides, as the controversy goes on. "The Dr.," says Byrom, with characteristic candor, "talked with much mildness, and myself with too much impetuosity." And at the close Byrom utters a wish that he had "Dr. Butler's temper and calmness, yet not quite, because I thought he was a little too little vigorous."† Byrom's orthodoxy,

\* A justly valued fellow-townsmen of Byrom's, whose letters are not the least noticeable part of these "Remains." We shall probably hear more of him and his family in the next volume. One son, "Master Tho.," (Theodorus,) is occasionally mentioned in the present part, playfully and *en passant*, who with the same political bias as Byrom, took a too adventurous share in the affair of the '45, and came thereby to an untimely end. In 1739 we hear of "Master Tho." hurting his hand against a glass window and cutting it so that he cannot use it at present, but 'tis hoped 'twill mend finely, though whether by Thursday so as to hold his bridle is a question. Six years later, alas! Master Tho. meets with cutting and wounding of another sort, which the most hopeful cannot hope will mend finely, and which will infallibly prevent his ever holding bridle again. For in an anticipatory foot-note Dr. Parkinson informs us that "Thomas Theodorus, eldest son of Dr. Deacon, was educated as a physician, but joined the Pretender's regiment in Manchester in 1745 with his two brothers, was taken prisoner at Carlisle, executed at Kennington in 1746, and his head was sent to Manchester, fixed upon a spike, and placed on the top of the Exchange for the edification of the town!"

† Byrom is often accusing himself of over-indulgence in talk. Thus, "Had much talk, qy. too much, with Mr. Lloyd and Bateson, upon occasion of mentioning *Don Quixote* among the pernicious books." (P. 22.)

"We talked away, and I said something of not being discouraged for having done wrong, which Mr. Thyer said that I set in a very good light, but I have always a great apprehension of having talked too much whenever I mention such things, and yet have not the grace to keep silent." (P. 138.)

*Per contra*, however, as to this grace and its exercise: "Dr. Bentley lay down on the carpet, talked of Muley Ismael, and as if Providence was strange to permit such a villain, and I saw, I thought, reason for silence." (P. 149.)

Again: "The Dr. [Hartley] went out in the afternoon, and Mr. Lloyd and I to his lodging, where he read some of Mr. Pope's *Ethic* epistle, and I criticised, and Mr. Woolston, &c., came according to appointment, and came up-stairs, and after we fell into serious talk, and I harangued too much." (P. 162.)

The same day's entry, after detailing other talkings and walkings, to and fro, concludes with "Qu. the difficulty of saying not too much upon these occasions; I should restrain my talking way." (P. 163.)

of a very "churchy" type too, as the phrase goes now-a-days, is exemplified again in his set-to with Dr. Hartley about clerical subscription, &c.; and at another time on the Athanasian Creed and the antiquity of it, "which I said was so antique that there was no tracing it, and took notice of the unfairness of talking from modern books and pamphlets about the primitive writers, confessing that they had not read them, and I said that it was sufficient for my weak understanding that all present Churches agreed in receiving it."

Byrom's intercourse with the leading deists of the age caused his name to be blown upon by some observers. A "young springald" of the Wesleyan "connection" on one occasion twits him with it: "He said that he had heard that I was a professed unbeliever, and had defended Woolston; I said, No, that was not true, that I had not been a professed unbeliever otherwise than by a wicked life and ignorance of such truths as good authors, and particularly Mrs. Bourignon, had convinced me of."

In fact, his leaning towards Messieurs and Mesdames the Mystics, was *prononcé* enough, though his clear good sense and moderation (witness his correspondence with the young lady that *would* be a Quakeress) preserved him from all extravagant views. He delights in John Evangelista's "most admirable book." He is familiar with Tauler, Rosbrochius, Behmen, Mrs. Bourignon, and Madame Guyon, and is ready and able to discuss them with all comers, from the veteran Law down to Methodist striplings. One morning Mr. Charles Wesley calls—not that we include *him* in the category of Methodist striplings—while Dr. Byrom is shaving, and they talk together about the mystics. "He defined the mystics to be those who neglected the use of reason and the means of grace—a pretty definition! I told Mr. Charles Wesley that it was from the mystics, if I understood who they meant by that title, that I had learnt that we ought to have the greatest value for the means of grace," and so forth. In a letter from the Doctor's fellow-townsmen, Mr. Thyer, which pleasantly speculates on Byrom's lonely life in London, as compared with the home occupations and comforts of Manchester, the writer, *inter alia*, observes: "These gloomy meditations and fruitless wishes shaken off, down you march to breakfast;

and here with hearty concern I behold you over a poor, meagre, creamless dish of bohea, with the miserable amusement of a convention or an address,\* instead of the royal entertainment you have at home with your friends Jacob [Behmen] and Antonietta [Bourignon] over a pot of Mrs. Byrom's cordial decoction." So that the Doctor's addiction to Jacob and Antonietta was as notorious as the excellence of his wife's cordial decoction, which, we warrant, many a Lancashire man smacked his lips over in his time, who had no kind of relish for Behmen, Bourignon, and Co. Nor was the Doctor's character as an accomplished philomystic confined to Manchester and its environs. He was known far and wide as a graduate—a first-class man, too—in the school of mysticism. Accordingly, a letter addressed to him in 1741 by the celebrated Dr. Cheyne, opens thus: "Sir—Having learned your character from some of my friends here, [Bath,] good Lady Huntington in particular, and being informed you had studied and sometimes practised in the profession I am of, but since discharged by Providence, but that you had been long conversant in spiritual writings, the approved mystics in particular, and had lately got and read that wonderful German author of several treatises in French, printed at Berlebourg, entitled, *Témoignage d'un enfant de la vérité et droiture des voyes d'Esprit, &c.*" Here the good Bath physician comes to a full stop; which is a convenience for us, though a little ungrammatical, or at least lawyer's-English-like, in him.

In a previous notice we referred to the singular accuracy with which Byrom details, day by day, the solids he ate, and the liquids he drank,

"By day or night,"

as Jack Falstaff has it,

"Or any kind of light,  
With all his might."

The same system is continued far into the present volume. But we observe him to be getting subject to headaches after a while; and so it happens that *post hoc*—we presume not to say *propter hoc*

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\* "In the morning newspapers, which were as meagre as the dish of bohea."—*Editorial Note.*

—the Journalist is far more chary of any such prandial chronicles, and trivial fond records. He no longer journalizes roast and boiled, nor chronicles small beer. Long before the headaches become noticeable, he has been a vegetarian. But even a vegetarian may be “a man of an unbounded stomach;” and we have our fears that Byrom so far indulged in greens and pudding

“With all his might,”

as to do himself no good by the lapse from carnivoracity. He seems to have had a mighty sweet tooth, and to have given it full play, in season and perhaps out of season, if perchance a tempting tartlet or a plenipotent pancake lay in the way. The recurrence becomes almost ludicrous of such entries in the diary as, “With Mr. Lloyd to his house, where we had two large apple-tarts and two cheese-cakes”—“Dined at Dr. Hartley’s upon apple-dumplings and toasted cheese”—“We all dined; I ate some greens and bread and the crust of a gooseberry-pie, and drank three or four glasses of their bottled ale, which was pleasant enough”—“Ate some currants there and oatcake much, and bohea tea, and when I came home a gooseberry-tart and toast and water”—“Had a cheese-cake (3d.) by the way, which being better than ordinary, 1d. more price, did not sit so easy, being buttery”—“Dined there upon greens, potatoes, and pancakes, and drank two or three glasses of wine”—“Dined with Mr. Lightbourne and his lady upon bread, celery, and pancakes, drank some wine, and talked about vegetable diet till four or five”—“Had pancakes and toasted cheese, and drank a little Madeira after dinner”—“Had four tarts and some cheese and bread and some palm wine”—“I had greens to supper, vastly good, and toasted bread and cheese, [ate] heartily, and drank white wine”—“I ate pan-puddings, as they call them, (fritters,) heartily, and a little toasted cheese”—“I ate heartily of plum-pudding and greens and salad, and drank some wine”—“We supped there, and I ate asparagus and pudding”—“We had pease-pudding to dinner, of which I ate heartily”—“Ate

very heartily of the spinach and pancakes”—and once more, and a significant entry too, “I stayed dinner, and at the beginning of dinner, eating the asparagus, I was put into a hurry, which Dr. Hartley took notice of, and said that he believed that I was not well, and I went with him into his study, having drank a glass of wine; I was not sick, it was only something stopping on my chest; and came in again to the room and ate my dinner, ate heartily of pancake and drank three or four glasses of wine, and talked a little about serious matters.” Dr. Byrom was not to be baffled by asparagus, by a mere something stopping on his chest; he would not emulate Master Slender outside Master Page’s porch, but rather Parson Evans, who chuckled over the prospect of “pippins and seeze to come:” a compromise was effected with the obstructive asparagus; once again his bosom’s lord sat lightly on its throne, and he “went in” for pancakes “with a will,” and won, and entered it in his Diary, and we of a hundred and twenty years later read, and admire, not without foreboding of other stoppages on the chest, and chronic headaches in arrear.

Byrom’s character as an affectionate husband and father, and a true-hearted friend, is engagingly developed in this new volume. His letters home are full of heart, “simple, grave, sincere;” the growth of the religious tone in them is most marked and emphatic. Had we space, we might cull some interesting passages from them, and from the correspondence of one or two Manchester friends; to which might be appended a few curious fragments illustrative of high life and home life in the first half of the eighteenth century, of the Porteous riots in Edinburgh, and the fashion of wearing clerical gown and cassock in the streets, and the introduction of tea-kettles, and the making butter by a machine; not forgetting Byrom’s progress in his profession as teacher of short-hand, and his success in securing a patent for his method, by Act of Parliament, *Anno decimo quinto Georgii II. Regis*, scil: A.D. 1742. With which triumph, and at which date, the present publication breaks off, in promising proximity to the Forty-Five.

From Titan.

## GREYSTONE HALL.

## CHAPTER I.

EARLY one autumn morning, I took my way from my humble seaside lodging, setting forth on a day's ramble. I shall not tell you where this retreat of mine is, or descant upon the thousand and one charms of its situation; I wish the little tenement to be still mine, *par excellence*, whenever I am inclined to inhabit it.

It was the embarrassment of wealth that made me pause, before I had gone many yards from my door, to decide in which direction I should turn my steps that day.

Summer was gone, certainly; but I never wail her departure.

As I watched the clouds, driven by a wild wind across a wild sky, and hearkened to the waves breaking and booming against the old grey crags far beneath, my spirits rose buoyantly. I opened the arms of my body and my soul to welcome my rough, true friend—Autumn.

Spring too often presents herself to me as a cruel yet irresistibly attractive coquette. She mocks at passions she rouses—cannot satisfy desires that she awakes; she hints mysteriously of gifts of knowledge, power, love, which she never bestows; she is exacting and retentive; lays heavy burdens on souls, and taunts their toiling, striving, groaning, as she skims along her lightsome way.

Summer finds me wearied out by spring's tyrannous sway. She gives me a drugged draught of honey-sweetness, and lays me away among her roses, bidding me believe that inaction is calm, indifferent languor peace.

I might sleep on, dream deeper and deeper, till my sleep should be that from which is no waking; but autumn comes, breaks summer's spells, repairs spring's mischief, and calls up what in me is kindred to its own strength. So hail to thee, O Autumn!

Something weird in the wildness of

this early morning reminded me of a deserted house I had often seen from a distance in my rambles, and meant to visit. I would go there now, I thought; so turned from the sea a while towards the desolate hills and heaths.

There is something inexpressibly grand in the influence of these apparently boundless tracts of swelling and falling, heather-grown, greystone-sown moorland. I felt it to the full that morning, plunging on against the storm-wind, only guided by a vague idea of the direction in which lay the place of my destination; stopping now and then to turn and see how far behind I had left the ocean; to observe how sometimes it flashed beneath a watery gleam, sometimes lay a black mass beneath a cloud-horizon.

At last I grew slightly weary of long-continued battling with a wind that shouted in triumph, or shrieked in defeat, as I sunk deep in heather, or emerged to go on and on.

I was not sorry when the nature of the scene changed. I had cut across a pretty broad promontory, and now came upon a tiny, rocky bay. From this bay a narrow valley ran up, widening gradually, and at some miles from the water becoming woody and fertile-looking. A road wound along it, leading to a considerable town, where they consume the fish caught in this bay.

I descended the hill-side to the group of cottages, and asked of a woman whom I met toiling up the beach with a heavy load of fish, if any one lived at Greystone Hall. No one, she told me—at least no one was known to live there; but people did tell of strange lights and sights about; but their folk were mostly ~~used~~ <sup>used</sup> to pass it by, and so there was no coming to the rights of it. It had the character of an uncanny place, then! I went on, more eagerly than before, pursuing the road through the valley for a couple of miles, then taking a branch road to the left,



that led me to the park gates. The gates were locked; but between one of the carved pillars and the wall there was a gap, through which I easily entered, stumbling over a fallen and broken vase, moss-grown and half buried in dead leaves.

An avenue of old beeches, yellowed, and fast baring, in whose tops the wind moaned dismally, led up to the house. Great gaunt branches battered its boarded-up windows. I prowled about, taking in the strange influence of the place, and seeking the whereabouts of a certain line and clump of black trees, which I had always remarked when viewing the house from the hills round.

I sought lazily and dreamily, setting wild thoughts to wild music the while. I confess to having been much startled when, as I paused close to the west wing of the house, a voice addressed me. Turning, I saw a small figure standing at the top of the terrace steps—met two blue eyes, that questioned my right to be where I was. I had a name to give, that, for reasons best known to us two, placed me on friendly terms with the owner of those blue eyes, and we entered into conversation. The owner of those blue eyes—clear, calm, youthful eyes—was a woman upwards of sixty, whom I shall call Marg'ret.

For weeks, Greystone Hall was a haunt of mine; I grew acquainted, but not familiar, with its grand desolation, and bit by bit learned something of the history of its last inhabitants. On sunny autumn noons, I paced up and down the terrace for hours, dreaming over what I had heard from Marg'ret. When twilight fell, and the wind soughed sighingly, and the branches of the trees threw themselves about as if possessed, I sometimes too keenly felt—for past grief and excitement had left me with shattered nerves—that

“There are spirits in the air,  
And genii of the evening breeze,  
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
As star-beams among twilight trees.”

Too keenly, I say, because I was obliged to avoid excitement: my reason might then have given way, had I yielded myself to the experiencing of the soul-thrilling awe which even fancied communion with the spirit-world induces.

Marg'ret guided me to the entrance of the dark avenue I had been seeking. She

called it the Black Walk: well it might be so called. The cedars and yews on each side of it shut out all chance of any sunbeam penetrating into its dank dampness. It led to a pool, as appropriately called the Black, round which the trees gathered even more densely; and rank, poisonous-looking weeds flourished. I especially noted the deadly night-shade. I shivered when I emerged from this damp, dismal place—was glad to sun myself in a short-lived gleam that lingered longer on the terrace than elsewhere.

There was much about this Black Pool and Black Walk in what I learned from Marg'ret concerning Greystone Hall. My sickly smile met no answering smile, when I observed, lightly, that, of course, such a place as that was haunted. I received only an evasive reply, which heightened my appetite for the unwholesome food of a ghostly story, which I was sure Marg'ret could tell me. She stood looking over those black tree-tops, beyond, and far away, towards the western sky, down which the sun sloped rapidly. It was not that day that I heard anything of the story of the pool from Marg'ret; but I went home determined that I would hear it—and hear it I did on a subsequent occasion. This is how the Black Pool first fell into ill repute:

Before Marg'ret's time, a young master of Greystone Hall brought a fair bride home to the old house very late in the year. At Christmas there was to be a grand gathering of the scattered members of two very large families, and a merry festival it was expected to be. On the morning of the day before Christmas day, the young husband rose early and looked out. Snow had been falling, softly, silently, all the night through; it had spread a white pall over all nature. This was a novel sight to the young master, who had been abroad for years, and had wooed and won his bride in a foreign land. A boyish longing to be out amid this white, deep-lying snow, seized him. Without awaking his wife, he left the house. The servants were idle under the loose government of young rulers; few of them were stirring; no one of them met his master.

The wife woke, little conscious that she had slept away her last hours of earthly peace and happiness. No one could tell her anything of her husband, for whom she inquired eagerly. Never mind! he

was planning some pleasant surprise; but it was wrong of him to be so long. He was gone to the town, and some one detained him; but he ought to have told her. But his horse was safe in the stable, and he so seldom walked far. Wilder grew the wife's suppositions as the hours wore away wearily. Was the snow deep? could any one be lost in it? Only in the moor-hollows; nothing could have taken him there. They strove to reassure her. She sent out messengers to the shore, to the town, to ride over the moors: daylight failed, and they delayed to return. It was Christmas eve. All day, guests had poured in; each new arrival distracted the poor child—she was very young—with fresh suggestions and attempts at consolation. Nothing could keep him much longer—he had walked to the town—would return with this friend or the other. Meanwhile they dressed her for the evening dance, in her bridal-dress, and wreath, and veil, that she might be ready when he should come. She shivered and shook, and was as white as the Christmas snow. When no one saw, she stole out alone: she was well-nigh maddened by vague dread, and stole out into the cold and snow, to commence a vague search. The love-and-fear-quickened senses of that poor, white bride, noted signs no other searcher had heeded. She followed the track of footprints, distinct from all the rest for her. It was a bright night, the stars shining in a crystal-clear, cold sky. She followed these footsteps down the little-used fir-walk to the pool (called Black from that time). . . . . A shrill cry of sharp, sudden agony startled the expectant guests in the warm and lighted rooms; it blanched all cheeks. No wonder if those of a dark-faced watcher by the window—a cousin to the bridegroom, and, gossip said, a former lover of the bride's—showed an ashen pallor. It sent a thrill of horror through the busy servants, making them pause to gaze on each other aghast: ringing out clear on the frosty silence, it struck awe into travellers on the highway, and appalled the messengers riding into the courtyard, weary and benumbed, and bringing no tidings. It was a woman's cry! Where was the young wife?

There was but one opinion as to the spot from which the cry came. In a few moments a group of fear-stricken folk were gathered round the pool. A frag-

ment of a white veil hung on a snag at the water's edge. Truly it was a bridal-veil to which that fragment belonged!

Two bodies were found when the pool was dragged—the white wife lay by her pale husband on the death-cold couch of snow at the pool's brink. The dark watcher by the window, a man even younger than the bridegroom, threw himself down at the bride's cold feet, in an agony of frantic grief, wildly calling upon her name. The two who lay dead before him were his nearest relatives. No one wondered at the passionate grief that settled into morbid melancholy: no one wondered that he hastened from the scene of this tragedy, when the doubly-wedded couple were laid in one grave, and for years was never heard of in those parts. No one suspected foul play. The pool was known to be very deep; and the snow had drifted into a dangerous overhanging ridge; he had been heedless, and had fallen in. It was not till the death of an old, old crone who had laid out the bodies, that a whisper got about of there having been marks of violence on the dead man's throat. In the dim light and the horrified confusion no one had sought for or seen these. The woman's silence had been purchased, or some mistake made as to the import of her death-bed ravings. The heart-struck and bereaved cousin had kept the key of the door where the corpses lay, jealous of any eyes but his own on them. He was terrible in his grief, and people shrank from him.

This is how the Black Pool first came to be looked upon as an ill-omened place. At one time there was talk of having it filled up; but the country people shook their heads—it would be fruitless labor to try, for the pool was fathomless, was the general opinion; and the house standing empty, there was no inducement to try—no one to bear the expense, or to encourage the attempt.

## CHAPTER II.

I was sure that what I had heard was only an introductory chapter; for I had come to no ghost; and Marg'ret's eyes were as decidedly those of a "ghost-seer," as any dark unfathomable eyes Schiller might have chosen to describe; so I fancied, at all events. But she was not a person one would importune; and I paid several visits to Greystone Hall without

hearing anything more at all connected and memorable.

After some days of illness, I made my way again to a place that had a fascination for me. I was hardly in plight for so long a walk; and Marg'ret, pitying my weariness, entertained me with an early cup of tea in her own room. It was a room that had been hers when the Hall was inhabited; she had kept it just as it used to be when she first came to live there, more than forty years ago. Marg'ret was more inclined to talk than usual on that day—I think partly because I looked as if I wanted amusing. I shall always set down good and gentle motives for everything that good creature did; she reminded me of one whom I had lost not so very long before.

When I went home that evening, I wrote down what Marg'ret had told me, as nearly as possible in her own words, which impressed me greatly. I shall copy now from that note-book. I asked how long the house remained empty after the sad event she had told me of some days ago.

"For many and many a year—ten full; for it belonged to Mr. Treylynn, that cousin of the drowned gentleman; and he would neither live in it nor let it."

"And, I suppose, during this time it began to be considered as a haunted place, and to have strange stories told about it?"

"Ay; many's the time I was frightened when I was a child by tales of what had been seen and heard about the Hall by people venturing home past it after night-fall."

"These were idle stories?"

"Mayhap: at all events, the fine old place was beginning to have a ruinous look about it, when we heard that Mr. Treylynn had married some time before, and his wife had taken a fancy to live at the Hall, and that her first child should be born there."

"Spite of its being haunted?"

"A pure, sweet spirit had the lady; she was too happy and too innocent to give heed to the stories that were told her. The Hall was put into grand order; and home came Mr. Treylynn and his lady. People talked about its being unlucky to bring her home to such a place; but, however it came about, she was devoted to her husband, and so cheery and pleasant, that the very sight of her made folk

forget their croaking talk; and when the babe came, and throve, and when Christmas passed, and nobody saw anything of the Snow-Lady, whose cry, they said, had been heard, low in calm, and loud in storm, ever since that Christmas eve, ten years ago, almost everybody thought the ghost had gone; only a few shook their heads, and said, wait till the Christmas eve, when the snow lies deep: there had been no snow that year."

"Were you living at the Hall?"

"I was. A proud girl it made me, when the mistress, who had known something of my mother, took me, young as I was, for her own maid."

Marg'ret paused.

"Well, how long did things go smoothly?"

"I'll tell you all—you shall believe or not, as you like. Next Christmas eve drew on. A son had been born to the master not many weeks before, and it was to be a right gay Christmas time; and I don't think anybody thought of the Snow-Lady. On Christmas eve, some herbs were wanted in a hurry from a place in the garden where they were kept. My charge, Miss Clara, was asleep; and I offered to fetch the herbs. I threw my apron over my head, for it was bitter cold, and ran out over the snow. I got what was wanted, and coming back, I glanced down the Fir Walk, as I passed the entrance to it. I stopped and looked again, throwing back my apron, and pushing my hair back from my eyes. Snow had been falling all day, but had stayed at sunset. I thought the wind must be rising, sweeping up the walk, swaying one snow-laden yew-bough after another; but there wasn't a breath stirring where I stood—a kind of frozen stillness was over everything. Ah! and it wasn't the wind came slowly up the walk! 'Twas the bride Death took one Christmas eve long ago—the Snow-Lady. All of a sudden the story flashed back upon my mind; a kind of awe crept over me, chilling me to the bone. She—it—came on and on, nearer and nearer, lifting her snow-white hands above her snow-crowned head; and I stood still and watched. It came close upon me; then I rushed to the house, not before the wild cry rang out, and seemed to stop the beating of my heart. In the hall I met my mistress; for I did not stop to go in the kitchen-way, but went straight by all the windows. She had heard. She

looked as white as the Snow-Lady herself—her look frightened me more than all. ‘What was it?’ she asked; and I told her. She looked like one death-stricken. She bade me not mind—I had not frightened her—she was not well, and something else had pained her that day. She put her hand to her heart, and I sprang to her, but too late; she fell down on the marble pavement senseless. The library door opened, and her husband came out, with a wild look on his face. ‘Dead!’ It was a tone that I can never forget, that added, ‘Then I’m doubly, trebly a murderer!’ He threw himself down beside her, calling her ‘Eleanor! Eleanor!’ and saying such words that my blood froze as I listened. I tried all I could to bring her to. After a bit she opened her eyes. She shuddered when they first met his—yes, I am sure of that. Then she smiled, and tried to say to him what she had said to me—that it was nothing, only she was not well. Would we take her to bed? She felt herself death-struck. He took her in his arms, talking to her all the while, she trying to smile—my blessed lady! So they went up the broad stairs, which she never went down again, save in her coffin.”

“Do you think he had made a confession to her?”

“God only knows of what. But he had told her something, the hearing of which had killed her. All the while she had been ill up-stairs, he had been moody and moping so, that the servants all feared to speak to him. He had continued in that way, shutting himself up, and not eating or drinking, and the mistress had been very unhappy about him; that evening he had sent for her into his study, just before I went out. She had come from him, and was just crossing the hall, when that harrowing cry rang out. I said nothing of what I had heard and seen; and there had been such noisy mirth in the kitchen, they did not hear. I would not have idle stories made about my sweet lady; so all people knew was, that she was taken ill on Christmas eve, and died early in the new year: that was enough to set them talking. I didn’t leave her; she wished to have me with her, and I staid till the end. Such a death as hers couldn’t frighten even such a young thing as I was then, though there had been times, while she first lay ill, when her spirit seemed torn with

agony. She seemed to put great trust in me; and I promised her never to leave her children while they needed me. She would have prevented my making that promise, but she had not strength to speak. When I had said the words, all the blood rushed from my heart and back again; for I remembered I was engaged to Roger Raines, the bailiff’s son: but I wouldn’t have recalled the promise for worlds, for my sweet mistress looked pleased and content. She lay in the south chamber: I’ll show it you one day. One afternoon she had her children brought in—Miss Clara and the baby—and she blessed them, and cried over them a great deal. When they were gone, she said she would sleep, and I know she prayed. I fancied she seemed a little stronger all day, and the master had ridden off to fetch another doctor; and as I sat, almost stopping my breath, lest it should wake her, I felt hopeful-like about her. You see, then, I hadn’t the faintest thought of what her husband may have told her. As it neared sunset, the red beams slanting in touched her face. I went to her softly to screen them off; and found they might shine there as well as on the white marble figure they touched in their way, for any chance there was of their waking her: she was dead! My lips were put down on a brow as cold as the marble—ay, she was dead! lying there with the sunset-flush over all her sweet still face. It was long before I could believe it.

“We had none of us thought her so near her end. I didn’t think to tell any one, but stood there quiet with awe, watching the play of the red beams on the white face. It had just faded off, when I heard the clatter of hoofs in the court. It was her husband; and then I felt afraid.

“Many’s the passion of grief I’ve seen; many’s the storm of rage I’ve tried to quiet; but, an’ I live—as God grant I may *not*—twice the length of my past life, I’ll never forget that scene. Oh! the fury of terrible grief the husband poured over that still, unheeding form! It would have seemed less strange to me to see the life come back into the quiet body, than to see it lying there, deaf, dumb, and blind to all his ravings. You know some things are never forgotten: that sight was not to be. There was the raging man, mad in his grief, clasp- ing and wildly caressing the pure, fair, passionless form, alternately wailing and



raging, accusing himself and God. Oh! even now I do not like to recall that day!"

We neither of us spoke for a while. Living so many years alone in such a place, with such memories, no wonder there was something peculiar in Marg'ret's look. Sometimes her eyes, fixed on you, would seem to look through you to things beyond; sometimes their gaze seemed turned entirely inwards. She was always very gentle and womanly, and must in her youth have been very fair.

"And have you never married, Marg'ret?" I asked wonderingly, following out my own thoughts.

"No, I have never married."

Why not, I learned afterwards.

This lady's death closed the second act in the tragedy of Greystone Hall. The house was again deserted. Mr. Treylynn, as soon as spring came, took his children to a sister of his living in Italy. The children were both delicate, and the Hall was pronounced damp. Of course Marg'ret went too. She made no comment upon this deed of hers; but Roger Raines, the bailiff's son, whom I am sure she loved passing well, was not absent from my memory. Poor Roger! poor Marg'ret!

### CHAPTER III.

The Hall was empty for fifteen years this time. Mr. Treylynn's little son and heir did not reach Italy, but died on the route. This was a great grief to Marg'ret.

Roger Raines lost his father and mother, and was very lonely. That, too, was a great grief to Marg'ret.

It was a glad day for Roger, faithful for more than twice seven years, when he received orders for great alterations at the Hall. Mr. Treylynn was coming home. His daughter had been recommended a more bracing climate.

Mr. Treylynn brought to England with him a nephew, his elder sister's son by an Italian husband. This Ugo Leopardi was a widower; and his little daughter Viola, and an Italian woman, her governess, accompanied them. Clara Treylynn, a very lovely girl, looked a most fair lily among the dark-hued household—a lily among thorns, that might rend and destroy her, Marg'ret considered her to be. Marg'ret, a woman of five-and-thirty then, watched this fair blossom most jealously,

for she had long suspected that Mr. Ugo loved his cousin after his dark fashion, and meant that she should be his little daughter's stepmother. This idea filled Marg'ret with indescribable horror.

The fair Clara herself was too young and gay to be troubled about such matters. If ever Mr. Ugo's eyes and mouth smiled honestly together, it was when he noticed the strong attachment subsisting between his cousin and his child.

And Mr. Treylynn? Was an old and careworn-looking man when he returned to Greystone Hall. He had never shown many signs of affection for his beautiful daughter; but Marg'ret noticed that his eyes often followed her about the room with a restless watchfulness after he returned to Greystone.

The family had come home to the Hall in early spring. The first Christmas time of the house being inhabited again passed quietly, without anything being heard of the Snow-Lady. There was no snow on the ground. Only Marg'ret and Roger, perhaps, thought of and dreaded her appearance. In fifteen years most of the stories about her had been forgotten, many of those who would have remembered them having left the neighborhood.

As time went on, Clara Treylynn had many admirers. Her loveliness, and her sweet, winning manners, attracted many who would otherwise have shunned the gloomy master of Greystone Hall; and gay parties of fair ladies and noble gentlemen made the old place bright and cheery.

Miss Treylynn's heart remained whole and free, and Marg'ret began to fear that, in the end, ignorant of love and wifely duty, she would marry her cousin; and she thought, too, that Mr. Ugo interpreted this indifference towards others in a way flattering to himself, for he grew exacting, somewhat insolent, in his manner towards her. When Miss Clara one day appealed to her father, half in jest, half in earnest, against her cousin's tyranny, she was bidden to do what her cousin wished, with a face far too stern for the occasion. This greatly troubled wise and apprehensive Marg'ret. She was very glad when Lady Trevor came home from abroad, and came to stay at the Hall. Lady Trevor had been Mrs. Treylynn's most intimate friend. Her son and two daughters came to Greystone with her. This was early in the second

summer of the residence of the family at the Hall.

The gallant bearing and fine frank face of young Sir Raymond Trevor inclined Marg'ret to look on him with favor, to hope that her young lady might do the same.

"Well I remember everything happening on that visit of the Trevors," Marg'ret said.

I turn to my note-book again.

"One evening, when they'd been here about a week, the weather being very fine and warm, Lady Trevor proposed that tea should be taken out on the terrace. Miss Clara, and Sir Raymond, and the Misses Trevor, were delighted at the idea.

"All that day, riding, or walking, or sitting, young Sir Raymond had tried in vain to get near Miss Clara. Mr. Ugo's gloomy watching thwarted him at every turn. Now, as soon as ever his mother had made the proposal, he armed himself with two chairs, set them in a snug corner of the terrace, made my young lady take one, sat himself in the other, and looked across at Mr. Ugo with a good-natured-like kind of triumph. He didn't heed the dark scowl returned to him, but I did. Sitting at work at this window, or going about among them, waiting on my young lady, I saw all that went on, and heard most was said.

"Young Sir Raymond took Viola on his knee, and looked very happy sitting by Miss Clara. The child asked questions, and he drew the young lady on to talk too—his own good face looking handsomer and handsomer as they grew more earnest in their talk. They didn't notice when the restless child slipped away. It was a soft, lovely evening; the gardens were full of flowers then, and the scent of them was thrown across the terrace by every puff of the wind. I mind that a young moon looked at the group, and then sank behind the wood, before anything disturbed the peace. Mr. Ugo could do naught worse than scowl, for Lady Trevor (a stately-sized lady) and the table on which the tea-things stood, shut off Miss Clara and Sir Raymond from any one who did not creep under the table, as Viola presently did. Her restless spirit brought her back to them again, and she crouched on the ground between them, and found amusement in clasping and unclasping a bracelet on Miss Clara's pretty white arm. Presently she busily tried

to make it encircle Sir Raymond's wrist. It wasn't big enough, and fell down upon the pavement. Sir Raymond picked it up, and tried to replace it on its owner's arm; but his hand somehow trembled as it touched that snowy, soft arm, and little Viola laughed aloud at his awkwardness.

"This was more than Mr. Ugo could bear. He pushed by Lady Trevor roughly. Stooping to lift up his little girl, he hissed some angry words into my young lady's ear, sent the poor child Viola to bed, crying bitterly, and insisted that it was cold, and the whole party must go in-doors. There was no more pleasure for two of the party that evening—not much during the rest of the time the Trevors staid at Greystone."

"Well!" I said, impatiently, when Marg'ret paused, "of course the young people had fallen deeply in love; of course somebody made them miserable; and of course—but pray go on in your own way."

"My young lady didn't seem the same after this. She often cried, and often sat for hours doing nothing. She didn't care to play with Viola, and she avoided her cousin as much as possible. Lady Trevor, coming to call, frightened my master into consenting that she should go to stay a little while at Trevor Court, by telling him she thought her looking very ill. Sir Raymond was absent on a visit; still Miss Clara brightened at the thought of this change, and it happened that young Sir Raymond came home the day after our coming to Trevor Court. I liked him better than ever: he had such cheery ways, and such a good heart. So did my mistress."

My impatient "Well!" again broke in upon Marg'ret's meditations.

"In the midst of our happiness and gaiety" (Roger was not there, but Marg'ret identified herself with her young mistress) "we were called home. It was an unexpected command, but we should not have dared disobey. Sir Raymond looked fierce and angry when he saw how Miss Clara trembled at the idea of prolonging her visit one day—she thought her father was angry already, by the way he wrote. Merry Miss Edda Trevor did her best to cheer up the saddened party, by proposing that they should all ride home with my young lady. They might start then, in the cool of the September morning, (it was a hot September, I mind,) and return in the evening. So it was

settled. Miss Clara and Sir Raymond stood ready in the portico, waiting for the young ladies, when our Hall carriage drove up, and Mr. Ugo jumped out.

"Poor Miss Clara was frightened at the hot words that passed between the two—Mr. Ugo insisting that the ride was too long for his cousin, and that she must return with him in the carriage. He used her father's name, and she felt obliged to obey; and then young Sir Raymond turned away, for the moment angry with her even; but that didn't last. When he bade her good-by, he said something that brought a bright color into the child's fair face, and made it wear a happy look in the homeward ride. I was in the carriage with my mistress. Mr. Ugo was quiet and sullen, and only looked at her a great deal. Once she put her hand over her mouth suddenly, to hide a happy smile from him.

"Mr. Treylynn was out when we arrived at the Hall. Miss Clara shut herself up in her room."

"Next day, I suppose, the young lover made his appearance?"

"Next day I sat here at work, thinking about my own future and my mistress's. That door you see there was open: it leads into the small drawing-room. Presently I heard Mr. Ugo and Miss Clara talking. I couldn't help hearing a little of what passed. Mr. Ugo was speaking angrily, and I heard Sir Raymond's name. My young lady answered very gently at first; but her cousin's insolent manner, which set me in a tremble of indignation, roused her spirit. She denied his right to interfere, dared and defied him, and said she would appeal to her father. She came through my room, and flew up to the master's.

"While I sat trembling with fear, I didn't know of what, a loud shriek from Viola startled me, and the child came and threw herself into my lap. When she was calmer, I learned that she had met her father in the hall, sprung upon him with some childish caress, and he had called her a harsh name, and struck her. The blow wasn't much, but the child's heart seemed bursting with passion. Before I could quiet her, her governess came in and snatched her away. That woman was always spying upon me and Miss Clara.

"After a while I went to look for my young lady. I found her in her room, thrown on the floor by the window, her

head laid upon the cushion. She didn't stir when I went in; she wasn't sobbing, and I didn't like her quiet. After hovering about a bit, I spoke to her. She lifted up her white face and said, quite low, 'I hate him, Marg'ret; I will drown in the Black Pool before I marry him!' She startled me by her likeness to her mother as she spoke, looking at me with stony and tearless eyes. I tried to soften her by degrees, and get her to talk to me. I spoke of her mother. It was long 'fore she paid any heed. Then she looked up to heaven, clasped her hands, and cried, 'Mother! Mother! help me, mother!' Floods of passionate tears came after that cry. My heart felt as if it would break with sorrow for the poor lamb!"

"I do not know why I should make you go over all this," I said, when Marg'ret paused to wipe her eyes. I was moved from my relentless resolve to hear a story.

"It wasn't all sorrow I felt when my young lady by-and-by turned to me, crying, 'Marg'ret! Marg'ret!' as she had before cried 'Mother!' telling me I was the only friend she could look to in the wide world for counsel and comfort now. She told me what had passed between her and her father. He had not been unkind, had even seemed to pity her; but had told her that she must marry her cousin, and soon. At the recollection of his looks and manner, she seemed to go into a frenzy of wild despair. I was fairly frightened for her reason. It was hours and hours before she grew at all calmer. Then she fell into a feverish sleep, which lasted late on in the afternoon.

"When they were expecting her to dinner, I went down and said that my mistress was very ill, and that I was very uneasy about her, as I thought she would have a fever. M. Treylynn got up quick; but the Italian governess said that it was nothing, she knew—only the heat of the afternoon. She had a slight fever herself: Miss Treylynn was sleeping, and would wake up refreshed.

"I returned to my watching, determined to make the most of Miss Clara's illness to frighten her father; but there was no need. That night the whole household was startled by her delirious cries. Her father and Mr. Ugo both rode off for physicians—one in one direction, the other in another. . . . For days we looked for her death.

"It was late autumn ere my young lady could walk on this terrace, leaning on my arm, again. The weather was very fair and mild, though."

"But hadn't anything come of her illness—no alteration for the better in her position?"

"None. Once, as her father watched her asleep after a fever-fit, I looked across her, straight into his face, and said, 'My young lady looks as her mother looked just before she died.' It was a cruel speech; but I had no compassion then, save for her. But when he muttered, 'O my God, another!' and turned and went away feebly, my heart reproached me. A little after, I went into his room hastily: the doctor wanted to speak to him. I found him pleading to his nephew, as if for life. Mr. Ugo looked darker, crueller than ever. From that time I pitied proud Mr. Treylynn."

"And did Miss Treylynn quite recover?"

"No; she continued as white as a lily. She could just creep about, and that was all. She was only dying a slower death than if she had died in the fever."

"And Sir Raymond?"

"He had ridden over every day while she was ill. I or Roger always managed to see him. When she was well enough to be down, she made me entreat him not to try and see her; and he didn't come again till one day when it happened that Mr. Treylynn and Mr. Ugo were away. They had started at daybreak, and the night before Mr. Treylynn had given his daughter a fervent kiss, that made the blood rush into her poor pale face from surprise. That was a very lovely day, and Miss Clara seemed a little more able to enjoy the sunshine as she walked on the terrace. The Italian governess had settled herself in a window overlooking it, and I knew she watched every step we took."

"Presently a horse clattered into the court. My mistress tottered, and sat down, turning from white to red in a moment, as Sir Raymond came out to where we were. The governess joined us almost immediately. Miss Clara had risen, and Sir Raymond drew her hand through his arm, and asked her could she walk a little way into the wood with him. She hesitated; but he said earnestly that he must speak to her alone. The governess made a thousand objections; but Sir Raymond said, wonderfully haughty for him, that

Miss Treylynn was her own mistress. It ended in their going, Miss Clara bidding me follow with a shawl, that I had asked Sir Raymond to take for her.

"I took care not to interrupt them, poor things! and wandered about in the wood a good way off; but, after a while, I came upon them unexpectedly resting in a little glade where some felled trees were lying. Sir Raymond's arm was round Miss Clara, and she was nestled down close to him, weeping on his breast. Turning back quickly before they had seen me, I confronted the Italian governess. She smiled maliciously, and glided away. Mr. Ugo heard all when he came home next day. I knew he did, by the dreadful look in his eyes."

The ghost-seeing look came into Marg'ret's eyes. How rapidly twilight was closing in this afternoon! But I must hear the end of Marg'ret's story now, even if I had to endure the terrors of a dark walk home in consequence.

"I'll be as short as I can, for your sake and my own," Marg'ret said. "After that day winter set in fiercely. The wind wailed and moaned round the Hall as I had never heard it before: at night 'twas fearful to hear. The sky looked heavy with snow that delayed to fall. At this time Mr. Treylynn and Mr. Ugo seemed mutually to hate and suspect each other, and the Italian woman to watch them both. Young Sir Raymond kept away; but it was my young lady's entreaties, not the weather, that detained him, and my dear mistress didn't look unhappy. I suppose that the talk with Sir Raymond had eased her; and, too, there was a change in her father's manner that gave us both hope. Sometimes it was quite soft and tender to her; but he looked more melancholy than ever. The snow—"

Just then a gust of storm-wind shrieked past the window. Marg'ret paused, and we both looked out.

"You must go now, before it gets darker," she said, "for there'll be a fall of snow before long. If it comes on thick, right in your teeth, you'll find it difficult to make your way across the moors."

"But, Marg'ret, this is only the middle of October."

"We often have snow as early as this in these parts."

I saw it was no use to plead—Marg'ret looked resolute. She dismissed me with



many cautions. I fought my way home in safety. A blinding sleet set in, but not till I was near my cottage. As my landlady brought in my tea that evening, she entertained me with anecdotes of people having been lost crossing the moors on such an evening as this. When I looked out at midnight, the whole country was whitened. The moon was struggling laboriously across the sky, casting eerie gleams upon the earth at intervals. That night I had strange dreams: the Black Pool and the Snow-Lady figured largely therein.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was some time before I was able to get to Greystone Hall again. When I did go, it was a farewell visit that I paid it; for winter drove me, and winter's work called me, away from that quiet retreat. I have strong presentiments that I have paid a final farewell to those scenes. Should these prove correct, upon application to my—friends, I was about to write, but they would be hard to find—man of business, I will say, the name and address of that moorland cottage may be ascertained.

It was on a melancholy day that I crossed those moors last—a quiet day, on which the sun did not shine or the wind blow, yet on which *something* sobbed about fitfully—now a-far, now a-near. The country was still robed with snow.

Marg'ret received me kindly, and settled me by the fireside. She was sorry I was leaving, should miss my visits, and trusted to see me again next year, better and brighter. "We don't leave to grieve, you know," she added.

"Not even though we grieve to live—feel the 'burden of being' press more heavily upon us day by day. But the end of the story, Marg'ret!"

"Ay, the end of the story!" A meditative pause; then she began: "Mr. Treylynn had been looking so ill and sad, and Miss Clara was still so delicate, that we were all taken aback to hear that the house was to be full of company at Christmas time. It sounded like an ill omen, when an old woman who came to help, meeting the master on the stairs, remarked to him, with a courtesy, that the grand doings minded her of his cousin's time, and the gathering on the Christmas that he brought his beautiful bride home—'Save, so hap, there's no bride now—no

bride, 'less one makes 'count of the Snow-Lady. The Snow-Lady 'ill be at work this Christmas eve, for sure!"

"How did Mr. Treylynn receive that?"

"I was by, and couldn't understand his face. He looked sharp at the woman, who was only half-witted; asked her name; seemed relieved when he heard it, as if he had feared another; then muttered, 'No matter—no matter any way!' or something like that, and went on, saying, 'Forty years! forty years!' He was in the habit now of talking to himself—he was getting old."

Marg'ret talked slowly and dreamily to-day—seemed to linger by the way.

"Christmas eve came," she proceeded. "The snow was deep; but all day long carriages came rolling over it towards the Hall. Mr. Treylynn had made a particular request to Lady Trevor that she would come early, and assist his daughter to receive her guests. The lady was quite puzzled, but she came. When I went to dress my mistress for the evening, I found Lady Trevor sitting by her dressing-room fire, Miss Clara at her feet, her pretty head resting on her lap. Lady Trevor kissed my young lady and went away, giving me a hearty shake of the hand first.

"Spite of her pale cheeks, my mistress looked lovelier than any lady of them all—only" (and Marg'ret glanced curiously at me) "too much like that white bride of forty years ago!"

"When the mirth and music were loudest in the drawing-rooms and in the servants' hall, little Viola dashed into the midst of us, trembling with cold and eagerness, her great eyes shining with excitement—some one must go and fetch in a beautiful lady she had seen out in the snow—some one *must* go. I suppose I turned pale, for Roger scolded the child for telling stories. Her governess took her in charge, and we all agreed it was a childish fancy—that she had been told of the Snow-Lady, and so thought she saw her. But my heart turned sick; I could not bear the noise and bustle, and stole away, Roger following me. We stood in a dusky corner of the entrance-hall, out of reach of the flashing fire-light, and watched to get a glimpse of our young lady. Before very long she and Sir Raymond came out of the great room where the dancing was, he putting her shawl round her, careful and tender. They stopped by

a window near me, before they crossed into the music-room, and there talked together softly.

"But Mr. Ugo soon followed them. He wished his cousin to dance the next dance with him, he said, and he took her hand. Sir Raymond held the other more firmly with his arm, and answered, gently, that Miss Treylynn was engaged to him for this dance. Mr. Ugo lost his temper, and made some insolent speech. Still holding her hand, he commanded her to come with him. He grasped her wrist as well as her little hand, and she gave a cry of pain, for the sharp edges of a bracelet she wore were pressed into her arm. Bitter cause had we for ruing that cry!

"It wasn't natural but that Sir Raymond should be angered, and angered he was; he struck back Mr. Ugo's arm fiercely, drew my trembling young mistress closer, and said she should not go; he would not trust her with one who was no gentleman.

"If ever man looked like a fiend, it was the Italian, as he stepped towards the two lovers. I rushed between them, frightened, and then Mr. Ugo said some words in Sir Raymond's ear, and went back to the dancing-room. I caught my young lady in my arms, as she went off in a dead faint; she was still weak from her illness, poor dear! it was the fright, and not the pain of her bleeding arm. Sir Raymond brought her into this room; then I made him go away, and did all I could to bring her to herself. I heard the master outside, asking for his daughter, and I opened the door, and called him in.

"I was sorry I had done it, when I saw how the shock of seeing her lying there, still and death-like in her white dress, seemed to numb all his senses with terror. I told him what was the matter, and what had passed; but didn't say aught about Mr. Ugo's whisper to Sir Raymond; for, though I had caught a few words, I hadn't had time to think about them, hardly knew I had heard them, so anxious was I about my mistress.

"I was terribly reminded of his way when he found his wife dead, when Mr. Treylynn knelt beside his daughter, kissed her passionately on cheek, brow, and lip, and talked strangely to himself. This little room of mine was dimly lighted, and the window wasn't curtained—presently the master looked up from his daughter, and fixed his eyes wildly on the window:

my eyes followed his. I saw a white face close against the pane. I couldn't help a startled cry to God—it was so like to my senseless young lady. He turned his eyes back to his child; she stirred, and moaned, and I chafed her hands and feet; when I looked up again, the white face was gone!"

Marg'ret paused, and I cast an eerie glance behind me towards that window: seeing it, she smiled, very sadly, and went on:

"Miss Clara opened her eyes, and looked up into her father's—her pretty eyes were dim and dreamy, and she turned her head a little round, as if she would go to sleep again. Poor lamb! she thought she must be dreaming: but when the master bent down and kissed her, she threw her arms round his neck, as she hadn't done before in her life, mayhap. He raised her so that she could lay her head on his shoulder, and they staid so without speaking. There came a waft of distant music; it was the Christmas waits—the sound came soft and muffled over the snow. I believe the old man and his fair child both thought it heavenly music. Miss Clara nestled closer to her father, and he looked upwards with a strange smile in his face. When it had finished, the color had come back to my mistress' face; she was quite well again, she said. The master gently moved her arms, and rose to go away. He stopped at the door, and turned; her eyes had followed him; his wandered to the window, then back to her face—the strange smile came back to his mouth, as he said, 'All shall be well for you, my child! Be content; all shall be well!' Then, as he passed me, I heard him mutter, 'Yes! and the white wife, the pale bride, shall be avenged!'

"I bandaged my mistress' arm, and put on her a fresh pair of long white gloves; she was anxious to get back to the company again—she knew one would be watching. Sir Raymond was without—I thought no harm in letting him take her to the dancing-room after the master's words; but I followed, and staid by her all the evening, till—"

An ashen pallor blanched Marg'ret's lips—true Marg'ret! after all these years! Involuntarily I shuddered. I rose, went to that window, and looked towards the Black Pool, till her voice recalled me.

"My young lady sat quiet, but her dark and bright lover hovered around her, and many others. Presently, the Misses Tre-

vor and some other young ladies came up; they stood talking to Miss Clara, and shut out my view of the room. They moved off, one by one, when the dance began, and, looking all about, I could see neither Sir Raymond nor Mr. Ugo. The clock struck twelve, and I remembered then that Mr. Ugo had said something about 'the Black Pool,' and 'Midnight,' when he spoke to Sir Raymond, with that hellish look of his face. Deadly fear went through me!

"Telling Miss Clara I would soon be back, I went away. Roger was still in the hall. I told him to get a lantern, and come after me; he didn't understand my hurry and flight, but he came. I ran over the Christmas snow fast as my legs would carry me, he following. When I turned down the Black Walk, he cried after me, 'Not there!' but I didn't heed. I saw a light by the pool, and sped on, in agony lest we should be too late!"

"Marg'ret, it pains you."

"No matter; I shall soon have finished now. As I came near the pool, that light disappeared. I heard a heavy splash—some one rushed by, and the gleam of Roger's lantern fell on a dark fiend's face. Oh! Roger! Roger! I never thought of him, only of my young mistress waiting and watching for one she might never see again!"

"I cried to Roger to save Sir Raymond. No need to have done that; he had plunged into the black water before the words were out of my mouth. The deadly cold waters of that pool never froze! I threw myself down at the edge, and held the lantern as far out as I could reach over it. Roger got hold of Sir Raymond, and struggled with him to the side where I lay. I seized hold of his clothes; soon he lay safe on the ground."

"I turned to help Roger: once he almost touched my outstretched hands, but the cold had seized him, he sank—"

"But he was saved? You called help, and he was saved?"

"I called help! ay, I think I shrieked as wild and loud as the Snow-Lady. Very soon there was a gleam of torches and lanterns round the pool; but nobody would jump in. They held me, and I thought I should go mad. Happy was the pale bride on that Christmas Eve, long ago! She and her husband were wedded for eternity by the waters of that pool—but Roger!—"

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"There was a pause in the senseless confusion by the pool when Mr. Treylynn came down the Black Walk. It was not one but all who declared, that the Snow-Lady followed him, throwing up her arms as if in triumph. One glance at Sir Raymond, one at me, and Mr. Treylynn seemed to understand it all. He ordered Sir Raymond to be carried to the house, then he jumped in to try and save Roger. He was an old man; the waters of the pool were very cold; he was drowned, and Roger was not saved."

I grasped Marg'ret's hand, and looked wonderingly into her clear eyes: she was quite calm now. It was I who would have cried, "Roger! Roger!" and "Marg'ret! Marg'ret!"

"Oh! the wild confusion among the Christmas guests in this old hall that night! I knew nothing then, thanks be to God! The servants fled away from the place, and the guests remained cowering over the fires till morning; then they went too."

"Sir Raymond recovered, and Lady Trevor took my mistress and myself home to Trevor Court. My poor mistress! It was a blessed thing for me that I roused up from my stupor to take care of her. She wailed her father night and day—she felt it all the worse that she had not always loved him—she thought of him only as the fond old man of that dreadful night. We feared her heart would break! It was long before she would even see Sir Raymond—he went away from home, that he mightn't trouble her."

"You have more to tell, good Marg'ret?"

She had fallen into a reverie, looking out with such a strange expression, that my eyes followed hers to the window, expecting to see—what?

"There's but little more to tell," she said, bringing her eyes slowly back to my face. "The pool was dragged—my Roger's body was found, thank God! he was laid in the churchyard hard by. The sun shines and the daisies grow upon his grave, and the people pass it by as they go to church. The master was never found."

"More about him and that Ugo came to be known?"

"Yes, all the world knew it, or the story shouldn't pass my lips—she alive still, and a happy wife and mother!"

"Mr. Treylynn left papers, from which it was found that his nephew had power over

him, because he had come to know of a crime he had committed in his youth. The traitor had learned the whole story when he had nursed the master in a fever. After long years of misery and remorse, Mr. Treylynn had, at last, determined to give himself up to justice, and leave his estate to his daughter and Sir Raymond—Mr. Ugo having thought to get both his daughter and his property.

“Neither Ugo nor the governess were seen again, after that night. But, in the newspapers, we saw, some years ago now, that a Ugo Leopardi had been killed in a street quarrel in Venice.

“Little Viola lived with Miss Clara (Lady Trevor rather) till she married;—her father never wrote or sent to her.”

“And how is it, good Marg’ret, that you live alone here?”

“I often go and visit my lady, but I get heartsick if I’m long away from this place, so home I come again. I’m not let want for anything, and when I am old and helpless, I suppose I’ll need to live at Trevor Court, for nobody would live with me here; but it ’ill be with a sore, sad heart that I bid good-by to Greystone Hall.”

I’ll make no comment on that faithful woman’s story. I have had quaint letters from her now and then, which I treasure whatever of the supernatural there is in this story, Marg’ret firmly believed; of that I am convinced!

As I walked home through that weird evening’s twilight down the ghostly avenue, the lonely road across the wild moors, I thought more of a faithful woman, than of the white wife, the Snow-Lady.

**ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE.**—The *Titania* has returned from Teneriffe, and the head of the expedition, Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth, has transmitted to the Admiralty the rough notes of its transactions. The expedition sailed from Southampton on the 20th June, Mr. Stephenson having very nobly placed his steam-yacht at their disposal, and they arrived at Teneriffe on the 8th of July. Their first operations were on the Guajara, a mountain 8870 feet high. Such was the purity of the atmosphere at this elevation, that the limit of vision of the Sheepshank telescope was extended from stars of the 10th degree of magnitude to those of the 14th. The first radiation thermometer they exposed was broken in a few minutes, the power of the sun proving to be much greater than the maker of the instrument had anticipated. Two others, on M. Arago’s plan, though marking as high as 180 degrees, were soon proved to be insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the sun’s rays. They were still more unfortunate with their actinometers. By the aid of a delicate thermomultiplier lent by Mr. Cassiot, they found that the heat radiated by the moon, amounted to about one third of that radiated by a candle at a distance of about fifteen feet. They also made experiments

on the quantity of light emitted by the heavenly bodies, and on its polarization.

On the 28th August, the instruments were removed to Alta Vista, a level shelf on the Peak, 10,900 feet high. The carriage of the great Pattinson equatorial to that lofty observatory was a work of difficulty, happily overcome by the skill and energy of Mr. Goodall, vice consul at Orotava. The instrument, when taken to pieces, filled thirteen boxes, and required eleven horses and men to transport it. When erected and used, the fine division of Saturn’s ring—a much-contested matter—came out unmistakably, and revelations of clouds appeared on Jupiter’s surface which were eminently similar in form, and as continually interesting in their changes, as those of the sea of lower clouds brought about Teneriffe daily under their eyes by the N.E. trade wind. Of the moon some extraordinary views were obtained, notwithstanding its unfortunately low altitude at that time; and the sun was observed both optically and photographically. Unfortunately the fine weather broke up a few days after this telescope had been erected, and the observers were compelled to leave the mountain on the 14th September. They reached Southampton on the 14th October.—*London paper, Oct. 25.*



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## B L A I S E P A S C A L .

To two classes of thoughtful readers, Pascal will always be a cherished author: to those who delight in acute reasoning, in the logical processes of a searching intellect, in the caustic exposure of a sophism, or system of sophisms; and again to those who are given to muse, and marvel as they muse, on the being and destiny, the prospects and possibilities, the contradictions and anomalies, of human nature.

To the former class of admirers, Pascal's power of attraction lies in the Provincial Letters. To the latter, in his fragmentary Thoughts. The *Pensées* are to some the suggestion and occasion of

"—that blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened :"<sup>\*</sup>

or if they do not induce this happy frame of relief and consolation, not the less are they valued as chiming in with the mind's moody self-communings, and giving new force, and profounder depth, and more intense expression, to the soul's reflections on the problem of Life.

"Experience, like a pale musician, holds  
A dulcimer of patience in his hand;  
Whence harmonies we cannot understand  
Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds  
In sad, perplexed minors. Deathly colds  
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand  
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land,  
With nightingales in visionary worlds."<sup>†</sup>

Then it is, that to our mental eye, wearied with gazing, and watching, and straining for signal of relief, for star of hope, for dawn of day, and day's blessed light, across the dark dreary waste—then it is, that to our heart of hearts, perplexed in the extreme, waiting forth to the winds and wilds its exceeding bitter cry,

"What hope of answer or relief?"—

<sup>\*</sup> Wordsworth: "Lines on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye," &c.

<sup>†</sup> E. B. Browning: "Sonnets."

then it is that the Thoughts of a thinker like Blaise Pascal come home with sympathetic significance, as of one who has also felt the iron enter into his soul, and bears about with him in the body the marks and scars of its lacerating power—of one who had his time of temptation, but in time of temptation, fell not away—who "fought his doubts and gathered strength"—who indeed was perplexed, but not in despair, cast down, but not destroyed—bewildered as he looked at the things which are seen, and therefore resolving, and acting out the resolve, to look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. This world's *phenomena*, things that appear, τα βλεπομενα,—what meaning have they, what message, to the troubled student of them? Who is sufficient for these things? And therefore would Pascal read them, so far as he might, and explain them, so far as he could, by the light of another world—

"The light that never was on sea or shore"

of this night-wandering globe; believing that what he looked for hereafter, could support and solace him now; and that what he knew not now, he should know hereafter—not conjecturally, wistfully, indefinitely, as in a glass darkly, but—but *then*—face to face.

For he was a good man, in evil days; one that loved much, in days when the love of the many had waxed cold. A French *spirituel*, not in the French sense; one of those spiritually-minded—not in the mere common English sense either—who seek, religiously, to do what the Malebranche philosophy would do metaphysically, to see all things in God—

"Ever on the watch,  
Willing to work and to be wrought upon,  
They need not extraordinary calls  
To rouse them; in a world of life they live,

By sensible impressions not enthralled,  
 But by their quickening impulse made more prompt  
 To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,  
 And with the generations of mankind  
 Spread over time, past, present, and to come,  
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more.  
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,  
 For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss  
 That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness  
 Of whom they are, habitually infused  
 Through every image and through every thought.”\*

This consciousness might not in Pascal attain the summit of “highest bliss”—his temperament allowing him at the utmost

“Rather to be resigned than blest.”†

but, counting not himself to have apprehended, this one thing he did—reaching forth unto those things which were before him, and above him (not without the frequent misgiving, Such things are too wonderful for me: I cannot attain unto them!), he pressed towards the mark, and set his eye on the prize of his high calling, and so ran, that he might obtain.

“Let each man think himself an act of God,  
 His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;  
 And let each try by great thoughts and good deeds  
 To show the most of Heaven he hath in him.”‡

Rare Christian philosophy; rarer Christian practice. For the philosophy and the practice conjoined, we must look for a Pascal; and how often is a Pascal to be found, in the ages of faith?

Dr. Chalmers, at a crisis in his inner life—the turning-point, in fact, of his faith and practice, when recovering in early manhood from that almost fatal illness which so deeply influenced his subsequent career—thus writes from the farmhouse of Fincraigs (1809) to Mr. Carstairs of Anstruther: “I have been reading Pascal’s Thoughts on Religion; you know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalized by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop

short\* in the brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendors of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the Gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek and to all Roman fame.”† Thomas Chalmers, the mathematician and natural philosopher, resolved to put his strong hand to the same plough, and to look not back, but to work his Master’s work in that field which is the world, while it was yet day, that he might bring his sheaves with him, in that harvest which is the end of the world, and of which the reapers are the angels—knowing, feeling, with all the clear knowledge and strong feeling of his earnest nature, that the night was coming, and would not tarry, when no man could work.

The Provincial Letters are the study of the most polished men of the world, not less than the *Pensées* are the study of him who in this world can find no rest for the sole of his foot, and who, because wandering hither and thither throughout it, seeking rest and finding none, seeks one to come, which hath foundations, not built with hands, eternal in the heavens. The Letters on the Jesuits captivate every lover of ratiocinative skill—every one who can enjoy the sight of home-thrust after home-thrust dealt with the ease and

\* It is worthy of notice, however, in passing, that Pascal himself, in the *Pensées*, attributes the “disgust” he eventually came to feel for scientific studies, to the paucity of sympathizing fellow-students: there were so few who cared for geometry as he did, and with whom he could take any such “sweet counsel” as geometers may be supposed to take together, over triangles, and rhomboids, and parallelograms, and the like.

His words are: “J’avais passé beaucoup de temps dans l’étude des sciences abstraites; mais le peu de gens avec qui on peut en communiquer m’en avait dégoûté.”—*Pensées de Pascal*, Première partie, Article ix., § xxvi.

In the latest instalment of that curious work, the Diary of Dr. John Byrom, published by the Chetham Society, there is the following entry, *sub anno* 1737, referring to a conversation the stenographic Doctor had with various friends, Bishop Butler among the rest: “Monsieur Pascal was mentioned, and some part of his life, which not being represented right, I remembered how it was, and told them, and saying that he was such a genius for mathematical knowledge, and that at last he showed the truly great man, and left it for knowledge of a superior kind.”—*Remains of John Byrom*, vol. ii., p. 96.

† Hanna’s Life of Chalmers, vol. i., ch. vii.

\* Wordsworth: “Prelude.” Book XIV.

† Keble: “Christian Year.”

‡ P. J. Bayley: “Fratua.”

adroitness of a master of fence—every one with a liking for polemical agility, precision, and sharp practice—every one with a malicious taste for irony and sarcasm in their most *recherché* form and spirit. Mr. Macaulay is said\* to have pronounced the Provincial Letters to be “almost the only book one could never get tired of.” In his History of England he has not overlooked them and their influence. He calls the conflict between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, a long, strange, glorious conflict of genius against power: the Jesuits calling cabinets, tribunals, universities, to their aid, while Port-Royal appealed, not in vain, to the hearts and understandings of millions. The dictators of Christendom, he goes on to say, found themselves, on a sudden, in the position of culprits. “They were arraigned on the charge of having systematically debased the standard of evangelical morality, for the purpose of increasing their own influence; and the charge was enforced in a manner which at once arrested the attention of the whole world: for the chief accuser was Blaise Pascal.

“His intellectual powers were such as have rarely been bestowed on any of the children of men; and the vehemence of the zeal which animated him was but too well proved by the cruel penances and vigils under which his macerated frame sank into an early grave. His spirit was the spirit of Saint Bernard: but the delicacy of his wit, the purity, the energy, the simplicity of his rhetoric, had never been equalled, except by the great masters of Attic eloquence. All Europe read and admired, laughed and wept. The Jesuits attempted to reply: but their feeble answers were received by the public with shouts of mockery.”†

It has been said of the excellent, the exemplary Bourdaloue, that his preaching was, for thirty years, nothing but one long and powerful refutation of the Provincial letters—one eloquent and reiterated act of avenging retort on Pascal. In his sermon on Evil-Speaking, Father Bourdaloue, tracking out in all its doublings and

*retours* this vice of *médiance* which, “not content with the will to afford pleasure and to play the censor agreeably, is moreover bent on passing for honest, charitable, well-intentioned,” thus proceeds in his general indictment to all appearance with a very particular reference: “Car voilà un des abus de notre siècle. On a trouvé le moyen de consacrer la médiance, de la changer en vertu, et même dans une des plus saintes vertus, qui est le zèle de la gloire de Dieu. . . . Il faut humilier ces gens-là, dit-on, et il est du bien de l'Eglise de flétrir leur réputation et de diminuer leur crédit. Cela s'établit comme un principe: là-dessus, on se fait une conscience, et il n'y a rien que l'on ne se croie permis par un si beau motif. On invente, on exagère, on empoisonne les choses, on ne les rapporte qu'à demi; on fait valoir ses préjugés comme des vérités incontestables; on débite cent faussetés; on confond le général avec le particulier; ce qu'un a mal dit, on le fait dire à tous, et ce que plusieurs ont bien dit, on ne le fait dire à personne; et tout cela, encore une fois, pour la gloire de Dieu. Car cette direction d'intention rectifie tout cela. Elle ne suffirait pas pour rectifier une équivoque, mais elle est plus que suffisante pour rectifier la calomnie, quand on est persuadé qu'il y va du service de Dieu.”\* Sainte-Beuve may safely enough affirm, that if Bourdaloue had not here in his mind's eye the Letters of Pascal, and was not here discussing him trait by trait before his listeners,

\* By Thomas Moore, who, some morning in June, 1831, “breakfasted at Rogers's,” “to meet Macaulay,” and then and there, among other good things, “snapped up” the young statesman's *dictum* about these Letters, as no “unconsidered trifle” or inconsiderable *mem.* “pour servir à” Master Tom's diary.

† Macaulay's History of England, vol. ii., ch. vi.

\* When Bourdaloue first appeared in the pulpit, in 1670, the public mind was agitated on the question of Port-Royal *versus* Jesuitism. The *Pensées* of Pascal, collected and arranged by his friends, were for the first time published, and, says M. Sainte-Beuve, revived that impression of the Provincial Letters, “qui était la blessure toujours saignante de la Société de Jésus.” The Jesuit Bourdaloue is described by this writer as, at this juncture, ascending with éclat the pulpits of the capital and of the Tuileries, and coming unexpectedly to raise anew the honor of his order, and to plant in his turn the flag of a pressing, eloquent, austere style of preaching. As the *fond du tableau* we are shown the court of Louis XIV., such as it appeared at the epoch to Christian eyes—Madame de la Vallière paling, though not yet eclipsed, beside the now radiant Montespan; Molière at the summit of his art and favor, and allowing himself all kinds of audacity, on the sole condition of being amusing; then enters Bourdaloue, and Jesuit *prédication* is the mode, the topic of the day, the subject of Madame de Sévigné's letters, the alarm of old courtiers, and the despair of young preachers.

many of whom must have been at the same time shocked and delighted, and unable to refrain from admiring, though under protest,—why, then there is not a single portrait from life in either Saint-Simon or La Bruyère.

In more respects than one, the appearance of the Letters to a Provincial was a memorable event in France. As M. Bordas Demoulin\* observes, Pascal aided the progress of reason and free inquiry by the admirable clearness he imparted to the treatment of abstruse themes, until then discussed only in the language of the schools. Descartes had set the example in metaphysics, and, before him, Bernard de Palissy and Jean Rey in natural history. Men began to feel the need of seeing and judging for themselves. Pascal's book *fait époque* in the French language, as the manifesto of a religious and political opposition to established abuses and accepted falsities. Pascal is recognized as one of the leading founders of French prose. He and they are sometimes charged with banishing from it the naïve grace, the exuberant ease, the vigorous freedom, the lively coloring, which enrich it in the old writers.† The answer given is, that

\* In his *Eloge de Pascal*. 1842.

† M. Gustave Planche, in his survey of the rise and progress of his native language, follows up a critique on the diction of Montaigne by some remarks on that of Pascal. The Syntax of Montaigne, he says, sufficient as an exponent of the capricious reflection of the *Essais*, becomes wholly transformed in the hands of Pascal, who gives to his phraseology a severer and more accurate *contour*, and with whom a combination of words no longer proposes to itself the mere expression of the general or particular, concrete or abstract idea, but aims directly at conciseness. "Syntax, in the mouth of Pascal, proclaims a sumptuary law, and banishes from the language all womanish coquetry of phrase; it sanctions no elegance that is not of a severe type; it gathers together the trailing folds of diction, and forbids that speech in any case overstep the limits of thought." And then the critic proceeds to show how this *implacable austerité* is softened and toned down in the hands of Montesquieu and Voltaire. See Planche's *Portraits Littéraires*, t. ii. ("De la langue française.")

M. Villemain teaches his academical hearers that it was Pascal, with his reflections, so lively and novel, on the art of persuasion, and his ingenious comparison of the spirit of geometry with that of finesse, that fixed the true principles of taste in the art of writing, and that justified by anticipation certain paradoxes of D'Alembert and Condillac. "A geometer like D'Alembert, but eloquent as Demosthenes, Pascal ridicules beforehand the dryas dust method adopted by Condillac in his *Art d'écrire*, and which, in the name of justice, prohibits to one and

so it needs must be, since these qualities, according to Bossuet, belong to the sports of flighty childhood and impulsive youth, not to the maturity of good sense, regulated by experience. M. Demoulin characterizes the style of Pascal as neat, concise, rapid, elegant, almost mathematically precise, and flexible in its adaptation to all the movements of the embodied thought. "Together with these qualities there appear that grace, ease, fertility, boldness, energy, and pomp which befit a duly cultivated mind." Sir James Stephen contrasts—many would, with less discrimination, have compared—Pascal's style with that of Junius, than whom no man was ever so greatly indebted to mere style; yet, with all its recommendations, *his*, by Sir James's verdict, is eminently vicious—being labored, pompous, antithetical—never self-forgetful, never flowing freely, never in repose; whereas Pascal's is the "transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought." Indeed, of the Letters of Junius and those of Pascal, in general, our Cambridge Professor seems to hold, that what will critically describe the one, will be true interpreted by contraries of the others; accordingly, after showing that the pseudonymous pamphleteer, about whose personality the world is yet unresolved, was a writer who embraced no large principles, awakened no generous feelings, and scarcely advocated any great social interest; after declaring him to have given equally little proof of the love of man, and of the love of books; after describing his topics and thoughts as connected with mere passing interests—his invective as merciless and extravagant—and his personal antipathies and inordi-

all the part of orator and poet."—VILLEMMAIN: *Tableau du XVIII<sup>me</sup> Siècle*, t. iv.

The style of the Thoughts is less polished, as Mr. Hallam remarks, than that of the Provincial Letters, and the sentences are "sometimes ill constructed and elliptical." But Mr. Hallam justly ranks the Thoughts, as a monument of Pascal's genius, above the Letters; and says, "they burn with an intense light; condensed in expression, sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader till he is scarcely able or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth which they contain." For that many of them are incapable of bearing a calm scrutiny, this calm scrutineer (such Mr. Hallam eminently and honorably is) accounts indisputable. And he considers the notes of Voltaire to be sometimes unanswerable, though always intended to detract; "but the splendor of Pascal's eloquence absolutely annihilates, in effect, on the general reader, even this antagonist."—HALLAM'S *Literature of Europe*, Part IV., ch. ii.



nate self-esteem as barely disguised beneath the veil of public spirit,—Sir James Stephen exclaims: “Reverse all this, and you have the characteristics of the ‘Provincial Letters.’”<sup>\*</sup> Pascal’s playfulness he admires as gay without an effort; while Pascal’s indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious—it is but philanthropy kindling into righteous anger. The Jesuits have had many assailants, first and last, of every capacity and of every temper. Never, perhaps, have they had an adversary so free from bad blood in his veins and bad language in his mouth as Blaise Pascal; yet never one, of any kind, who dealt them so heavy a blow and such great discouragement. A significant contrast *his* Satires on the Jesuits present to the Satires on the Jesuits of our John Oldham, his almost contemporary,<sup>†</sup> whose style of onslaught may be guessed from one brief sample:

“Sooner (which is the greatest impossible)  
Shall the vile brood of Loyola and hell  
Give o’er to plot, be villains, and rebel,  
Than I with utmost spite and vengeance cease  
To prosecute, and plague the cursed race.”

And then the poet invokes whatever can stimulate wrath and embitter fury, to aid him as he writes—enumerating a list of likely appliances for the purpose:

“All this urge on my rank, envenomed spleen,  
And with keen satire edge my stabbing pen,  
That its each home-set thrust their blood may  
draw,  
Each drop of ink like aquafortis gnaw.

Red-hot with vengeance thus, I’ll brand disgrace  
So deep, no time shall e’er the marks deface;  
Till my severe and exemplary doom  
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become  
More dreaded than the bar, and frighten worse  
Than damning Pope’s anathema and curse.”<sup>‡</sup>

Pascal’s “mild course” told more on the constitution of the Society, than all the violent drastics of inglorious John Oldham’s sort put together. A modern critic, who describes Pascal as holding up

his enemies to immortal scorn, and painting them in the most contemptible and ludicrous attitudes, “on a Grecian urn,”<sup>\*</sup> and as preserving “those wasps and flies in the richest amber,” intimates his own doubt whether Pascal has not honored too much “those wretched sophisters, by destroying them with the golden shafts of Apollo. Had not the broad hoof of Pan, or the club of Hercules, been a more appropriate weapon for crushing and mangling them into mire?” But the questioner admits that had Pascal employed coarser weapons, although equally effective, against his enemies, he had gained less glory for himself. After all, quiet and moderate as may be the assailant’s bearing in the early stages of the attack, he warms up ere the close into something very near akin to vehemence. He feels his way. He plays, cat-like, at first, with the prey that writhes, and twists, and turns, so tortuously within his clutch. But he tires of this—tires of the tactics of his foe, too slippery to be borne for long together—tires of his own tactics in dealing too flippantly with an incorrigible dissembler: sarcasm has fulfilled its part—indignation must now have scope; the hour of the sheet lightning is past, and that of the forked lightning is come; the lambent flame is extinguished, and there goes forth a devouring fire to pursue his adversaries, and drive them from their last refuge of lies.

Lamentation has been made over the fragmentary and unfinished character of Pascal’s “Thoughts.” They have been supposed, as Mr. Hallam says, to be fragments of a more systematic work that he had planned, or perhaps only reflections committed to paper, with no design of publication in their actual form. But, as is generally the case with works of genius, Mr. Hallam<sup>†</sup> justly contends, we do not easily persuade ourselves that they could have been improved by any such alteration as would have destroyed their type; and they are at present bound together by a real coherence through the predominant character of the reasonings and sentiments, and give us everything that we could desire in a more regular treatise, without the tedious verbosity

<sup>\*</sup> Sir J. Stephen’s *Ecclesiastical, &c., Essays*, vol. i.

<sup>†</sup> Oldham was some nine years old, at the time of Pascal’s death, in 1662. Both died at about the same age—in their fortieth year.

<sup>‡</sup> Oldham’s *Poetical Works*, p. 84. (Bell’s Annotated Edition.)

<sup>\*</sup> Referring to Pascal’s “Attic salt and Attic elegance of style.”

<sup>†</sup> *Literature of Europe*, vol. ii.

which regularity is apt to produce. To the rapid, vigorous, exalting *Pensées* of Blaise Pascal, we may apply the words of Shakspeare's Richard Plantagenet :

"Faster than spring-time showers, comes  
Thought on Thought ;  
And not a Thought, but thinks on dignity."\*

M. Jay, in his *Eloge de Montaigne*, describes Pascal, "écrivain sublime, qui ne s'arrête qu'en tremblant dans les régions supérieures de la pensée," as only escaping from despair by taking refuge in the bosom of religion ; and even there, unable to secure confidence and peace except by attaching himself to ascetic doctrines, in their most rigorous abstract form ; thus returning by a cross-path to the brilliant chimera of stoicism. The "eulogist" of Epicurean Montaigne cannot be supposed to sympathize very deeply with the Christian Stoic. Pascal himself, however, seems to have had a pronounced *penchant* for Montaigne, whose Essays, it has been remarked, attracted him beyond all other books, the Bible and St. Augustine excepted, if we may judge from the tone and frequency of his allusions to them. Wholly discordant as may have been the natures, moral and intellectual, of the two men, there is truth in what Mr. Hallam observes, that Pascal, though abhorring the religious and moral carelessness of Montaigne, found much that fell in with his own reflections in the contempt of human opinions, the perpetual humbling of human reason, which runs through the bold and original work of his predecessor. "He quotes no book so frequently ; and indeed, except Epictetus, and once or twice Descartes, he hardly quotes any other at all. Pascal was too acute a geometer, and too sincere a lover of truth, to countenance the sophisms of mere Pyrrhonism ; but, like many theological writers, in exalting faith he does not always give reason her value, and furnishes weapons which the sceptic might employ against himself." Pascal had reflected deeply, Mr. Hallam elsewhere remarks, upon the sceptical objections to all human reasoning, and though sometimes, out of a desire to elevate religious faith at its expense, he seems to consider them unanswerable, he was

too clear-headed to believe them just.\* "Reason," he says, "confounds the dogmatists, and nature the sceptics." "We have an incapacity of demonstration, which one cannot overcome ; we have a conception of truth which the others cannot disturb." He throws out a notion of a more complete method of reasoning than that of geometry, wherein everything shall be demonstrated, which, however, he holds to be unattainable ; and perhaps on this account he might think the cavils of Pyrrhonism invincible by pure reason.†

Of that "seditious rabble of doubts," which, from time to time, rise to dispute the empire of the understanding in the formation of our judgments—causing a momentary eclipse of that light in which the soul seemed to dwell—Mr. Henry Rogers, in his very able Essay on the Genius of Pascal, has remarked, that such a disturbance of the intellectual atmosphere no more argues the want of habitual faith, than the variations of the compass argue the severance of the connection between the magnet and the pole ; or, than the oscillations of the "rocking stone" argue that the solid mass can be heaved from its bed ; a child may shake, but a giant cannot overturn it. Moods there are, as he feelingly shows, occasioned perhaps by nervous depression, or a fit of melancholy, or an attack of pain, or harassing anxieties, or the loss of friends, or their misfortunes and calamities, or signal triumphs of baseness, or signal discomfitures of virtue, or, above all, from conscious neglect of duty, moods wherein a man shall sometimes half feel as if he had lost sight even of those primal truths on which he has been accustomed to gaze as on the stars of the firmament, bright, serene, and unchangeable ; even such truths as the existence of God, his paternal government of the world, and the divine origin of Christianity.‡ "And as there

\* Moreover, it has been said that he denies the validity of the proofs of natural religion. "This seems to be in some measure an error, founded on mistaking the objections he puts in the mouths of unbelievers for his own. But it must, I think, be admitted that his arguments for the being of a God are too often *à tuitiori*, that it is the safer side to take."—HALLAM'S *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, Part IV., ch. ii., § 37.

† Ibid., ch. iii., § 66.

‡ "In these moods, objections which he thought had long since been dead and buried, start again into sudden existence. They do more : like the escaped

\* Second Part of King Henry the Sixth, Act III., Sc. 1.

are probably few who have profoundly investigated the evidences of truth, who have not felt themselves, for a moment at least, and sometimes for a yet longer space, as if on the verge of universal scepticism, and about to be driven forth without star or compass, on a boundless ocean of doubt and perplexity, so these states of feeling are peculiarly apt to infest the higher order of minds. For if, on the one hand, these can best discern and estimate the evidence which proves any truth, they, on the other, can see most clearly and feel most strongly the nature and extent of the objections which oppose it; while they are, at the same time, just as liable as the vulgar to the disturbing influences already adverted to. This liability is of course doubled when its subject, as in the case of Pascal, labors under the disadvantage of a gloomy temperament.”\*

What Bishop Hurd calls the “sombrous fanatic air”† peculiar to Pascal, was indeed the result in large measure—how large it is not for us to say—of his physical idiosyncrasy, which was morbid and infirm in a highly exceptional degree. Over-study and undue austerities made inroads on his originally fragile constitution. There was the *ceinture de fer pleine de pointes*, which, his sister tells us, he

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genius of the *Arabian Nights*, who rises from the little bottle in which he had been imprisoned, in the shape of a thin smoke, which finally assumes gigantic outlines, and towers to the skies, these flimsy objections dilate into monstrous dimensions, and fill the whole sphere of mental vision. The arguments by which we have been accustomed to combat them seem to have vanished, or if they appear at all, look diminished in force and vividness. If we may pursue the allusion we have just made, we even wonder how such mighty forms should ever have been compressed into so narrow a space.”—*Essays by Henry Rogers*.

\* *Essays by Henry Rogers*.

† The bishop thus contrasts the *Pensées* with Addison's uncompleted treatise on the Christian Religion: “Thus, our Addison, like the amiable Pascal, closed his valuable life in meditating a defence of the Christian Religion. One is not surprised to find this agreement in the views of two such men; the one the sublimest genius, and the other the most cultivated, of modern times. But there is this lamented difference in their story. The spirit of Jansenism, falling on a temper naturally scrupulous, and a constitution always infirm, threw a sombrous fanatic air on Pascal's religious speculations, as it did on his life: while our happier countryman, by the benefit of better health and juster principles, maintained a constant sobriety in the conduct of each.”—*HURD'S Notes on Addison*, vol. v.

used *mettre à nu sur sa chair*, redoubling at times with his elbow *la violence des piqûres*—a practice which seemed to him so useful, that he continued it until his death, through all those *douleurs continuelles* which agonized his latter days; indeed the last four years of his life were but one *continueuse langueur*.\* There was the regimen he planned out for himself and practised with such punctilious rigor†—avoiding whatever pleased his palate, and mortifying the sense of taste with a sort of malicious ingenuity. Some of his critics trace all this to the accident which happened to him in 1654, when he narrowly escaped death near the Pont de Neuilly, while driving out in a coach-and-four—the horses taking fright, and the carriage being upset by the river-side. His imagination appears to have then received a shock from which it never recovered. From that day forth, Pascal believed he saw a gulf opened at his very feet. But the true gulf, says Aimé-Martin, in which his reason was swallowed up, was doubt respecting all those metaphysical questions which employ superior minds—an awful doubt, which only Christianity in its positive and practical form can dispel. And referring to the habit ascribed to Pascal, carrying under his clothes a symbol made up of mystical terms, the same writer, following a remark of Villemain's, observes that this powerful mind had fallen back upon these superstitious practices, in order to take yet farther flight from *une effrayante incertitude*. The imaginary precipice which, ever since that unhappy accident, Pascal's enfeebled senses believed they saw, was but the faint image of that abyss of doubt which terrified his inmost soul.‡ In this state “nothing but piety and prayer saved him from shoreless and bottomless scepticism.” There is ground for the opinion that his unfinished work on the

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\* “Vie de Pascal,” par Madame Périer, sa sœur.

† “Had that incomparable person,” says the Spectator, of *Monsieur Paschal*, “been a little more indulgent to himself in this point [of health], the world might have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age: and the whole history we have of his life until that time, is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.”—*Spectator*, No. CXVI.

‡ See Aimé-Martin's Notes on Pascal's life and works.



evidences of Christianity, seems to have been intended to convince himself, quite as much as to convince others.

The sixteenth century had engendered, as Sainte-Beuve remarks,\* a considerable number of *incrédules*; for the most part of a pagan type—of whom the most agreeable representative is Montaigne—a race which we see continued in Charron, La Mothe, Le Vayer, and Gabriel Naudé. But these learned sceptics, as well as such libertine *gens d'esprit et du monde* as Théophile or Des Barreaux, took things little to heart: there is no appearance about *them* of that profound inquietude which attests a lofty moral nature, and an order of intellect marked with the seal of the archangel; these are not, in short, to speak in the style of Plato, royal natures. But Pascal—he is of the higher, elder, nobler race; on *his* heart and on *his* brow, there is more than one sign: “c'est un des plus nobles mortels, mais 'malade, et il veut guérir.” And he it is that first introduces into the defence of religion, the ardor, anguish, and grand melancholy which others, of a later day, have carried to the side of scepticism. He is of those who, to use his own pregnant phrase, *cherchent en gémissant*.

Pascal is described by a recent critic,† as one who, adding to immense genius a child-like tenderness of heart and purity of conduct, was peculiarly liable to the tremendous doubts and fears forced on us all by the phenomena of man and the universe: doubts and fears which he felt, at once, with all the freshness of infancy, and with all the force of a melancholy manhood. He is described as trying in vain to solve them—asking this science and that philosophy to explain, and getting no reply. “Height and depth had said, ‘Not in us.’ The universe of stars was cold, dead, and tongueless. He felt terrified at, not instructed by it. He said, ‘The eternal silence of those infinite spaces affrights me.’” And then he is described as turning for a solution from the mysterious materialism of the heavenly bodies to Man, and finding in him his doubts driven to contradiction and despair—so perplexed a puzzle seemed Man

to this “anxious inquirer,” so disorderly a chaos. But religion comes in: and the investigator is guided to a twofold, and no longer a one-sided, study of Man: he studies him, by turns, in his relation to the finite and the infinite, “par rapport à l'atome et par rapport à l'immensité du ciel,” and exhibits him alternately great and little, as being suspended between two infinities, between two abysses. He expresses the triumph of Mind over Matter. “He cries out to this proud process of developing matter, this wondrous something sweltering out suns in its progress: ‘Thou mayest do thy pleasure on me, thou mayest crush me, but I shall *know* thou art crushing me, whilst thou art crushing blindly. I should be conscious of the defeat; thou wouldst not be conscious of the victory.’ Bold, certainly, was the challenge of this little piece of inspired humanity, this frail, slender, invalid, but divinely gifted man, to the enormous mass of uninspired and uninformative matter amid which he lived. He did not believe in law, life, or blind mechanism, as the all-in-all of the system of things. He believed rather in Tennyson's Second Voice—

“A little whisper breathing low,  
I may not speak of what I know.”

“Voilà Pascal,” exclaims M. Cuvillier Fleury, in one of his citations of the classics of France: “voilà Pascal, *penseur sublime, comme l'abîme est sublime d'inconnu*; ce livre ferait des fous ou des moines.”\* Pascal himself must to some appear third part *fou* (since the carriage mishap in 1654) and third part *moine*.

M. Villemain, comparing the scepticism of Vauvenargues with the very distinct grade of it from which Pascal suffered, observes, that although we sometimes fancy we hear in the *Pensées* the cry of torment wrung from a quite similar kind of doubt, Pascal could counterbalance *his* form of it by the tradition of his age, by the habits of his life, by the workings of his mind, and by his own unimpaired *will* to believe.† Had Pascal lived in another age, and surrounded by a new set of circumstances, who can tell into what shape his doubts might have developed themselves? for his epoch was one of those in which, as St. Marc Girardin says, men

\* Essay on Pascal, in the *Cauteries du Lundi*, t. iv. See also, on the subject of Pascal, the same writer's essays in the third volume of the *Portraits contemporains et divers*, and in the *Derniers Portraits littéraires*.

† In the *Eclectic Review*.

\* Cuv. Fleury: “Portraits politiques et révolutionnaires,” t. i.

† Villemain: “Cours de littérature française,” t. ii.



love science for her own sake, and when meditation has no other aim than the development of thought, and when every kind of intellectual exercise is rife, except that which makes application of ideas to things: "ce qui prête à la pensée une portée menaçante, c'est l'application qu'elle a : donnez une intention aux spéculations du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle, *Pascal sera presque un impie*, et Corneille un républicain."\* But equally against philosophy, and the evidence of facts, and the spirit of religion, is the inference—whether coming from the professed unbeliever, or from what the *National Review* calls the Hard Church party—that because Pascal doubted as he did, he cannot be said to have believed, in any true and valid sense. Let a living bishop of the English Church be heard and answered first:

"Did never thorns thy path beset?  
Beware—be not deceived;  
He who has never doubted yet,  
Has never yet believed."\*

\* Saint Marc Girardin: "Essais de Littérature et de Morale," t. i.

† Bishop Hinds, (of Norwich.)

Equivalent with the bishop's "charge" on this momentous topic, is the argument pursued in Mr. Henry Rogers's Essay on Pascal: "So little inconsistent with a *habit* of intelligent faith are such transient evasions of doubt, or such diminished perceptions of the evidence of truth, that it may even be said that it is only those who have in some measure experienced them, who can be said, in the highest sense, to believe at all. *He who has never had a doubt* [we italicize this all but verbal identity with the bishop's own expression], who believes what he believes for reasons which he thinks as irrefragable (if that be possible) as those of a mathematical demonstration, ought not to be said so much to believe as to know; his belief is to him knowledge, and his mind stands in the same relation to it, however erroneous and absurd that belief may be. It is rather he whose faith is exercised—not indeed without his reason, but without the full satisfaction of his reason—with a knowledge and appreciation of formidable objections—it is this man who may most truly be said intelligently to believe."

The value of Professor Rogers's essay on the "Genius and Writings of Pascal," has been significantly recognized in France, by its repeated translation—in one instance by M. Faugère, the distinguished editor of the *Pensées*. It is cited as "un remarquable article dans la *Revue d'Edimbourg*" by M. Sainte-Beuve, in one of that critic's many

And, despite the force and pressure, intellectually, of Pascal's "obstinate questionings," who shall say, of a *soul* so absorbed in things unseen, of one who walked by faith and not by sight,

"Of one accustomed to desires that feed  
On fruitage gathered from the tree of life"—

that in his heart of hearts, he was not, deeply and very really, amid all the clouds and shadows of speculative unrest, not only a believer, but

"— one in whom persuasion and belief  
Had ripened into faith, and faith become  
A passionate intuition?"\*

To Pascal, indeed, may be—and already by one of his most appreciating countrymen *has* been—applied what the late Alexandre Vinet strikingly said of a contemporary thinker: "Le scepticisme, par mille endroits, cherchait à pénétrer son esprit; mais sa foi se fortifiait, grandissait imperturbablement parmi les orages de sa pensée. On peut le dire, le doute et la foi vivante, l'un passager, l'autre immuable, *naquirent pour lui le même jour*; comme si Dieu, en laissant l'ennemi pratiquer des brèches dans les ouvrages extérieurs, avait voulu munir le cœur de la place d'un inexpugnable rempart." The spirit of this, if not the letter, comes very near the truth as to Pascal's "scepticism;" nearer, surely, much nearer, than Victor Cousin's view of the case, according to which Pascal's religion is, at the best, a bitter fruit, reared in a region desolated by doubt, under the withering breath of despair.

*études* devoted to the character and works of Blaise Pascal, and placed by him high in the list of that "vrai concours" of disquisitions "sur Pascal" which these latter years have produced—and which includes Dr. Reuchlin's work on Port-Royal, Victor Cousin's celebrated Memoir, M. Faugère's elaborate edition, the Abbé Flotte's "Studies," the lucubrations of the German Neander, and the feeling critiques of the Swiss Pastor, Vinet. The last mentioned, Alexandre Vinet, and M. Sainte-Beuve himself, always write their best when Pascal is before them; and the best of Sainte-Beuve and Vinet is, it needs not to say, very good indeed.

\* Wordsworth: "The Excursion." Book IV.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## BORDER LANDS OF SPAIN AND FRANCE.\*

THERE are few things that mark more emphatically the progress of the age than the mass of works of travel which issues from the press. The facilities of locomotion afford to men the means, in the intervals of study or professional occupation, or of the engrossments of trade speculations, during a summer vacation, or a winter pause in business, to leave home and run half over the world in the space of a few weeks; and that mightiest of all engines of civilization and knowledge—the printing-press—is ever ready to transfer the notes of the tourist to the page of the publisher, and thence to the world at large. It is somewhat amusing to take up a publisher's list of the present day, and compare it with the issue of books of all kinds, and especially books of travel, some twenty years ago. One would be led to believe from the comparison that for one who travelled in those days, a hundred travel now; and that of those who travel, ten now give the world the benefit of their experience, for one that did so then. In fact, steam now does for the body what the electric current does for thought, and mankind is becoming a peregrinating animal. The number of such works that lie before us is not a little perplexing. It seems to us as if we were diurnally called upon to perform the voyage of the world, and in our desperation we sometimes feel an insane desire to ignore the subject altogether, and disbelieve the locomotive faculties of humanity. In our perplexity, the other day, we selected from a mass of such books lying before us a work which had two especial commendations externally; it was in one volume, and that volume was of reasonable dimensions; and so we addressed ourselves to the "Border Lands of Spain and France," more especially as the book promised us some account of that singular

republic which in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, has for a thousand years contrived to maintain its independence and integrity, alike against France and Spain. We allude to the republic of Andorre.

The author of the volume under our consideration, whoever he be—for he does not affix his name—is a man of the right stuff to make travellers of—sagacious, reflective, and quick-sighted; he has an eye for natural beauties, a heart for the contemplation of humanity, and a mind ready to philosophize upon the various phases of society through which he passes. Such a man can never travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "All is barren."

Through a great portion of our author's autumn tour we do not mean to conduct our readers. The paths about the baths of the Pyrenees are as beaten and as well known as the highways that lead to Homburg or Spa or Weisbaden—nay, we had almost said, as the thoroughfares of Holborn or Ludgate Hill. There you meet daily the same men of broken-down fortunes and broken-down frames—adventurers and invalids—*fanfarons* and *far-nientis*, hawks and pigeons, pluckers and plucked, saints and sinners, wise men and fools, that you meet at every congregation of the human species, which by some mysterious law of our nature, are always drawn together around springs of medicinal water and strands for sea bathing. In the Basque provinces there is much to engage the attention of a thoughtful man; they are interesting as having been the haunt of a political liberty sanctioned by immemorial tradition, and now almost unknown to the races of Europe. We have in this volume some very intelligent observations upon the religious and political characteristics of the people of these provinces—their habits of life, and social peculiarities—which will alternately amuse and surprise an inhabitant of the British islands. The author gives us these concluding observations:

\* *Border Lands of Spain and France.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1856.

"The nearest existing example, perhaps, to the privileges of the Basques, is to be found in the modern Constitution of Servia. The suzerainets of the Porte, and that of the Escorial, proceed alike from the imperfect rule and consequently imperfect centralization, of a comparatively modern or dominant race or dynasty. The central power forms, in either, the protector of the local government from external aggression; and the local government, in turn, becomes, in either, its own protector against the central power. If national rights are more clearly defined in Servia, they are more ancient and venerable in the Basque provinces. It is only by a jealous maintenance of traditional privileges, in respect of their central government, that insignificant nationalities can ensure the durability of their political rights; as it is only by a recognition of the suzerainets of that central government, that they can ensure their political rights; in respect of external aggression. And so uniform is man's political nature in all periods of the world, that protectorial rights are essential to the security of small communities in this civilized age, as when they were devised in counterpoise to the violence of feudal times."

Having visited the Bearnais, including the lowlanders and the mountaineers of the Eastern district of the Basses Pyrenees, the author gives us a very lively sketch of the language, manners, and superstitions of this primitive people. The dialect is a compound of Latin and Teutonic, without the slightest admixture of French, Spanish, or any other modern tongue to aid the stranger in his attempt to become intelligible. Nevertheless our traveller essayed to learn somewhat—with what success let him relate:

"I passed an old ruined tower, built on a knoll, guarding the ravine on which it stood, and apparently the work of the Plantagenets. Beside it was an old Béarnais woman, (nearly coeval with the ruin,) gathering up sticks or stones, and generally seeking what she might devour. I asked her in French the legend of the place, intending to believe it, if not violently opposed to all internal probability. She answered me in Béarnais, with, very likely, a begging imposition. Neither understood the other; and there was as complete a confusion of tongues before the tower as before the tower of Babel!"

Amongst the people who inhabit the border lands of Spain and France, there are few who, in their national and social characteristics, are objects of greater interest and research for the antiquary or the historian than those who are known by the name of Cagots, and who are

scattered in the villages and valleys of the Pyrenees, but still a distinct race. In past times proscribed by the church and the state, debarred by the social prejudice of their neighbors from the enjoyments and privileges which other Christian and free subjects were entitled to, their origin and history, even at this day involved in deep obscurity and uncertainty, this singular people present a problem which has engrossed the attention and perplexed the speculations of philosophers. The principal settlements of the Cagots, in the neighborhood of Bagueres, are Montgaillard and Campain, and both these villages the author visited. Several theories still obtain with regard to the origin of the Cagots. Some hold that they are the descendants of the Goths who invaded Aquitaine in the fifth century, and of the survivors of those who were defeated by Clovis in the battle of Vanillé. Others again allege that they are sprung from the remnant of the Arabs defeated by Charles Martel at Poitiers, in the eighth century. A third, that they owe their origin to the Albigenes who were dispersed in the twelfth century. But besides these conjectures there are not wanting those who insist on their descent from the leprous Christians who returned from the Crusades, or even from the Jews. All these historical positions the author of the book before us investigates and combats with much learning and considerable plausibility, substituting finally his own theory in their place. The condition of the Cagots is, however, very different from what it was some generations since. This in a great degree arises, we should imagine, from a breaking up, by frequent intermarriages with their neighbors, of that isolation which hemmed them in, as well as by the relaxation of that religious intolerance by which they were proscribed. Some idea of the harsh ecclesiastical discipline to which, as a heretical, and spiritually, if not physically, leprous race, they were subjected, will be found from the following statement of their condition at Montgaillard:

"The Cagots had been invariably denied the rights of worship and of sepulture with other Christians. A distinct portion of the churchyard had been assigned to them; and here, wherever certain families could be still recognized as distinctively Cagots, they were still interred. This race, although not forbidden from attending the services of the Church, were

formerly separated from the rest of the congregation, and were compelled to enter the building by a side door. The door, a small and insignificant entrance, is placed beneath the belfry; and in the inner porch, into which it opens, is still a stone receptacle for holy water. This circumstance serves to shed some light on the religious position of the Cagots; for there appears to be little doubt that, while they were thus admitted to the benefit of the holy water, they were generally excluded from the reception of the sacraments."

These severities and proscriptions now happily no longer exist, and the Cagots indiscriminately mingle with the rest of the Christian congregation, and as freely participate in all the privileges of the Church. Still the traces of what they have suffered under the civil and ecclesiastical powers, are to be found in the race at the present day, if we are to credit our author's description:

"They seemed as though they groaned under the superincumbent moral weight of a persecution of a thousand years. They were low in stature, not perhaps grossly deformed in person, but their figures, nevertheless, unlike other human beings; weak and tottering (though not apparently of great age) as if their joints had been lately loosened under the kindly influence of the Inquisition. Their complexions were sallow in the last degree; and their appearance bore out their reputation of being of weak intellect. This character, I was told, had for many years been declining, and was now nearly obliterated, among the reputed Cagots, through the mixture of new blood. But the appearance of those whom I have just described so nearly corresponded to the written descriptions of the mediæval Cagots, that I should be inclined to acquiesce in the tradition of the place, which excluded them from the influence of intermarriages with the people of Bigorre."

Leaving the Cagots, the author turned his steps towards the Eastern Pyrenees, with the ultimate object of visiting the republic of Andorre, and thus his course lay through the mountains of Catalonia and the plains of Foix. We pass his observations upon Luchon, and his comparison between that resort of fashionable valetudinarians and the celebrated watering place of Ischl in the Styrian Alps. The author did not ascend the Maladetta, but contented himself with a view of it from the opposite side of the dark ravine. He has given us a description of the mode of accomplishing that difficult feat, which is not indeed dissimilar to that of the

Mont Blanc, so admirably detailed by the never-wearyed and never-wearying tongue of Albert Smith:

"The ascent of the Maladetta is now not altogether impracticable to those who are able to encounter great exertion, and who do not object to be put into harness, and to be driven in a team by a trio of mountaineers. The danger rests, of course, in the insidious nature of the snow-drifts, which are not less hazardous than Irish bogs. Those, therefore, who wish to climb the mountain, are compelled to wait (like the constituent elements of an Oriental caravan at the edge of the Desert) until an adequate number of candidates for the enterprise has accumulated, either at Luchon or at some less hospitable hospice at the edge of the mountains; when all these unfortunates are strapped together into a vertical column, in single file, and are marched up the snowy ascent, charging the glaciers on their route. The object of all this is obvious enough. If the leaders should fall in, the wheelers, to whom they are attached, pull them out. The whole team is kept in a right line, and by this means goes over the same ground. There is no such artificial facility for the ascent of the Maladetta as exists for the ascent of Mont Blanc: it is a far less beaten route, and, I should be disposed to think, a more hazardous experiment. To the weak, (or to those of ordinary strength, whose powers fail to satisfy the exertion demanded for the enterprise,) the alternative, "Go on, or perish," must be any thing but agreeable. No doubt the stronger help to drag the weaker out of the difficulty; but it would seem hard under such circumstances to choose between being dragged involuntarily over endless regions of eternal ice, and being chained there stationary, like Prometheus, for ever and a day."

From this scenery the author returned to Luchon, and then passed along the French frontier into Ariège, and subsequently crossing the Spanish frontier he visited the mountain regions of Western Catalonia. Here is a lively description of a storm which he encountered in his descent from Mount Collat, in company with a cockney Englishman, whom he picked up *en route*, and whom he compares to an unfortunate hippopotamus that had accidentally swam out of the Nile, and had lost its way in the watery wilderness of the Levant:

"At the most difficult and precipitous point, the clouds descended to the earth; and the view before us, just now spreading over the boundless highlands of Catalonia, barely extended to our horses' heads. It was a startling novelty to be carried over the mountains by animals to all appearance destitute both of heads



and tails! We were summarily brought to a dead halt, and nothing but the closest possible proximity prevented us from being utterly lost to each other. But the clouds went onward on their sublime, ethereal way; and the lurid light of an autumn sun, struggling with dark thunder-clouds above, once more disclosed the course before us.

The deluge and the torrent, however, were close at hand: down they came simultaneously from the heavens and from the mountain-tops: the wind roared amid the pine-woods, and swept down the rock-clefts with its hideous howl: the crashing of the thunder shook the very mountains to their base: the lightning transformed the sombre fir-forests into fiery groves; the new-born cataract swept over the verdure of the hill-sides: solitary trees that had survived the seventy years of man, snapped in their very trunks, were hurled down the precipices in the sport of the whirlwind; and the dissolved mists, mingling with the dark substance of the soil, discharged down the precipices torrents of liquid coal! It was beneath the shelter of rocks alone that we could proceed; and even by their sides we were nearly blown off our horses' backs. The storm lasted nearly two hours. Ere its close, our track had become almost impassable. The surcharged waters of the Essera burst on every side around us; and paths gave place to cataracts. We were at last forced to dismount and climb the rocks forming the *debris* from the enormous ridge which lay above us. The horses climbed after us as they could, more than once rolling on their sides. At length we reached less uneven ground, and a commanding view. The storm had spent itself; the wind was hushed; and the dark thunder-scroll was rolled back over one half of the angry heaven. We were on the boundary of the two empires. To our left lay the dark plains of Catalonia, still in all their wild and murky gloom: to the right, quivering in the brilliant glare of an autumnal sun, were spread before us the rich and golden vales of Arégo."

It would seem that the author had the good fortune—for we esteem it a good fortune for every traveller—to fall into the midst of a band of mountain robbers; and he details with much circumstantiality, and we hope with a reasonable regard to veracity, his perilous position and the address with which he extricated himself from his danger, when escape seemed little short of a miracle. We own to much scepticism in general upon the subject of these romantic adventures; and, for ourselves, we can say that though always most desirous of falling in with a solitary robber or cut-throat—we rather believe we should have preferred a *single* specimen at a time—we never had the

happiness, either upon mountain or in valley, to succeed; and travelled many a solitary pass, without guide or companion, without so much as having our pocket picked, to say nothing of a clasp-knife sheathed in our smaller intestines. Nevertheless, we deny no man's better luck or happier experiences, so let our traveller enjoy the honor of his adventure, seeing that he has lived to tell it.

Upon the French side of the Pyrenees, and in the territory of Cerdagne and Rousillon, exists a very singular people. In the midst of the progress and civilization which for centuries have been going on northward of them, they seem to cling to old thoughts, old customs, old institutions; and if one has a desire to go back the stream of time, not indeed in books but in the body, he has but to visit these lovely regions and he will find himself in the mediæval times, both as regards character and imagination. What will the reader think of a land in which the old miracle-plays are still in the height of fashion—where, upon Sunday and saint's day, one can assist at those ancient and now traditional mysteries which were the origin of our modern drama. We may observe, however, that there are some points of difference between the celebration of these mysteries to-day in Rousillon and as they were enacted in Italy or Germany in the middle ages and in the time of the Trouvères. They now embrace a shorter period of dramatic action, seldom exceeding a few hours, though occasionally adjourned from Sunday to Sunday; and they no longer represent heaven, earth, and hell, by the triple scaffolding or stages—a very significant mode of suggesting the respective altitudes of these localities, according to the popular topographical ideas in old times—and we are disposed to think in modern times, too—extensively prevalent. Our author was present at some of these representations. Here is his account of one of them. We must premise that the stage was raised to an elevation midway between the platform occupied by the élite of the place, and the benches and tables designed to accommodate the inferior portion of the community. The light of day—for the performance was, of course, in the day-time—was dimly admitted through colored curtains, and a depiction on canvas of the three worlds supplied the place of the mediæval scaffolding.

"Never was any drama a more complete practical protest against the doctrine of dramatical Unity of Place, (except so far as scenic arrangement was concerned;) for the play which was acted on the occasion of my visit began with the creation of the world; and after comprehending, in theory or in representation, the principal events of the first four thousand years, concluded with our Saviour's pilgrimage upon earth! Paradise was, by a figure of speech, the first scene of the first act. There was Adam and Eve, at first the solitary dramatic personæ,—then came the animals, (by a gentle anachronism,) "pawing to get free." Then came the tempting evil spirit, and finally the expelling and avenging angel. But by a grotesque perversion, the former was represented by a fair woman, and the latter by a dark and bearded man, burnt apparently from immemorial time by the fierceness of a Roussillon sun.

When, in process of time, the play arrived at the deluge, the voyage of the ark was supposed; much as the triple voyage from Thessaly to Euboea is supposed in the Trachinise. This, in fact, was a happy arrangement for the denizens of the pit, under the circumstance of the elevation of the stage, and of the inconvenient laws of watery gravitation. Then came the pilgrimages of the Patriarchs—then the Egyptian plagues.

The wanderings in the Desert followed; and the Jewish kingdom at length was presented upon the stage. The costume of the actors nearly killed one with laughing; and the grandest attire that was then common in Catalonia was held to be the presumptive fashion of ancient Jerusalem. The actors, too, were often wont to adorn themselves with gilt buckles and gilt buttons; and they occasionally appeared with their hair powdered in a manner which would have rendered it a mercy to the drama if Mr. Pitt's hair-powder tax had extended to Cordagne and Roussillon."

Then followed the representation of the principal events in the life of the Redeemer. The introduction of such scenes must necessarily shock the feelings of Englishmen; yet we should not, perhaps, stigmatize them as profanity, upon a candid consideration of the genius of that form of continental worship which addresses itself so much to the senses, especially of the lower and more ignorant grades of society. And, indeed, we learn from the pages before us, that during the representation of this part of the drama the attitude of the audience was uniformly serious and attentive. What, in fact, from its novelty, might to an English spectator or auditor be either revolting or ridiculous, habit rendered to the simple and superstitious people an exhibition solemn, tragic, and instructive. To complete the mediæval character of the whole performance, the miracle-play was

succeeded by a comedy; thus forcibly reminding us of those jolly old fellows of the middle ages, "the clerks of the revels," as the tragedy recalls to our recollection the venerable "Fraternity of the Passion."

So far as to regions that have been more or less visited by travellers who journey from France into Spain through the passes of the Pyrenees. We shall now avail ourselves of the author's experiences in his visit to a district which we believe but few Englishmen have ever entered, and of which, so far as we are aware, no account has heretofore existed in our language. And yet this is an ancient commonwealth—nearly as ancient a state as any now existing in Europe. It is only in mountain fastnesses that such a political phenomenon could exist as a state which, too small and too poor to stimulate the cupidity of neighboring nations—too weak to excite their apprehensions, and too inaccessible to interfere with their political views—a locality which, from its position, difficult to conquer and to hold, and when conquered, not worth the holding—is therefore left to manage its own affairs as best it may. And thus it has happened to Andorre, as it has happened to another mountain-girdled republic in Italy—San Marino—that it continues in its integrity through all surrounding changes. Despite of the state of periodical revolutions which has become well nigh a chronic disease in its northern neighbor France, and the perpetual political troubles and changes which make the monarchical state of its southern neighbor, Spain, as anarchical and unstable as dynastic revolutions could make her—despite of all these, it is a truly wonderful thing to see this little republic to-day nearly what it was in the ninth century—governed by its old traditional laws, and enjoying its rude freedom, and presenting nearly the identical form of government which it enjoyed in the days of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire. Still, if there be no change, there can be no progress; and we must, of course, expect that whatever liberty and conservative stability this little place may boast, these blessings must be dearly purchased by the very primitive condition, both as regards civilization and literature, in which its people must be, as it were, held motionless. And indeed it is very manifest, that throughout our author's details of his intercourse with the distin-

guished members of the Andorrian republic, there runs an under-current of satirical humor and mockery that indicates he looked upon the people much in the same light that he would contemplate a tribe of savages in central Africa or in one of the Polynesias.

There are three routes that lead to Andorre. That which leads to it by the baths in Ariège was selected; and after a somewhat ludicrous discussion with the douanier at the frontier, the author finds himself entering the little state. The first aspect was certainly not very promising. "On either side a waste wilderness, alternately of mountain and valley, clothed, indeed, with verdure, but not a tree, a human habitation, or a human being;" and so he proceeded with his guide till the course led them into a valley, where, "in a region which partook partly of the character of an English quagmire and partly of that of an Irish bog," almost every trace of the narrow pathway—the high road to the republic—along which they had been travelling, disappeared. Well, on he journeyed, and our inquisitive searcher after ancient constitutions speedily comes to the conclusion that this stronghold of time-honored conservative institutions was "a republic without a road, without a house, without a river, without a trade, without a place of learning, without an educated person!" This picture is a little overcharged: seeing that there are men in the district, it follows that there must be habitations of some sort; in fact, there are three villages besides the capital. The nearest was Soldeu, where he had the gratification of learning he could sleep "*avec les moutons*," beyond that was Canillo, and farther still Encamp. In the former, however, he puts up, sups in the common kitchen with the rest of the inmates by the light of the flambeau of pine wood, and sleeps in the only bedroom of the village. The Syndic or head of the republic chanced at the time to be rusticated in the neighborhood of Canillo, and thither, of course, our traveller proceeds to pay his respects. Having ascended a flight of steps of a very rude and unpalatial character, he enters a dark chamber illuminated by the light of the fire; its only furniture were a table and a bench. On the latter two men were sitting; one of them rose.

"He was an intelligent-looking man, of about  
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fifty-five; but with a dark and sun-burnt complexion. The expression of his eyes bespoke a kindness of heart; his manner gave him a certain patriarchal air, dignified, yet simple. He wore a vestment, which was neither a coat nor a jacket; knee-breeches; shoes and stockings of a rough manufacture; a something of blue which girded his waist, and might have been a twisted apron; and finally, a long-pointed red cap, the extremity of which hung downwards to his shoulders. His dress differed little from that of the peasantry around him, which is not very dissimilar to the dress of the inhabitants of High Catalonia."

This was the Syndic whose knowledge of sheep was much more profound than his skill in legislation, and whose acquaintance with European politics was just so much as that he knew there was a war between Russia and France, but was ignorant that England was engaged in it. It may be readily conjectured that this simple shepherd-king had not much taste for political disquisitions. Indeed, he seems for a time to have contrived to *dodge* the troublesome attempts of his over-curious visitor to seduce him into a discussion of state affairs; and, in fine, he edified him with some views on commerce and political economy, then (and of course at all times theretofore) in fashion with the worthy Andorrans, that evidently astonished our English friend. A very amusing account is given of the government house and council chamber, in a vein of pleasant humor, which inclines us to the belief that our vivacious traveller put a great deal of solemn hoaxing upon those simple rustics; for instance, he actually induced the good Syndic to attire himself in his robes of state, consisting of a long, black, straight-collared coat, adorned with two rows of buttons of Brobdingnagian dimensions, and a low, black, turned-up hat—something between an admiral's and a bishop's—and he had finally the effrontery (the solemn wag, if he be not hoaxing us too), in leave-taking, to assure "His Excellency of the cordiality with which Her Majesty's ministers would receive him, if he should ever visit London in the capacity of representative of his country."

Leaving the republic for a season, the author passed into the territory of Urgel, whose bishop, in conjunction with the French government, enjoys a nominal protectorate over Andorre. Upon his return he had the honor to be present at a full assembly of the twenty-four councillors of state on the occasion of a discussion

touching the necessary measures for the defence of the state against the irruption of Catalan brigands. Before we leave the subject of Andorre, we cannot do better than extract from the volume before us some outline of the constitution and history of that singular republic:

"The people of Andorre, according to the earliest charter, owe their independence to an event which threatened the subjugation of Europe. The first authentic traditions of the Republic extend beyond the age of Charlemagne, and their earliest written documents bear the signature, in behalf of that emperor, of Louis le Debonnaire. The Andorrans and the Catalonians were in those early periods a common race. The whole region of Catalonia being endangered, toward the close of the eighth century, by the progress of the Moorish arms, the population, in 778, sent a deputation to Charlemagne, imploring his support in defence of their independence and of the Christian faith. The Frankish king, accompanied by his paladins, crossed the Pyrenees, and united his army in the valley of Urgel with the assembled forces of Catalonia, which chiefly consisted of the mountaineers of the district of Andorre. After a brilliant campaign, he effected the extirpation of the Moors as far as the left bank of the Ebro. He then proceeded to establish a military and political organization for the defence of the invaded territory. He recognized in the Andorrans certain peculiar rights, which he afterwards more clearly defined, and granted at the same time to the bishopric and church of Urgel the tithes of the six parishes into which their valleys were even at that very early period divided. Here, then, arose the germ of the independence of Andorre, and here also the germ of the pretensions which were afterwards displayed by the see of Urgel.

"A second irruption of the Moors having again threatened that independence which the institutions of Charlemagne were intended to preserve, the Emperor of the Romans entrusted the reestablishment of peace to his son Louis le Debonnaire. The joint authority of Charlemagne and of Louis had rewarded the military services of the Andorrans by the grant of their political independence. The ancient document which founded the Republic of Andorre dates from the year 805, and bears the signature of Louis le Debonnaire, who has always been known to the republic by the title of *Ludovicus Pius*."

The original of this deed is still preserved in the archives of the republic, and the author was fortunate enough to be allowed to peruse whatever portion of its contents were still legible. It would appear that Louis acted by the authority of Charlemagne, and the au-

thor tells us that the confirmations of this charter are attested by the signatures of the succeeding emperors.

In its conclusion there is a recommendation which, so far as the testimony of the author goes, we would imagine has been very faithfully adopted—namely, that the people of Andorre should "establish an absolute equality of rights in their mutual relations, and ignore peculiar privileges and distinction of ranks."

This independence was disturbed by assailants, spiritual and temporal. The Bishop of Urgel, on the one hand, asserted the subordination of the republic to the Church, which he enforced by the customary sacerdotal fulminations: on the other hand, Charlemagne the Bald made a grant of the sovereignty to the Count of Urgel as a reward for services. The contest between the two wolves for the unhappy carcass was arranged by their uniting for the purpose of sharing the prey, but that alliance ended as all lupine federations are sure to end—they fought over the spoil, again arranged their difference, and again quarrelled, and when both parties were exhausted, they finally settled the matter by establishing a "Protectorate in Common;" and at this day the Count of the Tuilleries and the Bishop of Urgel are the protectors of the republic—protection meaning, we presume, the right to levy an annual tribute from a state that needs no other or better protection than that which nature and their own unobtrusive seclusion affords.

"The source of the sovereign authority of Andorre consists in the Legislative Council of each district. Their councillors are not absolutely identical, as a body, with the landed proprietors, who are a clan somewhat more numerous. They sit, not in virtue of property or election, but as hereditary legislators. The ancestors of certain families now in possession of a share of the soil, obtained, in whatever manner—and on this point great obscurity generally rests—a right of legislation within the district in which their property was situated.

"It is competent to the hereditary legislators to add to their number, by summoning at any time an unfranchised proprietor to the Council; and as the more ancient and considerable landholders are already found among this body, it has naturally become their practice to elect any excluded member who may approach themselves in point of territorial consideration.

"The executive functions of each of their six districts are confided in two consuls, who are members of the supreme Council."



There is also a central or supreme council of twenty-four in number, and is formed by the representatives of each of the six parishes, consisting of the two consuls and the two ex-consuls—which thus gives the advantage of a continual rotation of members. This council elects the Syndic, whose office is nominally held at the pleasure of the council, but virtually for life. In relation to the land tenure of Andorre we have some interesting information. A portion, generally the valleys, belong to the state, while the higher lands are individual property. The sub-division of the public lands amongst the parishes, according to their population, and the right of commonage enjoyed by each individual, indicate an arrangement as equitable as it is simple, yet capable of existing only in a state whose social polity is of that primitive nature that it neither admits of or requires any complex relations. What is, perhaps, the most surprising, as it will be in the opinion of many the most enviable, condition of the Andorrans, is that they have no written law! Should the worthy Syndic in an evil hour be induced to accept the invitation of our author and come to London, how will he look aghast at the gigantic Ossa of our “statutes at large,” to say nothing of the Pelion of commentary which our Titanic legists have piled up thereon, in the vain attempt to reach the heaven of justice. No written law! ay, and hear it, ye boastful Britons, no trial by jury. Equity and custom, the dictates of their simple consciences, and the usages of the state, alone guide the judges in their decisions, and yet it works well—at least so says the writer of this volume.

Another trait which unmistakably marks the barbarism of Andorre, is this: “With scarcely any exception, the duties of the state are gratuitously discharged by the authorities on whom they fall!” We rather imagine there is not much competition for the Civil Service, and that competitive examinations are scandalously neglected. But the system is carried further still, and even the soldiers serve gratuitously, the only aid afforded being to individuals who are too poor to purchase the necessary equipments, which in that case are supplied to them by the state.

Upon the whole review of this interesting little community, one cannot help entertaining very serious doubts that their condition would be improved by a participation of the civilization, such as it is, with all its drawbacks, which their neighbors on either side of them possess. Compared with Spain, their lot appears to us to be enviable indeed—and a comparison of their contented and peaceful virtue with the misery and demoralization of the French borderers, affords a contrast decidedly in favor of the state of Andorre. We will sum up in the words in which our author concludes his very pleasant and instructive work, as he estimates the character of the Andorrans:

“They possess the intrinsic qualifications in as great a degree as they want the artificial elements, of real wealth. And if there is no community in the world which fully represents the conditions of a perfect moral state, yet where can so fair a Utopia be conceived as in the heart of mountains, secluded from the interests and influences of the common world, adorned by the beautiful in Nature, and peopled by all that is simple, and just, and benevolent in Man?”

THERE is a story in the East that a certain King commanded his Vazir to give him specimens of all the most remarkable languages in the world. The Vazir, a sort of Mezzofanti in his way, went on for some time with his task, now quoting an author in this language and now in that, when suddenly he stopped, seemed to ponder for a time, and then craved permission to be absent a moment from the Darbùr. Permission being granted, he went out, but presently returned with a metal pot half filled with stones, which he shook so

as to make an intolerable noise. The King asked the meaning of this strange behavior. “Asylum of the world,” replied the Vazir, “I am now to the best of my feeble ability furnishing your Majesty with a specimen of Púshtú, to the pronunciation of which these sounds are the nearest approach that can be made.” Whether from this proverbial ruggedness of sound, or not, certain it is that few languages spoken over so large a tract of country have received so little attention as the Afghan.—*Notice of a New Afghan Grammar.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## SIR JOHN ROSS, THE ARCTIC VOYAGER.

THE death of this celebrated voyager, on the 31st August last, at 43 Gillingham street, Pimlico, reminds us that his name was, some twenty-three years ago, in everybody's mouth, and the interest excited, in recent times, concerning Sir John Franklin, was never so great or so absorbing as was that created by the long absence of Captain Ross in the Polar regions. From the 27th of July, 1829, when he left the port of Wideford, in Greenland, where he had been obliged to refit—his vessel, the *Victory*, having lost her mainmast—till he and his crew were picked up in a most miserable condition, in August, 1833, by Captain R. W. Humphreys, of the *Isabella*, of Hull, his own old ship, no information that could be relied upon had been received at home of his expedition, and most people had given him up for lost. That expedition was undertaken chiefly through the liberal pecuniary aid of a private individual. The person who came forward to further the renewed search for a north-west passage was Sir Felix Booth, the eminent distiller, then Sheriff of London; and this gentleman received his baronetcy in 1834, for the assistance he had so munificently rendered to Captain Ross on that occasion.

With the history of Arctic discovery, the name of Sir John Ross is indissolubly linked. Like many other Scotsmen who have acquired distinction, he was reared in a manse. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Andrew Ross, minister of Inch, a parish in the western division of Wigtownshire, where he was born in 1777. His mother, Elizabeth Corsan, was a descendant of the Corsans of Mickleknox, who, for seventeen generations, were provosts of Dumfries, and at one period possessed a third part of that loyal burgh, celebrated for its "siller gun," and for being the place where Burns spent the latter unhappy years of his life, and where stands his mausoleum:

"The homage of earth's proudest isle,  
To that bard-peasant given."

The name of Corsan, or, as it is now altered into, Carson, is very prevalent in Dumfriesshire. The late learned Dr. Aghionby Ross Carson, rector of the High School, Edinburgh, who died on the 4th of November, 1850, was a native of that county.

The Corsans came from Italy. The first of them in Scotland was a gentleman of the Corsini family, who, about the year 1280, accompanied an abbot of New Abbey, to Kirkcudbrightshire, and settled in Galloway. This abbey, then called New, was founded by Devorgilla, the mother of John Baliol, and after her death, it was known by the name of *Dulce-cor*—that is, Sweetheart Abbey, from the heart of the husband of the foundress, John Baliol, of Bernard Castle, embalmed, and placed in a box of ivory, being buried with herself, near the high altar.

The parish of Inch, the birthplace of Sir John Ross, forms part of an isthmus between Loch Ryan and Luce Bay, and was at one period, in very ancient times, covered by the sea. At intervals throughout its extent, there are curious hollows, of various sizes, locally called "pots," which are supposed to have been scooped out by an eddying motion of the retiring billows. The name Inch is derived from the British *Ynys*, or the Gaelic *Inis*, and signifies an island. There are three or four parishes of the name in Scotland, as well as numerous places having the word for an adjunct, such as Inchaffray, Inchcolm, &c. It is also used to denote level ground near a river, as the North and South Inches at Perth.

The future Arctic voyager entered the Navy in 1786, and after being a midshipman for fifteen years, he was promoted to be lieutenant, in 1801. In 1806, when lieutenant of the *Surinam*, he was wounded in cutting out a Spanish vessel from under the batteries of Bilboa. In 1812, he was appointed commander of the *Briseis*, on the Baltic station. With his lieutenant, a midshipman, and eighteen men, he gallantly attacked and re-captured an English

merchant ship, armed with six guns and four swivels, and defended by a party of French troops. Subsequently, he captured also a French privateer, and drove on shore three other vessels of the same description. In 1814, Captain Ross was appointed to the *Actæon*, 16 guns, and in 1815, to the *Driver* sloop.

He became a post-captain in 1818, the year which was distinguished as the commencement of his Arctic career. The extraordinary changes reported to have taken place in the state of the Polar Sea, determined the Government to send out an expedition for Arctic discovery, the command of which was given to Captain Ross, who was directed to explore Baffin's Bay, and search for a north-west passage from it into the Frozen Ocean, and thence into the Pacific. Parliament offered a premium of twenty thousands sterling to the first vessel which should reach the North Pole, and pass it. The vessels employed were the *Isabella*, of 368 tons, commanded by Ross himself, and the brig *Alexander*, of 252 tons, under Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Edward, Parry. The chief geographical result of his voyage was the more accurate determination of the situation of Baffin's Bay, which, until then, was believed to extend ten degrees farther to the east than it actually does, and the re-discovery of Lancaster Sound, up which, however, he did not continue his progress far enough to find that it was open. He was obliged to leave the coast on account of danger from the ice, and on his return, he published an account of his expedition under the title of "*Voyage of Discovery for the purpose of Exploring Baffin's Bay.*" London, 1819, quarto.

In this expedition, Captain Ross but cleared the way for his more fortunate successor, Sir Edward Parry. His discoveries and adventures had excited a strong desire in the public mind to know more of those bleak and inhospitable regions where perpetual winter reigns. He had stated his belief that Lancaster Sound was closed by a chain of mountains, and, anxious to show that no such mountains existed, Sir Edward Parry, his second in command, made such representations to the Admiralty as induced the Government to send another expedition to the same place. Of this expedition, Parry was appointed the chief, his vessels being the *Hecla* and the *Griper*. On this occasion Government offered prizes of from £5000

to £15,000 to those vessels which should reach certain points in the Arctic seas. Having penetrated to past the meridian of 110 degrees west longitude, within the Arctic Circle, Parry and his companions became entitled to £5000 of the sums offered by Government for the encouragement of Arctic enterprise. Of this award one thousand pounds fell to the commander's share. He was subsequently in command of three other expeditions to the frozen north, and for his services was knighted in 1829.

It was in that year that Captain Ross was enabled, through the munificent aid of his friend, Mr. Felix Booth, to undertake another expedition into the Arctic seas, with a view to determine the practicability of a new passage which had been confidently said to exist, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet. In May of the year mentioned, he set sail from London in the *Victory* steamer, with his nephew, Commander Ross, as second in command. This intrepid officer, afterwards Captain Sir James Clark Ross, had accompanied his uncle in his first expedition. He had also been engaged under Sir Edward Parry, in all his voyages to the Polar Seas.

Captain Ross fixed 1832 as the period of his return, but as that year came and passed, and nothing was heard from him, a public subscription was set on foot for fitting out an expedition to go in search of him. The sum of £7000 was raised, the Treasury contributing liberally, and Captain Back, whose experience eminently qualified him for the service, was appointed to conduct it. He sailed in the spring of 1833, but received intelligence of Captain Ross's return in time to prevent him from encountering any dangers in the prosecution of the search.

The sufferings of Captain Ross and his crews during their protracted stay in the Arctic regions, were of the severest description. After passing three winters of unparalleled rigor, their provisions being consumed, they were obliged to abandon the *Victory*, which they did in May, 1832, and, after a journey over the ice, of uncommon labor and hardship, extending to nearly three hundred miles, they reached Fury Beach, in the month of July. "During this journey," we are told, "they had not only to carry their provisions and sick, but also a supply of fuel; without melting snow they could not procure even

a drink of water." Winter set in, and no choice was left but to retrace their steps, and spend another inclement season in canvas covered with snow." In August, 1833, they fell in with the *Isabella*, and were taken on board, "after having been four years lost to the civilized world." Well do we remember the general feeling of satisfaction which was expressed throughout the kingdom on Captain Ross's return.

The narrative of this second expedition was published in 1835, in a quarto volume of 350 pages. Its great results were the discovery of Boothia Felix—a country larger than Great Britain, and so called after Mr., afterwards Sir Felix, Booth, who had assisted Captain Ross in fitting out the expedition—and the true position of the North Magnetic Pole. The latter was discovered by Captain Ross's nephew, who had the honor of placing thereon the British flag. He had the departments of astronomy, natural history, and surveying, in the expedition.

In consequence of his Arctic voyages, Captain Ross received numerous marks of public approbation. In 1834, he was knighted and made a companion of the Order of the Bath. The freedom of the cities of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and other towns, was bestowed upon him. He was presented with gold medals from the Geographical Society of London, the Geographical Institute of Paris, the Royal Societies of Sweden, Austria, Denmark, &c. Foreign powers also marked their sense of his discoveries. He was appointed a Commander of the Sword of Sweden; a Knight of the Second Class of St. Anne of Russia, (in diamonds;) the Second Class of the Legion of Honor of France; the Second Class of the Red Eagle of Prussia; and the Second Class of Leopold of Belgium. He also got six gold snuff-boxes from Russia, Holland, Denmark, Austria, London, and Baden; a sword of the value of one hundred pounds, from the Patriotic Fund; and one, of the value of two hundred pounds, from the King of Sweden, for service in the Baltic and White Seas, and various other acknowledgments.

In 1838, Sir John Ross was appointed British Consul at Stockholm, and he held that office till 1844. When Sir John Franklin went out on his last fatal expedition, his friend, Sir John Ross, made him a promise that if he should be lost he would sail for the Arctic regions and look

for him. This promise he kept. In 1850, at the age of seventy-three, Sir John went out in the *Felix*, a small vessel of no more than ninety tons. He remained a winter in the ice, and would have staid a second year, had his means allowed. He relinquished his half pay and his pensions for the cause he had so much at heart, yet the Admiralty refused to contribute even a portion of the necessary stores. Though the first of our Arctic voyagers, he was excluded from the Arctic council, at which his experience and advice would have been very valuable. In the spring of 1855, he published a pamphlet on his ill-treatment. He was likewise the author of "Letters to Young Sea Officers," "Memoirs of Lord de Saumarez," "A Treatise on Steam Navigation," &c. At the time of his death he was a Rear-Admiral.

We cannot better conclude this brief and altogether inadequate sketch of the late Sir John Ross than by quoting the following passage, relative to the results and benefits which have accrued from the prosecution of Arctic discovery, from an address delivered by Rear-Admiral F. W. Beechy, to the Royal Geographical Society, at its last anniversary meeting:

"It is now nearly forty years," he said, "since the revival of our Polar voyages, during which period they have been prosecuted with more or less success, until, at length, the great problem has been solved. Besides this grand solution of the question, these voyages have, in various ways, been beneficial, and science, at least, has reaped her harvest. They have brought us acquainted with a portion of the globe before unknown. They have acquired for us a vast addition to our stores of knowledge, in magnetism, so important an element in the safe conduct of our ships; in meteorology, in geography, natural and physical; and which has led to the prosecution of like discoveries in the regions of the Antarctic pole. They have shown us what the human frame is capable of undergoing and of accomplishing, under great severity of climate and privation. They have opened out various sources of curious inquiry as to the existence, at some remote period, of tropical plants and tropical animals in those now icy regions, and of other matters interesting and useful to man. They have, in short, expunged the blot of obscurity which would otherwise have hung over and disfigured the page of the history of this enlightened age, and, if we except the lamentable fate which befell the expedition under Sir John Franklin, we shall find that they have been attended with as little, if not less, average loss of life than that of the ordinary course of mankind. And if any one should be disposed



to weigh their advantages in the scale of pecuniary profit, they will find that there also they have yielded fruit, if not to us, at least to a sister nation in whose welfare we are greatly interested, and whose generous sympathy in the fate of our countrymen endears her to us, and would render it impossible that we should begrudge her this portion of the advantage of our labors. I need hardly remind you of the report from the Secretary of the United States Navy to the Senate, to the effect that, in consequence of information derived from one of our Arctic expeditions to Behring's Straits, a trade had sprung up in America by the capture of whales, to the North of that Strait, of more value to the States than all the commerce with what is called the East; and that in two years, there had been added to the national wealth of America, from this source alone, more than eight millions of dollars."

Thus whilst Sir John Ross saw the honors and the rewards of active discovery bestowed on others, and but a small portion of them, niggardly and grudgingly, awarded to himself, Great Britain sees the profit of it seized and enjoyed by America. Eight millions of dollars in two years! It is a great sum; and this country, satisfied with the glory of having opened up this new field of enterprise, by the skill, and daring, and unparalleled suffering of her sons, is content to leave to Brother Jonathan the entire benefit of it, so far as trade and the whale fishery are concerned. Does not this fact, it has been asked, involve a grave reflection on the spirit and enterprise of our mercantile mariners?

## CORONATION CEREMONIES AT MOSCOW.

[As a fitting accompaniment to the portrait of the Emperor of Russia, which embellishes our present number, we give a graphic description of the Imperial Coronation and its attending ceremonies of different kinds, extending through a number of days, from the magic pen of Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*. It was a magnificent wonder, surpassing all precedent in modern times, costing the Russian government five millions of dollars in its various ceremonies and gorgeous spectacles. The vast gathering of military and tributary chieftains and other celebrities from various lands and governments, as well as an innumerable crowd of other personages of less note, must have added greatly to the scene of imposing grandeur. The whole is worthy of record, and will be read with interest as the description of a scene of no ordinary occurrence.]

### THE CZAR'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

#### THE NATURE OF THE SPECTACLE—ITS COST.

It would be as difficult to describe this dazzling pageant as it would be to give an accurate account of a grand spectacle at the theatre. In all its component parts it was magnificent and effective. The wealth of a vast empire was poured out with a profuseness almost barbaric, and displayed with a taste founded on Oriental traditions, and modified by European civilization. Instead of a narrow stage, the scene was laid in the ancient metropolis of the largest empire the world has ever seen; instead of tinsel and mock finery,

gold and silver and diamonds flashed in the real sunlight. He who played the part of an Emperor was indeed an Emperor; and those who appeared as Empresses, Marshals, and soldiers, were what they seemed to be; but after all, when amid the blare of trumpets, the clanging of bells, and the roar of the populace, the glorious pageant had passed away in a parti-colored blaze of light, what was left but the recollection of the transitory pleasure of the eye, and of the indescribable excitement which the memory in vain endeavored to recall of all that had at the moment produced such irresistible effects?

Each impression, strong as it is, for an instant, is removed by the incidents of that which followed it, and the mind fruitlessly strives to reconstruct the succession of emotions which have died away, and to restore, as it were, the order of the events by which those emotions were produced. It may fairly be asserted that no stranger who was present ever beheld the like of the ceremonial of to-day. It was quite *sui generis*—the devotion and highly excited religious feeling of the sovereign and his people, and their acts of public prostration, recalled the faith, or, at all events, the practices, of past ages, and offered a strange contrast to the actuality of the military power combined with this national faith which menaces the future rather than the present. The gorgeousness of the carriages and uniforms, liveries and horse trappings, was worthy of the Cæsars, or some of the great Oriental conquerors; and it is said that the coronation will cost Russia no less than 6,000,000 roubles, or £1,000,000 sterling.

#### WARNING OF THE EMPEROR'S APPROACH.

At last the men stand to their arms for the third time, and a hum of many suppressed voices runs along the streets. A dull heavy noise, like the single beat of a deep drum, is heard a long way off. It is the first *coup de cannon* of the nine which announces that the Emperor is on his way to the entrance of his ancient capital. In a moment, far and wide the chimes of some 400 churches, scattered, as it were, broadcast all over the great city, ring out their stupendous clamor, which is musical in the depth of its tumult, and the crowd settles into an attitude of profound expectation and repose.

#### APPEARANCE OF THE PROCESSION—THE MILITARY.

In a few moments more the flourishing of trumpets and the strains of martial music rise above all this tumult, and the trumpet band of the Rifles of the Guard, close at hand, commence with a wild *alerte*, which is subdued after a time to the measure of a quick march. A few moments of suspense pass heavily, and at length there appears on the red path of sand which looks like a carpet spread in the roadway, a small party of Gendarmes-a-Cheval, preceded by a *maitre de police*

in full uniform. This latter officer is not like the quiet gentlemen who administer justice in Bow Street or Guildhall, nor does he resemble the more formidable-looking personages who, in round hats and silver-bound collars, ride on whirlwinds and direct the storm of popular enthusiasm in England. He is a soldier every inch, from plumed casque to spur, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and clad in a rich uniform; two and two, one at each side of the way, his gendarmes follow him in light blue uniform with white facings, and with helmets and plumes also. They are fine-looking dragoons, and ride splendid horses. Behind them—but who shall describe these warlike figures which come on to their own music of clinking steel and jingling of armor? They fill up the whole roadway with a flood of color. Such might have been the Crusaders, or rather such might have been the Knights of Saladin, when the Cross and the Crescent met in battle. Mounted on high-bred, spirited horses, which are covered with rich trappings of an antique character, the escort of the Emperor comes by, and calls us at once back to the days of Ivan the Terrible. Their heads are covered with a fine chain armor—so fine, indeed, that some of them wear it as a veil before their faces. This mail falls over the neck and covers the back and chest, and beneath it glisten rich doublets of yellow silk. Some of the escort carry lances with bright pennons. All armed with antique carabines, pistols, and curved swords. Their saddles are crested with silver, and rich scarfs and sashes decorate their waists. Their handsome ~~faces~~ and slight sinewy frames indicate their origin. These are of that Circassian race, which, mingling its blood with the Turks, have removed from them that stigma of excessive ugliness that once, according to old historians, affrighted Europe. Their influence on the old Muscovite type is said to be equally great, and the families which are allied with the Circassians, Mingrelians, or Georgians, exhibit, we are told, a marked difference from the pure and unmixed breed of Russian origin.

The whole breadth of the street was now occupied by a glittering mass of pennons, armor, plumes, steel, and bright colors; the air was filled with the sounds of popular delight, the champing of bits and clinking of weapons, the flourishing of trumpets, and, above all, the loud voices

of the bells. Close behind the Circassian escort and the wild Bashkirs comes a squadron of the Division of the Black Sea Cossacks of the Guard, in large flat black sheepskin caps, with red skull-pieces, long lances, the shafts painted red, and the pennons colored blue, white, and red; their jackets of scarlet; their horses small, handsome, and full of spirit.

The forest of red lance shafts through which one looked, gave a most curious aspect to the gay cavalcade. A squadron of the Regiment of Cossacks of the Guard in blue, follows. Except in the shape of the head-dress, which is like one of our shakos in the olden time, and the color of their uniform, these men resemble the Black Sea Cossacks.

#### THE NOBLESSE.

Suggesting some strange likenesses and comparisons, there follows after these 400 Cossacks a large body of the *haute noblesse* on horseback and in uniform, two and two, headed by the Marshal of the Nobility for the District of Moscow. Nearly all of these nobles are in military uniforms; those who are not, wear the old Russian boyard's dress, a tunic glistening with precious stones, golden belts studded with diamonds, and high caps with *aigrettes* of brilliants. On their breasts are orders, stars, crosses, ribands, innumerable. Menschikoffs, Rostopchins, Galitzins, Woronzoffs, Gortschakoffs, Strogonoffs, Cheremetieffs, Platoffs, Tolstoys, and the bearers of many other names unknown in Western Europe before the last century, are there carrying whole fortunes on their backs, the rulers and masters of millions of their fellow men; but, brilliant as they are, the interest they excite soon passes away when the next gorgeous cavalcade approaches.

#### THE ASIATIC DEPUTIES.

This consists of the deputies of the various Asiatic *peuplades* or races which have submitted to Russia, all on horseback, two by two. Here may be seen the costume of every age at one view, and all as rich as wealth, old family treasures, hoarded plunder, and modern taste, can make it. Bashkirs and Circassians, Tcherkess, Abassians, in coats of mail and surcoats of fine chain armor, Calmucks, Tartars of Kazan and the Crimea, Mingre-

lians, Karapapaks, Daghistanhis, Armenians, the people of Gouriel and Georgia, the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian, Kurds, people of Astrakhan, Samoiedes, wild mountaineers from distant ranges to which the speculations of even the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" have never wandered, Chinese from the Siberian frontiers, Mongols, and strange beings like Caliban in court-dress. Some of them had their uncovered hair plaited curiously with gold coins; others wore on the head only a small flat plate of precious metal just over the forehead; others sheepskin head-dresses studded with jewels; old matchlocks that might have rung on the battle-fields of Ivan Veliki, battle-axes, lances, scimitars, and daggers of every form, were borne by this gaudy throng, whose mode of riding offered ever possible variety of the way in which a man can sit on a horse. Some rode without stirrups, loose and graceful as the Greek warriors who live on the friezes of the Parthenon; others sat in a sort of legless armchair, with their knees drawn up after the manner of satorial equestrians. Every sort of bit, bridle, saddle, and horse trapping which has been used since horses were subjugated to man, could be seen here. Some of the saddle-cloths and holsters were of surpassing richness and splendor. In the midst of all these cavaliers, two attracted particular notice. One was a majestic-looking Turk, with an enormous beard and a towering turban, whose garments were of such a rich material and strange cut, that one was reminded immediately of the high priest in Rembrandt's picture, or of the old engravings of the sultan in old books of travel. The other was a young deputy from Gouriel, with clustering hair flowing down in curls from beneath a small patch of gold and jewels fixed on the top of the head, whose face and figure were strikingly handsome, and who was dressed in a magnificent suit of blue velvet *cramoisi*, flashing with precious stones. He was a veritable Eastern Antinous, and was well matched with his beautiful horse. This cavalcade of the "*peuplades soumises à la Russie*," was to strangers the most interesting part of the procession; but it passed too quickly by for the eye to decompose its ingredients. What stories of the greatness and magnificence of Russia will those people take back to their remote tribes! They went by bright, shifting, and indistinct as

a dream of the Arabian Nights. The only objection one could make to this part of the procession was that it was over too soon, and the eye wandered after it to the curve of the lines of soldiery that hid it from view.

#### THE EMPEROR'S HOUSEHOLD.

The ceremony is now becoming most exciting, for the carriages come in view round the turn of the street. They are preceded, however, by the *piqueur* of the Emperor on horseback, and 20 huntsmen in full livery, after whom rides in great grandeur, the Head Huntsman—the master of the Emperor's hounds, or the *Chef de la Venerie Imperiale*. The first vehicle is an open phaeton gilt richly from stern to stern, and lined with crimson velvet, drawn by six noble horses with the richest trappings; at the head of each horse there is a footman in cocked hat, green and gold livery, buckskins, and patent-leather jack-boots, who holds his charge by a richly-embossed rein; the driver, barring his livery, seems to have been abstracted from Buckingham Palace. In this gay vehicle are seated, in uniforms of green and gold, two Masters of the Ceremonies of the Court, with huge wands of office. This description, bad as it is, must suffice for the next open phaeton and its paraphernalia, in which is seated the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. After this carriage comes a Master of the Ceremonies, on horseback, followed by twenty-four Gentlemen of the Chamber, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, riding two and two. Another Master of the Ceremonies is next seen, preceding a cavalcade of twelve mounted chamberlains, who are stiff with gold lace, and covered with orders and ribands. Having got rid of an officer of the Imperial stables, who looks very like a field-marshal, and two Palefreniers in uniforms too rich for an English General, we turn our attention to the following objects: The second "*Charges de la Cour*," in gilt carriages, four and four, crimson velvet linings, green and gold footmen, and fine horses. Next the Marshal of the Court, in an open phaeton, gilt all over, with his grand baton of office flashing with gems. Next, the Grand "*Charges de la Cour*," by four, in gilt and crimson carriages, all and each drawn like the first, with running footmen and rich trappings,

"All cluquant—all in gold like heathen gods;  
Every man that walked showed like a mine."

The members of the Imperial Council, in gilt carriages, followed the Grand "*Charges*"—all that is esteemed wise in Russia, skilful in diplomacy, and venerated for past services, grave, astute, and polished nobles and gentlemen, whose lives have been spent in devoted efforts for the aggrandizement of their country, and the promotion of the interests of their Imperial master, their breasts bear witness to the favor with which they have been regarded. It is with strange feelings one gazes on the representatives of a policy so crafty and so ambitious as that which is attributed to the Russian Court, and which in this 19th century is supported by no inconsiderable part of the learning and logic of the statesmen of Europe.

#### THE EMPEROR'S BODY GUARDS.

As the last of the train of carriages passes, a noise like distant thunder rolling along the street announces the approach of the Czar. But his presence is grandly heralded. Immediately after the members of the Council of the Empire, the Grand Marshal of the Court rides in an open phaeton, gilt like the rest; but, bright as is he and all about him, there comes after that compared with the lustre of which he is as a mote in the sun. In gilt casques of beautiful form and workmanship, surmounted by crest eagles of silver or gold, in milk-white coats and gilded cuirasses and back-plates, approach the giants of the first squadron of the *Chevaliers Gardes* of His Majesty the Emperor, each on a charger fit for a commander in battle. These are the picked men of 60,000,000 of the human race, and in stature they certainly exceed any troops I have ever seen. All their appointments are splendid, but it is said that they looked better in the days of the late Emperor, when they wore white buckskins and jack-boots, than they do now in their long trousers. The squadron was probably 200 strong, and the effect of the polished helmets, crests and armor, was dazzling. Their officers could scarcely be distinguished, except by their position and the extraordinary beauty and training of some of their horses, which slowly beat time, as it were, with their hoofs to the strains of the march. The First Squadron of the *Garde à Cheval* follows—



"—All furnished—all in arms,  
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;  
Bated like eagles having lately bathed,  
Glittering in golden coats like images."

So bright, so fine, that one is puzzled to decide which, they or the chevaliers, are the bravest.

#### THE CZAR.

But as we are debating the point, the tremendous cheering of the people and the measured hurrahs of the soldiers, the doffed hats and the reverences of the crowd, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the clash of presenting arms, warn us that the "Czar of all the Russias, of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from them," is at hand, and Alexander Nicolaievitch is before us. His Majesty is tall and well formed, although he does not in stature, or in grandeur of person, come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas, but the worshippers of his deceased Majesty declare that it is wanting in wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterized the father. His Majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite simply attired, after all the splendor which has gone past. He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange, and dark cock's feathers, a close fitting green tunic, with aguilletes and orders, and red trousers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the mad congratulations of his people, who really act as though the Deity were incarnate before them. It is said that several times his eyes ran over with tears. To all he gives the same acknowledgment—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him isolated, as he was when he quitted the palace of Petrovsky. Thus it happens that, before he reaches the spot where the spectator is placed, he is nearly lost amid the crowd behind him;

and that the moment he passes, his figure is swallowed up in the plumed suite who follow at his heels.

#### THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Amid this crowd of great people we all search out the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE, whose keen stern eyes are piercing each window as he rides along. A countenance with more iron will, resolution, and energy stamped upon it, one rarely sees, and the Russians are not unjustifiably proud of the ability and activity he displayed when the allied squadron was expected at Cronstadt. His features and form are cast in the Romanoff mould, which the portraits of ALEXANDER and NICHOLAS have made pretty well known among us.

#### THE WIDOWED EMPRESS.

The Empress ALEXANDRA FEODOWNNA, whose appearance excited the liveliest acclamations of the people, now passed before us, her feeble frame sustained by the part she had to play, so that she surprises those who know how weak and suffering she is when they see her *porte* and the graceful and animated bearing with which she acknowledges the cheers of the multitude. "Ah!" say they who think of the old Court, "who would ever imagine that she, who was as a feather in the air suspended by a breath, should live to see this day, and that he—*son Dieu*—should have died before her!" Her Majesty was right royally and imperially attired, but how I cannot say. A cloud of light drapery, through which diamonds shone like stars, floated around her, and on her head was a tiara of brilliants. The carriage in which she sat was a triumph of splendor—all gold and crimson velvet; and on the roof, which was composed of similar materials, was the likeness of an Imperial crown. The eight horses, which were attached to the carriage by trappings and cords of gold, were the most beautiful in the Imperial stables, and each was led with a golden bridle by a palefrenier in grand livery. To hide from her the coachman's back, perforce turned towards Her Majesty's face, there was an array of little pages who sat outside the coach on the rail with their backs towards the coachman's, and their round visages *vis-a-vis* that of the Empress.

## CONDUCT OF THE POPULACE.

No accident of a serious character occurred in the streets, nor was there the smallest disturbance or violence, although the police, by order of the Emperor, were

kept out of view, and were not permitted to appear along the line of the procession. It is said that upwards of 500,000 persons were present at the ceremony, and their behavior on the occasion is certainly most exemplary.

## THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

## THE KREMLIN.

The Czar is now the Lord's anointed. The great ceremony which has consecrated his power in the eyes of so many millions of his subjects, has been performed with rare precision and success, and with a magnificence to which no historical pageant known to me can claim superiority. The day—how much of our grandest efforts depend on that which we cannot control—was beautiful. At sunrise all Moscow was up and stirring, and ere it was day the hum of voices and the tramp of feet rose from the streets. At 6 o'clock the Kremlin was assaulted by a sea of human beings, who lashed themselves angrily against the gates, and surged in like waves through the portals. This is to the Russians what the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the cathedrals, and the universities, all in one, would be to an Englishman: "It is the heart and the soul of Moscow, as Moscow is the heart and the soul of Russia." It is her historical monument and the temple of her faith. Against these walls have been broken the hordes which for so many centuries sought to destroy in its cradle the Hercules which was born to crush them, and within them have passed most of the great events which are the landmarks in Russian history. Here is all that is most precious and most sacred to the Russian race—the tombs of the kings, dukes, and czars, the palaces, the cathedrals, the treasures, the tribunals, the holy images, the miraculous relics, so dear to this giant of the Slavonic race. In form it is an irregular polygon, with a tower at each angle of the walls. It is bounded by the river on one side, and by boulevards marking the course of an ancient stream, now as dry as Cephissus, on the other, and its walls define accurately the size of the whole city of Moscow in the days of the early Czars.

I had intended a more minute descrip-

tion of this sacred spot, but for the present I must be content with saying so much.

## THE CROWN JEWELS.

From the Salle d'Alexandre we pass on to the Hall of St. Andrew, at the end of which is the Imperial throne in purple and gold, with seven steps ascending to it. Above is emblazoned "*L'Œil de Dieu*," surrounded by a golden glory. The walls are covered with blue, the color of St. Andrew riband, with the armorial bearings of all the kingdoms, principalities, duchies, and provinces of the Russian Empire, and between the windows are represented in gilt relief the chain and cross of the Apostle. At the upper end of the hall, on the left-hand side, there is a great crowd of persons at one side of a small table. They are feasting their eyes on the crown, the sceptre, and the globe, which will be used presently in the great ceremony of the day. The only praise that can be given to diamonds belongs to those in the crown—they are very big and very bright. The crown is a cluster of Koh-i-noors, and there is a wreath of diamonds in the form of oak leaves around it which is dazzling as the sun himself. Many of these brilliants are the size of pistol-balls of the good old duelling diameter. As to the sceptre, there is a tip to it formed of a famous diamond, which one is almost afraid to talk about. I really would not venture to state how large it seems to be, and shall content myself by saying that this is the precious stone for which Catherine II. gave nearly £80,000 and a large pension for life to a runaway slave. (*Vide* every story-book). Turning away from those important ingredients in the ceremonial of to-day, let us look at what is curious or worthy of notice in the hall itself. The diamonds will remain for ever, and will be just regarded with the same feeling of traditionary stupid admiration as they are now, till some chymist fashion

them, like Prince Rupert's drops, by the dozen. There are objects here which will not last so long.

#### THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST NAPOLEON I.

In two long lines, from door to door of the Hall of St. Andrew and of the Hall of St. George, are drawn up the Grenadiers of the Palace, the veterans of the last war. To me those fine old soldiers were more interesting and attractive than all the display of riches and the blaze of gold and silver around and above us. Their dress recalled the days of those Titanic struggles which shook all Europe. The huge bearskin cap, with white tassels and gilt cords, the ample, broad-chested coatee and cross belts, and the white pantaloons with many buttons at the outer side from the knee to the foot, reminded one of the time when Kutusoff and Blucher and Murat and Wellington were the heroes of fast-recurring battles. These men are picked from various regiments, with some regard perhaps to size, but certainly with undoubted claims on the score of service, for there is not one of them who does not bear five or six ribands and crosses or medals on his breast. As you walk along that wall of soldiers it is difficult to believe that they have lived under three Emperors, and have fought against the great Napoleon. They are all in perfect preservation. The only thing to betray old age is a certain stiffness about the knee, and those implacable and invincible and inevitable wrinkles which will come upon us as records of so many lustres. The hair is jet black, the moustache is lustrous and dark as the boot which was wont to affright the *felina* of our boyhood, and the whiskers—for old Russia wore whiskers—are of the same fine polish. The surprise into which you may be thrown at such evidences of juvenility on the part of men who have seen the horrors of the Beresina, and who beheld Murat turn his back at Yaroslavitz, is removed, however, when you see that the veteran who touches his moustache blackens the fingers of his glove; he has had his hair dyed just as his boots have been polished—for effect. Some of these veterans are historical monuments—some have served under Suwaroff at Ismail and in Italy—others have marched triumphantly into Paris—others have crossed the Balkans with Diebitch. Of all their nu-

merous decorations these veterans seem to prize the Paris medal and riband the most, and they point to it with great pride, though it hangs amid memorials of tremendous battle-fields. How these rugged old warriors, the relics of Austerlitz, Friedland, Eylau, Pultowsk, and the Borodino must smile in their hearts at the medal which has this day been given away to nearly all Russia on account of the late war. The line in which the soldiers were dressed was perfect; the men were six paces apart, and from time to time the General on duty for the day moved up and down the ranks, took bearings with his eye from breast to breast, and dressed them with his own hands. They were of different height, being selected for merit and service, but on an average they were six feet high.

#### GORTSCHAKOFF AND MENSCHIKOFF.

In a quiet group, beside a golden pillar, there stands Gortschakoff, whose name will be ever associated with that masterly retreat which deprived France and England of half their triumph. When last the writer saw that gaunt great figure it was stalking up the aisle of St. Paul's at the funeral of our great Duke. Since then years—and a few months which brought with them such cares as years seldom know—have bowed down his figure, and have wrinkled that broad high brow. The Prince is covered with orders, crosses, and ribands; stars of diamonds glitter on his breast; but there is an air of gravity and care about him which shows that these honors have not been lightly bought. His eyes are dim, and the use of a pair of black-mounted spectacles adds to the severity of the expression of his face. It is very striking indeed to see the number of Russian officers who are obliged to resort to such aids to imperfect vision. There must be something peculiar in their habits, or in the climate, which renders it necessary for a large proportion of military men to wear glasses.

In another spot Prince Menschikoff, who is still a favorite with the Russians, is speaking with his usual dryness of manner to an attentive little audience. The Prince is very sore respecting the criticism to which he has been exposed for his plan of defence at the Alma; and the letters which have appeared in the public

papers from him and his accusers, are a new feature in Russian journalism. The Prince's friends say that his plan was frustrated by the neglect of the General who commanded the left wing to carry out his instructions; these were, to allow five or six battalions of the French to get up to the edge of the plateau, and then to attack them, and hurl them down on the columns ascending from below; but instead of doing so, the General permitted nine or ten battalions of the French of artillery to crown the heights ere he assailed them with all his force, and then they were too strong to be dislodged. However this may be, it is certain that the Russians regard Prince Menschikoff as the most accomplished General they possess, so far as regards the theory of war. He is extremely well-read in many branches of learning, and is said to be as various and versatile as our own Achitophel—chymist, doctor, naturalist, geologist, lawyer, diplomatist, soldier, sailor, etc. His manner is imperious and harsh, albeit he is given to theory and reverie rather than action, and he never "receives" at his house, or studies the arts of popularity.

#### MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.

Amid these warriors and statesmen, ladies in full court dress are pressing towards the inner apartments of the palace, radiant with diamonds, for the display of which the Muscovite head-dress now in vogue is peculiarly adapted. This consists of a high circlet or coronet of satin velvet, or cloth, which encompasses the top of the head, and is studded with precious stones. Persians, in high black sheepskin caps, and rich loose dresses of finest silk, and gossamer shawls—flat-faced Tartar deputies, wild delegates from the further Caspian littoral, Georgians, Circassians, Abasces, Tcherkesses, Mingrelians, Ourelians, Moguls, Gourians, Daghestantees, Koords, Lapps, Kalmucks, Khirgesses, Cossacks—mingling with Russians, French, English, Spaniards, Romans, Greeks, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Danes—here was an epitome of the Asiatic and European races, all in their finest bravery, mingling together in the narrow compass of two grand halls.

#### THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

The foreign ambassadors and ministers so assembled at the palace of M. de

Morny, at 8 o'clock, will descend from their carriages at the northern angle of this outer estrade. Just a minute or two before 9 o'clock there is a great commotion among the people, who are closely packed in this outer court, and the gendarmes riding gently through them make a lane for the first carriage of the French Embassy. It comes up right gorgeously—running footmen, bewigged coachman, grand chasseur—a regular glass coach, all gold hanging; the horses and harness are unexceptionable, but it is rather startling to hear in the Kremlin a vigorous interpellation addressed from the dignitary on the box to the leading palefrenier, "Now then, Bill! why the—don't you leave the 'osses' 'eds alone?" The reply is lost in the Russian cries of attention along the line as Count de Morny descends from his carriage and steps on the estrade, where he is received by a High Chamberlain in waiting. His Excellency is dressed *de rigueur*, and is really a well-appointed "fine-looking gentleman," as our great Pendennis would say. Some of his suite have arrived on horseback, and the other carriages of the embassy are rather put into the shade by the splendor of their chief's.

#### THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

The next carriage, which is not so showy, but is in other respects at least as good as the Count's coach, is that of the English Ambassador, who with the Countess Granville, descend, are received by the Chamberlain, and in a like manner enter the Cathedral. Lord Granville is dressed in the Windsor uniform, and his wife, who to all our eyes is dressed with great richness and taste, is quite glorious with diamonds. The horses are worthy of the best turn-out in "the park." *Quis voulez de plus?* The second carriage contains the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, the Earl of Lincoln, and Col. the Hon. Arthur Hardinge; the third, Lord Granville's brothers and Lady Margaret Leveson-Gower, Lord Ward, and Col. Maude, Royal Horse Artillery, (of the famous old I troop of Crimean report;) the others, Sir R. Peel, and Lady Emily Peel, and Lord Ashley, Lord Seymour, the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, &c.; there were also in attendance Lord Cavendish, Lord Dalkeith, Capt. King, Mr. Luter, Sir John Acton, Sir R. King. May it be said, we



were all proud of our fair countrywomen, who might have well dared comparison, had there been any to institute, with the ladies of other Embassies? The fact is, that there were none, for ours is the only Embassy with "ladies" attached; and, as for the Legations, there are only two—that of the United States (to which Mrs. Colt and Miss Jarvis are attached) and of Saxony (which is represented by the Baron and Baroness de Seebach) which are gallant enough to come with their wives to Moscow.

#### DIAMONDED ESTERHAZY.

And now, amid a little battalion of bare-headed running footmen, a very fine old coach, with a poor team of horses, drives up, and from it descends—What is this? A very fine old gentleman, indeed, somewhat gone in years, but right royal and splendid in air and attire. It is Prince Paul Esterhazy, Ambassador of Austria. He is dressed in pure silk or velvet, with a huzzar jacket of the same material, braided all over with pearls. Diamonds flash forth from all the folds of his clothing. His maroon-colored boots, which come up to the knee, are crusted with pearls and diamonds, and on his heels are spurs of brilliants which glitter finely in the sunshine. One would almost be proud to be kicked by such a boot, but perhaps such an honor is only reserved for the great and noble. His Excellency has a very brilliant suite.

#### VIEW FROM THE KREMLIN: ASSOCIATIONS.

From the Salle Ste. André the doors on one side lead to the fine promenade which is formed on the top of the first story of the façade of the Imperial Palace. As we stepped out on this esplanade, a sight such as can neither be described nor forgotten met the eye. It was yet early—about half-past 6 o'clock; the sun shining from the left lighted up the gilt domes and vanes of the Kremlin, and of the churches on the right of the picture, with a rich orange flame, that seemed to die away or gather fresh vividness as the rolling vapors of the morning rolled up more densely from the river, or thinned away before the fickle breeze. The view is bounded by the Kremlin on the left, and on the right by the buildings of the palace, at the end of the façade. Below the spectator there is the carriage way, outside the palace, al-

ready thronged with spectators of the lower classes and masses of soldiery. This way is on the verge of the plateau on which the Kremlin stands, over the course of the Moskwa. Nearer to the river there is another broad path, close to the outer wall which surrounds the ancient fortress and overlooks the stream, and already the artillerymen are standing by the guns mounted on one of the old Gothic forts which break the lines of the crenelated wall. The people are here also—their faces turned up to the white walls of the palace. At the other side of the river, which is about 200 yards across, there is another walk lined with houses—a veritable quay, on which men and women and children are standing in groups, looking towards the Kremlin. Behind this line of houses opens out the city like some great sea; the houses are hidden almost by the thick haze of Russian autumn, but above it for many miles, in every possible shape, cupola, turret, dome, spire, cross, minaret, rise to greet the sun, and reflect his rays upon their gilded surfaces. It is impossible to imagine this scene. It is in vain, indeed, that the eye which gazes on it, seeks as it were, to seize the details of the world of clock-towers, palaces, churches, and public buildings, which seems to extend as far as the horizon itself, springing up amid, and separated by, boulevards, meadows, gardens, and small plantations.

All the architectures, as all the nations of the globe, are represented here. Here a strange-looking dome reminds you of Calcutta or some Indian city; beside it is the mural tower and Gothic battlement of the Crusade; the sentries on the fire-towers seem gigantic in the haze, and just as you begin to fancy they are warders on the donjon keep, you make out that the tower is not Norman, but very modern Byzantine, and that the man wears the long coat and flat cap of active service. There you see Chinese willow-pattern edifices beside Gothic churches, next to a green dome fantastically carved like a prodigious pine-apple. The fog, half smoke, half vapor, is tinged with many colors, as it rolls amid this forest of glittering spires and domes, and the vast mosaic of variegated cloud roofs and house tops.

As one gazed upon this scene he could not help being startled if he remembered that forty-four years ago Napoleon looked down on a similar scene from the walls

of the old Kremlin. Next Sunday, indeed, one week hence, will be the anniversary of that fatal entry into Moscow which France has scarce avenged at Sebastopol. It was on the anniversary of this day that England and France for the last day poured that desolating stream of fire and iron on the devoted city which heralded the grand assault, and on this very day, just two years ago, the allied squadrons sailed from Varna to their rendezvous at Baltshik to prepare for the descent on the Crimea. As Moscow has arisen from its ashes so will Sebastopol arise from its ruins. But hark! There once again is the old familiar voices of the Russian cannon—a flash of fire spirts from an embrasure below, and the thick white smoke rushes into the air. Thank Heaven, the dull roar of the iron messenger of death is not heard again, but instead of that angry voice the bells of the Church of the Assumption ring out merrily, and at the signal the thousand bells of Moscow take up the chorus, and at the same time ten thousand voices of the people mingle together in a deep murmur. It is 7 o'clock. The echoes of cannon shake the old Kremlin twenty-one times in rapid succession. This is the signal for the various persons engaged in the ceremonial to repair to the places indicated in the programme and *ordre du jour*.

#### THE BANQUETTING HALL: THE GLARE OF SILVER AND GOLD.

Let us now enter the banquetting-hall. Surely here are the riches of the world! Such a glare of gold plate, such a wild profusion of goblets, vases, cups, salvers, heaped on tables, massed on sideboards or carved stands along the walls of this glittering room! This is the Granovitaya Palata, the Hall of the Ancient Tsars (for so the Russians spell the word in French.) Can it be described? Assuredly not by the pen, nor by the pencil of any artist but one who can dip his brush in the hues of the rainbow. The low, many-arched roof of the hall is sustained by a huge square pillar in the centre, round which is placed a platform with receding ledges, to the height of nine or ten feet, each ledge groaning with ancient vase and dishes in gold and silver. Some of these are of the quaintest form and curious workmanship—models of old castles and palaces, strange animals, battle-pieces, birds—craftily work-

ed in past centuries by forgotten descendants of Tubal-Cain, and each a museum in itself. On the right hand of the hall, on entering, there is a buffet which seems crushed beneath the masses of gold vessels upon it, each a study, but enriched above all by the grand cup from Benvenuto's own hand, for which Russia paid the sum of £10,000 sterling. On the left there is an *estrade* for the orchestra and for the singers, among whom are Lablache, Dumeric, Bosio, Calzolari, and Tagliafico. It is covered with cramoisied purple velvet, with gold fringes and borders. . . . . On the left of the pillar are placed two tables, extending the whole length of the room, for the guests. These are weighed down likewise with gold and silver plates, goblets, plateaux, epergnes, and salvers. The chairs, of white and gold, with crimson velvet seats, are placed at the left sides of the tables only, so that all the guests will have their faces turned towards their Majesties.

#### BRITONS IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.

Such are the glories of the banquet-room of the Czar. If you do not wish to be as miserable as Midas, come forth into the fresh air, and get a look at the pure blue sky, which is shining with heaven's own brightness. Descend the scarlet staircase between files of the Chevalier Guard, the Garde à Cheval, the Cuirassiers of the Guard, the Grenadiers of the Guard—all now dismounted and forming a fence bristling with sabres between the scarlet cloth and the nobility. Pass by the Church of the Assumption, and out under the archway to the outer court of the Kremlin—the scarlet cloth still is beneath our feet, and the raised estrade on which the Emperor walks after leaving the Church is carried round outside into the outer court, close to the galleries erected for the occasion, till it reënters the inner court by the archway at the south-eastern extremity. This estrade is protected by a railing, and at each side there is a wall of soldiers, part of which—a detachment of the Lancers of the Guard—is commanded by Major Hall, who is descended from an English family. And here I may mention that among the Russian officers I have met, there are bearers of the name of Ramsay, Grieg, Bell, Ochterlony, etc. The first—who is the descendant of an

old Scottish family, bearing the arms of Dalhousie—is one of the ablest generals in the service, and was specially engaged in the defence of Finland; the others are most likely the representatives of those adventurous soldiers and sailors of fortune who flocked from Scotland to lead the battalions of Northern Europe to victory by their discipline, valor, and sagacity.

#### THE IMPERIAL COUPLE—ENTRY INTO THE CATHEDRAL.

Now the Imperial Dais comes in sight, and the Emperor himself presents himself to the people, not amid cheers, but loud shrill cries which overpower the tolling of the bells, the crash of arms, and the loud flourish of drums and trumpets, which rise all around us. Before him march two priests with a gold basin full of holy water, which an Archbishop sprinkles profusely on the scarlet cloth.

. . . . . The Emperor, who possesses the personal advantages of the Romanoff family—a fine erect and stately figure—marched with a measured stride, and bowed right and left as he passed down to the estrade. The Empress followed behind him, under the same dais, with thirteen ladies of honor around her, and her appearance was the signal for repeated outbursts of cheering. Her Majesty was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and presented a most charming contrast to the glare by which she was surrounded. There was a gracefulness in her movements—a quiet dignity and gentleness which touched every heart, and turned every eye even from the person of her Imperial husband. As the dais was borne down the steps amid the sheen of glittering sword-blades flourished at the presence of the Emperor, the picture offered by the Court of the Kremlin was such as one seldom sees—the splendor of the pageant, the steady lines of the soldiery, the waving masses of the galleries as they rocked to and fro in their homage and ecstasy. A platoon of the Chevalier Gardes followed the dais, and after them came a member of each family of the High Russian nobility, three and three, behind whom again, in strange juxtaposition, marched a band of artisans and manufacturers; after them followed the corps of 1st Guild of Merchants, by threes; and the procession was closed by another platoon of the Chevalier Gardes. The flourishing of

trumpets, the strains of the numerous bands, the cheers of the people, the measured hurrahs of the soldiery, the roll of drums, the clang of bells, deafened the ears, and almost overwhelmed the senses. The Metropolitans of Moscow and of Novgorod, who had previously blessed and watered the Imperial Ensign, stood at the door of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and as their Majesties approached, the former presented them the Holy Hood to kiss, which they did most reverently, and the latter sprinkled them with holy water.

#### EFFECT ON THE RUSSIAN SPECTATORS.

We are now inside the cathedral with them, and we are about to witness a ceremony instinct with meaning, and full of sacred solemnity to the mind of the unsophisticated Russian. The eye unformed by the spirit cannot rightly interpret a great symbolical representation, and we must for the moment put aside our modern-day, constitutional, and essentially English ideas, if we would rightly appreciate the effect of what we are about to witness. Some notion of its significance will be conveyed to the English mind by the thought that it is in the eyes of the Russian people the sacrament and visible consecration of the absolute power of one man over 60,000,000 of his fellow beings. Something of the terror inspired by such an idea is modified by the fact generally and heartily believed, that, in the present instance, the Prince who is to be invested with such awful power is mild in disposition, upright in character, and sincerely desirous that his reign should conduce to the happiness and welfare of his people.

Let us for the moment try to identify ourselves in thought with one of his people. The Russian finds himself in the centre of the magnificent church, every inch of whose walls glitters with gold, and whose pictorial sides offer to his eyes allegorical representations of his faith. On the one hand he sees the saints under the altar of the Apocalypse, looking up to Heaven with the agonized cry, "How long, O Lord?" On the other he views the avenging flames glaring out of the pit of the wicked; while from the top of the gorgeous ceiling a gigantic head of the Saviour looks down in peace, and gives consolation to his soul. All around him are the sacred relics and images of the



saints, and before him, raised on a platform, and under a canopy of velvet and gold, are the thrones of the Czars John III. and Michael Feodorowitch, prepared now for the Emperor and Empress, the inauguration of whose Heaven-bestowed power he is about to witness.

#### THE CEREMONY.

The Empress Dowager and the Imperial family have already entered the church and taken their places on the platform around the thrones. Amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the populace the young Emperor and his bride reach the entrance of the church. And now they detach themselves from the crowd of officials about them, and passing along the gorgeous screen that separates the chancel from the church, they fall on their knees before the images of the saints, kiss with fervent reverence the sacred relics, and offer up silent prayers to Heaven. Let the perfect grace and earnestness with which the young Empress performs these acts be noted. She is richly attired in a white robe, studded with the finest jewels, but her head is adorned only by her own luxuriant hair, without a single ornament. Her right hand is ungloved, and with this she repeatedly crosses herself as she performs her religious offices, not mechanically, as if going through part of a prescribed ceremony, but fervently, religiously, and with the grace of perfect womanhood. And now the Emperor, followed by his bride, mounts the platform of the throne, and repeats from a book delivered to him by the Archbishop of Moscow, the confession of his Christian faith. He then receives the benediction of the Archbishop, and suddenly the choir, which has hitherto preserved silence, bursts out in psalms and praise to God, and the holy building vibrates with the ring of their harmonious voices. There is no note of organ nor sound of other instrument. The singers, admirably organized, and chanting with astonishing power and precision, need no support; the plaintive soprano voices of the boys rise clear and distinct above the deep tones of the rich basses, and the sustained harmony, solemn and affecting, throbs through the holy building. But already the Imperial mantle of silver and ermine, richly studded with gems, is in the hands of the Archbishop, who proceeds to clasp it round the shoulders of

His Majesty. Next follows the great Crown, which is placed by the same hands on the Imperial head, reverently bent to receive it; and the sceptre and globe are then delivered to His Majesty, who, invested with these royal insignia, seats himself on the throne. The Empress now approaches with a meek yet dignified air, and falls on her knees before the Emperor. His Majesty lifting the Crown from his own head, touches with it that of the Empress, and again seats it on his own brows. A lesser crown is then brought, which the Emperor places on the head of the Empress, where it is properly adjusted by the Mistress of the Robes, and His Majesty, having invested his bride with the Imperial mantle, draws her towards him and tenderly embraces her.

This is the signal for the whole Imperial family, with the foreign Princes, to approach and congratulate their Majesties; and nothing can be more touching than the spectacle, from the evident earnestness with which embraces (which are indeed the expression of the deep and cordial love which binds in one common bond of tenderness all the members of the Imperial family) are received and returned. Oh! for that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. How electric is its effect! Here, in the midst of a ceremony necessarily stiff and formal, there is suddenly on the part of the principal performers a genuine outburst of natural feeling, and mark its effect—there is scarcely a dry eye among the masses crowded in the church, while the feeble frame of the Empress-Mother totters with outstretched arms towards the Imperial son, and passionately clasps and holds him in a long embrace; and tears and smiles mingle together as the little Grand Dukes are seen to clamber up to the side of their father and uncle, who has to stoop low in order to reach the little faces which asked to be kissed.

But the most important and solemn part of the ceremony has now to be performed, and there is a general stillness in the church, as the Emperor descends from his throne and proceeds to the entrance of the chancel. He is met there by the Archbishop of Moscow, who holds in his hands the sacred vessel which contains the holy oil. Stretching forth his right hand, the venerable father takes a golden branch, with which, having dipped it in the consecrated oil, he anoints the forehead, eye-



lids, nostrils, ears, hands, and breast of the Emperor, pronouncing the solemn words—“*Impressio doni Spiritus Sancti.*”

The act is done, and Russian eyes look with awe upon the Anointed of God, the Delegate of His power, the High Priest of His Church, at once Emperor and Patriarch, consecrated and installed in his high temporal and spiritual office. A salvo of cannons, the bray of trumpets, the roll of drums, announce the completion of the sacred act to the ears of those who are without the church and cannot witness it.

#### THE CELEBRITIES AGAIN.

As the brilliant procession passes out of the church, the Russians, with eager eyes, seek out and distinguish their illustrious fellow-countrymen. There in the rear of the Emperor walks the man now famous throughout Europe, the young and gallant soldier, the defender of Sebastopol, the intrepid Todtleben. His carriage is noble, and full of hero-like decision, but his step falters, and he limps on with the aid of a cane, which tells how sorely he still suffers from a wound received in the trenches before the town which his genius so long defended. His countenance is full of intelligence, yet mild and modest; his chin, the most remarkable feature in his face, is finely developed, and bespeaks the iron will which belongs to the great soldier. All eyes are upon him. There, too, walks the friend of the Emperor Nicholas, the guardian of his son, the negotiator of the treaty of Paris, the upright and gallant Orloff; and there also is descried the world-famous Menschikoff, who was selected for that disastrous mission to Constantinople, out of which grew the war—the “*Menschikoff au patelôt*” as some foreigner irreverently whispers. But the foreigner, too, is engaged in looking among foreigners for distinguished individuals and distinguished things, among which latter must not be omitted the famous pearl-embroidered coat of the Hungarian noble, Prince Esterhazy, the Ambassador of Austria. There, too, stands the Ambassador of France, and beside him that of England, wearing the *distinction* (as Prince Metternich called it) of a diplomatic coat unadorned with a single star or order.

#### THE CROWNED CZAR; IDOLATROUS HOMAGE.

Presently forth stalks the Emperor. But now he wears an Imperial robe, and

on his head there is a crown of dazzling splendor. The sun's rays seem to seek congenial light in those flashing diamonds. The eye cannot bear the brilliancy, and the mujik and the prostrate Russian may well be pardoned if, with his imagination heated by all that he has seen and heard—the chanting of the choirs, the carillons of bells, the strains of music, and the clamor of voices—he thinks he sees a halo of heavenly glory around the Imperial head. Such homage to a man can only be pardoned on the ground that he is the elect and anointed of the Lord; and indeed, had one come from the skies with all the power and glory of a celestial messenger, he could scarce have excited more fervor of adoration than did the Czar, as, with his figure drawn up to the highest, his eye flashing, and his cheek flushed, but his tread as firm as a lion's, he came forth from the church and stood, with globe and sceptre in his hands, in the blaze of the sun before his people. In how many wild tongues, with what frantic gesticulations, did they call on Heaven to bless him! Many a tear rolled down the rugged cheeks of the rude Cossacks, and in many a strange dialect did the descendants of distant races implore their common father to pour down every blessing on him who represented their forgotten conquest, bondage, and thralldom, and the influence of whose name alone bound them up with the Russian people. What might not be done with such subjects, and with such devotion and such faith? The flourishing of trumpets, the crash of bands, the noble swell of the national anthem, “God preserve the Czar,” which nearly equals our own, the roll and tuck of drums, the bells, the voices of the people—all these formed a strange *mélange* of sound, and stunned the ear; but when the Czar, passing out by the archway on our right, made his appearance to the larger crowd, there was a noise like a roar of thunder, or the waves of the sea, which swallowed up all else. The people on the terraces below, on the banks of the river, and in the streets outside the Kremlin, took up the cry and shouted like the rest, and some, I am told, went on their knees in the dust and prayed for the Czar.

In a few minutes the procession began to wind through the archway on our left, and to pass before the Cathedral of Michael. The priests in golden state surplice were

waiting at the gates, and as the Emperor and Empress (whom we have quite forgotten in all this wild triumph of adulation and Czar-worship) came up, to sprinkle them with holy water, and give them the cross to kiss. On entering, the Czar and Czarina kiss the holy reliques, and kneel down to pray before the tombs of their ancestors, after which the *Domine salvum fac* is chanted, and the Emperor and Empress continue their short march for a few yards to the Church of the Annunciation, where the same ritual is observed.

On their way, the cheers, the music, the bells, the cannon never cease. It is just 1 o'clock as the procession begins to ascend the *perron rouge*. The enthusiasm is boundless as His Majesty turns, and and with outraised arm seems to return the blessings of his people. He bows to all around as he reaches the landing, and, standing forth from under the dais, looks down upon the scene below. In a few moments more he turns, and is lost to sight in the interior of the magnificent

Palace, through the walls of which, however, those sounds must follow him.

#### THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL THE CEREMONIES.

The Czar has signalized the day of his coronation by publishing a most important ukase, which contains an amnesty and lays the foundation for great reforms. The following points are contained in it: a civic and military medal for all who took part, directly or indirectly, in the war. Freedom from military service for four years throughout the Empire. A most equitable assessment of the poll-tax. The Emperor accords an amnesty to the political offenders of 1826 and 1831. All the Jews of the Empire are freed from the special burdens of the recruitment that still oppressed them. The children of soldiers that were brought up by the State, and as such formed part hitherto of the army, in which they were bound to serve as soldiers, are all restored to their relations.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## THE MODERN WHITEFIELD.

Few subjects are more dangerous than the demerits or merits of preaching; and preachers do not always consider themselves obliged by advice or counsel. Professor H. P. Tappan, of New-York, has issued a pamphlet under this title.\* The address is a very sensible production, and in some of its pages, eloquence of a goodly order exists; yet, however valuable, it scarcely meets our expectations from the title selected, only because the Professor goes into one channel and we expected him to take another.

Ten years since, we urged the necessity

of preaching the Gospel to the poor, in localities where they could and would attend. They cannot be expected, in working clothes, to enter fine pews, in splendid edifices, erected in fine situations. They always doubt the nature of their welcome. Some experiments have been tried since that date in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and in other towns, with considerable success. In Aberdeen, Mr. Wilson, a gentleman formerly connected with the press, has become the means of revolutionizing one locality in that city, and converting the site of an old show booth into that of an Independent Chapel, attended by an attentive audience,

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\* London: Ward and Co.

drawn from the district; and no money has ever been better laid out in that city. Even upon the temporal balance of profit and loss, a general effort to reach all classes in their respective localities would be highly profitable. Eternity opens out a wider view of the case.

The science of preaching appears somehow to be neglected. We have, in Scotland, nearly three thousand congregations of Evangelical Protestants, nearly all Presbyterians, and inferring an equal number of gentlemen by education, devoted to their private and public instruction, after a careful training for their work. Amongst this little army we could probably name all who have distinguished themselves by great aptitude and success as public speakers. And yet public speaking is their profession, and eloquence should be a *sine quâ non* in its adoption. We may be told that some difficulty would be felt in the supply of eloquent men; but the art is not encouraged.

In the pulpit it is absolutely repressed by many persons. The line of persuasion adopted is not persuasive, but argumentative, and in the dryest sense of the term logical. We hear the same doctrines too minutely defended and enforced in regular succession, although very few persons in many congregations, and none in some—deny or doubt them; while they need to have them applied to daily duties and daily life. Illustrative statements are generally avoided as beneath the dignity of the topic. They were not so considered by the Author of the Gospel and his Apostles. They are not regarded in that light by those who now attract large audiences, and may be considered more than unusually useful.

It will be quite understood that we neither undervalue the acquirements nor the talents of the Christian ministry in this country. We blame neither the one nor the other, while we think that their application to a style somewhat different from the common course might render them more generally acceptable, even to their congregations, and assuredly to those who, unfortunately, are out of their pale. The duties attached to the oversight of a large congregation, are often extremely important, and they always consume time, preventing thus that study necessary for those who have periodically recurring demands upon the mind; but our remarks are confined to preaching.

England presents a different aspect of public worship, and the excellence of the organ is often an attraction. The dissenting churches chiefly want this allurements; but they do not seem to influence many of the population, who have grown up in carelessness of the present, and contempt of the future. The casual attempts to conduct service in the open summer air, confess a deficiency in the past, which cannot be supplied by that course in winter. The employment of city missionaries and Scripture readers in large towns, forms another avowal of the truth, that out beneath the shadow of churches, a large proportion of the people dwell.

London contains a population equal to five sixths of the whole inhabitants of Scotland. It has not, and would not require, the same number of chapels and churches, because the people are closely drawn together. The leading men of the various bodies might be expected there; and yet only a few names are known out of their districts. We might write them all in a column. The reason is obvious, here and there. The care of congregations occupies a large portion of the preacher's time. He is often reduced nearly to the straits of the Apostles before the appointment of deacons. He cannot neglect these duties. Their omission would not be desirable if it were practicable. Few congregations exist with a greater attendance than fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, and either of these numbers is unmanageable for pastoral details. Here and there it would be expedient to relieve a class from the incessant duties of the week, and devote them to the public advocacy of the faith.

At apparent intervals some individual of a high order of genius, or distinguished by eccentricities, that serves one purpose of genius, attracts great crowds, and writes his name broadly upon the records of the churches. The present man in London is very young, a Baptist preacher, extremely popular, and, according to one party, extremely talented—to another, destitute of ability, poor in scholarship, absolutely incapable. The extreme views of his detractors are evidently false—his existence proves their mistake.

A sad catastrophe occurred in this minister's congregation upon the evening of the 19th ultimo. They had taken the Music-hall in the Surrey Gardens, for the purpose of public worship. The hall can

contain ten thousand persons, without inconvenience. Upon that evening a larger number were admitted. A cry of "Fire," or that "the building was falling in," alarmed the multitude. A rush occurred to one or more doors, and seven persons were killed, while a larger number were badly hurt. This event would not induce us to notice Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, but the calamity brings the innocent cause very clearly out to view. Exeter Hall contains four or five thousand persons, but double the number for many evenings during the services there vainly endeavored to enter.

The largest building in London was secured for a season, and immediately over-crowded. Any person must feel that the attraction of twelve to fourteen thousand persons, to hear a sermon, is an achievement not frequently accomplished; and that the habitual collection of that number must be associated with extraordinary reason.

The false alarm which terminated so fatally, was supposed to have been excited by thieves, or malevolent persons, who oppose the preacher. It is difficult to realize the latter idea. The former resembles the probable calculation of men who live by robbery; but it is possible, and even probable, that the nervousness of two or more individuals may have caused the unhappy rush to the gallery door. The building was perfectly secure. No fire had occurred; and if any had arisen, abundant means of egress were provided in the plan of the edifice. The accident has been called a warning to Mr. Spurgeon, against preaching in a place of that nature; that is to say, a music hall; but this suggestion is eminently Judaical, and a mere off-shoot from a diseased notion "respecting consecration," which was not entertained by the great preacher on Mars Hill. It has been styled a warning against the attempt to collect vast congregations, who cannot hear; but if they cannot hear, they will soon reduce themselves to a narrow compass, where they have no imposing display to see. It was a warning to the crowd against attempting to rush together out of a public building in confusion. And it was a warning against spiral staircases, with doors opening inwards, and balustrades so that they could be broken by the pressure of a frantic multitude.

a warning to all, that in the

midst of life, we may be in death; but one section of the public talk too familiarly of judgment, and warning; forgetting those on whom the tower fell, and what, upon the highest authority, is said of them.

Within our remembrance similar calamities have occurred in a Methodist, a Presbyterian, and a Roman Catholic place of worship. A precisely similar, but much more extensive catastrophe, befell a congregation of Polish Jews, in Poland, last month. The cause was identical in nearly all these instances. In the Presbyterian church the alarm was not false, for the building actually broke down under the pressure of the crowd, who flocked to hear a celebrated preacher, the late Mr. Irving, of London.

We remember a much more terrible calamity, although still of the same nature, in the Glasgow theatre, seven years ago, originating in an alarm of fire, which was so far real that a very trifling fire, easily subdued, had occurred. The audience in one small gallery rushed to a narrow stair. Some of them fell. The door opened inwards, and seventy persons were suffocated before the multitude stopped. In all countries, and on all occasions—in places of the most opposite character, the audience rush together without care, without mercy—and, in the first burst of terror, the strong tread on to destruction, disregarding the weak. They are undisciplined. The uses of discipline were never, perhaps, more clearly demonstrated than when four hundred strong men, armed, handed the women and children from the Birkenhead steamer into boats, formed on the deck of the sinking vessel, and fired the volley over their own grave, as they sunk into the waste of waters. They were disciplined men. The audience in the Surrey Music-hall became frantic, and, therefore a mob—weak, however numerous.

The preacher whom they had assembled to hear is still a very young man. Born at Kelvedon, in Essex, in 1834, he has only reached those years when many persons commence the study of theology for professional purposes. His father, Mr. John Spurgeon, is pastor of a small church in Essex, and is engaged in business at Colchester. His grandfather is also an Independent minister. A younger brother displays, we understand, similar talents; and has been sent to cultivate them



at an English University. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon did not receive a collegiate education; but it does not follow, as has been remarked, that he is an uneducated man. On the contrary, his life—not a long one—until he became a London minister, was, from his infancy, passed at school; for some years as an usher at Newmarket, and afterwards at Cambridge. He preached the Gospel to a small congregation in a rural village of Cambridgeshire, that no time might be lost. A deacon of New Park-street Church, in London, attended one or more services in this country place of meeting. The church in town, to which he belonged was vacant,—and he had discrimination to see that this young man might fill it. Such, we believe, is the history of his appointment to a London church, when he must have been little more than nineteen years of age.

New Park-street Chapel became soon incapable of containing the audiences who wished to hear its juvenile preacher; and two years since the congregation had taken Exeter Hall, while their own building was being altered to suit their changed circumstances. At that time we succeeded one morning in getting into the hall. The appearance of the audience was very remarkable. The usual proportions were reversed, for two thirds were males, and a great proportion were young men.

The preacher did not appear so young as the registry of his birth infers. His appearance did not promise that talent which he possesses. We should scarcely have expected that he was a very intellectual man from his caste of countenance. His services were conducted in the usual order of dissenting places of worship. He read a portion of Scripture very impressively. It was clear that he had learned to read the English language, and that is more knowledge than all his contemporaries take time to acquire. He read the passage as it stands in the text first, and then proceeded with his commentary or notes, verse by verse.

He had selected the first chapter of Peter's first epistle; and he paused before proceeding to read, and said that if any Armenians were present, they had better put off their Armenianism at once, because they must do so, after he had finished the passage. The announcement resembled an insinuation that they had never previously read the first epistle of Peter. We mention the circumstance, because it

appeared to us more out of the common path than anything else done or said during the service. His discourse was not that of an orator. It was not very eloquent in any particular. It did not display great genius, except in an occasional aptitude of expression, in the quaint style of the early English divines, whose works, we presume that he has read. It did display great earnestness. It was difficult to suppose that he who spoke did not also believe. His influence rests much on the basis of earnestness. His hearers conclude that he is anxious to accomplish all that he says. He usually deals with truths as they merit, and as if they were what they are, dread solemnities. Then he abounds with illustrations, or with passages not easily forgotten. Many hearers, we are confident, accuse themselves of "forgetting the sermon." They have not been supplied with the means of retaining it. The general argument employed by this preacher remains in our mind still, because it was enforced by a series of illustrative anecdotes, or pointed peculiarities of expression. Perhaps, then, these means should not be peculiarities. If the object of argument, of explanation, of persuasion, requires that they should be remembered, lawful means, we presume, should be employed for that purpose. Once or twice, perhaps thrice, some of these expressions or illustrations provoked a smile, or a repressed titter among his congregation; but they were all applied skilfully, and this erratic tendency was hushed to deep silence by the solemnity of the application. In a few passages the preacher seemed to us a little egotistical; but perhaps the style pursued, so much in the form of appeals in the first person singular, brought out these feelings. We have never heard him since, not because we disliked his services, but from other engagements; for we believed then, as we believe now, that he is capable of doing much good, and that he strained his capacity in his labors.

He has been compared to a successful actor; but all comparisons are odious, and that is groundless. An actor plays a part, and recites the language, of another. A preacher always or often addressing the same persons, must first construct, before he can deliver, a discourse; and once delivered, the construction is lost, and he must build again.

Mr. Spurgeon has been contrasted with Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, with

no better reason than that they both speak in public, if Mr. Gough, perpetually repeating the same stories, can be said to speak in the intellectual meaning of the word. So far as we observed, the preacher exhibited none of the miserable contortions of limb and body employed by the lecturer, and was entirely free from the rant that disfigures the orations from the West.

Mr. Spurgeon has been charged with a rash employment of expressions that should be avoided, and in turning over some publications on the subject, we see evidence of the statement; according to our view of these expressions. It is quite possible that others have a different opinion, but if blemishes of style should be corrected, those of expression, that must offend weak-minded persons, "little ones," do more harm than they can possibly balance by good.

When we heard Mr. Spurgeon he spoke of his adversaries and of efforts made to prevent persons from attending his ministry. The existence of his enemies appeared to us doubtful at the time. We could see no reason for enmity to him in particular. A perusal of his disclosures explains the feeling. In one sermon, he says:

"Last Sabbath I went into a place where the minister gave us the vilest stuff that ever was brewed. I am sure I wished that I was back here that I might preach a little godliness or else hear it. Poor Wesleyan thing! He preached works from beginning to end."

We do not continue the quotation, but obviously "a poor Wesleyan master or parent" might have some objection to his child or servant hearing this censure. Our experience leads us to believe that a good many persons preach works neither at the beginning nor the end. One party neglects the root of works, and another overlooks the fruit of faith. Connected, they would do well—separated, they both fail.

In several passages we find similar rebukes to other bodies, which may be considered faithful testimonies, yet these can be couched in courteous language—*suaviter in modo*. The members of the Established Church may entertain some enmity towards him, because he handles bishops roughly, not because of their office, but their neglect of its duties. One class may consider that he oversteps pulpit expediency in declamations that look po-

litical; but he only states truths which, probably, the common people relish more than the uncommon; and, therefore, in that matter the common people hear him gladly.

He is a pulpit punster. Thus, preaching from the text, "We shall see Him as He is,"—he says, "Come, let us divide that 'we' into 'I's'—how many 'I's' are there here that will see Him as He is?" This punning, on the most awful question, would displease a Scotch audience. It may satisfy the people of Southwark, although we think not. Even if it did, a teacher should bring the hearers up to himself, and not go down to them.

The construction of these discourses, which have been published separately, and almost simultaneously with their delivery, has been blamed; and they resemble the late Sir Robert Peel's speeches, in having an excessive number of "I's" in them. The printer must run out of capital "I's" often. The arrangement of the subjects is not equally objectionable. The text is clung to, and wrought out to the close. The inferential matter is brief, and full of pith. The art of compressing much into little has either been studied by, or gifted to, the speaker. This peculiarity is more a matter of style than of logical arrangement; but the latter quality is certainly not deficient in these popular productions.

The style is founded on that of the old Puritan divines. In one sermon he says:

"Dress thyself, proud gentleman, for the worm; anoint thyself for the crawling creatures of the grave; and worse, come thou to hell with powdered hair."

A young man of twenty-two in this present year, would not, probably, think of *powdered hair*. It is not so very common now. His language to his hearers is plain. No man reproaches him justly, although he has been reproached, with flattering them. We quote a single sentence, to indicate farther, the style pursued:

"One of you is going out this afternoon to take his day's pleasure; another is a fornicator in secret; another can cheat his neighbor; another can bow, and then curse God; another comes to this chapel, but in secret he is a drunkard; another prates about godliness, and God wots he is a damned hypocrite."

Antinomians, like Armenians, are the

subjects of his opposition—and necessarily of his bitter dissections—for he is far too honest and zealous to oppose a system by halves. He says :

“The man who comes to God's house, and drinks ‘wine on the lees well refined,’ and then goes away and drinks the cup, and enjoys the company of the ungodly; gives no evidence that he is a partaker of divine grace. He says, ‘I do not like good works.’ Of course he does not. ‘I know I shall not be saved by good works.’ Of this we are certain, for he has none to be saved by.”

The style is conversational. That mode, after all, is the most effective scheme of addressing a multitude. This preacher looks to the many thousands who attend his services as if they were a number of friends, around a family hearth, with whom he is to talk for an hour. He is not a great orator, perhaps, but he is a great talker. People of the latter class, however, have generally little to tell, and they tell that little in many words. He reverses their practice, being not only a great but a good talker. His sentences are sharp and short—terse and telling sentences—as if he could not afford to lose a word.

The series of discourses published weekly during the last year, are remarkable additions to ecclesiastical literature, especially when we remember that they form a portion of their author's weekly work. It is impossible to say that they have not blemishes—and some of them important; yet it is just as impossible to say that any young man in his twenty-second year could be expected to have attained greater skill in his profession than they ex-

hibit. The existence of an audience of eight or ten thousand persons is a remarkable fact, and unprecedented in the annals of preaching in recent times. Congregations of that magnitude could not be collected by ordinary means. They could not be formed, and they could not be sustained, by ordinary men. They never would be formed, and they would not be requisite, if the style that has been successful in this instance were more generally followed. Mr. Spurgeon lives to disclose a secret. He shows practically the way to preach; and yet he is self-educated. Men who consider themselves his superior in learning, may, if they please, prune off the blemishes from his mode of address; but some of them would prune on and on until they leave the flowerless, leafless trees, to which the world has been long and well accustomed. That world needs to be shaken roughly.

In no department can we afford to be amused, and put to sleep. In all intellectual walks, too much soft apathy has existed for a long series of years. We are getting civilly ruined at many points. In none is the evil of the same importance as in those relations that stretch into eternity. All men's actions, thoughts, and words, go in one sense there; but one class of them relate to that vast interest chiefly and directly. For that class, at least, vigor is needed; and its want now is a deficiency that thousands will not supply to-morrow; for they will have no to-morrow. An earnest man who faithfully believes all that he says, must be excused if he imitate rather the honesty of Micaiah than the flattery of the son of Chenaanah.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## DIAMOND WASHING AND CUTTING.

THE diamond possesses a much higher and more uniform value than any other article of commerce. The supply has never so far exceeded the demand as to make any change in the price of cut stones. In 1843, when the mines at Sincora, in Bahia, were discovered, fears were entertained that a permanent depreciation would take place; but the very high prices which required to be paid for all the necessaries of life, and the unhealthy nature of the climate, speedily reduced the number of

diamond-seekers, and the fall was scarcely felt in Europe.

The tract of country in which the Brazilian diamonds are found, extends from the village of Itambe, in Minas-Geraes, to Sincora, on the river Paragussa of Bahia, between  $20^{\circ} 19'$  and  $13^{\circ}$  of south latitude. They are chiefly obtained from the numerous streams which form the sources of the rivers Doce, Arassuaky, Jequitinhonha, and San Francisco. It is also highly probable that the auriferous regions of Australia, like those of South America, contain diamonds; two from the river Macquarie having been sent to the exhibition which was lately held at Paris.

Diamonds consist of pure carbon, and are often found in the form of eight or twelve sided crystals, the latter being the less common figure. Of their formation in the great laboratory of nature, nothing is known; but they are supposed to exist originally in the mountains, whence they are carried down into the valleys by the torrents which flow during the rainy seasons. The degradation of the rocks must be accomplished by the powerful agency of the tropic floods; and the precious gems which are thus excavated, must be deposited in the sedimentary debris which forms the beds of the rivers before the search of man becomes successful. The parent stone or matrix is a mica schist, called *Ite Columite*, whose fragments mixed with earth form the *cascalho*, which is dug from the rivers, and in which the diamond-seeker finds his treasure. In South America, the alluvium of the rivers not only contains diamonds, but gold and platina, though both these metals are generally so finely powdered as almost to defy collection by the ordinary process of washing. The river Jequitinhonha is one of the richest in Brazil, and the works on its banks have been carried on for a long period. When the dry season, which continues from April to the middle of October, has reduced the depth of water, the river is turned aside into a canal previously formed by making an embankment, with bags of sand, over the original channel. The water which remains is then pumped out, the mud dug to a depth varying from six to twenty feet, and removed to the place where the washing is afterwards to be performed. While the dry season continues, the labor of collecting the *cascalho* is carried on unremittingly, so as to have a sufficient quantity to occupy the negroes

during the rainy months. The mud which is raised from some of the rivers contains diamonds so uniformly diffused, that a pretty correct approximation can be made to the number of carats which a given quantity will produce. It sometimes happens, however, that grooves are found containing large quantities of diamonds and gold. When the rainy season puts a stop to the raising of the *cascalho*, the scene of operations is changed to the washing-shed, near which the result of the dry season's labors has been heaped up. The troughs, called canoes, are arranged side by side, and the overseer occupies an elevated seat in front, so as to observe every movement of the working negroes. Into each of the canoes, a small stream of water is introduced, to carry away the earthy part of the *cascalho*. Having placed half a hundredweight of the *cascalho* in the canoe, the negro lets in the stream, and keeps up a constant motion till the mud has been all washed away and the water runs perfectly clear. The gravel is then taken out by the hand, and carefully examined for diamonds. When one is found, the negro stands upright, and claps his hands, as a signal to the overseer, who receives it from the finder, and places it in a bowl with water, which is hung in the midst of the shed. The day's work being finished, all the diamonds which have been found are delivered to the superintendent, who enters their weight in a book. Large diamonds are exceedingly rare. It has been calculated that, on an average, out of 10,000 there are seldom more than one found which weighs twenty carats, while there are perhaps 8000, each of which is less than one. At the works on the river Jequitinhonha, there have rarely been found more than two or three stones weighing from seventeen to twenty carats each in the washings of a year; in the whole diamond-mines of Brazil, not more than one is found, in two years, of thirty carats. In 1851, a stone of 120½ carats was found at the source of the river Patrocinho, in Minas-Geraes; afterwards, one of 107 carats, on the Rio das Velhas; and another of 87½, at Chapada. But the largest which has been obtained of late years is "The Star of the South," which, previous to being cut, weighed 254 carats.

Many precautions are used to prevent the negroes from concealing the stones they find; such as frequently causing them



to remove, at a given signal, from one trough to another. Encouragements are also offered to induce them to pursue the search with great care. The negro who finds a diamond of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  carats is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, a suit of clothes, and permission to work on his own account. One who was present when a stone of  $16\frac{1}{2}$  carats was found at Tejuco, says: "It was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might entitle the poor negro to his freedom; and when, on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathize in his disappointment." A stone of eight or ten carats entitles the finder to two new shirts, a suit of clothes, a hat, and handsome knife. For smaller, but valuable stones, proportionate premiums are given. Brazil sends yearly into the trade about 30,000 carat-weight of uncut diamonds. During the two years after the discovery of the diamond-mine at Sincora, in Bahia, 600,000 carats were sent to Europe; but in 1852 the quantity had fallen to 130,000.

The labor expended in collecting that small bag of dull glassy stones is immense. One can easily lift with the hand the product of a year's digging and washing; yet, to bring them together, much sweat has flowed while the steaming negroes dug the clay under a burning tropic sun. The whip has many a time roused the flagging energies, or sharpened the search among the gravel in the washing-trough. Not a few have perished, and been laid by their companions under the dark green tree, from whose branches hang garlands of lovely orchids. And to fill up the blanks which have been made in the ranks of the toiling slaves of Brazil, many have been dragged from the coast of Africa, in spite of the efforts of this country to prevent the unholy traffic. The humanity of some, however, and the self-interest of others, have led them to frame rules which mitigate slavery in connection with the diamond-mines of Brazil. The rewards which are offered, not only prove an incentive to careful search, but impart a spirit to the labor which must render it less irksome. But the lash is still in the hand of the overseer, and numbers of the human family are kept down to the level of beasts of burthen.

The process of cutting brings out the inherent beauty of the diamond, and greatly enhances its value. Even after the stone has been cut, if unskilfully done, the sparkling beauty of the gem is wanting. No change of position which the commissioners tried could make the Koh-i-noor appear, at the London Exhibition, much superior to a piece of rock-crystal; but after having been re-cut, it became one of the choicest brilliants. For a long period, the Jews of Amsterdam have almost exclusively monopolized that branch of industry. At a time when they were persecuted in all the other nations of Europe, the liberal laws and flourishing trade of Amsterdam encouraged them to settle there in great numbers; and the diamond-mills were erected under the special protection which the states of Holland afforded to capital and enterprise. It is calculated that not fewer than 10,000 out of the 28,000 Jews who live in Amsterdam depend directly and indirectly on the diamond-trade.

The Diamond-cutters' Company, under the direction of Mr. Posno, have three factories, all worked by steam. The united capacity of the engines is ninety-five horse power, driving 438 mills, and employing 925 workers. There are two other diamond-cutting factories in Amsterdam, the one belonging to the firm of B. L. M. Arons, conducted by Mr. Prins, having an engine of six horse-power, driving forty mills, and employing seventy people; the other is the property of Mr. Coster, with a steam-power of forty horse, driving seventy-two mills, and giving work to 150 hands. In the factories of the Diamond-cutters' Company, and that of Mr. Prins, the mills are let, to those who are not shareholders, at a fixed rate for the hour or day. Mr. Coster's mills, on the other hand, are driven on his own account; and to him have been intrusted the two most valuable gems that have been cut in late years, the Koh-i-noor and Star of the South.

Having obtained an introduction, the visitor to this mill is treated with the greatest attention. He no sooner enters one of the flats, than the heads of a dozen persons are stretched forward, offering their services to explain the various steps in the process. The seats of the workmen are arranged along the side-walls of the building, and before each is a circular metal plate, revolving horizontally with

great velocity. A short lever of iron rests with one extremity on the bench, and the other on the revolving plane. The diamond-polisher stops the motion, and, lifting the lever, shews the stranger that the end which rested on the mill has an amalgam placed upon it, in which the stone is fixed, so as to leave only the side exposed which is being ground. Handing the lever to an assistant, it is put into a small furnace, heated, and then returned to the polisher. The amalgam is now soft, and the diamond, having been picked out, is replaced with the part exposed which is next to undergo the action of the mill. A clever workman can keep two, or even three, small diamonds on the *schijf* at once; but the greatest care has to be taken that they are not exposed too long. The minute facets of diamonds, so small as to require from 1500 to 2000 for a single carat's weight, can be easily overcut, and the stone destroyed. In the Netherlands division of the exhibition at Paris, rose-diamonds were exhibited which required 1500 to the carat; and that is not the limit to which the cutting can be carried.

The stone having been fixed in the amalgam, which is then hardened by cooling it in water, the workman shows the visitor a little box of fine powder, of which a minute quantity is put, with a few drops of oil, on the mill. This is the diamond dust, with which alone the polishing can be accomplished, and it possesses a value of about £60 sterling the ounce. It is chiefly obtained in the first process which the diamond undergoes after it has come from the artist, who, if it is a valuable stone, draws out a plan by which it may be cut with the smallest loss of weight. Leaving the mills, we ascend to this department, and find that the workman does everything without the aid of machinery. Having taken two small wooden levers or handles, he selects two diamonds and fixes one in each. The rough form of the facets are then made by rubbing the one diamond against the other over a little box, which receives the powder as it falls.

The Star of the South, a brilliant of the purest water, as seen at the Paris Exhibition, was cut in the factory of Mr. Coster; and the ablest artist of the establishment, Mr. Voorsanger, had the honor of successfully re-cutting the Koh-i-noor in the workshop of the crown-jeweller at London. The *médaille d'honneur*, which the imperial commissioners at Paris assigned

“pour les lapidaires diamantaires de Hollande: taille de diamants et roses livrés au commerce,” was well bestowed.

The Koh-i-noor, when presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria by the East India Company, was of an irregular egg form, and the cutting had been so unskillfully executed that its appearance scarcely surpassed that of cut crystal. In the sides were grooves which had been cut for the purpose of fastening it in the former setting, and near the top was a small split. To remove these without greatly reducing the weight, presented considerable difficulties, but Mr. Coster was of opinion that these might be overcome in the hands of a skilful workman. Several models were presented to Her Majesty, out of which she selected the form it now bears, that of a regular brilliant. To accomplish the work of re-cutting, a small engine, of four horse-power, was erected to drive the diamond-mills. The cutting was commenced on the 16th July, 1852, and finished in thirty-eight working days of twelve hours each. In removing one of the flaws, the speed of the revolving plane required to be increased to 3000 revolutions in the minute, and even then the object was attained slowly. The velocity with which the mill rotates, and pressure on the lever which rests the diamond upon the plane, alone give power to the workman. That pressure may either be applied by the hand, or weights proportioned to the size of the stone and nature of the work. In cutting the Koh-i-noor, it was regulated so as to be capable of being increased from one to fifteen Netherlands pounds.

The process reduced the Koh-i-noor from  $186\frac{1}{8}$  carats to  $106\frac{1}{8}$ ; considerably under the average loss, which is estimated at one half or more. The Star of the South, when uncut, weighed 254 carats, and is now 125, the reduction being somewhat more than half. No large diamonds were ever before cut with so little diminution of their weight. The “Regent,” which belongs to the crown-jewels of France, lost nearly two thirds. But this is not the only circumstance which points out the great progress made in the art of diamond-cutting. The time required to perform the work has been very much shortened. The Regent occupied two years; while the Koh-i-noor, which is only thirty-seven carats lighter, was finished in less than six weeks; and the Star of the South, twelve carats smaller than the Re-

gent, was cut in three months. Moreover, no one can look at the cabinet of models in Mr. Coster's room without recognizing the superiority of the Koh-i-noor and the Star of the South over any of the other gems which belong to the sovereigns of Europe.

The manner in which the value of cut diamonds is calculated, makes it of the greatest importance that the weight should be reduced as little as possible. A stone of one carat is valued at £8 sterling, while one twice the weight is worth £32; the rule being, "the square of the weight multiplied by the price of a stone weighing unity," gives the true value. According to this principle, the Koh-i-noor is worth about £90,000, and the Star of the South £125,000. But the rule is never applied to stones of a very large size; these possess a value altogether arbitrary.

By cutting, the peculiar brilliancy of the diamond is brought out, and its value fixed. Then the jeweller adds new beauty by tasteful setting. His skilful combination of various kinds of precious stones, so that the one may impart splendor to the other, makes the starry rays of the diamond sparkle with glory in the tiara, brooch, or necklace. During the last twenty years, great progress has been made in the art of setting, of which splendid specimens were exhibited both at the London and Paris Exhibitions. Rubies,

sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, are now formed into anemones, roses, carnations, tulips, convolvuli, lilies, and other flowers. Probably, the idea originated with the glory which is seen, early on a summer morning, when the rising sun shines on the dewy flowers.

The revolution in France, at the end of the last century, nearly ruined the jewellers of Paris, and for a time gave a check to improvement. Under the imperial government of Napoleon I., some progress was again made, but the art only began to flourish after the restoration. At first, they worked with stones of the second class, such as topazes, amethysts, and aigue-marines, with which trinkets of more appearance than value could be made. Afterwards, it was found that by imitating flowers, the number of precious stones, in proportion to the size of the jewel, could be reduced without injuring the effect; while diamonds of less purity, such as those of Bahia, could be more freely used. The practice of setting diamonds in silver, and rubies in gold, so as to impart an apparent increase of size to the one, and splendor of color to the other, became more general; and the most beautiful designs have been wrought out with the greatest neatness and taste. At no period in the history of the world have so fine specimens of the jeweller's art been produced as during the present century by the artists of London and Paris.

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## L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

**THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.** By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. With a Continuation, treating of the Cloister Life of the Emperor after his Abdication. By WM. H. PRESCOTT, author of "Philip II.," "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," etc. In 3 vols. 8vo. With a fine portrait engraved from Titian. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE literary and reading world will give a cordial welcome to these new and choice volumes to the treasures of history, concerning the greatest monarch of the sixteenth century, and pass a vote of

thanks to the enterprising publishers for the excellence and beauty of the letter-press in which they are presented. Robertson's Charles V. has long been held in high repute as a standard work worthy of the eminent talents of the Scottish historian. But it was necessarily imperfect and incomplete. He could not make it perfect for want of access to the proper materials—the secret papers and authentic manuscripts laid up in the great repository at Simancas, which was closed to him by order of the jealous government at Madrid. It was incomplete; being only a history of the reign of the Emperor Charles V., and breaking off abruptly the great

drama of his life with a few brief pages, leaving all his monastic and retired life, in many respects the most interesting and curious, almost untouched.

Philip II., who feared his father might repent his resignation, and wish again to resume the crown, kept spies about his father who communicated the minutest details to Philip's secretaries, and their letters still exist at Simancas. From these and other authentic sources, new and most interesting aspects are given of his monastic life. From previous researches and investigations, few men are so competent as Mr. Prescott to extend this history, which is now offered to the reading public in attractive style and form, and will meet, we are sure, with extensive patronage. Ample indexes assist the reader, and a portrait of the Emperor Charles V., by Titian, embellishes the work. It differs in expression from one in the Escorial.

**THE RUSSELL FAMILY.** By ANN HASTINGS. New-York: Published by M. W. Dodd.

It is enough to repeat the name of this publisher, to guarantee that this is an instructive and pure book. The family circle, one of the most holy in all the relations of life, is opened to the reader, and there the example of "father," and "mother," impress the heart. Such little volumes are full of pious wisdom, and there can hardly be too many of such works, especially when they are based upon real life, and have their foundation in facts. The writer lives in Iowa, and this noble young State should be proud of such a female authoress.

**THE PLAY-DAY BOOK.** New Stories for Little Folks. By FANNY FERN. Illustrated by Fred. M. Coffin. New-York: Published by Mason Brothers.

It is scarcely necessary to say any thing in praise of "Fanny Fern," which has not already been said. This volume has more character, and is more instructive, than any of her former works, and may be read with profit and pleasure. The illustrations are exceedingly pretty and truthful.

**AUTUMNAL LEAVES.** Tales and Sketches, in Prose and Rhyme. By Mrs. L. M. CHILD. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

No American female writer has done so much to awaken humanity and touch the heart, as Mrs. Child. Her powers of description are graphic and life-like, and every one of the tales gathered up in this volume are designed to put aside selfishness, open up generous impulses, and teach our mutual dependence in this life for happiness. This is but one of Mrs. C.'s volumes, and though last, it is by no means least in interest or instruction.

**NEW-YORK ALMANAC AND WEATHER-BOOK, FOR 1857.** By E. MERIAM. New-York: Mason Brothers.

THE author of this neat and comprehensive little volume, is known as the "Brooklyn Philosopher." He has well earned his reputation for being "weather wise," and wise with reference to almost every thing of local or public interest. This little volume is full of valuable material, and, to a New-Yorker, is almost invaluable.

THE issues of the London press have been quite numerous for the past month, though embracing

only a few works of general interest. We notice the following:

The most important work on Theology is the new edition of Horne's Introduction, revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time, by the author, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, and Dr. Tregelles, with maps and Biblical fac similes.

Dr. Beard's Letters on the Grounds and Objects of Religious Knowledge, 2 vols. post 8vo.

Goode's Nature of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist, 2 vols. 8vo.

Robinson's Later Biblical Researches in Palestine, 8vo.

In Historical and Travel literature, we have: Glyde's Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century, 8vo. Speir's Life in Ancient India, with illustrations, 8vo. Naples, Political, Social, and Religious, 2 vols. 8vo. Captain Stoney's Residence in Tasmania, 8vo.

In Fiction: Deverell, a Novel, 3 vols. crown 8vo.; Jonathan Oldaker, post 8vo; The Castaway, by Anne Bowman, fcp. 8vo; Mr. Arle, 2 vols. crown 8vo; The Story of my Wardship, 3 vols. crown 8vo; Kathie Brande, by Holme Lee, 2 vols. crown 8vo; Out on the World, by Henry Owgan, 3 vols. crown 8vo; Tender and True, by the Author of Clara Morison, 2 vols. crown 8vo. Stories by an Archæologist and his Friends, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

In Science and General Literature: Van de Hoeven's Handbook of Zoology, translated by the Rev. W. Clark, vol. 1, 8vo. Smith's Irrigation in Southern India, 8vo. Didier's Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism, fcp. 8vo. Napier's Ancient Workers and Artificers in Metal, fcp. 8vo. Latham's Logic, 12mo. Payne Collier's edition of Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, 8vo. Mr. Morley's Life of Cornelius Agrippa, 2 vols. post 8vo. Craigcrook Castle, by Gerald Massey, 12mo. Out and Home, by Tupper, 12mo. Wordsworth, a Biography by E. P. Hood, post 8vo. The Second Series of British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century. The Second Volume of Professor Wilson's Essays, crown 8vo. Thornbury's Art and Nature, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

Mr. MURRAY's list of works in preparation includes: The Life and Opinions of the late General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother, Sir William Napier, K.C.B., in post 8vo.

The Second and Concluding Volume of the Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel.

The Public and Private Correspondence of Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, edited, with Notes, by Charles Ross, Esq.

Lives of the Two Scaligers, by the Rev. Mark Pattison, B.D.

A new, revised, and popular edition of Campbell's Chancellors, to be published in ten monthly volumes, crown 8vo.

The Early Flemish Painters, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, with woodcuts, post 8vo.

A New Biographia Britannica, by various hands.

A new edition of The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, by G. L. Craik, 2 vols. post 8vo.



Letters from Head-Quarters; or, The Realities of the War in the Crimea, by an Officer on the Staff, 2 vols. post 8vo.

The Diary of a State Prisoner in Turkey, by James Hamilton, author of Travels in North Africa, post 8vo.

Some Account of Circassia and the Caucasus, and their Inhabitants, by H. Danby Seymour, M.P., 8vo.

A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, by David Jardine, post 8vo.

A History of the Scotch Poor-Law, by Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B., 8vo.

A History of the Irish Poor-Law, by the same, 8vo.

A Supplemental Volume to Dr. Waagen's Treasures of Art in Great Britain, 8vo.

Ceylon, Past and Present, by Sir George Barrow, Bart., post 8vo.

A new edition of the late Sir Harris Nicolas's Peerage of England, by William Courthope, Esq., 8vo.

Descriptive Essays contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, by Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart., 8vo.

Shall and Will; or, Two Chapters on Future Auxiliary Verbs, by Sir Edmund Head, Bart., post 8vo.

A new edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, by Robert Malcolm Kerr, 4 vols. 8vo.

The History of Herodotus, a new English version from the text of Gaisford, by the Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, 4 vols. 8vo.

History of the Christian Church, from A.D. 500 to A.D. 1123, by the Rev. J. C. Robertson, M.A., 8vo.

New editions of Stanley's St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, and Jowett's St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans, 8vo.

The Education of Character, by Mrs. Ellis, post 8vo.

A new and revised edition, with new Life, of the Works of Dean Swift, forming a portion of Murray's British Classics.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL announce:

A new Poem, in nine books, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, called *Aurora Leigh*, crown 8vo.

A new and illustrated edition of Barry Cornwall's Dramatic Pieces and other Poems, crown 8vo.

The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici, by T. Adolphus Trollope, crown 8vo.

The English of Shakspeare, illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, by Mr. Craik, fcp. 8vo.

The Mildmayes; or, The Clergyman's Secret, 3 vols. post 8vo.

Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems, by W. C. Bennett.

Russian Popular Tales, with an Introduction by Jacob Grimm, fcp. 8vo.

A new edition of Mrs. Barrett Browning's Poems, with numerous additions, in 3 vols. fcp. 8vo.

Amongst the announcements of Messrs. NISBET & Co. we find:

The Book of Job, illustrated by fifty engravings after drawings by John Gilbert, in small 4to.

Things New and Old in Religion, Science, and the Arts, crown 8vo.

Travels and Discoveries among the Ruins of Chaldæa and Susiana, by W. F. Loftus, F.G.S., with Maps, Plans, and Illustrations, 8vo.

The Sisters of Soleure, a Tale of the Swiss Reformation, crown 8vo.

Life, a Series of Illustrations of the Divine Wisdom

in the Forms, Structures, and Instincts of Animals, by P. H. Gosse, F.L.S., crown 8vo.

The Desert of Sinai, Notes of a Tour from Cairo to Beersheba, by Horatius Bonar, D.D., crown 8vo.

Messrs. ADDEY & Co. will publish:

The Legend of the Wandering Jew, illustrated by Gustave Doré, folio.

Giulio Branchi, the Story of a Tuscan, translated by Mr. Alfred Elwes, post 8vo.

Alfieri and Goldoni, their Lives and Adventures, by E. Copping, Esq., post 8vo.

Queen Læta and the Mistletoe, a Fairy Rhyme, by George Halse, 16mo.

An illustrated edition of Edgar Poe's Poetical Works, fcp. 8vo.

An illustrated edition of Goldsmith's Poetical Works, fcp. 8vo.

Messrs. GRIFFIN & Co. announce as ready:

A Vocabulary of Philosophy, by Professor Fleming.

Mediæval Philosophy, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

A Cyclopædia of the Physical Sciences, by Professor Nichol.

Volumes in continuation of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

Lord Brougham's Works.

British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century.

The Paragreens; or, A Visit to the Paris Universal Exhibition, by the author of Lorenzo Benoni, with illustrations by John Leech.

Mr. Prescott's edition, with Notes, of Robertson's Charles V.

Edinburgh Essays, contributed by Members of the University, 8vo.

The Tenth Volume of the Collected Works of Dugald Stewart.

The Sixth Volume of the Continuation of the History of Europe, by Sir Archibald Alison.

Monarchs retired from Business, by Dr. Doran, 2 vols.

England's Greatness, by John Wade, post 8vo.

Inspiration a Reality, by the Rev. J. B. Lowe, A.B.

Two Years Ago, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, 3 vols.

A Volume of Poems, by Dr. Mackay, to be called *Under Green Leaves*.

A new volume of De Quincey's Works, to contain the Opium Eater and *Suspiria de Profundis*; Russia at the Time of the Coronation of Alexander II., by John Murphy, Correspondent of the *Daily News*.

A Second Series of Ladies of the Reformation, by the Rev. James Anderson.

A Translation by J. W. Cole, edited by the Rev. J. B. Marsden, of M. Jules Simon's work on Natural Religion.

The Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, by Mrs. Green.

The fourth and concluding volume of Lord John Russell's Correspondence of Fox.

Egypt, its Climate, Character, and Resources as a Winter Residence, by A. H. Rhind.

First Principles of Physiology and Pathology, and their Connection with other Branches of Science, by Dr. W. P. Alison.

At the recent sale of a portion of Mr. Bentley's copyrights, Mrs. Goro's novels were sold for £26 each.

A complete edition, in thirty-two volumes, of the works of Frederick the Great, is about to be published in Berlin.

A Bohemian translation of Shakespeare, by Herr F. Maly, is now in course of publication at the expense of the Royal Museum of Bohemia.

**FAST COMMERCE.**—The exports of British goods in 1856 will amount to \$500,000,000. It is pleasant to be informed through the arithmetic of the Board of Trade that the value of British goods exported during the last month amounts to £10,660,000 against £8,866,000 in the corresponding month of last year—an increase of nearly £2,000,000 in thirty-one days. In the ten months of the present year, the exports have amounted to £95,573,000, an excess of £17,000,000 over the ten months of last year, and of twelve millions and a half over the year preceding.—*European Times*, Nov. 7.

M. LAMARTINE occupies a small house, of modest appearance, in Paris. You enter by a glass gallery, a sort of verandah, which serves as an ante-chamber. Then you pass a dark chamber which conducts to the saloon. This saloon looks upon a handsome little garden, *d'Anglaise*, in the rear. The furniture is mostly antique, but yet simple; a sofa, a few *fauvels*, chairs, a large centre-table, two consoles filled with flowers.

M. Lamartine writes in his bedroom on the second floor. In this room you see a bed, some flowers on the mantel-piece, a small table covered with books, two chairs, a *fauvel* *d'la Voltaire*, and that is all. He gets up at six in the morning, as well in winter as in summer. Scarcely dressed, he installs himself in his *fauvel*, and commences his daily labor. He writes on his knees, his feet on the fire-fender. While he works, three or four greyhounds sleep or play at his side. At noon the servant announces breakfast, and the poet throws down his plume only to be resumed in his literary labor the following morning.

M. Lamartine has written and published perhaps fifty volumes, and what will appear singular, he has not a single one of these volumes in his house. He gives away his own copies. Neither does he make much use of books of reference, for his memory is prodigious. If you ask him, for instance, in what year of Rome any of its noted heroes died, he will tell you on the instant.

No man of celebrity of modern times has been more inundated with laudatory poetry than M. Lamartine. "I know," said he, one day, "the number of contemporaneous poets by the number of pieces of poetry they have addressed me." France has more than ten thousand poets!

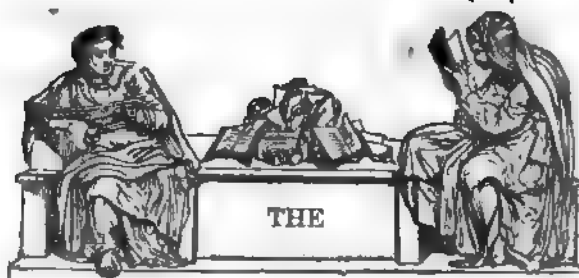
**PRICES OF SCULPTURE.**—The best sculptors in Paris—such, for instance, as Baron Frigetty—receive, on an average, four thousand dollars for statues ten feet high. But the ablest sculptors in Italy receive much less than this sum. The statues recently erected in Florence to the memory of the illustrious men of Tuscany, sixteen or eighteen in number, cost something over one thousand dollars each, most of them executed by men who rank higher in this department of art than Mr. Powers. It is not pretended that this sum adequately rewards their talents, but they accept such commissions to further the patriotic objects of their Government. Mr. Powers himself gives a guide by which to estimate the price of a single statue, in his several copies of the Greek slave, which he has sold at three thousand dollars each. Give his workmen an additional thousand dollars, and they will execute the slave ten feet high, the sculptor having no extra labor to perform.

**NEW INSTRUMENT FOR SURVEYING.**—An ingeniously constructed instrument has just been invented, which will materially lessen the labor of land-surveying. Its operation is based on the familiar trigonometrical principle that when the length of the base of a right-angled triangle is given, the adjacent angle formed by the hypotenuse serves to determine the length of the perpendicular. The instrument comprises two telescopes, separated at specific distances on a table, one stationary relatively to the table, the other movable on a pivot in a line which forms a right angle to the stationary one, so that it may be brought to bear upon the same point. Here, then, is the value of the apparatus—the movable telescope has attached to it an index moving over a graduated scale of distances on the table, which upon being brought to the same point as the stationary glass, indicates on the scale the distance of the point.

THE Astor Library has received the very handsome and valuable present of a copy of "The Publications of the British Commissioners of Patents." The specifications make 137 volumes in royal octavo, the drawings make 137 volumes in folio. There are also 3 volumes of the Commissioner's Journal, and 20 volumes of Indices.

**MUSEUMS BEQUESTS TO HARVARD COLLEGE.**—We are gratified to learn that, by a provision of the will of the late Dr. Henry Wales, the library of Harvard College has, within the last month, become possessed of a collection of books, perhaps the most splendid that was ever, at any one time, added to its stores. These volumes, about fourteen hundred in number, were, for the most part, purchased by the testator while residing in Europe. They include many specimens of magnificent typography, and are almost all clothed in elegant bindings. The rarities of Sanskrit, German and Italian literature will find among them many volumes equally costly and indispensable. Most valuable of all are those which bear upon the ancient language and poetry of Hindostan. Dr. Wales was himself a zealous student of Sanskrit, and the apparatus he had accumulated for the pursuit of that attractive, though here neglected department of learning, leaves little to be desired. After the Indian, the Italian books are the most remarkable. Among them are the very numerous editions of Dante, Petrarca, Tasso, and Boccaccio, and a considerable number of the finest productions of the Bodoni press—masterpieces of the printer's art—too well known to connoisseurs to require special notice. To these are to be added the finest editions of the great modern writers of Germany, and the most necessary volumes on the earlier poetry of that country, many Latin, Greek, and Romance books, and a few expensive illustrative works, like Casini's Roman Edifices, and Inghirami's Etruscan Monuments. All these form, as we have said, one of the richest collections ever added to the library, and a collection as remarkable for practical usefulness as for beauty and finish. It is intended that the whole set shall be kept together, and placed in a conspicuous position in Gore Hall.

SOME works in manuscript by Guicciardini have lately been discovered, including a Discourse on the Republic of Florence and on the Government of the Medici, and Considerations on Machiavel's work on Livy's Decades: it is intended to publish these.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

From the Quarterly Review.

## THE WISDOM OF LORD BACON'S ESSAYS.\*

Of all the productions in the English language, Bacon's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be "as grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety;" and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally "current" in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favor with posterity, and "last as long as books and letters endured." Thus far his proud anticipation has been verified. They have been held to be oracles of subtle wisdom by the profoundest intellects which have flourished since, and few in any department have risen to the rank of authorities with mankind who had not themselves been accustomed to sit at the feet of Bacon. His own account of the scope of his Essays is, that "they handled those things wherein both men's lives and persons are most conversant," while in the selection of his materials he "endeavored

to make them not vulgar but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience, and little in books; so as they should be neither repetitions nor fancies." This is the cause of their great success. They treat of subjects which, in his well-known phrase, "come home to men's business and bosoms;" and the reflections which he offers upon these topics of universal concern are not obvious truisms, nor hackneyed maxims, nor airy speculations, but acute and novel deductions drawn from actual life by a vast and penetrating genius, intimately conversant with the court, the council-table, the parliament, the bar—with all ranks and classes of persons; with the multitudinous forms of human nature and pursuits. The larger part of the Essays on Building, Gardens, and Masques set aside, there is only here and there a sentence of his lessons which has grown out of date. The progress of events has not rendered them obsolete; their continuous currency through two centuries and a half has not rendered them commonplace. In this they differ from his system of inductive philosophy, to which he justly owes so much of his fame. The triumph of his principles of scientific

\* *Bacon's Essays: with Annotations* by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: 1856.

investigation has made it unnecessary to revert to the reasoning by which they were established; and he might have adopted, says Archbishop Whately, the exclamation of some writer engaged in a similar task: "I have been laboring to render myself *useless*." The application of the remark is happy, but the origin of it was different. On the admission of the Cardinal Dubois into the French Academy, Fontenelle, referring to his constant intercourse with the young king, Louis XV., observed, with more gracefulness than truth: "It is known that in your daily conversation with him you left nothing untried to render yourself *useless*." The pearls of cultivated minds are cast in vain before dull understandings. A Dutch publisher imagined that *useless* must be an error of the press, and substituted *useful*.

Dr. Johnson approved the conciseness of Bacon's Essays, and thought the time might come when all knowledge would be reduced to the same condensed form. To this there are strong objections. Circumstances are like the boughs and leaves of a tree, which give life and ornament to the stem; nay more, though single aphorisms may cling to the mind, few things are so quickly forgotten as a series of them. Details always assist the memory, and are often essential to it: they also help the understanding. Archbishop Whately truly observes of Bacon's maxims, that repeated meditation discloses applications of them which had been previously overlooked. Few persons are capable of the continuous reflection required for this purpose, or, reflecting, would have the acumen to discriminate the bearings of a comprehensive proposition. Examples to illustrate the principles are a necessary aid to ordinary minds, and may afford assistance to the greatest. Diderot used to allege of himself that he had not sufficient understanding to apply subtle remarks which were unaccompanied by instances. The pregnant meaning of Bacon's Essays has been lost upon thousands for want of a commentary; and we have long been of opinion, that to elucidate them would be one of the most useful tasks that could be undertaken. The republication of the choice productions of an old writer by a modern editor of note, has the advantage, in addition to the intrinsic value of the annotations, of attracting readers. The newest books, however brief their day,

are usually more in vogue than the best works of past generations, which, unless they are introduced afresh to the world, remain to the majority little more than a name. Notwithstanding Mr. Hallam's assertion that it would be derogatory to any one of the slightest claim to polite letters, were he unacquainted with the Essays of Bacon, we believe that they are much less studied than formerly. No one was likely to have greater weight in calling back to them the attention of the public, than Archbishop Whately, who is universally known to be a sagacious observer, an acute thinker, and a man of independent mind, who, if his own judgment were not convinced, would not swear by the words of any master. Even after the tributes of Burke and Johnson, and the inferior authority of Dugald Stewart, his testimony to the depth and wisdom of Bacon's maxims, and his habit of appending to them the illustrative observations suggested by his experience, or which he met with in his reading, must add to our faith in their superlative excellence. His edition is not precisely of the kind which was required. The notes are too lengthy and discursive, and should have been framed a little more upon the model of the text. That they sometimes seem superfluous, is an objection of less force, since it is nearly inseparable from the nature of the task. All men have not an equal degree of familiarity with the same truths; and what is novel to one is hackneyed to another. It is here as with jests, which each person calls new or old according as they are new or old to him. Pascal conceived that every possible maxim of conduct existed in the world, though no individual can be conversant with the entire series; and we are apt to imagine that those rules must be the tritest with which we ourselves have been longest acquainted, and those most momentous which we have chanced to see exemplified in our own experience. Whoever reads the comment of Archbishop Whately must expect to come upon truths which were known to him before, but he will certainly meet with more which are attractive both by their novelty and their intrinsic importance. Many shrewd observations are made, many fallacies exposed, and many interesting circumstances related. The notes alone have the value of a distinct work, and have afforded us too much pleasure and instruction to permit us to quarrel with the di-



gressive amplitude which occasionally characterizes them. They may well entice those who are familiar with the Essays of Bacon to ponder them again, and induce the persons who are ignorant of this treasury of wisdom to draw upon its stores.

Archbishop Whately censures the tendency to mysticism which prevails at present, and draws attention to the circumstance that the writings of Bacon are as clear as they are profound. His reflections may permit of numerous ramifications beyond what common eyes can trace, but the principles themselves are perfectly plain. If an author is obscure, it is either because his ideas are undefined, or because he lacks the power to express them. He is a confused thinker or a bad writer, and commonly both. Nor is the case altered if he is wandering beyond the limits set to human inquiry. A great intelligence recognizes its ignorance, and refuses to confound the dim and unsubstantial dreams of the mind with the true knowledge permitted to man. In general, however, it will be found that the mystic has been employed in troubling waters which were before translucent, and that the whole of their muddiness is contracted in the dull understanding through which they flow. The sham philosopher is commonly a person, who has the ambition to be original without the capacity, and hopes to gain the credit of soaring to the clouds by shrouding familiar objects in mist. To the frequent remark, "It is a pity such an author does not express matter so admirable in intelligible English," Archbishop Whately replies, that, except for the strangeness of the style, the matter would be seen to be commonplace. A writer with a little talent and a great deal of eccentricity is sure of followers, since foolish scholars are still more numerous than foolish masters. The quack philosopher can always meet with a M. Jourdain, who will fly into ecstasies when he is told in pompous jargon how to pronounce those letters of the alphabet which he has been speaking from infancy. "Nothing," said Cardinal de Retz, "imposes so much upon people of weak understanding as what they do not comprehend." This mental defect, by the nature of the case, is common to all the partisans of the shallow-profound school, and the majority are probably striving to compensate for their inferiority by affecting to be at home in

pathless regions which wiser and honester men confess their inability to tread. In poetry, in politics, in art, in science, nay even in history and biography, we have delusive mystics who are applauded by pretentious admirers. But it is a fashion which passes away. The next generation of worshippers set up their own idols, and the true judges who are the ultimate arbiters of fame are not wont to construct pedestals for rejected and misshapen gods.

The Essays of Bacon open appropriately with an essay on "Truth," the foundation of all excellence and all knowledge. He starts with one of his pregnant propositions, which in this instance he derived from antiquity, that there is often among men "a corrupt love of a lie for its own sake," and he assigns as the reason for it, "that truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights." Unless the lie looked more attractive than the truth, no one would prefer it, but, we believe, in every case, it is embraced less for its own sake than for some supposed personal advantage to be derived from it. Bacon seems to confess as much when he asks, in proof of his position, whether "it can be doubted that it would leave numbers of minds poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and displeasing to themselves, if vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, and the like, were taken away?" These, in the milder language of our day, would be termed self-deceptions. They are the lies told by a man to himself. The inducement to them is manifestly the self-esteem and visionary prospects which they foster, and not strictly "the love of the lies for their own sake." Whatever be the motive, the importance of Bacon's assertion is the same—that in framing opinions, it is common to give the preference to falsehood. Of the deliberate deviation from "theological and philosophical truth," which he places first, Rousseau was a flagrant example. "He perceived," as he told Hume, "that to strike and interest the public, the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the heathen mythology had long since lost its effect; the giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance, which succeeded, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; and that now nothing was left to a writer but the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in

extraordinary situations, giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals."\* Upon this principle he framed his paradoxical creed, the offspring of a morbid passion for notoriety. In the language of La Rochefoucauld he found the first places on the right side forestalled, and was not content to occupy the last. "Truth," said Dr. Johnson of the sceptics who went astray from the same motive, "will not afford sufficient food to their vanity, so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull."

Party feeling has a still larger influence in perverting the judgments of mankind, in causing them to substitute bigoted belief for honest inquiry, misrepresentations for facts, transparent fallacies for solid conclusions. Religion, above all subjects, has given rise to a spirit which it rebukes and disowns. The satirical portrait which Le Clerc has drawn of the ecclesiastical historian has had innumerable originals. "He must adhere inviolably to the maxim that whatever can be favorable to heretics is false, and whatever can be said against them is true; while, on the other hand, all that does honor to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is a lie. He must suppress with care, or at least extenuate as far as possible, the errors of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, and must exaggerate the faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox writer is a competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word; while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honor enough done him in allowing him to speak against his own side or in behalf of ours. It is thus that Cardinal Baronius and the authors of the Centuries of Magdeburg have written, each of their works having by this means acquired an immortal glory with its own party. But it must be owned that in the plan they adopted they have only imitated most of their predecessors. For many ages men had sought in ecclesiastical antiquity not what was to be found there, but what they conceived ought to be there for the good of their sect." The faculty of seeing not what is, but solely

what makes for the advantage of the sect, has in no way declined since the days of Le Clerc. M. Guizot has lately quoted, as a curious example of the illusions into which men may be betrayed by passion, that the greater part of the Popish journals on the Continent are incessantly repeating that Protestantism is in a state of rapid decline; that it is cold and decaying like the dead, and has hardly any adherents who are not either totally indifferent or eager to return to the Roman Catholic Church. The process is easy by which the papal zealot, without avowing his disingenuousness to his own mind, contrives to dupe himself. He overlooks the secessions from his own persuasion, the scepticism and the lukewarmness, and concentrates his attention on the few Protestants who have lapsed into Romanism or infidelity. These exceptions he assumes to be a fair specimen of the whole anti-papal community, and he has the weakness to believe, without further inquiry, that the reformed religion is tottering to its fall.

Archbishop Whately gives some forcible illustrations of this propensity of mankind to close their eyes to all evidence which does not support their antecedent conclusions. Tourists in Ireland have shown themselves particularly subject to the infirmity. They are typified, the Archbishop says, in the jaunting-car of the country in which the passengers sit back to back. Each can only take in the view on his own side of the road; one sees the *green* prospect, the other the *orange*. The report brought back by the English travellers who visited France after the first abdication of Napoleon, is a striking instance of the tendency. A nephew of one of our ministers wrote a letter in which he stated that every one from the Continent with whom he had conversed agreed that Louis XVIII. was firmly fixed on his throne, and was steadily gaining strength. The letter was dated on the identical day that Napoleon sailed from Elba! Archbishop Whately, who relates this singular anecdote, ascribes many of the partial views of the tourist to the circumstance of his falling into the company of a faction who pass him on to others of the same persuasion, just, he says, as in the old days of posting, the bad inn of one town was connected with the bad inn of the next, and the person who started wrong was pretty sure to have bad dinners, bad beds, and bad horses, to his journey's end. The case

\* Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France."

is common; but frequently the traveller deliberately chooses his companions for the similarity of their views, and carefully avoids all contact with people whose sentiments he dislikes. In the same way vehement partisans will only read the arguments on their own side of the question, and hold it a sort of treason to truth to examine the opinions of an adversary. Some will not hesitate to avow that they fear to be infected, which is only saying in other words that they fear to be convinced. "I know some of them," relates Lord Bacon of certain religious zealots of Queen Elizabeth's time, "that would think it a tempting of God to hear or read what may be said against them, as if there could be a 'hold fast that which is good' without a 'prove all things' going before."\* Strange as is the inconsistency, it is by no means unusual for men to have the fullest confidence in a cause, and very little in its being able to endure the test of examination. The Roman Catholic priesthood prohibit the Bible wherever they can venture, and by the interdict confess their dread that the Bible will make against them.

The followers of a party being regarded through the party medium, there is the same preference of falsehood to truth in the judgment of persons that is frequently found in the judgment of things. Among the many weighty and beautiful observations which Hume has dispersed through his History, there is nothing more admirable than his reflection on this frailty. "It is no wonder that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds, for besides that it inflames the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honor and shame, when men find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure them against the calumnies of the opposite." Those who have been foremost in the aspersion of a political adversary while he is living, often acknowledge the injustice of it by their eulogies when he is dead. Bolingbroke, who had been one of the principal detractors of the famous Duke of Marlborough, was called upon in a private company to confirm some anecdotes of his parsimony: "He was so great a man," he replied, "that I have forgotten his vices."

\* An Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England.—*Bacon's Works*, vol. vii, p. 59.

The answer has been much commended, and it is undoubtedly better to be just late than never, but we agree with Archbishop Whately that the tardy reparation in these cases is less deserving of applausé than the previous calumnies of reproach. The detractions were addressed to a sentient being, and whether they effect their purpose or not, were designed to wound or discredit him; but the laudatory recantation is spoken over ashes, and cannot "soothe the dull, cold ear of death."

Archbishop Whately dwells on the necessity of allowing the question, "What is the truth?" to anticipate every other consideration. If it is only asked in the second place, the mind, he justly urges, will have been drawn by a law as sure as that of gravitation towards the belief to which it is predisposed, and will employ its ingenuity in discovering arguments for a conclusion which it has adopted independently of them. "Rely upon it," it was said of a dexterous and not over-scrupulous person in power, "he will never take any step that is bad without having a very good reason to give for it." The Archbishop adds the comment, that we are ready enough to be warned against the sophistry of another, but need no less to be warned against our own. The confidence which a barrister will sometimes have in the cause of his client, when it is palpable to every unbiased mind that it is utterly bad, is a wonderful example of the belief into which men can reason themselves by ingenious fallacies. A false conviction once introduced, and assumed as an axiom, is an erroneous element which must vitiate all the after processes of the understanding. The most bigoted writers constantly make the most emphatic protestations of their impartiality, because the points in which they are prejudiced have attained in their apprehensions to the rank of indisputable truths. Hume repeatedly boasted that his History of the Stuarts was free from all bias, and that he had kept the balance between Whig and Tory nicely true. Ten years afterwards, on revising the work, he thus confesses his delusion to a friend. "As I began the History with these two reigns, [James I. and Charles I.,] I now find that they, above all the rest, have been corrupted with Whig rancor, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the



honor to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to Whiggism." Whether even in the second instance he had attained to the vaunted judicial equanimity, is somewhat doubtful. He had been irritated by the outcry which was raised against him "for presuming," as he said, "to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford;" and the abuse had some share in producing a reaction against the party which had chiefly attacked him. So subtle are the workings of personal feeling, and so incessantly do we need to stand upon our guard against it. The readers of books are upon their trial, as well as the writers. An impartial history would be pronounced partial by those who were partial themselves.

In former times there were historians who avowedly wrote as they were bribed. Paulus Jovius was said to keep a bank of lies. To those who gave handsomely he assigned illustrious ancestors and praised-worthy deeds; and those who gave nothing he traduced. He told the Cardinal of Lorraine that unless his pension was paid he would assert that his Eminence did not belong to the great Lorraine line of Godefroi; and when there was a suspension of his works, he boldly declared it was because no man had hired him. Once being warned that his representations were extravagant, he replied that it was immaterial, since the next generation would receive them for facts. He maintained that it was the privilege of the historian to aggravate and extenuate faults, and to elevate or depreciate virtues; to dress the liberal paymaster in rich brocade, and the austere niggard in coarse cloth. There have been many later historians who would have flung the fees of Jovius in the faces of the donors, and who have not the less copied his practices, correcting the features, and heightening the colors in the portraits of some, and smearing the faces of others, as the Duchess of Marlborough, in a fit of rage, did the picture of her daughter, exclaiming that she was now as black without as within. Upon the party spirit which often dictates these misrepresentations we have touched already, but there is another cause which is equally powerful—the desire to be brilliant. Historic truth is usually too complex, too full of half-lights and faint

shadows, to admit of startling contrasts. The world is not peopled with angels and demons, but with men. Thus when the first consideration is to produce an effect, accuracy is inevitably sacrificed; and instead of attempting to give a faithful representation of the object, the author considers how he can make it look well in his picture. From the same motive the historian may adopt the incidents which are most romantic, regardless of their intrinsic improbability, or undoubted falsity. This failing is common in Hume. Some sin through the passion for an antithetical style, than which none is so dazzling, or lends itself less readily, when used in excess, to the exact expression of circumstances. Events do not, any more than the characters of the actors in them, present a continuous series of pointed contrasts; and to sustain the artifice the incidents must be softened in one-half of the antithesis, or exaggerated in the other. The facts, in short, must be fitted to the sentence, instead of the sentence to the facts. Such persons are not of the opinion of St. Jerome, that truth told inelegantly is better than eloquent falsehood. They all come under Bacon's censure, and the chief difference between them and Paulus Jovius is that they do for literary popularity what he did for money.

The newsmongers are described by Theophrastus as people who lied for lying's sake. He could not conceive what benefit they derived from the practice, especially as the clothes of some of them were stolen at the baths while they were declaiming their fables to wondering auditors. The benefit was clearly the pleasure of being listened to by an eager crowd, and afforded abundant inducement in a city, where the inhabitants "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The daily papers have nearly destroyed the trade of the fabricator of public intelligence. His fictions are refuted by not appearing there, without the necessity for contradiction, and to amuse the credulous with success, he must mostly keep to the domain of private affairs. But there is another class of gossips—the tellers of "good stories"—who continue to obtain a ready and undeserved confidence. Narrator and listener in these cases are alike prone to prefer falsehood to truth, for amusing exaggerations are to such an extent the favorite staple of conversation that Montesquieu having once



had the curiosity to count how often an incident was repeated, which, to his sounder judgment, was not worth telling at all, found in the three weeks, during which it was current in the fashionable world, that it was related in his presence two hundred and twenty-five times. The immense majority of pungent anecdotes have received their point in the manufactory of the wit. The man who aims at the frivolous reputation of being always provided with a stock of ludicrous tales, would soon become a bankrupt if he had not recourse to forgery to maintain the supply. He is always on the look-out for circumstances which he can mould to his purpose, distorts them without compunction, and thinks it a far finer thing to be sprightly than to be veracious. Horace Walpole was great in this line. "I am so put to it for something to say," he writes on one occasion, "that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess-dowager, as the old Duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty—'Lucy, child, step into the next room, and set that down.' 'Madam,' says Lady Lucy, 'it can't be true!' 'Oh! no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post.'" Sarcastically as this is related, it falls short of the practice of Walpole himself. He had the ambition to keep up a continuous succession of lively letters, and he not only set down "improbable lies," but was certainly guilty of embroidering his intelligence, though he may not have absolutely fabricated it. His very story in ridicule of the inventions of dowager ladies is probably in part an instance of his own. Biography has been incurably adulterated by manufactured tales. Lord Orrery related, as an unquestionable occurrence, that Swift once commenced the service when nobody, except the clerk, attended his church, with, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places." The trait was long believed, but Mr. Theophilus Swift afterwards discovered the anecdote in a jest-book which was published before his great kinsman was born, and the Dean, whose boast it was "that he had never been known to steal a hint," was not the man to borrow a jocosity as paltry as it was profane. A host of stories, centuries old, have in the same manner been re-told of the celebrities of each succeeding generation, and

were probably no more true of the first person to whom they were applied than they are of the last. The readiness with which incidents of the kind are received, should be exchanged for an equal measure of mistrust, since where they admit of investigation they are usually found, if not entirely fictitious, to be false in the identical circumstances which make their entertainment. A recent work—the "Memorials of his Time," by Lord Cockburn—is a glaring instance of it. It is described by a contemporary,\* who shows himself intimately acquainted with the period and persons of which it treats, as entirely originating in the propensity for retailing anecdotes, and several passages are specified "which manifestly owe their interest to the coloring and exaggeration" habitual to those who are resolved to be amusing at all hazards. Some of the incidents which are more specious prove on investigation to be not a whit more true, and we borrow from the "Law Review" one example out of many. Lord Melville died suddenly the night before the Lord President Blair was buried. He had written to Mr. Perceval to solicit a provision for the family of the deceased judge, who was one of his oldest friends, and intending to post the letter after the funeral, he commenced by saying that he had just returned from it. A circumstance so trivial and so natural would not have been worth relating, and to suit the purpose of the teller of anecdotes, it was necessary to adorn it. Accordingly Lord Cockburn, who, as his nephew, might be supposed to be well informed, states that it had always been asserted without contradiction, and he was inclined to believe it, "that Lord Melville gave a feeling account in his letter of his emotions at the ceremony." This prospective description of his grief at a funeral which had not taken place, is called by the author of the Memorials "a fancy piece," but it turns out that "the fancy piece is Lord Cockburn's," and the particular which constitutes the sole point of the narrative, a pure invention. Dr. Johnson relates of a friend that he used to think a story a story, till he showed him that truth was essential to it; for it must either, he said, be a picture of an individ-

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\* In the "Law Magazine and Law Review" for August, 1856. The article contains, among other important statements, a defence of the Scotch judges whom Lord Cockburn has maligned.

nal, or of human nature in general, and if false, was a picture of nothing. He might have subjoined that being believed to be a picture of something, it was usually a calumny on its ostensible subject.\* Johnson himself scorned to embellish. He maintained that the least deviation from exactness was reprehensible, and insisted, that if a child looked out of one window, and said it looked out of another, it ought to be corrected. Less scrupulosity will not secure substantial accuracy. The statement which passes in a single day through thousands of mouths, attains before night to monstrous proportions if

\* "The man," Johnson said on another occasion, "who uses his talent of ridicule in creating or grossly exaggerating the instances he gives, who imputes absurdities that did not happen, or when a man was a little ridiculous describes him as having been very much so, abuses his talents grossly." Lord Cockburn is open to this censure in nearly all the characters he has drawn. His descriptions of bygone unges are equally over-charged. To the examples given in the "Law Review" we may add that he asserts, in speaking of the abuses of former days, that Mr. Leing the clerk to the town-council of Edinburgh, had six or eight baker lads apprehended about the year 1795 "for being a little jolly one night," and shipped them off "by his own authority, without a conviction, or a charge, or an offence." Mr. Leing boldly avowed his proceeding, so that Lord Cockburn had positively the credulity to believe that this functionary was quietly permitted, as recently as 1795, to transport the good citizens of Edinburgh at his private pleasure. The simple fact was that the lads were pressed! In some cases his statements have not even this slender foundation of truth, but are altogether the work of fancy. He tells an anecdote to the honor of Lord Brougham which might easily be believed of a person so singularly gifted, and which has indeed been several times quoted already as a forcible illustration of the saying that the child is father of the man, to the effect that when he was at the High School at Edinburgh he worsted the master in an obstinately contested argument on a question of Latinity. It is stated in an able notice of Lord Cockburn's work in the "Times," that Lord Brougham is understood to have denied the story, and it is suggested, as the only mode of accounting for the error, that the circumstance may have occurred with some other boy. But we know from an eminent individual who was contemporary with Lord Brougham at the High School, that no such incident took place at all; at least he never heard a whisper of it, though Lord Cockburn represents it as a noted event which had made its hero famous. If the occurrence was of older date the tradition must still have passed downwards through the seniors, and as not one syllable of it reached the ears either of the alleged actor in the scene, or of the venerable schoolfellow to whom we have referred, the entire tale is undoubtedly apocryphal. Books like Lord Cockburn's are the bane of history, for the circumstances which are not contradicted are sure to be believed, although the credit of the entire narrative has been destroyed.

each retailer of it makes an addition, however separately trivial.

Among the cases in which "lies are loved for their own sake," Bacon, we have seen, enumerates the "false valuations" in which individuals indulge. This they extend to the things connected with them, or of which they form a part. It is here that national vanity has its root. When the Canadian, from the banks of the Huron, is asked, in Voltaire's tale, "L'Ingénu," which language he thought the best, the Huron, the English, or the French, he answers, the Huron, beyond all dispute. A lady, a native of Lower Brittany, is astonished at the reply, for she had always imagined that, next to the Low Breton, there was no language to be compared to the French. The rest of the company begin to talk upon the multiplicity of tongues, and they agree that but for the tower of Babel French alone would have been spoken throughout the world. This is a pleasant satire upon the general disposition of every people to believe itself unrivalled, notwithstanding that, as all cannot be the first, each nation might learn to mistrust a conclusion which is shared by the rest. Lord Chesterfield maintained that such prejudices had their use, and mentions, as an instance, that the popular delusion of one Englishman being able to beat three Frenchmen, had often enabled him to beat two. He overlooked the greater mischief which prejudices produced—the contests which have arisen between countries out of the overweening notion they entertained of their prowess, and which, perhaps, created the occasion for beating Frenchmen at all; the evil to the individual of his arrogance and conceit; the bar which vanity puts to improvement. What is false in itself can never be politic. Prejudices are regarded with more lenity than they deserve; for to prejudice a question at least shows a carelessness about truth, though it may not imply the same depravity of nature as a wilful departure from it. One caution is yet required: in the attempt to rise superior to a common prejudice it is possible to become prejudiced in the opposite direction. Dryden affirms of some of the judges of his day that, right or wrong, they always decided for the poor against the rich; and he quotes a saying of Charles II., that the crown was uniformly worsted in every case which was heard before Sir Matthew Hale, from his over-

jealousy of falling into the more usual error of favoring the sovereign to the injury of the subject.

Bacon might have embodied in his "Essay on Truth" the principal part of his observations on "Simulation and Dissimulation." The difference between these and falsehood, according to South, is that the last applies to deception by words, the former to deception by actions, gestures or behavior. Neither Bacon nor writers in general have kept strictly to the distinction. Archbishop Whately regrets that the term "dissimulation" should have been extended to include "simulation," and that the second of these words should have fallen into disuse. Lord Chesterfield in the middle of the eighteenth century, and Hume in 1764, in his private correspondence, employed both expressions in their proper sense, as if they were then in familiar use. Yet Steele, in a paper in the "Tattler" in 1710, supposes his readers to be ignorant of their meaning, and says: "It will be necessary to observe that the learned call simulation a pretence of what is not, and dissimulation a concealment of what is." It is simulation which Fielding describes when he relates the conduct of Mrs. Blifil in feigning grief on the death of a husband whom she hated, and of whom she was glad to be rid. "She continued a whole month with all the decorations of sickness—visited by physicians, attended by nurses, and receiving constant messages from her acquaintance to inquire after her health. At length, the decent time for sickness and immoderate grief having expired, the doctors were discharged, and the lady began to see company, being altered only from what she was before, by that color of sadness in which she had dressed her person and countenance." It was dissimulation when Black George, after picking up the pocket-book containing the 500*l.* note, assisted Tom Jones to search every tuft of grass in the meadow where it was dropped, "and exerted as much diligence in quest of the lost goods as if he had hoped to find them." It was both simulation and dissimulation when Sophia Western, to conceal from her aunt her passion for Tom Jones, treated him with a studied neglect, and paid a marked attention to Blifil, whom she abhorred. She dissembled the regard she felt for the one, and simulated for the other a partiality she did not entertain. When the

action is not, as in this case, directly double, each of these vices still carries with it, as a consequence, some tincture of its fellow. Mrs. Blifil, in pretending sorrow, dissembled her satisfaction, and Black George, in affecting ignorance of what had become of the pocket-book, might be said to be simulating innocence. But the acts are named according as the predominant design is to pretend to that which is not, or to masque that which is, and either may be practised without the other being present to the thoughts. The greatest imperfection of language is that the same term is used for dissimilar ideas; and where a rigorous phraseology has once been established, corresponding to the differences existing in things, it is a step backwards towards barbarism to blend separate notions under a common appellation. The evil requires to be constantly checked, because precision of thought being rare, there is a perpetual tendency to confound ideas which are closely allied, and, as a consequence, to convert the words which distinguish them into synonyms, or else to allow the neighboring expression to drop out of use. It is on this account that it has seemed to us worth while to illustrate a distinction which was formerly observed, and which, by the latitude given to the term "dissimulation," is now frequently overlooked.

Bacon sometimes speaks in lofty language of the homage due to truth. "There is no vice," he says, "that doth so cover us with shame as to be found false and perfidious;" he quotes with approbation the fine observation of Montaigne, that the liar is daring towards God and a coward towards man; he remarks that "the ablest persons that ever were, have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity;" he calls "dissimulation a faint kind of policy," and holds simulation to be still "less politic and more culpable." Nevertheless, he estimates crafty acts rather by their worldly prudence than by their moral nature, and approves or tolerates practices which ought to be condemned. In his "Advancement of Learning" he recommends, if men have a foible, that they should call it after the virtue which has the closest resemblance to it, and pretend that dullness is gravity, and cowardice mildness. He advises that they should affect to despise everything which is beyond the compass of their powers, or

better still, that they should pride themselves on the qualities in which they are deficient, and seem to underrate themselves in the points in which they are strongest. These and such like devices he calls "good arts," in opposition to the "evil arts" which are taught by Machiavelli. To the conscientious part of mankind such "good arts" can only be regarded as illustrations of the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, "that there are few defects which are not more pardonable than the means we adopt to conceal them." Archbishop Whately enforces the true view, that insincerity can never be expedient, but well remarks that those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake will never perceive that it is the wisest course as well as the most virtuous. "The maxim that 'honesty is the best policy' is one which, perhaps, no one is ever habitually guided by in practice. An honest man is always *before* it, and a knave is generally *behind* it." This is admirably said.

Bacon states, as a case which will justify dissimulation, that there are people "who will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick his secret out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech." A common instance of this species of inquisitiveness is to tax persons with the authorship of anonymous writings. Archbishop Whately quotes the reply of Dean Swift in a conjuncture of the kind. He had published some insulting lines upon Mr. Bettesworth, a barrister, who called upon the satirist. "Sir," said he, on Swift inquiring his business, "I am Serjeant Bettesworth." "Of what regiment?" replied Swift. "Oh! Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of His Majesty's Serjeants at Law." "What then, Sir?" "Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem, and these villanous lines on me." "Sir," answered Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days, by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge, because if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown would infallibly be imputed to me. Now I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and have followed it ever since, and I believe it will hardly be in

the power of all your rhetoric, as great master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule."\* This reply in the mouth of any man, who, like Swift, had acted consistently upon the sagacious counsel of Lord Somers, would baffle the interrogator; but as most people negative the suspicion when it is mistaken, the refusal to answer, when it is well founded, amounts to confession. Dr. Johnson decided that to escape the dilemma a direct denial was allowable, and Walter Scott carried the principle into practice, and repeatedly assured inquisitive friends that he was not the author of the *Waverley* Novels. Yet he usually, he says, took care to qualify the contradiction by the remark, that, had he been the writer, he should have felt entitled to protect his secret by a false disclaimer. This was to betray a consciousness that the assertion, unaccompanied by a warning that it was worthless, would have been inconsistent with rectitude. The proposition, reduced to its simple state, is, whether impertinence in one person will justify falsehood in another. To propound the question, is, to our thinking, to answer it. Lord Somers must have considered the latitude improper, or his advice to Swift would have been useless, and Swift, no stringent moralist, would not have needed to adopt it if he had supposed, to use the expression of his own *Houyhnhnms*, that he might "speak the thing which was not." When it is once admitted that we may say what is convenient, instead of what is true, every man will have a different standard of veracity, and no one can tell any longer what to believe. In the same breath in which Dr. Johnson maintained the right of an author to disavow his productions, he indignantly denounced, what numbers would consider the more venial doctrine, that it was lawful to with-

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\* The account we have adopted is from the life of Swift by Mr. Thomas Sheridan, to whose father the Dean related the conversation immediately after it occurred. Archbishop Whately gives the reply of Swift, as it is recorded by Dr. Johnson in the "Lives of the Poets:" "Mr. Bettesworth, I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the author of this paper?' I should tell him that I was not the author, and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines." Dr. Johnson does not quote his authority, and we have no hesitation in preferring the well-authenticated and milder version of Sheridan.



hold from a patient a knowledge of his danger. "Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practised upon myself. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth." Thus the lying which Johnson abhorred the most, was a deception which multitudes imagine to be a duty; and he was not more at variance with them than inconsistent with himself. Truth, an instant before, was to yield to consequences; the scene shifts: the consequences become disagreeable, and truth is to be paramount to every consideration. So surely does the moralist revert to the rigid rule, and exact it of others, the moment the exceptions are to his own disadvantage. The evil of departing from it is shown on a large scale in the disgraceful maxims of the Jesuits, which Pascal held up to odium and reproach. Casuistry has too often been employed in vitiating morality—in devising specious reasons for multiplying exceptions to irksome principles. Then arise a labyrinth of fine distinctions, of complicated conditions, of subtle evasions, which blunt the conscience, perplex the notions of right and wrong, and convert the simple laws which are understood and acknowledged by him who speaks, and him who hears, into a maze of metaphysical deceit and confusion, in which no one can be sure what is permitted to himself or arrogated by his neighbor. Nor if men may break precepts to avoid presumed inconveniences, can they be forbidden the liberty where the design is to accomplish a fancied good. The whole monstrous machinery of pious frauds becomes morally defensible; the motive, where it was honest, justified the means. The wood of the true cross, which Fuller says at the time of the Reformation, would have loaded a ship, was rightly multiplied by those who believed that it would encourage devotion, and the priests who furnished the false teeth of St. Apollonia, which were a reputed charm for the tooth-ache, and filled a barrel when they were collected in the reign of Edward VI., were engaged in a commendable work "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate."

Bacon's Essays on "Cunning" and "Seeming Wise" are chiefly occupied with the artifices of mankind which are akin to falsehood. He knew well the devices of intrigue, for he had lived in the midst of them, and had not disdained to

employ them. He enumerates several of the deceptive practices he had witnessed, but breaks off with the observation, that they "are infinite, and that it would be a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise." He thought meanly of their talents, and pronounced them to be as inferior to the truly great in ability as in uprightness. Churchill, the poet, had the same opinion of them, and in some lines, quoted by Archbishop Whately, describes their faculty as one—

"Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave  
To qualify the blockhead for a knave."

There is indeed as much difference between the cunning man and the wise, as between him who wins a game by trickery, and the player who wins it by honest skill. An invariable characteristic of the whole tribe of schemers is, that they pass for wise in their own estimation, whatever they may do with the rest of the world, mistaking the lower kinds of craft for the higher order of sagacity. Success frequently attends their manœuvres, inso-much that Lord Bacon avers, "there be not two more fortunate properties"—by which he means two properties more conducive to fortune—"than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." Archbishop Whately, who has added to Bacon's list of "petty points of cunning," shares the conviction that their proficient are "the most likely to rise to high office," and laments that "the art of *gaining* power and that of *using* it well should too often be found in different persons." Paul Louis Courier speaks of the then most celebrated Grecian in France as a man "who had made himself a scholar, and capable of filling all the appointments destined for scholars, but not of obtaining them," while his successful rival—Greek professor, Greek librarian, Greek academician—"saw that study led to nothing, and preferred having ten scholars' situations, to qualifying himself for one that he had not." Herein lies the whole secret. Those energies which the student devoted to his books the other employed in making interest with the dispensers of patronage, and in rendering them good offices which had no connection with the Greek tongue. Thus, with some exceptions, it has always been and is always likely to be.

Where the two characters are kept separate, which is often not the case, the scholar will have learning and the place-hunter promotion. By family connections, by assiduity, by political or personal services, he will so thrust his name and claims before those who can advance him, that the Minister who should set out with the resolution of rewarding merit would not be likely long to adhere to his intention. "I have known a prince," says Swift, "choose an able Minister more than once; but I never observed that Minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties and the unreasonableness of friends." Lord Eldon urged the same plea. There were often, he said, many circumstances unknown to the public, who ought to be cautious in their censure—a position which he illustrated by the history of his appointment of Mr. Jekyll to be a Master in Chancery. Wit, conviviality, and good humor, had rendered him a general favorite; and the Prince Regent, who enjoyed his enlivening companionship, earnestly solicited his advancement. As he belonged, however, to the Common Law Bar, was far from a proficient in his own department, and was totally ignorant of Chancery practice, Lord Eldon resolutely refused to promote him. Before the office was filled up, the Chancellor was seized with a fit of the gout. The Regent called, and desired to be shown at once into his room. The servants replied that their master was much too ill to be seen. The Regent continued to press for admission, and, finding them inexorable, he bid them conduct him to the staircase, which he ascended, and, pointing to each door in succession, asked if Lord Eldon was there. Having by this method ascertained the right chamber, he entered unannounced, and, seating himself at the bedside, said, that the object of his visit was to beg again the appointment of Mr. Jekyll to the Mastership in Chancery. Lord Eldon declared his inability to comply; the Regent renewed his request; the Chancellor reiterated his refusal. There seemed no likelihood of a termination of the contest, when the Prince suddenly threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming: "How I do pity Lady Eldon!" "Bless me!" exclaimed the Chancellor in his turn, "what is the mat-

ter?" "Nothing," said the Prince, "except that she will never see you again; for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery." The Chancellor succumbed, and Jekyll had the post. A stronger example of royal importunity could not easily be imagined, but the moral we should deduce from it is the direct reverse of that of Lord Eldon. Nobody could have had a deeper sense of the impropriety of the step, or been personally more averse to it; for he foresaw what was abundantly verified in the result, that yielding would increase his future embarrassment, by exposing him to harassing applications from the Common Law Bar, which had hitherto not aspired to Equity offices. Yet, in spite of his motives to stand firm, he was compelled to give way, and there was but one circumstance which would have empowered him to triumph—the certainty that the clamor of the public against him for making a blamable appointment would be more difficult to face than the displeasure of the Regent at his refusing to make it. To hold a patron responsible for the discharge of his trust is by his own showing essential to the conscientious fulfilment of it; and, instead of demonstrating that the censure was undeserved, he merely proved that it was insufficient. Jekyll himself was so satisfied of his incompetence, that, on being asked how he came to be picked out for the post, he answered: "Because he was the most unfit man in the country." Lord Eldon adds that his extreme ignorance of his duties was the cause of his getting through them with discretion, for it drove him to consult his brother Masters in difficult cases. This was a result which could not have been reckoned on, and amounts to nothing more at best than that an incapable officer who is willing to be prompted may do very well, provided he is joined with capable persons who are able to prompt him.

True as was the remark of Swift, the application which he chiefly intended it to have, was not a confirmation of it, for he was undoubtedly thinking of himself—of his own vast abilities, of the immense services he had rendered to Oxford and Bolingbroke, and their neglect to force the Queen to confer upon him the coveted bishopric. A disclaimer on the neglect of merit is seldom worthy of much attention when the merit to which he inwardly refers is his own. Swift did not perceive,

what the world, like him, is too apt to forget, that brilliant talents do not alone constitute fitness. If invention, if wit, if satire, if extensive learning, if singular knowledge of human nature, were the sole endowments proper to the bench, no man living had an equal claim; but if a preference of theology to politics, if reverence, decency, language not foul, and sentiments not misanthropic, were at all indispensable, he was effectually disqualified. If the profoundest scholarship, if extraordinary gladiatorial skill, if forcible reasoning upon natural and revealed religion, expressed in pure and nervous language, could entitle their professor to be ranked among the heads of the Church, then Swift's great contemporary, Dr. Bentley, should have been preferred before all others; but if to be quarrelsome, litigious, and arrogant, to have his hand against every man submitted to his rule till he drove every man to have his hand against him—if these were not episcopal virtues, no one could be named who was more properly excluded. Far from being a disgrace to the age of Queen Anne that two such intellects as Swift and Bentley should not have been advanced to the highest honors of their profession, they are signal examples of the unfitness which may co-exist with the rarest faculties. Even the deepest divine and the most eloquent preacher might be far from being a proper person for a bishop. He might be absorbed in his books and compositions, and the duties of the station demand both bodily activity and a steady application to business. He might be a hot partisan, and, as the head of a church comprising men of many shades of opinion, it is requisite that he should be tolerant. He might be of a domineering disposition and of insolent manners, and it is necessary that he should be conciliatory and courteous. He might be deficient in tact and judgment, and his office is of a nature which calls for their hourly exercise. He might be avaricious, and he must be liberal; he might be lukewarm, and he must be earnest; he might be bitter, and he must be a Christian. To these disqualifications it may be added, that he might have solicited the office—a proceeding which Archbishop Whately states has not always proved a bar to the elevation, though he evidently considers it ought to be. "It is a sad sight," said Baxter, "when pride gets up into the pulpit to preach a sermon

on humility," and just such another sad sight is an ambitious clergyman.

There are many other cases in which men may make their way to station by a greater or less degree of merit, and in which the art of gaining power is still an imperfect guarantee of the faculty to use it well. A skilful debater in either House of Parliament is secure of high office, though a flow of language and a facility in raising or repelling objections is not much more evidence of a capacity for governing a kingdom, than dexterity in fencing is a proof of the ability to command an army. True political science is not merely needless in popular assemblies, it is positively distasteful, and those who are masters of it can rarely obtain it a hearing. The gorgeous imagery and lofty eloquence of Burke could not atone for the repulsiveness of his legislative wisdom, and few men spoke to thinner benches. The account which Lord Chesterfield has left of the House of Commons of his time is that, having entered it with awe, he discovered upon a brief acquaintance that of the five hundred and sixty members, not above thirty could understand reason. These thirty required plain sense in harmonious periods; the rest he calls a mob, who were only to be moved by an appeal to their passions, their sentiments, their seeming interests, and their senses. Graceful utterance and action pleased their eyes, elegant diction tickled their ears, but they could neither penetrate below the surface nor follow those who did: Though the senators of our day are probably on the whole a more educated assembly than in the reign of George I., the description of Lord Chesterfield is curiously confirmed by that which is given by Sir Robert Peel a century later. No man had taken a more exact measure of the House of Commons, or was more entirely devoted to it, and arguments to have weight with the representatives of the nation, must, he said, be such as were adapted to "people who know very little of the matter, care not much about it, half of whom have dined or are going to dine, and are only forcibly struck by that which they instantly comprehend without trouble."\* The suc-

\* Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel: Part I., the Roman Catholic Question, p. 66. Mr. Macaulay has expressed similar opinions. "It is not," he says, "by accuracy or profundity that men become the masters of great assemblies. And why be at the charge of providing logic of the best quality, when a very inferior



cess of a speaker depends in great measure upon his keeping to this low level, or in other words upon his being in unison with his hearers, which is the characteristic that Burke particularly noted in Charles Townsend as the cause of his singular influence over his audience. If the matter is set off by luminous exposition, eloquence, wit, sarcasm, argument, which rarely happens, it is a proof of extraordinary intellectual endowments, but not of the qualities of a statesman; and when office is conferred for oratory which in style and substance rises little, and often not at all, above mediocrity, or even for a few sarcastic jests unredeemed by solid acquirements of any description, it ceases to be a wonder that the members of a government are not the least fallible of men. Great debaters have frequently been great ministers as well as the reverse, and where there is free discussion the power of words cannot be neglected. The error is habitually to prefer those who can talk before those who can counsel and act—a superficial glibness of tongue to the more sterling accomplishments of thought, knowledge, foresight, and promptitude.

Brilliant success again at the bar leads naturally to the bench, and in the majority of instances no better test of fitness could be adopted. Nevertheless it is a test extremely uncertain, for the habit of mind which is acquired in espousing one side is widely different from that which arbitrates between both. Very distinguished lawyers who have worn the ermine in the

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article will be equally acceptable? Why go as deep into a question as Burke, only in order to be, like Burke, coughed down, or left speaking to green benches and red boxes? The tendency of institutions like those of England is to encourage readiness in public men at the expense both of fullness and exactness. The keenest and most vigorous minds of every generation, minds often admirably fitted for the investigation of truth, are habitually employed in producing arguments such as no man of sense would ever put into a treatise intended for publication; arguments which are just good enough to be used once, when aided by fluent delivery and pointed language. The talent for debate is developed in such men to a degree which, to the multitude, seems as marvellous as the performances of an Italian *improvisatore*. But they are fortunate indeed if they retain unimpaired the faculties which are required for close reasoning or for enlarged speculation. Indeed we should sooner expect a great original work on political science, such a work, for example, as the '*Wealth of Nations*,' from an apothecary in a country town, or from a minister in the Hebrides, than from a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons."

memory of the present generation could never throw off the propensities of the advocate. If he succeeds in bringing his faculties into the requisite equilibrium, the qualities which made him an able counsel may be quite distinct from the functions of the judge. Garrow had a masterly skill in examining witnesses, which amounted to a genius for that department of his profession, and which, conjoined with other resources of a lower calibre, secured him for a long term of years the largest business of any man of his time. But his knowledge of law was nothing, and the talent in which he is supposed never to have been rivalled became nearly useless by his promotion to the bench. That confident and courageous warmth on behalf of clients, such as Lord Brougham describes in Mr. James Allan Park, and which Lord Cockburn says is a common characteristic of favorite counsel who are not of the highest class, the artful and impassioned addresses to juries, the tact, and the trickery, though peculiarly effective in gaining verdicts, must all be left behind on ascending the judgment-seat. Hence the leader at the bar has often proved an inferior magistrate, while many who were less conspicuous in the lower arena have earned themselves lasting renown among the administrators of justice. The deficiency is sometimes palpable beforehand, and improper appointments are wilfully made, but those who seem to promise best not unfrequently belie the expectations which were formed of them. Lord Brougham remarks of Lord Abinger that he was possessed of every endowment for the constitution of a consummate judge—"quickness, sagacity, learning, integrity, legal habits, great knowledge of men, practice at the bar of vast extent, and infinite variety, good nature withal, and patience." He failed, however, from not "considering that it was a perfectly new duty which he had to perform," from an overweening opinion that he arrived a finished master at a position where it was necessary that he should first be a learner, and from refusing to employ the industry and to accept the assistance which were required to adapt his ample attainments to his altered functions.

There is one cause which, if no other were in operation, would constantly prevent men from being advanced in proportion to their merit. The public must be the arbiters, and they are often incompe-



tent to judge. In the case of speakers we have seen that the showy qualities prevail over the solid, and Lord Bacon states the cause in uncompromising language when commenting upon the assertion of Demosthenes that "action" was the first, second, and third requisite of an orator. "A strange thing," says Bacon, "that that part which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest—nay, almost alone—as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent." It is the same with readers as with hearers. Bishop Butler was taught by experience that of the multitudes who turned over books for amusement, for the sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, very few cared to examine into the accuracy of assertions or the truth of principles. This, he said, "was to the generality of people a circumstance of no consideration at all"—a phenomenon which to his earnest and inquiring mind appeared nothing less than "prodigious." The majority must, therefore, judge of books as of speeches—by their superficial characteristics. Nay, even as to these, the larger part of mankind will prefer false glitter to higher excellencies. Verbiage, bombast, and flowery images will impose upon them in an infinitely greater degree than those quiet graces which are the last perfection of style. So, too, a broad jest would be relished by persons who would be nearly insensible to the delicate and far more exquisite humor of Addison. In all departments of knowledge a just estimation and a correct taste can only be attained by an amount of study which is exceedingly rare. Sir Joshua Reynolds, on first visiting the Vatican, was mortified to discover that he could not appreciate the pictures of Raphael. He felt his ignorance and was abashed. Day by day he gazed at them and copied them; by degrees a new perception dawned upon him, and he recognized how unenlightened was his former opinion, and how incomparable were the works of the great master. He afterwards learnt that every student who examined them had passed through the same process, and that none were seized with instantaneous raptures, except those who

were incapable of ever understanding them at all. The truth, he says, was, that if they had been what he had expected, they would have contained beauties which were merely superficial, and would not have deserved their reputation. Experience and reflection convinced him that genuine excellence lay deep, that the florid style which captivated at once was as false as it was alluring, and that no man ever attained to a right discernment in art without long labor and close attention. In every thing, he remarks, it was the same. A nice ear for music and a just poetical taste were equally the work of time, and untutored nature formed conclusions which were repudiated by an educated judgment.

The observation is not only true of intellectual things, but is equally applicable to moral. "Praise," says Lord Bacon, "if it be from the common people, is commonly false and naught, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all, but shows and *species virtutibus similes* serve best with them."

"What a pregnant remark is this!" adds Archbishop Whately. "By the lowest of the virtues he means probably such as hospitality, liberality, good-humored courtesy, and the like; and these, he says, the common run of mankind are accustomed to *praise*. Those which they *admire*, such as daring courage and firm fidelity to friends, or to the cause or party one has espoused, are what he ranks in the next highest place. But the most elevated virtues of all, such as disinterestedness and devoted public spirit, thorough-going even-handed justice, and disregard of unpopularity when duty requires, of these he says the vulgar have usually no notion. And he might have gone further, for it often happens that a large portion of mankind not only do not praise or admire the highest qualities, but even censure and despise them."—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 469.

Bacon in other parts of his Essays has specified qualities as calculated to win unenlightened approbation, which rather belong to the list of vices than even to the lowest of the virtues. "Vain-glorious men," he says, for example, "are the scorn of the wise but the admiration of fools." Boldness, again, in state matters, he likens in the extent of its effects to action in oratory. "Yet boldness," he continues,

"is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. Nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevail with wise men at weak times." Upon every point it appears, whether of head or heart, the capable judges are the minority; and though their decrees may ultimately prevail before the calm tribunal of posterity, when the crowd are content to receive the law from their superiors, it must often be otherwise in those decisions of the hour, in which the multitude claim their right to be heard. As long, in a word, as "there is more of the fool than of the wise in human nature," so long must wisdom be frequently subordinate to folly, and the lowest virtues be preferred to the highest. The possessor of the great and good gifts is not the sufferer. The main advantage to the individual is in the deserts themselves, and not in the recognition of them by others; as Bacon has it, we should "rather seek merit than fame." John Hunter was accustomed to say that "no great man ever desired to be great"—meaning that his delight and his reward were in the qualities which constituted his greatness, and not in the tributes which would make him appear great in the eyes of the world. The excellencies are the privilege; ambition is none.

Though Lord Bacon condescended to climb by crooked paths, he had far too extensive an acquaintance with the human heart, and, in spite of his deviations in practice, too many godlike aspirations of his own, to fall into an error which Archbishop Whately mentions as common among evil men:

"It was remarked by an intelligent Roman Catholic that the confessional trains the priest to a knowledge not of human nature but of mental *nosology*. 'It may, therefore, qualify them,' he said, 'for the treatment of a depraved, but not of a pure mind.' Now, what the confessional is to the priest, that a knave's own heart is to him. He can form no notion of a nobler nature than his own. Miss Edgeworth describes such a person as one who divides all mankind into rogues and fools, and when he meets with an honest man of good sense does not know what to make of him. Nothing, it is said, more puzzled Bonaparte. He would offer a man money; if that failed, he would talk of glory, or promise him rank and power; but if all these temptations failed, he set him down for an idiot, or a half-mad dreamer. Con-

science was a thing he could not understand."—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 202.

An English Ambassador who visited Rome was asked by Queen Caroline why he did not endeavor to convert the Pope. "Because," he replied, "I had nothing better to offer his Holiness than what he already possesses." This we may presume was a jest; but Bonaparte himself was not a more avowed example of Archbishop Whately's observation than thousands of persons at home and abroad in the corrupt society of the eighteenth century. Rulhière, who was at St. Petersburg in 1762, when Catherine caused her husband, Peter III., to be murdered, wrote a history of the transaction on his return to France, which was handed about in manuscript. The Empress was informed of it, and endeavored to procure the destruction of the work. Madame Geoffrin was sent to Rulhière to offer him a considerable bribe to throw it into the fire. He eloquently demonstrated that it would be a base and cowardly action, which honor and virtue forbade. She heard him patiently to the end, and then calmly replied, "What! isn't it enough?" Archbishop Whately relates of a contemporary who long occupied an elevated position, that he imputed motives to all the world which a lofty nature would have considered base, but, having no notion of any thing better, he entertained, says the Archbishop, no contempt for his kind, "was good-humored and far from a misanthrope, and no more despised men for not being superior to what he thought them than we despise horses and dogs for being no more than brutes." There is some excuse for the sweeping judgments of persons in high place, for they are condemned to see human nature under its basest aspects. Lord Brougham has put upon record his own official experience, and a darker picture could not well be drawn. "Cold calculations upon the death of those who stop the way, unfeeling acrimony towards competitors, unblushing falsehood in both its branches, boasting and detraction, the fury of disappointment when that has not been done which it was impossible to do, swift oblivion of all that has been granted, unreasonable expectation of more only because much has been given, not seldom favors repaid with hatred, as if by this unnatural course the account might be settled between grati-

tude and pride—such are the secrets of the heart which power soon discloses to its possessor.” La Rochefoucauld has said that self-interest speaks all sorts of languages and personates all kinds of parts, even that of disinterestedness. There is none which the greedy petitioners for place personate so often. The transparent and disgusting hypocrisy of desiring preferment purely for the good of the country and from a sense of public duty, is stated by Lord Brougham to be incessant. Once, on his remarking to Lord Melbourne that nobody could tell till he came into office how base men were, the latter humorously replied: “On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue, for I now find that self-denial is the sole motive in seeking advancement, and personal gain the only thing that is never dreamt of.” Lord Brougham brought away from his sorrowful experience a benevolence unchilled and a faith in goodness undiminished, because he had the two grand correctives to a universal condemnation—a generous nature and an extended observation. He who is above the vices he witnesses knows, as Archbishop Whately well remarks, that there is, at least, one person superior to them, and he would conclude there must be more, even if he had none of the actual examples before his eyes which a large acquaintance with the world infallibly supplies. Indeed, the worst minister, and the most contracted in his view, might be expected to reflect that the worthy part of mankind would be the last to thrust themselves under his notice. People of nice honor and sensitive feelings, those who are truly disinterested and philanthropic,

“Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire,”

never approach him. It is the bird of prey which gathers where the carcase is. The kinds which are not rapacious maintain their flight in a higher region and a less tainted atmosphere. If Sir Robert Walpole, according to the version of his biographer which we believe to be the correct one, declared of his corrupt opponents, “all *these* men have their price,” he uttered a truth as undoubted as his alleged maxim, “all men have their price,” would have been false. Those patriots of whom he said “that they were easily raised, for it was but to refuse an unrea-

sonable demand, and up sprung a patriot,” were not the world, however convenient they might find it for their selfish ends to speak in its name.

Of all the dark representations which have been given of the motives and dispositions of mankind, the most plausible and acute is embodied in the “Maxims” of La Rochefoucauld. “Fundamental truths,” says Locke, “like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light to other things that without them could not be seen. Our Saviour’s great rule that ‘we should love our neighbor as ourselves’ is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that I think by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality.” La Rochefoucauld, on his part, has his fundamental truth, and every one is familiar with the famous motto which he put as a text to his work—“Our virtues are generally vices in disguise.” The five hundred and four pithy sentences which follow are mostly illustrations of this pervading principle. He says, for example, that “Virtue would not go so far if Vanity did not keep her company;” that “What we cut off from our other defects we frequently add to our pride;” that “Self-interest, which we accuse of all our crimes, ought often to be praised for our good actions;” that “We sometimes imagine we hate flattery, but only hate the manner of flattering;” that “Women weep to get the reputation of being tender-hearted, weep that they may be pitied, weep to be wept, weep to avoid the discredit of not weeping.” Wherever there is an appearance of good, he traces it up to evil motives, and these, again, he resolves into self-love. His creed is thus directly opposed to the precept of our Saviour, so beautifully set forth by Locke, and, if the latter is ever observed, the principle of La Rochefoucauld must in all such cases be untrue. Taken in its extremest latitude it involves complete infidelity as a consequence, for to believe that the rule of our Lord is habitually violated by the whole of mankind is to assume that his Gospel is a nullity and that his entire mission on earth has been in vain. La Rochefoucauld himself limits his assertion, and the same qualifying phrase which he introduces into the summary of his system is repeated in many of the succeeding maxims. In fact, his celebrated saying,

"Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue," supposes the virtue to be real, or it would otherwise come under the denomination of hypocrisy, and there would be nothing left to which to do homage. His profligate followers have outstripped their master, and have often written of his delineation of human nature as though there were no exceptions to the hideous picture. They have especially delighted to quote one detestable proposition, to which he gives a universal application—"In the misfortunes of our best friends there is *always* something which is not displeasing to us;" but they appear unconscious, or omit to state, that La Rochefoucauld rejected it upon maturer consideration, and excluded it from the later editions of his work. Nor must it be forgotten, in extenuation of his cynical view, that the circle of each man's acquaintances is the world to him, and that the author of the "Maxims" derived his notions of his kind from the vitiated society of the upper classes during the regency of Anne of Austria and the reign of Louis XIV. However false as a general principle might be his assertion "that there is no one who believes himself in any quality inferior to the person whom he esteems the most," it might be truer than we should suspect of multitudes of his countrymen when Courier could say, "that, with many faults, he must claim one great merit—he was the single person in France who did not imagine himself fit to be king." The definition of friendship, "that it is only a traffic in which self-love always expects to be a gainer," with other remarks of the same kind, imputing what ought to be the attachments of the heart to sordid interest, may easily be supposed a correct representation of the alliances he witnessed among the fawning courtiers, who, lost to manliness and independence, were engaged in a miserable rivalry for paltry distinctions and preferments. It must have been another sort of friendship of which he spoke later in life, when he said that "a true friend was the greatest of all blessings, and the one which we least thought of acquiring." The observation shows that he, at any rate, believed in the possibility of ties which are formed by esteem for personal qualities, without regard to grosser advantages; that he was at last convinced that man was capable of ennobling affections as well as of lower desires,

and could love his neighbor without coveting his goods. By his own confession he was himself an example of it, for he professed "to entertain such an attachment to his friends that he would not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice his interests to theirs." After all allowances, however, his picture of mankind remains partial and bitter. Even Cardinal de Retz, who had been a leader in the same scenes, who had been accustomed to look at the world upon its blackest side, and belonged to that side himself, complained that La Rochefoucauld had too little faith in virtue. Few books could be more pernicious than his, if it is received for the entire truth, and either teaches the reader misanthropy from the belief that all are bad, or profligacy from the notion that it is equally needless and vain to attempt to be better; few books are more useful, if it is employed as a manual for self-examination by which to probe our motives and to learn the deceitfulness of the heart. The false pretences which La Rochefoucauld has specified are defects to which every body is, in some respects, originally prone, which numbers continue to practise habitually, and which are apt to intermingle with the higher impulses that ordinarily govern those who are laboring to be upright.

Two maxims of La Rochefoucauld—one, "that before we wish eagerly for any thing we should inquire into the happiness of him who possesses it;" the other, "that there is little we should desire ardently if we knew perfectly what we desired"—find their commentary in Bacon's Essay on "Great Place." Dr. Johnson maintained that all the arguments to show the misery of men in high station were deceptive, since every body wished for it notwithstanding. This proves that the majority imagine that it produces happiness in spite of the reasons which are urged to the contrary, but does not prove that the happiness is real. "They desire it ardently because they do not know perfectly what they desire." Nobody was a greater dupe to the common opinion than Bacon himself, or in the excessive anxiety to attain his end had been less deterred from verifying his own observation, that "there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and evil arts." How little the eagerness of anticipation was a just evidence of the enjoyments of possession, which on Johnson's theory



ought to have followed, may be seen in the impressive after-testimony of the illustrious Chancellor:

"The rising into place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feelings they cannot find it, but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults."—*Essay XI. Whately's* edition, p. 87.

A caliph of Cordova is reported to have said when he was dying: "I have passed a reign of more than fifty years in peace or victory, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, respected by my allies. In this apparent prosperity I have kept count of the days that were really happy, and they amount to fourteen." The speech may have been invented to point a moral, but the history of kings has assuredly not been a history of human felicity, and their ministers, who have put their experience upon record, have seldom had a more flattering tale to tell than Chancellor Bacon. His contemporary and cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, who was principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth and James I., and ultimately Lord High Treasurer, may speak for the major part of them in the letter in which he poured out his feelings to a friend in 1604, when he was acknowledged to be the ablest, as he appeared the most enviable, statesman of his time. "Give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court and gone heavily over the best seeming fair ground. It is a great task to prove one's honesty, and yet not spoil one's fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed queen's time, who was more than a man, and in truth sometimes less than a woman. I wish I waited now in her presence-chamber with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man that looketh this way to

heaven." There is a deep pathos in the words to those who weigh them, and not the least touching part of the confession is the avowed struggle between virtue and ambition, and the undisguised consciousness that ambition would triumph. This is one of the misfortunes of power, that those who have tasted it can neither be happy with it nor without it; they are uneasy upon their eminence, and yet are mortified to come down from it, tenaciously clinging to the dignity while they are oppressed by its troubles. In every stage as Lord Bacon found, the distress predominates—the upward course toilsome, the standing-place painful, the descent melancholy. In the conflict of such feelings Cecil had never the courage to resign, and yet was thankful when a king more absolute than the monarch he served gave him his dismissal. "Ease and pleasure," he said, "quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved." The downfall from power, which Cecil escaped, is the more usual fate of ministers; and though the tenure of kings is in theory permanent, and their overthrow as much rarer as it is more disastrous when it occurs, yet the contemporaneous examples of dethroned sovereigns, when Voltaire wrote his "Candide," were sufficiently numerous to suggest one of the most striking passages in the work. Candide, at Venice, sits down to supper with six strangers who are staying at the same hotel with himself; and as the servants, to his astonishment, address each of them by the title of "Your Majesty," he asks for an explanation of the plesantry:

"'I am not jesting,' said the first; 'I am Achmet III.; I was Sultan several years; I dethroned my brother, and my nephew has dethroned me. They have cut off the heads of my viziers; I shall pass the remainder of my days in the old Seraglio; my nephew, the Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes permits me to travel for my health, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.'

"A young man who was close to Achmet spoke next, and said: 'My name is Ivan; I have been Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned when I was in my cradle; my father and my mother have been incarcerated; I was brought up in prison; I have sometime permission to travel attended by my keepers, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.'

"The third said: 'I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has surrendered his rights to me; I have fought to sustain

them; my vanquishers have torn out the hearts of eight hundred of my partisans; I have been put in prison; I am going to Rome to pay a visit to my father, dethroned like my grandfather and myself, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.'

"The fourth then spoke, and said, 'I am King of Poland; the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary states;\* my father experienced the same reverses; I resign myself to the will of Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and the King Charles Edward, to whom God grant a long life, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.'

"The fifth said: 'I am also King of Poland;† I have lost my kingdom twice, but Providence has given me another state in which I have done more good than all the kings of Sarmatia put together have ever done on the banks of the Vistula. I also resign myself to the will of Providence, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.'

"There remained a sixth monarch to speak. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am not so great a sovereign as the rest—but I, too, have been a king. I am Theodore, who was elected King of Corsica; I was called "your Majesty," and at present am hardly called "Sir;" I have caused money to be coined, and do not now possess a penny; I have had two secretaries of state, and have now scarcely a servant; I have sat upon a throne and was long in a prison in London upon straw, and am afraid of being treated in the same manner here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to pass the Carnival at Venice.'

"The five other Kings heard this confession with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy some clothes and shirt. Candide presented him with a diamond worth two thousand sequins. 'Who,' said the five Kings, 'is this man who can afford to give a hundred times as much as any of us? Are you, Sir, also a king?' 'No, your Majesties, and I have no desire to be.'

The last stroke is an instance of Voltaire's consummate art, very common with

\* Augustus III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. The electorate, from which he was twice driven by Frederick the Great, was the hereditary state of which Voltaire speaks. His father, Augustus II., became King of Poland in 1697, was deposed in 1704, recovered the crown in 1709, and retained it till his death in 1733. His electorate of Saxony was overrun in 1706, by Charles XII. of Sweden.

† Stanislaus Leszczynski. He was elected King of Poland in 1704, through the influence of Charles XII., and was dethroned in 1709, after the battle of Pultowa. He was reelected in 1733, on the death of Augustus II., and was soon after dispossessed of his kingdom by Augustus III. In 1736 he was invested for life with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, and it was here, by public works and the patronage of literature, that he earned the eulogy of Voltaire.

him, in conveying his moral by a single phrase, which tells with electric rapidity and force. These reflections upon the vanity of human wishes are usually numbered among the commonplaces of moralists, and are supposed to be dismissed with formal acquiescence and secret dissent. There is nothing, nevertheless, more deserving of attention. There are thousands upon thousands who, as far as the inevitable trials of life will permit, possess all the elements of happiness except the belief that they possess them. The sum of felicity would be multiplied to an extent beyond calculation if men would make the most of what they have instead of craving what they have not, and the practical testimony of the Bacons and Cecils to the worse than worthlessness of the things which are rated highest is surely a lesson to teach genuine contentment, and turn ambition into thankfulness. "I thank God," said Montesquieu, "that having bestowed upon me a mean in all things, he has also put a little moderation in my soul." There will always be plenty to struggle for pre-eminence; but religion, philosophy, and experience are more efficacious than they seem, because by reconciling men to obscurity the result attracts less attention in proportion as it is complete.

With all his worldly shrewdness the passion for wealth is not more countenanced by Bacon than the passion for place. "The ways to enrich," he says, "are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity." He remarks that a large fortune is of no solid use to the owner, except to increase his means of giving. "The rest is but conceit; the personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches." This is a profound observation, and goes to the root of the common fallacy that happiness will increase with money. To a casual glance the circle of enjoyments appears to be enlarged, but in reality it is only changed, and the extraordinary gratification ceases with novelty. Gray had arrived at the same conclusion as Bacon. "There is but one real evil in poverty (take my word, who know it well,) and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them." Dr. Johnson, indeed, argued that wealth would buy respect, and respect pleasure.

"If six hundred pounds a year," he said, "procure a man more consequence, and of course more happiness, than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried." The theory is not confirmed by experience. The consequence of the rich does *not* increase with this steady progression, but quickly finds its limits, nor is the consequence which money purchases of a nature to confer substantial satisfaction. Montesquieu says he had found that most people only slaved to make a large fortune to be in despair when they had made it because they were not high-born. The separation of ranks was maintained in France with far greater rigor than with us, and money did less in breaking down the barrier which divided the aristocrat from the *millionnaire*. Yet as even in England the consideration obtainable by wealth alone is incomplete, no one can fail to have remarked that the effect upon the owner is rather to render him restless than contented. The desire for social distinction has been kindled in his mind, and he is far more irritated by what is denied him than soothed by what he can get. Whatever may be the particular advantages of wealth, the application of La Rochefoucauld's rule to observe how far the possessor is happy before desiring the possessions, must at least satisfy competent inquirers that the balance of true enjoyment is not in his favor. One reason for desiring riches is peculiarly specious, which is to be above the necessity of a rigid economy or the pressure of debt; but a striking and instructive note of Archbishop Whately shows that even this plausible expectation is deceptive:

"It is worth remarking, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or *imagined* necessity of those who have large incomes are greater in proportion than those of persons with slenderer means; and that consequently a larger proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances than of the poorer. This is often overlooked, because the *absolute number* of those with large incomes is so much less, that, of course, the absolute number of persons under pecuniary difficulties in the poorer classes must form a very great majority. But if you look to the *proportions*, it is quite the reverse. Take the number of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes from 100*l.* per annum up to 100,000*l.* per annum, and you will find the *per-centage*

of those who are under pecuniary difficulties *continually augmenting* as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find *one* that is not deeply involved in debt! So that it would appear the larger the income the harder it is to live with in it."—Whately's *Bacon*, p. 270.

In other words, the temptation to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth. An accession of fortune would at first afford relief, but in a short time it would, to the majority of persons, be more difficult to keep within the bounds of the larger sum than of the less. This common tendency of mankind to go beyond their means has occasioned competence to be defined as three hundred a year more than you possess. With the very rich, for three hundred it would often be necessary to read thirty thousand; since not only is the proportion of involved people greatest among those who have the amplest incomes, but their embarrassments bear a larger proportion to their resources and the demands which are made upon them. As Cowley says, "The poor rich man's emphatically poor." The remedy for debt, after the absolute essentials of each station are supplied, is therefore plainly to be sought in increased economy, and not in increased wealth. It was to ensure the necessary thrift, that Swift said "a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart"—should look after it both in the making and the spending, to escape the miseries which the want of it produces, but should beware of loving it. He prided himself much upon a maxim which hit the true medium between imprudence and covetousness, and declared it ought to be written in letters of diamond. Lord Bolingbroke, who knew his propensity, replied that "a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions." There, accordingly, it did descend as he advanced in years. Each must watch against his predominant tendency—the profuse learn to be frugal, the parsimonious to be liberal.

A gentleman in narrow circumstances quoted the common saying, "Poverty is no crime," and was answered, "Yes, but it is worse." Many prove that they are seriously of this opinion by the dishonest arts which they practise to get money. Others look down upon the indigent as

though the things external to a man, and not the man himself, were the proper objects of regard. All such people earn the stern rebuke of Gray that their poverty is in their mind. Archbishop Whately, however, dwells upon the just distinction that though poverty is not disgraceful, the exhibition of it is felt to be indecent. "A man of sense is not ashamed of confessing it; but he keeps the marks of it out of sight." He mentions that a person, who disputed the assertion, observed in refutation of it, "Why this coat that I now have on I have had turned because I could not well afford a new one, and I care not who knows it." His instance, as the Archbishop acutely remarks, proved the point he was controverting, or he would have worn the coat *without* turning. "He might have had it scoured if needful; but though clean, it would still have looked threadbare; and he did not like to make this display of poverty." If his principle had been correct he would have been content in weather, when he did not require it for warmth, to walk the streets, or call upon his friends, without any coat at all, and might have alleged the same reason, that he could not well afford to wear one every day. Ignorance of this difference between shame of poverty itself, and shame of being compelled to expose it in ways which are a violation of the established proprieties of life, has given rise to many erroneous judgments. Among the companions of Reynolds, when he was studying his art at Rome, was a fellow-pupil of the name of Astley. They made an excursion with some others, on a sultry day, and all except Astley took off their coats. After several taunts he was persuaded to do the same, and displayed on the back of his waistcoat a foaming waterfall. Distress had compelled him to patch his clothes with one of his own landscapes. His reluctance to exhibit his expedient is imputed by one biographer to "a proud heart." It was more likely to be due to a sense of decorum.

Archbishop Whately points out that there are other things which are no discredit, but which delicacy keeps in the background because they are offensive when obtruded, and among these he names self-love, or the deliberate desire for our own happiness. Persons not accustomed to reflect are sometimes confounded when a sophist, who is culpably selfish, maintains that they, in their way, are selfish like

himself. But it is not the desire for happiness which is criminal, but the attempt to obtain it through pernicious objects and by forbidden means. It makes all the difference whether it is sought through doing good or doing injury to others, through virtue or vice, through obeying or disobeying the commands of God. Not that those who act from principle have habitually or even usually before their minds the blessing to themselves which is the ultimate consequence of their conduct, for the precepts by which they are guided are intrinsically beautiful, and when once they are justly appreciated are loved on their own account. It is the essential characteristic of the moral regulations of Omnipotence that being contrived in infinite wisdom they carry with them in the long run every advantage. They are delightful in themselves, and the very same act which is best for each is for the benefit of all. "It is curious to observe," says Archbishop Whately, "how people who are always thinking of their own pleasure or interest, will often, if possessing considerable ability, make others give way to them, and obtain everything they seek, *except happiness*. For like a spoiled child, who at length cries for the moon, they are always dissatisfied. And the benevolent, who are always thinking of others, and sacrificing their own personal gratifications, are usually the happiest of mankind."

The persevering cultivation of our faculties is a form of custom, and the repetition of an act, with the addition of aiming in each repetition at increasing excellence, is productive both of facility and improvement. The process is exemplified in a hundred familiar circumstances, but it strikes us most when the acquirement is out of usual routine, though not, perhaps, in itself at all more extraordinary than what we hourly witness. The eye, when perfect, might be supposed to reveal to one person what it does to another, and by no means to require a special education for each set of objects. In nothing, on the contrary, are the effects of training more conspicuous, or to the uninitiated more surprising. Gainsborough says, that an artist knows an original from a copy by observing the touch of the pencil, for there will be the same individuality in the strokes of the brush as in the strokes of a pen. Those who can at once distinguish between different sorts of handwriting are yet often



astonished at the possession of the faculty when it is exercised upon pictures. No engraver, in like manner, can counterfeit the style of another. His brethren of the craft would not only immediately detect the forgery, but would recognise the distinctive strokes of the forger.\* Sir Joshua Reynolds states that a jeweller will be amazed when an inexperienced person is incapable of seeing the difference between a couple of diamonds of unequal brilliancy, "not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the more perfect." A shepherd can tell every sheep in his flock by its countenance, which nevertheless seems strange to many who discriminate instantly in human beings between face and face. There is no other difficulty in the case than that they are not accustomed to observe sheep in the same degree as men. Sovereigns receive a multitude of persons at their courts who are flattered by being remembered and by any allusion to past conversations and circumstances. The impression left is that there must be a peculiar regard when the recollection has survived the public events which have intervened, and the unceasing excitement, pomp, and dignity which encompass a throne. The presumed exception is the rule. The importance attached to such complimentary notices causes princes to cultivate the power, and Gibbon had noticed that all the royal families in Europe were remarkable for the faculty of recognising individuals and of recalling proper names. The Marquis de Bouillé said it was like a sixth sense bestowed upon them by nature. "Are you the relation of the Abbé de Montesquieu that I saw here in company with the Abbé d'Estrades?" inquired Victor II. of Montesquieu when he visited Piedmont. "Your Majesty," he answered, "is like Cæsar, who never forgot any name." Montesquieu himself records his reply, for he thought it was happy, and that he had delicately compared his Sardinian Majesty to Cæsar. He was not aware that all monarchs were Cæsars in this particular, and the possession of the same faculty in an unusual degree by an entire order of persons of different sexes, nations and lineage, and of very unequal and often inferior

capacities, is a plain proof of the skill which practise begets. Henderson, the actor, after a single reading of a newspaper repeated such an enormous portion of it as seemed utterly marvellous. "If you had been obliged like me," he said in reply to the surprise expressed by his auditors, "to depend during many years for your daily bread on getting words by heart, you would not be so much astonished at habit having produced the facility." Euler in consequence of his almost total blindness was obliged to work those calculations in his mind which others put upon paper, and to retain those *formulæ* in his head for which others trust chiefly to books. The extent, the readiness, and accuracy of his mathematical memory grew by this to be prodigious, and D'Alembert declared that it was barely credible to those who had not witnessed it. The instances in which there is a strong motive to attain an end shows the unsuspected triumphs of which the understanding is capable. The reason why they are so rare is, that men ordinarily relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. There would hardly be any limit to improvement if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he acquired the reputation of being the most polished man in England, is a strong example in a comparatively trivial, but not unimportant matter, of the efficacy of practice. His appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterwards distinguished him. "I had a strong desire," he says, "to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: If I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, though *de très mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies;

\* We are indebted for this remark to an interesting treatise on "The Security and Manufacture of Bank Notes," by Mr. Henry Bradbury.

confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming." Lord Bacon says, that "to attain good manners it almost sufficeth not to despise them, and that if a man labor too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected." To this we may add the observation of La Rochefoucauld, that in manners there are no good copies, for besides that the copy is almost always clumsy or exaggerated, the air which is suited to one person sits ill upon another. The greater must have been the perseverance of Lord Chesterfield to enable him to acquire the art by which art is concealed, and to assimilate borrowed graces to himself without their degenerating into the stiffness and incongruity of servile imitation. He was equally resolved to be an orator, and until he had attained his aim he neglected nothing which could conduce to it. He determined not to speak one word in conversation which was not the fittest he could recall, and he impressed upon his son that he should never deliver the commonest order to servant, "but in the best language he could find, and with the best utterance." For many years he wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. Lord Bolingbroke, who could talk all day just as perfectly as he wrote, told him that he owed the power to the same cause—an early and constant attention to his style. After Pope had undertaken to translate the *Illiad* he was terrified at the difficulty of the task, had his rest broken by dreams of long journeys, through unknown ways, and wished that somebody would hang him. The harassing occupation became so easy by practice, that he often dispatched forty or fifty lines in a morning before leaving his bed, and could at last compose more readily in verse than in prose. In short the instances are endless. The truth is not less clearly manifested in the inferiority of the greatest intellects, in the matters which they have neglected, to the average run of mankind. The want of power which Sir Isaac Newton

exhibited on the ordinary topics which most engage the attention of the world, has often been noticed, and persons ignorant of mathematics and science can hardly credit, when they read his letters, that he was the prodigy of genius which his admirers pretend. Yet certain it is that he overtopped every mortal, ancient or modern, and the little talent which he displayed in lesser things is only an evidence that the sublimest understanding cannot dispense with the practice which makes perfect. Absorbed by his lofty and abstruse speculations, he was abstracted from the pursuits which engaged his fellow-men, and when he turned to new departments of knowledge his mind had become fixed by the exclusive addiction to his peculiar studies, and had lost its pliancy.

It is a comprehensive observation of Bacon upon this subject, which can never be too carefully treasured up, that we think according to our inclinations, speak according to the opinions we have been taught, and act according as we have been accustomed. Thus it is common for a man upon the same point to think one thing, say another, and do a third. The native disposition and the infused precepts are overborne by his habits, and after theorising like a sage he may not improbably act like a knave or a fool. There is no more pre-eminent merit both in the text of Bacon, and the Notes of his commentator, than that their reflections carry with them a practical sense and a force of conviction which is a powerful antidote to this usual error. They not only teach wisdom, but they instil the desire to be wise. There cannot be a stronger inducement to study them. In the few topics upon which we have treated, we are conscious that we have neither done justice to the great variety of the truths which Archbishop Whately has put forth, nor to his mode of enforcing them. The cogency of his arguments, as well as the larger part of the valuable lessons he inculcates, must be sought in his book. Nor will the benefit stop with the direct information which he delivers. He is one of those thoughtful writers who set others thinking, and it is impossible to accompany him to the end without desiring to push on further in that grand track of truth in which he is so original and distinguished a pioneer.

From Dickens' Household Words.

## A DAY OF RECKONING.

IKE BRANSTON was a man who respected his position, and spoke of it loudly and often; a man of the obsolete school, who withstood innovation on principle, and was accounted a perfectly safe man because he had escaped the prevailing epidemic of reform. He boasted perpetually of his successes in his profession, and delighted to be styled a self-made man; but his whole career had turned on the rotten hinge of expediency. He held several theories of morals, though he was never averse to taking advantage in the way of business, if it were not likely to be found out; he put down his name on published subscription lists, because it was cheaper than private charity, and the odor of its sanctity travelled further. Was any acquaintance going down in the world, and to give him a shove or a kick might be profitable, Ike Branston was not withheld from administering it by any antiquated notions of former friendship or obligation. On the other side, did he see a man struggling bravely out of difficulties—one who was sure to win—he would stretch forth a finger and help him with Pecksniffian smile; then, when he was up and rising above him, he would point to him triumphantly, and cry, "I made him!"

Ike Branston had brought up his elder son Carl on his own principles, and the lad took to them as naturally as to his mother's milk. He was precociously shrewd, keen, and plausible—a veritable chip of the old block. The younger, Robin or Robert, was not deficient in ability, but his father and brother thought him a fool, and told him so. He did not value money for its own sake; where could be a stronger evidence of his weakness and folly? He had his friends and acquaintance in artists' studios and sculptors' ateliers; he lived happily, and not disorderly, amongst them, like a prodigal son, spending his quarter's allowance in three weeks, and then existing nobody exactly knew how. His father had assigned him his portion, and

bade him go and ruin himself as fast as he liked, but never to trouble him again, or expect anything more from him. Robin shook his merry head, and departed thankfully. The paternal home was dismal, the paternal society oppressive; it was like escaping out of prison to have his liberty in the world. and Robin tried its delights like a judicious epicure, who, revelling in the luxuries of to-day, has still a thought for the pleasures of to-morrow, and will not risk his powers of enjoyment by over-indulgence. His heart was, perhaps, rather womanish, his mind too delicate and refined for a man who would do vigorous battle with life; but both were richly capable of seizing its subtle aroma of happiness and tasting it in its pristine-sweetness and strength. Carl met his brother occasionally, and sneered at him, gave him good advice, predicted debasement, and laid his head on his pillow nightly in the flattering assurance that he was not as that prodigal, idle, wasteful, warm-hearted, generous, unsuspecting. No; Carl knew the ways of this wicked world to the inmost tangle of the clue, or thought he did, which is much the same.

Ike Branston had a niece living in his house, the penniless child of his sister; her name was Alice Deane. She sat at his table, aired his newspaper and slippers, mended his thrifty gloves, and made herself generally and unobtrusively useful. Ike did not notice her much; he used her as a machine; never thought whether she was pretty or ugly, stupid or clever, amiable or the reverse. She had been there sixteen years, growing gradually from child to woman, unheeded. Ike never cared for her or for Robin; he never had cared for anybody but himself and Carl, and, perhaps, a little while for Carl's mother, who was, a long time since, dead. It was on Alice Deane's account chiefly that Carl rejoiced in Robin's absence. Though Ike was blind to the patent fact, the brothers had both found out that she

was wonderfully fair and attractive, that her solemn grey eyes were the most beautiful eyes in the world, and that her figure was moulded like a Dian.

Robin being out of the way, Carl took every opportunity of denouncing him as a libertine and ridiculing him as a simpleton in Alice's presence, and as she never said a word in his favor, Carl thought he was progressing famously in his suit.

He got his father's permission to marry her; old Ike thought if she had not a fortune she would save one, seeing that she had no hankering after women's finery, and was content to sit reading and sewing, drawing and singing, the year round. Carl redoubled his assiduities, but whenever he had made up his mind, and got ready a speech of proposal to Alice, something in her manner indescribably icy and repellant drove him back again into himself. As far as selfish people ever do love, Carl loved Alice, and her pertinacious blindness to the fact half maddened him. He could not stir her from her impassibility one iota. Her eyes—ever pure, cool, and self-possessed, would meet his calmly; her cheek kept its uniform tint, her voice its even unembarrassed flow, no matter what he looked, spoke, or insinuated. Ike laughed at his son; he said, Robin would have wooed, won and married the girl, while Carl stood looking at her like grapes hung too high for his reach. Carl was mortified; he was afraid his father spoke truth, and that Robin was Alice's favorite. So, in the end, he spoke to her.

It was one rich July evening when she was sitting in the dismal parlor reading. Even in there came a ray or two of dusty sunshine, and when he approached her, Carl, for a moment, fancied she blushed; but he was speedily undeceived; it was only the red reflection of a ray through the crimson window-curtain, and her gown was blushing as much as she. He asked what she was reading; and without looking up, she answered, "The May Queen."

"Can you leave it a minute, and listen to me?"

He spoke as if he were addressing her about the household accounts, which it was her province to keep. She read to the end of the page, shut up the book and looking him straight in the face, said, "Well?" He stamped impatiently, walked to and fro the room, came back and stood before her: the faintest suspicion of

a smile lurked about Alice's mouth, as she asked what disturbed him?

"It is you—you, Alice! Do you know how I have been worshipping you—adoring you—for months?"

"I'm surprised at you, cousin Carl, I thought you had more sense: I am not a goddess," was the quiet reply. There was no feeling in her face.

"How I have been loving you, Alice!" And he brought down his heel with another imperative stamp.

The girl's eyes went straight from his countenance, gloomy, passionate, and eager, to his impatient foot. "Carl," she said gravely, "it is the surest sign in the world that I do not love you in return, because I never found you out. I never should have found it out if you had not told me. Perhaps it is a mistake."

"A mistake! What on earth do you mean?"

"What I say; neither more nor less."

"I do love you, Alice; I would give my life for you;" and Carl sank his voice to a pleading tone.

"That is a mere phrase; besides, I know you would not. I don't think you would give a much smaller thing for me. There was a man came yesterday about a little sum of money that he owes to my uncle. I heard you tell him that if the debt were not paid within three days you should proceed against him; he said, with tears in his eyes, that he had not the means—he pleaded his sickly wife and his family of young children, and you sent him away with your first answer. You have plenty of money, Carl; if I made a point of it, would you pay that man's debt?"

"Nonsense, Alice, you don't understand business," was the half-peevish, half-confused reply.

"Then I have made a poor use of my opportunities, for I have heard of little else all my life long; and I answer you, cousin Carl, you do not understand love as I understand it, and I have no love of my kind to give you."

"You are thinking of Robin, that poor, sackless fool! Why, Alice, he does not care for you as I do; he is a wild, extravagant, reckless scapegrace, who would make you miserable."

"He is a better man than you, Carl. I never shudder away from the grasp of his hand——"

"You shudder from my touch!"

"Yes; I am always conscious of your



presence as I am conscious of thunder in the air before the storm bursts; when I hear you speak I think that is the tongue that would lie away Robin's good name; when you give me your hand in the morning I think how many unfortunate creatures' dooms it will sign before night, and how many it signed yesterday. When you laugh, I say to myself some poor soul is weeping, perhaps, for a hard deed of yours—no, cousin Carl, I do not love you; I never can love you."

"You give me my answer plainly."

"Yes. You said to me last night, 'Whatever you are be practical.' I am practical, therefore. Now, may I go on with my story?"

He made her no reply, and she took up the book. Carl was standing with his back to the window, looking down on her pure, serene countenance. He liked her better than ever. Her reproaches did not sting him at all; they were weak and womanish, but natural from a heart like hers; he could afford to smile at them.

"Alice," he said, ironically, "you are not practical—you are anything but practical. You are a poor dependant; a word from me to my father would make you homeless and destitute to-morrow."

"It is generous in you to remind me of it, Carl—generous and kind."

"It is true. With me you would have position, money, society, if you wished. I am rich; my father is rich and old—he cannot live much longer. I would restore to Robin part of his share which his prodigality has justly forfeited——"

"Carl, if you were to talk till midnight you could not change my mind or your own nature. You are rich. Well, there are women to be bought; for myself, I would rather toil and go clad in hodden grey than be your wife—to be worshipped six months, and neglected afterwards to the end of my days."

"You are very hard, Alice."

"For you, Carl, hard as the nether millstone, and not hard only. Be satisfied. If I were caught by the name of your wealth, I should come to hate you—I should grow wicked. Go away, Carl; you and I have nothing in common—go!"

She was moved at last. Her gray, calm eyes had a tawny, dangerous spark in them; her heart was not marble—it was smouldering fire, rather.

Carl took heart of grace. "She is worth winning—she may be won: only let me

find out the way," he said to himself. And feigning a deep depression, he slowly left her, and went straight to his father.

The old man was in a sarcastic mood. "Carl Branston plays Lothario ill," cried he. "Pluck up a spirit, man, or ask Robin to give thee a lesson how to woo. Robin has her ear."

"Do you think Robin loves her father? I told her he did not."

"She knows better than thee, Carl, and laughed at thee for a liar."

"She never laughed."

The young man gnawed his lips, and gave his father a darkling look. He was wondering why Alice preferred his brother, whom he despised and hated, to himself, who was handsomer, cleverer, richer, and more respected. People loved Robin, but they respected Carl, who had a position and money, and a hard, sensible head. Ike Branston fathomed his son's thoughts.

"Thou'rt a marvellous proper man, Carl," said he, laughing. "What a pity Alice don't fancy thee, or that thou don't fancy another woman! When I was thy age I was not so easily downcast. Thy mother said nay a full score of times before she said yea."

"Alice is of a different sort. You would not tell me to try her again, if you had heard her bid me go ten minutes since."

"I'll not keep her here to vex thee, Carl. Say the word, and she shall go to Margery Pilkington to-morrow. She will be glad enough to come back, even with thee, a month or two hence."

Carl's face cleared. "Robin would never find her out there," he said.

"Yes, man, he'd find her in Hades, if he loves her. But you must be beforehand with him—assiduous, flattering, mind that. Take her gifts—bless me! I'll court her for you, if you don't know how. I should like to hear her say nay to Ike Branston!"

"Let her alone, father, but send to Margery Pilkington to come and fetch her. Robin must not hear of it." And Carl went out.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MARGERY PILKINGTON was a woman whose bones were as brass, and her blood as iced mud; a slow, stagnant woman, who never did a kind deed, or thought a

good thought, but who was congealed into a statue of pharisaical hypocrisy and earthly selfishness. She was Ike Branston's cousin—Ike Branston's feminine counterpart divested of his sleek beauty; he was a very handsome old man, she was plain to repulsiveness, but their minds were stamped with the same die, and their views bounded by the same limit. Margery Pilkington lived in a square, obtrusive-looking brick house overlooking the village green of Beckford, at the further side of which was a row of ugly cottages, her property. From her parlor window she could exercise surveillance over her tenants, and both them and her servants she ruled arbitrarily; she ruled Alice Deane arbitrarily also when she got her—Cousin Ike had said the girl was wilful and obstinate, and wanted bringing to reason. Margery undertook the task with unctuous satisfaction.

Did Alice want to walk by the river-side, she must sit in-doors and refresh herself with darning stockings; did the north-east wind blow, she must go out for her health; had she a headache, it was affectation, she must work at a solid, improving book; was she deep in some interesting study, she must relinquish it. Well, indeed, did Mistress Margery Pilkington understand the art and science of thwarting everybody in an aggravating, considerate way, which could not be complained of, for it wore the guise of kindness. Alice contradicted her once, but she scolded and fretted for an hour without taking breath, and impressed such an awful picture of her sensitiveness on her victim's mind that she felt no inclination to transgress again. Alice saw through her feint, and despised it, but submitted to captivity with a tolerable grace.

Carl Branston came down to Beckford in buoyant humor when his cousin had been there about ten days—long enough to weary of Miss Margery Pilkington's purgatorial discipline. He had made a successful speculation, and chose to augur therefrom good to his suit. Alice received him cordially; any change was better than none.

"Take me home, Carl," whispered she, forgetting the scene before she left her uncle's house, and reverting to cousinly familiarity.

He seemed gratified. "Are you softening towards me, Alice?" he asked, gently.

She drew up her slender shape with an air of indescribable haughtiness, and looking him in the face, said, "So I have been sent here for a punishment, as a banishment? Very well, Carl Branston; I will stay here till doomsday rather than be your wife. Did you imagine that I did not loathe you sufficiently before, that you descend to persecution?" And she turned from him as one would turn from some villainous creeping thing, and left him feeling a very mean and beaten scoundrel indeed. Carl had not the courage left to present the fine gauds he had brought for her; he returned to London with them in his pocket, and venomous rage in his heart.

Margery Pilkington was, according to her own statement, a martyr to *tic douloureux*; she was afflicted with it the next day, and, after a morning of rampant ill-humor, during which it is a question whether she or Alice suffered most, she retired to her chamber and shut herself up. Alice put on her hat with a sigh of relief, and sauntered away to the river-side. Beckford river was a famous trout-stream; what more natural than that when she was come to a pretty bend near the wood she should see a man fishing, and that this man should be cousin Robin? and what again more natural than that meeting him thus accidentally they should each exclaim how glad they were, and then wander on together through the shady glades of Beechwood, talking about all sorts of interesting things which nobody need listen to unless they like.

"I heard of you yesterday," said Robin, "and made my way down here directly. Why have they banished thee, my pretty Alice?"

Alice told him something, and he guessed the rest.

"That brother of mine is a sorry knave; I'll disown him!" cried he, with a laugh; but she knew very well that Robin would have shared his last crumb with his greatest enemy; he could not remember an injury, and, as for being jealous of Carl's attachment to Alice, he thought it just the most natural thing in the world.

Robin had a very pleasant voice, full and rich in tone, but he could sink it to the softest of whispers, and what he said next, the little birds in the tree-tops could scarcely have heard if they had listened with all their might. It was, "Alice, love me; let me take care of thee; I've loved

thee sixteen years, ever since they brought thee, a little shy lassie that could scarce crawl, and set thee down between me and Carl, and told us to be brothers to thee."

Alice was not coquettish, but there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes as she said: "And you fought the next day who should love me best."

"And I beat Carl. Answer me, Alice; will you love me?"

"I think you have earned some reward by your faithfulness, Robin," said she with a blushing smile.

"Then promise to give it me."

He held out his hand, and she put hers into it like a tiny fair dove hiding in its nest, and as there was none but the wood creatures to behold, and the winds to whisper it, he made her soft warm lips seal the promise then and there made and recorded at once.

It was mid-afternoon when they met; it was shading into twilight when they separated at the top of Wood-lane; Alice crossing the Green armed at all points against Miss Margery Pilkington's ill-humors, and Robin, not less blissful, wending towards his home. Before parting Robin pleaded for permission to beard the lioness in her den, but Alice said, not for worlds; so he mentioned the probability of his fishing all next day, and she hinted that most likely she should stroll on the banks at some hour between sunrise and sunset. "The river-side is always so pleasant in June!" said she archly.

When she came into Margery Pilkington's puritanical little parlor she looked as much out of character as a portrait of Hebe in a cellar. She had a rich carnation on her lip and a rose on her cheek, as bright as ever bloomed in garden, and a lustre in her large eyes lighted at love's own torch. Her protectress sat there with her face swathed up in flannel like a corpse, and wearing her most awful scowl. She looked up at Alice, and snorted angry disapproval of her appearance.

"You have been in fool's paradise," said she grimly; "Carl yesterday, Robin to-day; you'll go straight back to your uncle Branston to-morrow, treacherous girl."

Alice blushed a confession, and begged to stay where she was.

"I like the country: Beckford is pretty; let me stay, Miss Margery; it is nicer being here than in London."

"I dare say it is—Beechwood and Robin Branston understood," retorted Mistress Pilkington. "You are an ungrateful creature; I cannot think where you expect to go to when you die. Has not Ike Branston been a father to you?"

"No."

"No! What do you mean? He has fed you, clothed you, lodged you for sixteen years, educated you."

"Robin taught me all I know."

"And so, forsooth, the pupil must show her gratitude to her master by loving him? Nothing less will serve?"

"Nothing less."

"And the young man will lose all for you—fool!"

"Lose all?"

"Yes. You marry Carl, he will reconcile his father to Robin, and the prodigal will get his share at the old man's death. You marry Robin, he will not get a penny. You may both starve, and I'd have you remember that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Alice treated the warning with indifference; "We shall want but little, and surely we may earn that little," she said, quietly.

Mistress Margery laughed her harsh discordant laugh.

"I would not keep you from your will if it lay with me—what is to be will be, for all I can say, but I shall not get into trouble with Cousin Ike about the business. Get away; pack up your traps to-night; to-morrow morning you march."

Margery Pilkington's word was not gainsaid, and Alice departed to her chamber silent and obedient.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ABOUT three weeks after their encounter by the river, Robin and Alice appeared at Ike Branston's breakfast table together.

"Father, we are married;" said Robin, without any repentant, theatrical demonstration; he stood firmly, holding his wife by the hand.

"O, indeed, married?" echoed the old man.

Carl's face had worn its down-looking expression ever since Alice administered her last rebuff, and it did not lighten at this news, as may be supposed. Mistress Margery Pilkington had not thought it

necessary to communicate to her cousin that the charge he had confided to her tender guardianship had evaded her watchfulness and disappeared one morning early; therefore Robin had the felicity of breaking the ice with his relatives. His father received the announcement without evincing surprise or displeasure; he looked quite cool, but nobody who knew Ike Branston liked his cool manner; it meant evil.

"Uncle, don't be angry with Robin, for my sake;" Alice pleaded softly; she understood the dangerous warning of his countenance.

"Angry! I am never angry; daughter, take a seat; Robin, have some coffee: Carl, help your brother," said Ike with his circular smile, which was a triumph of bland hypocrisy: he laid an unctuous stress on the changed position of Alice as his daughter; he used to call her niece; never by her name, which was also the name of his deceased wife. Robin, without a suspicion of the genuineness of his father's cordiality, threw off his rather proud yet anxious restraint, and glided into conversation with him about his intentions.

"And pray where have you pitched your tent, Robin; where are you going to live? You begin housekeeping, of course?" asked Ike gravely.

"Why, yes—I suppose so. Can you recommend me a house, sir?" his son said, with great cheerfulness.

"There is an excellent mansion to let in Great Howard-street—if it would not be too small for you—rent between three and four hundred; it is beautifully furnished, and nearly new. The Earl of Monypence had it for a few seasons. Here, my dear, is something towards your housekeeping expenses;" and, with exquisite grace and urbanity, Ike handed his daughter-in-law a five-pound note, which he had been ostentatiously extracting from his pocket-book, as he suggested a residence for the young pair. Carl seemed inwardly diverted at the irony of his parent, but he kept his eyes on the morning paper, except for the instant when the bank-note was presented, but he did not succeed in seeing its amount, and was rather afraid that a spasm of generosity might have seized the old man at the sight of his younger son's beaming countenance. Robin, in the same doubt, thanked his father warmly; but Alice was uneasy, and was relieved

when the dismal hall-clock struck ten, and Ike and Carl rose to go to their office.

"Let me know where you settle down, Robin; I suppose we shall see you from time to time; I don't like family dissensions, you are aware; good morning," and with a hurried yet expansive handshaking Ike ushered his younger son and Alice out into the street; Carl gave his brother a cool nod, and overlooking his cousin altogether, marched away, as if the most pressing affairs called him.

When Robin and Alice had got a few hundred yards from Ike Branston's house, Alice whispered—

"It was only a five-pound note, Robin."

Her husband looked surprised for a moment, and then broke into a merry laugh.

"We ought not to have expected anything better," he said. "Never mind, Alice, I'll turn photographer, painter of portraits for the million—anything. Let us go and look at that cottage we saw advertised in yesterday's *Times*—it will suit our fortunes."

"I'll be as happy as a queen there, Robin," Alice gaily responded, and she stepped out cheerfully, as if her heart were lightened of a load; she was, indeed, glad that no form of dependence on her uncle was to mar her new life; and to be free of him and poor, was preferable to a luxurious slavery.

The cottage in question was far enough out of London to look pleasantly rural in its little garden fenced off from some meadow fields by a wire fence, and hidden from the road by a very high, thick, and closely-clipped hedge. It was an old cottage with pebble-dashed walls, and a porch so overgrown with creepers as to resemble a gigantic bee-hive; its windows were fantastically pointed, its chimneys twisted, and its rooms low and picturesquely inconvenient, but Alice's fancy beautified it in a twinkling. The parlor should have a pale green paper, and crimson carpet and curtains: here should be Robin's books—he had quantities of books—there his piano; the pretty statues which he had given her, and the handsome French clock, would ornament the chimney-piece.

"It will do beautifully!" the young wife exclaimed; they might look at twenty houses, and not find another so exactly suited to them in every respect. To be sure, Robin struck his tall head twice in passing through the chamber doorways,



but that gave Alice the opportunity of standing on tip-toes, and kissing away his rueful look, and of whispering what a bonnie, happy little nest she would make of it for him. So the cottage was taken and furnished, and still in the glow of "Love's young dream," Robin and his wife took possession of it.

It was a very easy, indolent, untroubled life that they led for the next six months. The summer evening walks over, the long dark lamp and fire-light hours came, when Robin read out some new book, while Alice sewed; and the little green and crimson parlor was a picture of home happiness worth seeing.

One evening, laying down his volume, he said: "By the bye, Alice, my half-yearly allowance from my father is nearly a month overdue. This is the first time I have let the day slip. I'll go to Wormsley to-morrow." Alice said it would be very acceptable, as she smiled and shook out a little cap of delicate, flimsy lace that she was busy concocting. Indeed, for a week or two back, the money in her housekeeping purse had been ebbing very low, and there was no corresponding flood.

The next morning Robin went into town by the omnibus, and waited on Mr. Wormsley, his father's banker, to draw his money. The banker received him with a stiff courtesy. He said that he had not received any instructions from his respected friend, Branston, to pay it; indeed, he had understood from that gentleman that Mr. Robert's allowance ceased from the day of his marriage, on which happy event Mr. Wormsley begged to congratulate him.

Inexpressibly mortified and embarrassed, Robin returned home and told his wife the result of his expedition. She was dismayed. "Then we have nothing, absolutely nothing to depend upon?" she said. "Even this cottage furniture is to pay for! What are we to do, Robin?" Her husband made three or four turns in the little parlor, with a rather overcast expression, not unnatural in a man who finds himself suddenly deprived of all his means, while his cares are on the increase. It was with a rather doubtful air that he said at last, "I'll try photography, Alice; everybody loves to see his own portrait."

"But who will come out here, so far from town, to have it taken!" said the

young wife, with a glance of regret round her pretty room.

"Nobody, pet, but listen. I have a plan in my head, only I want you to help me to perfect it. I must engage a suitable place in town; the 'bus will carry me backwards and forwards."

"No, Robin, no? You will be away from me all day; I cannot bear that," interrupted Alice, shaking her head. "I must be with you wherever you are. We must get lodgings where we can be together."

Robin kissed her. "I shall like that the best, by far; but it seems a pity to leave this nice little place," said he.

"But we must, Robin!" responded Alice, quietly. How often does that tiny word, must, overrule choice, inclination, desire!

And the change was made accordingly, not without some regrets expressed, and more restrained. There was incessant traffic from dawn to dark in the quarter where they fixed their new abode; and a plate affixed to the door-post of the lodgings announced to all the stream of passers-by that a photographic artist had his residence above. A large frame full of portraits also embellished the wall of the house; and Alice, from her seat in the window over it, could see many people stop to look at it. She watched eagerly for customers, but customers were not eager to come. By way of attracting the public eye, Robin took portraits of the postman, the two Lascar sweepers, and several other public functionaries, but without much effect. His friends came in relays, and smoked a good many cigars, and were taken "free gratis, for nothing," several times over; but that could not be regarded as a profitable speculation. His first guinea, earned professionally, he received from his father, who would sit to him and pay like other people. The old man affected to think that his son was getting on famously. "I saw lots of people round the door when I came in," said he with a flourish of his hand towards that locality, "I suppose they are waiting until you are disengaged."

"I am afraid not, sir," Robin replied, with his light-hearted laugh; "in fact, father, you are my first patron."

"But you have made a fair start? Things look respectable about you, and respectability is all in this world; never

forget that. I daresay you find Alice a thrifty manager? I never allowed waste in my house. How is she to-day?"

"Not well, father. But will you not go into the parlor and see her?"

So Ike Branston paid his compliments to his daughter-in-law, conversed with her for ten minutes in a fatherly way, alluded pathetically to the dignity she was going to confer on him in making him a grand-papa, advised her to take care of herself, and departed, a luminous example of paternal decorum, without his son having found either opportunity or courage to mention the withdrawal of his allowance, and the painful inconvenience it was likely to be to him. Ike had a prescience of what Robin wanted to say, and staved it off skilfully; he did not want to come to an open quarrel with his son, for respectability's sake; but his heart was so bitter against him for the time, that he would have seen him starving with pleasure.

#### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

FOUR months elapsed, and in the midst of the dark winter-days Alice's son struggled into the world. Privation had come into Robin's home before this; the photographic business did not prosper, and a stray guinea for a caricature on passing events was all that found its way into the household purse; but both Alice and her husband were marvellously cheerful under the circumstances. At last Robin determined to apply to his father for the restoration of his bachelor allowance, and, in that intent, he went early one morning to his office. Carl was there, and received him with ceremonious contempt; but when Robin opened his business, and the father seemed inclined to relent, he interposed with sneers and threats, and a stormy quarrel ensued, which resulted in the younger brother's being forbidden his father's presence.

That evening Ike and his favorite son sat longer than usual over their wine; not that either drank much, for both were abstemious men, but that each had a mind preoccupied. Ike had been considerably disturbed by the scene at the office, and his face now wore a grey, anxious look; his hand was often lifted uneasily to his head, but Carl was so absorbed that he did not notice the gesture. At length

the old man rose and walked unsteadily to the fireplace, against which he supported himself. When he spoke his utterance was indistinct and slow; evidently some strange influence was upon him.

"We might have left him that paltry three hundred, Carl: it was not much," he said, anxiously and deprecatingly. A cold sneer curved Carl's lips, but he neither stirred nor looked up. Ike continued in the same tone: "I think I shall tell Wormsley to let him have it—the lad seemed disheartened to-day: Alice ill, and the child to look to. Do you think Marston will have left the office?"

Carl started up. Marston was his father's confidential clerk, a man who had always stood Robin's friend. "Wait until to-morrow, sir, and you'll think better of it," he said shortly. Ike moved a step or two forward, stretched out his hand, tried to say something, and fell upon the floor stricken with paralysis.

About a quarter-of-an-hour afterwards, a breathless messenger arrived at Robin's door, and rang the photographer's bell. It was too late for business, but he went down from Alice's room to see what was wanted, and was told that he must go up home immediately, for his father had had a fit, and was not expected to survive the night. He returned for a moment to his wife, bade her not wake for him, as he might be detained, kissed her and the child, and then accompanied the servant to his father's house in all haste.

His brother Carl, Marston the clerk, a physician, and the housekeeper, were in the chamber as he entered it. The old man was making a frightful effort to speak, but could not articulate a word. This continued for some time; then the stupor of insensibility seemed to shroud all his faculties. Poor Robin held one of the powerless hands, and wept as bitterly as if his father had been to him what he had been to Carl, while his brother stood by quite phlegmatic and unmoved; Marston and the female servant were also deeply affected. The physician tried all the usual remedies without effect, and delivered oracular sentiments in a professional tone: Mr. Branston might rally and live for months, or it might be years; or another fit might supervene and prove fatal. For the present, nothing more could be done, but if the patient revived, he might have a few drops of a certain medicine, for which a prescription was

given—a very few drops, in water—and then the man of physic departed, pretty well aware that Death was lying in wait to take possession of what he left.

Ike being fallen into a sort of lethargy which seemed likely to continue, Robin ran home to reassure his wife, promising to come back in a few hours. Marston lay down to rest in an adjoining room, and the housekeeper went to her bed. Carl being left alone in his father's room, sat down by the bed-side to keep his watch; it was the first time such a vigil had fallen to him, and the deadly stillness of the house at midnight weighed on him like a nightmare. This man never had the company of good thoughts, but often a throb of fear came to him in the silent hours. It came now. He got up and lifted the curtain from the window. There was starlight in the sky, clear and pure, and in the room a dim lamp burning under a shade. On the mantelshelf where it stood were ranged bottles, full, half-full, and empty, and at the end the prescription brought from the chemist's that night. It was plainly labelled, and Carl's eye, dropping from the lamp, fell on it and fixed there; wandered away; returned stealthily, as if afraid of the thought it pointed, and then glanced at the grey old head under the crimson drapery of the bed. Carl shuddered, as if chilled to the bone, walked to the door of the room where Marston lay; put his hand upon the handle; drew it back; halted irresolute. A slight moaning noise called him back to his father's side; he was struggling to speak again. Carl bent his ear close to his mouth, and distinguished a few disconnected words: "Robin—wife—my will—Marston—at once;" he seemed to be in an agony of haste.

Carl stood upright for a moment, and looked at his father's working countenance; then half-filling a wine-glass with water, poured into it some of the contents of the medicine. Once he stayed his hand; then, swift as thought, poured on, and presented the draught to the old man's lips. He swallowed it all, and lay back with his son's arm under him. Carl drew it away, and went behind the curtains, and looked up at the starlit heavens with a ghastly face.

When Robin returned in an hour or two later, his brother met him at the chamber-door. Their father, he said, had had a second seizure and was dead; and

the two brothers went down-stairs together.

#### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

OLD Ike Branston's funeral was over; the shutters were opened, the blinds drawn up. Carl was by himself in the house—his own house now; and the servants in the kitchen were talking of "master's father—old master," whom they had buried ceremoniously that morning. True to his profession to the last, Ike's will was redolent of charity and twenty pound bequests; but the great bulk of his gains went to his darling Carl; to Robin, nothing—not a shilling. Robin, though grievously disappointed, neither reproached his father's memory, nor complained of his brother's greed. He merely remarked: "If he had lived he would have altered his will; he was more than half-disposed to forgive me the last time I talked to him, if you had not come between us, and you know it, Carl."

Carl did know it; and not finding it convenient to make any asseverations of his good-will, the brothers parted with a very cool hand-shake, soon after the other people, who had paid Ike Branston the respect of following him to the grave, had dispersed.

The day got over slowly. Dinner-time came, and Carl sat down to his solitary repast, with the white-headed butler, who had served his father ever since his marriage, behind his chair, and a feline-footed man in livery to wait upon him. Not that he was a man who loved state or show, but that he did not like to be alone, was he thus attended. He dragged the ceremonial of dining over a long hour and a-half, but it was ended at last, the round table with the decanters placed by the fire, and the servants gone out. He drew a long breath, as if to free his chest from some laboring weight, stirred up the fire till every lurking shadow was chased out of the room, and sat down in an easy chair by the hearth—its master.

Its master. He had coveted the place long; he had drawn plans of what he should do when he got it; how important, how respectable, how powerful he should be. These plans recurred to him now very vividly, and there was no more interest or beauty in them than in the handful of white ashes scattered under the grate. He shifted his seat restlessly from

side to side, and his face, usually so calm and self-possessed, was of a cold, grey pallor—an awful look he had, as the servant remarked to his fellows in the kitchen, after he had been rung up-stairs twice to replenish the blazing fire.

Contrary to his usual custom, Carl drank glass after glass of wine, then rose and paced the room heavily, as if the companionable sound of his own footsteps was better than the vault-like silence.

“No wonder,” said the housekeeper, “no wonder he felt lonely and lost—his father had doted on him; nay, she did believe that, close-handed as old master was known to be, he would have coined his heart for young master.”

Suddenly he paused in the centre of the room, and his eyes settled on the great mirror which towered between the mantel and the ceiling. He seemed to see in its depths the heavily-draped crimson bed in which his father died, and between it and the light stood a tall figure like himself pouring a liquid from a phial into a glass of water; a dim lurid glare was on the face of the glass in which the objects wavered shadowy, and then gradually faded, until it reflected only the sweep of the window curtain behind him and his own stony face.

“It is only a delusion,” he said aloud, but his limbs shook as if palsy-stricken, and his heart beat like a hammer. He rang the bell, and when the servant appeared he held him in talk some time, asking trivial questions, and giving as trivial orders, until the man wondered what had come over him, and suggested that, perhaps, he would like to see his brother, Mr. Robin.

“No; not him. See that this great looking-glass is taken down to-morrow, Stevens; I am going to have a picture in its place,” his master said; “that is all—you can go and tell Blundell I want to speak to him.”

Blundell, the white-haired butler, came, and stood some five minutes with the door open before Carl spoke, and when he did at last raise his head, he appeared to seek in his mind for what he had intended to say, and, not remembering it, he dismissed the old servant, recalled him, asked for a chamber candlestick, and went up-stairs to his bed-room. Blundell remarked that he never in his life did see a man so shook as Mr. Carl by his father's death.

In the office, during the daytime, when

he was surrounded by business, Carl Branston recovered himself; night after night this fear of solitude returned upon him. Marston observed that while his temper grew more irritable his hardness of character relaxed, and often he manifested a total indifference to opportunities of gain which would once have enlisted all his bad and selfish energies. Carl had made the discovery that a man may be rich, respectable, important, and powerful, while he is utterly and hopelessly wretched. He would have changed places with the bare-footed tramp in the streets, with his miserable debtors, with anybody. In his harassed and dejected state he was often visited by the doctor who had attended his father, and who now recommended him either to travel awhile or to have company in his own house. Carl did not like to stir from home, and could think of nobody for a companion but Mistress Margery Pilkington; so he sent for her, and she came. He had society enough now. Oh! it was a blissful household where Margery Pilkington ruled.

Ere long, Carl grew more afraid of his cheerful companion than he had ever been either of himself or his solitude. The glare of her eyes pursued him, watched him as steadfastly as if she were his fate patiently biding its hour; she dictated to him on all occasions, great and small, and took complete mastery of him; if he resisted, she menaced him, and there was that in her hard voice and glittering cold eye which said he had better not quarrel with her! And Carl did not quarrel with her; but, after enduring a two years tyranny—to which old monkish discipline must have been a trifle—Mrs. Margery Pilkington was one morning found dead in her bed, and he was free again.

It was after this event that the house was sold and pulled down: an institution for charitable purposes being built on its site. Carl Branston gave the money, and laid the foundation stone. Afterwards, he went abroad. It is but imperfectly known what he did there. Marston conducted the business at home on his own responsibility. From time to time rumors reached him that Carl had become a papist, and member of a severe community of monks; then, that he was living under some new medical regimen in an establishment near Paris; then, that he was gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—that he was an attendant at a public hospital—



a volunteer with the French army in Algiers—fifty things, of which the brief business letters—"do this, do that"—gave no hint whatever. So Marston believed none of them. His master loved travel, it appeared; let him have it, then; he would find all right whenever it pleased him to come home again.

#### CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A MERRY heart and a good temper will carry their owner blithely through the trials and difficulties of this troublesome world, when a body who lacks their pleasant buoyancy will sit down in doleful dumps and let his cares ride over him just as they will. Robin Branston and Alice his wife were always poor, struggling and hopeful; the one cheered and upheld the other, and while their family anxieties yearly increased, their natural cheerfulness increased too. The photographic business was poorly remunerative, but Robin was a quick wit at a caricature, and when times were dull he was not superior to lithographing a music title, a circular, or a bill-head; indeed, he could turn his hand to anything in the draughtsman's way, and did; with three curly pates, each a step above the other, and six of the brightest blue eyes in the world looking to papa's hands for all manner of things, he was not—being of a sound heart and head—likely to stand idle in the market-place waiting for something to turn up. Alice was a very comfortable helpmate for him; she always looked bright and pleasant, and prettily dressed in the simplest materials, and her children were daisies for bloom and health; Robin, spite of precarious work and precarious pay, was a happy man in a very happy home. His father had been dead now seven years; his brother Carl, with whom since that event he had held no communication whatever, had been absent from England upwards of five; and his bachelor friends had been drifted hither and thither, until, beyond his fireside, Robin had no very strong interest remaining.

By this fireside, he, his wife and his children were spending a cheerful Christmas eve. It was stormy out of doors; the wind and the rain were holding high holiday amongst the chimney tops and church steeples; and there was just that sound of hopeless drenched discomfort in

the streets that made the crackling fire look the very shrine of household ease and happiness. Robin had the youngest boy on his knee, taking repose after four and twenty journeys to Banbury Cross and back; the eldest had retired into private life under the table to enjoy at peace a new picture-book; and master Frank was lying on the hearth-rug with his shoe-soles in the air, setting out a Robinson Crusoe puzzle; Alice had idle fingers for once, and softly reflective eyes, which looked as if they were seeing pictures in the fire—pictures, perhaps, of a great future for her children, and a calm autumn time for Robin and herself, after their working season was past and gone.

At last she spoke:

"So Carl has come back to England. I wish we were on good terms, Robin; it is unchristian to quarrel for years."

"So it is, Alice. What made you speak of him just now?"

"I was thinking of him, poor fellow. I wish he would come home to us for a month or two, we should do him a world of good. He has never thoroughly got over his father's death."

"How strange our minds should touch the same point. That was just what I was saying to myself. Listen—what is that?"

It was a long irregular knocking at the street door; Robin looked up at his startled wife.

"It can be nobody but Carl!"

It was Carl. He came groping in, dazzled by the change from the darkness in the streets to the glowing brilliance of the parlor. Robin grasped him heartily by the hand and bade him welcome. Carl stood for a minute looking from one figure to the other with a bewildered air, moving his hand uneasily over his face as if to clear away some mist. His appearance was dejected in the extreme; his clothing was drenched, his heavy cloak literally clinging to him with the wet, and his hair lay dabbled in gray streaks upon his forehead. His face was white and worn, as if he had risen from the bed of tedious and painful disease; his voice, when he spoke in answer to his brother's greeting, came up out of his chest, hollow and uncertain, like the voice of a man who has kept long and enforced silence. Alice made him sit down in her own chair.

"You have come off a journey, Carl, and are quite worn out; you must not

try to talk yet," said she. He looked into her face for a few seconds and then asked.

"Why have you put your hair away from your face? You do not look like yourself; the long curls were prettier—the curls were prettier, Robin, were they not? Yes, a great deal prettier." And folding his hands one over the other, he went on repeating, "Yes, prettier, a great deal prettier," like one in a dream.

Robin seemed not to observe his odd manner, and after a little while Carl, in watching Alice as she moved about the tea-table, recovered himself somewhat.

"I have come home for good, Robin, now," he said more collectedly; "I have bought a place in Yorkshire, and am going to settle down there and lead the life of a country gentleman—a country gentleman!" and he laughed.

"That will be very nice, Carl; you must be sick of wandering by this time, are you not?" asked Alice.

"Sick of my life—sick of everything! You must come—all of you—and keep me company; the more the merrier. Those are your boys, Robin?" The three children had dropped their several employments on the entrance of their stranger uncle, and now stood at a respectful distance watching him with intense curiosity. At his mention of them, Frank drew a step or two nearer, tightly grasping the key of his puzzle, the pieces of which were strewn on the hearth-rug.

"Have you been in a desert-island, Uncle Carl?" he asked, sturdily.

"Yes. I have lived in one all my life."

"Who do you think Frank is like in the face, Carl?" said his mother, to stop the boy's questions, which he was evidently going to propound with great earnestness. Carl looked at him a few seconds, then averted his eyes to the fire, and said, he could not tell.

"We all think him very like his grandfather—don't you see the resemblance? Look again," persisted Alice, laying her hand affectionately on the boy's head, and raising the hair from his forehead, which was of noble expanse. Carl glanced up peevishly; "I see no likeness at all, unless it be to you—it is to you," he replied, and turned his head.

"Uncle Carl, were there any savage beasts in the island you have come from?" demanded Frank, going up to his chair.

"Savage beasts in plenty—there are nothing else, in fact, where I live."

"And were you alone, uncle?"

"No."

This monosyllable was ejaculated in so fierce a tone that the lad was glad to draw back to his mother, and contemplate his eccentric relative at a distance. After a pause of several minutes Robin asked his brother from what place he had travelled last. "From Rome," was the reply; "it is a fine city, but dead—dead and dug up again."

The way in which Carl Branston enunciated his words was of the strangest. If you could imagine a mechanical imitation of the human voice you would have it; each sentence came out sharply, distinctly, but disconnectedly, as if the speaker were groping in the dark for ideas or memories which he could not seize, or which, having seized, he could not fit with words enough. Robin's nature was not to remember wrongs, or he might have taken a cold satisfaction in the view of his brother's misery; instead he regarded him with deepest commiseration, and Alice, who had never loved him, could scarcely refrain from tears. Carl said, "Your heart was always soft, Alice; but do not waste any sympathy on me. You only see a man who has not slept in a bed for a week. Give me some tea, and I'll go back to my inn."

"Certainly, Carl, you will not leave us to-night, and Christmas time, too?" cried Robin; "think you have come home—you are welcome, heartily welcome—and it is not fit you should stir from the fire-side again. Alice has a room for you."

"Well, so be it," replied Carl; "I will be your guest for to-night, and to-morrow you must be mine."

Frank had gradually crept back to a position in front of his uncle, and stood gazing steadfastly into his countenance with a solemn earnestness and childish curiosity. "Uncle Carl," he began deliberately, "you have lived on a desert-island—have you seen ghosts also?"

Alice laughed, and drew him away, calling him foolish boy, and bidding him not to tease his uncle, who was tired.

"Seen ghosts! what does the lad mean—ghosts, what are ghosts?" said Carl, passionately, and with lividly blanched lips. "Ghosts! who says anything about ghosts? I know nothing.

Why should I see ghosts? Go away, go away!"

Frank hid himself behind his mother, but it was not him that Carl's clenched fist menaced; it was some shadow-form in the air at which he glared, and which he bade begone. This fit of agitation lasted two or three minutes, and then he sank collapsed and groaning in his chair, with his face buried in his breast. Alice hurried the children out of the room and sent them to their beds. When she returned, Carl was telling his brother how ill he had been in Rome, and that he had not recovered his tone yet. "You see, Robin, I have led a hard life; O my God, what a miserable life!"

"Our father's death, occurring so suddenly, was a dreadful shock to you, Carl!" said Alice, gently. There was no answer. Carl sat staring into the fire for several minutes; and at last he said, very suddenly:

"Go you away, Alice; I have something to tell Robin—go away." As the door closed after her, Carl leaned forward towards his brother, and said in a hoarse whisper, "Robin, I murdered my father!—and—and Margery Pilkington!" Robin started back and stared at him; their eyes met.

"Yes—I poisoned them both, and they—died—died—died, and I am— How wild you look, brother! what ails you?"

"Have done with these foolish tales, will you!" cried Robin fiercely; "you have command enough to keep in lies, have you not?"

"I put three times the quantity in the glass, and he took it out of my hand—if I had waited three hours I should have saved my soul—the doctor said he could not have lived longer, but the devil was there tempting me—Margery Pilkington found my secret out the first evening she lived with me, and the persecution I underwent from that woman was awful—and one night she threatened me, and she died. Well, what of that? They said she had disease of the heart——"

"Carl, are these fables conjured out of a sick brain?—they are surely?" said Robin in an awful tone.

"Devil's truth, every one of them!" returned Carl, with an insane glee; "devil's truth, I tell you. If you don't believe, ask Margery Pilkington—there she sits in your wife's place. You won't tell Alice—swear!" He sprang up and

laid his hand on his brother's shoulder. Robin thrust him back into his chair, and held him with a grasp of iron.

"You are stark mad, Carl, and do not know what you say!"

"I do know what I say. Let me be!" he shook himself roughly, but Robin did not move his hand, for there was a dangerous glitter in Carl's eyes as if he longed to spring on and throttle him. At this instant a second knock was heard at the street door, which caused Carl to cower down pale and trembling, as if he would hide himself. Some one ascended the stairs, Alice opened the door, and a large foreign-looking man entered.

"Mr. Carl is here?" he observed; then whispered to Robin that he had a word for his private ear. "You will stay here a minute, Mr. Carl," he added, lifting a forefinger in a menacing way; "Madame will keep you company till we return." They passed into the adjoining room.

"Mr. Carl escaped us yesterday, sir. You will have discovered that he is mad?" said the stranger; "you will allow us to remove him?"

Robin looked disconcerted. "Mad! yes, I suppose he is—indeed, of course he is. There can be no doubt of it—" he replied, hesitatingly.

"O, he can not be with any one an hour without betraying it unmistakeably. It is possible that he may have told you his fancies?"

"Yes," said Robin, and paused. The man was watching his countenance closely.

"Absurd self-accusations, eh?" questioned the man, who spite of his foreign air, spoke English with the native accent. "I see, he has startled you, sir; you were inclined to believe that he really did murder his venerable father and that woman? It is his mania. I have heard him confess all the imaginary circumstances with a wonderful air of reality; but just in the same way I have heard him confess to other deeds, to killing you, for instance, and a girl called Alice, and a variety of thefts, in the most circumstantial manner. His mind—what he has left of it, at least—runs perpetually on murder."

Robin drew a long breath. "How is it that he is under your care?" he asked the stranger.

"Sir, I am a physician; some time since—two years—Mr. Carl Branstons placed himself in my hands, and I undertook to

protect him against himself. His lucid intervals are few and short. Yesterday morning he was tolerably well, and while walking in the grounds of my house, must have suddenly conceived the design of an escape; but he was easily traced."

"It will be a satisfaction to me to have him near London," said Robin; "I should like to see that his unhappy condition is as much ameliorated as it can be."

"Naturally, sir; but there would be risk of his babblings—marvellously truthful they sound sometimes—rousing scrutiny. On the whole—consider it carefully—on the whole, it would be as well that you should let me remove him abroad," replied the doctor.

"Let us hear what he says himself," said Robin.

"I am sure he will be of my opinion," returned the stranger, and they went back into the first room. Alice had brought in Carl's cloak, thoroughly dry, and he was busy putting it on.

"I am almost ready, doctor," he exclaimed, eagerly.

"You will go with me, will you not? You feel safe?"

"Yes, much safer. Come away." He took no notice of Alice's hand held out to him, or of the tears that she could not restrain, but hurried down the stairs holding the doctor's arm. Robin followed. At the door waited a carriage with another man in it, like a keeper. Carl got in; then cried out, "Good night. Alice, you'll come to see me; you too, Robin, and the boys?"

"Yes, yes, Carl; poor fellow," replied his brother, wringing his hand.

The window of the carriage was pulled up, and it drove rapidly away down the street through the pouring rain and howling wind. Robin returned slowly to his wife. She was crying over the fire.

"O, husband, what a Christmas guest! what a coming home!" cried she.

"Sad! Marston must have known of this—I wonder why he never told us," replied Robin. "What did he say to you while I was out of the room with the doctor?"

"Nothing."

"Let us get to bed. Poor Carl! he is not in bad hands seemingly, but I'll go and see after him in a little while. It is like a dream, is it not? Come and gone already!"

#### CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE summer following Carl Branston's visit to his brother's house in London, was one of prolonged drought; the shrubs and flowers were shrivelled and burnt up, the earth yawned in thirsty cracks all over its surface. Robin had seen Carl twice, and had been convinced by what he himself observed, as well as by the doctor's arguments, that he could not be in kinder hands, and he left him where he had at first voluntarily placed himself. Having seen him, Robin was satisfied that his delusions were incurable, and by and by, happy in his own home, in his wife and his beautiful children, the remembrance of that awful visit ceased to weigh upon him.

As for Carl, when he passed out of the dusty arena of business life, his place was filled up, and he was forgotten, as much as if he was already dead. His money accumulated untouched; his fate had evolved itself step by step from the crime which his paroxysms of remorse continually betrayed. From that moment mists of vague dread confused him, then a twilight of distinct fears which made themselves ghastly shapes to his bodily eyes, and finally madness fell upon him.

It was on the seventeenth day of August that he escaped a second time from the house in which he was guarded, and on this occasion he was more successful in eluding pursuit than he had previously been. Ten days elapsed and he had not been traced. It was known that he had money; it had never been withheld from him since his confinement; for he loved to enter into imaginary sales with his keepers, and would not be put off with anything but the gold which he had, so far as he was himself concerned, succeeded in turning into withered leaves.

On the twenty-seventh of August, then, the anniversary of his father's death, he towards nightfall entered a thick wood, a narrow bridle-path across one angle of which led towards an extensive flat of furze and ling-covered moor. The trees, closely planted, and still in their full summer foliage, excluded all but the rarest glimpses of sky. One may imagine this God-forgotten man wandering aimlessly forward in the gloomy silence, hungry and thirsty, trembling at the rustle of a leaf, hearing in his own muffled footsteps echoes of the pursuers' tread, and panting



hastily on with many a backward glance along the blackening path. One may imagine him stumbling as his eyes rove from one of his phantom companions to another, cursing them under his breath, and then laughing insanely till the hushed woods thrill again—imagine it but faintly.

Presently he became aware of singular glares of light through openings between the trees, and patches on the ground. What could this appearance be? Not lightning, for moon and stars were shining overhead; the effect of these sudden breaks in the shadowy darkness of the undergrowth of bushes was wild in the extreme; to Carl Branston it may have seemed like the horrid approach to the mouth of hell. Soon night was changed into hideous and lurid day; the stars paled before its glare; a low hiss, like laughter of triumphant fiends, seemed to move the air all around him, and hot, quick breaths waft against his face. He must have now lost all the faint glimmer of sense which had directed his wanderings hitherto, or what met his view on coming to the verge of the wood might have been comprehended, and its danger avoided. The furze and ling were on fire throughout an immense tract, the excessive dryness of everything causing them to burn with marvellous swiftness. To Carl it was only a continuation of his awful fancies, no more real or unreal than they. He was bewildered, mazed, lost!

Straight on he ran. No visible outlet; he turned; the fire had crept behind him, and was rushing for the wood. To the right; to the left; the flame was there before him—no escape! He was literally hemmed in within a momentarily narrowing circle; the red tongues came leaping and dancing over the furze, leaving black smoking desolation in their track straight towards him!

O calm summer night! what a scene was this on which you looked down! What horrible despair! What deadly fear! Went there up no prayer from that doomed and miserable man in his extremity? No cry for mercy or pardon—

no outbreak of repentance? That is your secret and heaven's. His hour of reckoning came to him then, and such as his account stood it must have been given in to the just Judge who, sooner or later, brings every man's sin home to him.

Carl Branston's wretched remains were found and identified not many days after.

The Doctor from whose house he had escaped brought the news of the catastrophe to Robin and his wife. With the former and Mr. Marston he had a long private conference. The disclosures and explanations then given and received, never transpired further; even Alice was not permitted to share them; but that they were of a dark and awful character she might conjecture from the fact that notwithstanding the vast accumulated fortune that Carl left behind him, her husband still continued a poor and hard-working man. Some years later, when their children's education became expensive, and money would have been of solid benefit to them, she ventured to ask how the property had been applied, and why it was diverted from them? For the first time in his life, Robin spoke briefly and sternly to her: "Alice, if my children were bare-foot, and wanting bread, not one sixpence of Carl's money should go to relieve them," he said.

In process of time, however, fortune turned a more lightsome countenance on Robin's home, and though not likely ever to be rich necessity ceased to press upon him. His boys grew up fine, intelligent, honest men, and made themselves a way in the world both honorable and famous: thanks to the strong, upright principles and straightforward system of conduct in which Alice and he had trained them.

The love of money is the root of all evil, was a proverb impressed on them very early in life. Though in perfect ignorance of the reason, the lads say to this day that their father was the only man they ever knew who had an unfeigned and undisguised abhorrence of money.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## T H O M A S C A R L Y L E .

To the lot of few writers has it fallen to be so enthusiastically admired on the one side, and so unconditionally rejected on the other, as Mr. Carlyle has been, still is, and perhaps long will be. The dislike many feel and avow towards him is, in certain cases, as one of his sympathisers observes, honestly determined by some constitutional peculiarity, which makes it impossible to read him without extreme discomfort. Now it is his vagrancy of style; now his mysticism of tone, that offends; these stumble at his rough usage of the conventional, those at his cynical scorn, his sweeping invective, his austere and minatory accents, stern as ever his Covenanting sires made use of, against the crooked and perverse generation with which *they* had to do.

This last characteristic has especially caught the attention of continental critics, whom the name and fame of Thomas Carlyle have aroused to inquiry. The Latter-Day Pamphleteer is to them, in the capital features of his character, a *puritain écossais* revived. "Sorti de race calviniste," to quote a passage which *might* have been intended for him, "il en a conservé un certain tour austère l'affinité pour comprendre et rendre ces naturels tenaces, ces inspirations énergi-ques et sombres. Les habitudes de race et d'éducation\* première se marquent

\* "Thomas Carlyle," writes a "critical biographer," of more emphasis than discretion, "was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale. His parents were 'good farmer people,' his father an elder in the Secession Church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to 'nail a subject to the wall.' His excellent mother still [1843] lives, and we had the pleasure of meeting her lately in the company of her illustrious son; and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender regard, and her motherly and yearning reverence—to hear her fine old Covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones."—Since then—among other and graver changes—our reporter has changed his key, on the theme of Carlyle, by a whole octave or two.

encore dans le talent et se retrouvent dans la parole, même lorsqu'elles ont disparu des habitudes de notre vie: on en garde la fibre et le ton."

It is not every one that can "get on" under, or "put up" with, a scolding teacher—a teacher who is eminently, if not exclusively, a scold. Now of Mr. Carlyle it has been said, and that by the late Samuel Phillips, that he keeps a school in which scolding goes on from morning till night, but certainly no teaching; if his boys move, they are lashed; if they sit still, they are lashed; they can do nothing right—and, what is worse, they shall never have an inkling of what their cruelly-exacting pedagogue thinks right or necessary to be done.\* When once he is roused to assail what he accounts a false man, or a bad system, his *acharne-ment* is uproarious. It is like what is told of the greatest and bitterest of French Memoir-writers: "Quand Saint-Simon s'acharne une fois à quelqu'un, il ne le lâche plus; il vous le saccage de fond en comble." His burly arm then comes down with sledge-hammer power, and does execution "with a vengeance." A performance in which Walter Savage Landor thus cheers him on:

"Strike with Thor's hammer, strike agen  
The skulking heads of half-formed men,  
And every northern God shall smile  
Upon thy well-aimed blow, Carlyle!" †

Strike away, and welcome, many a reader will say, when you have got hold of a real sin or a flagrant sinner; pound him,

\* "To instruct is no part of his office; instruction is the gift of Heaven—the rod the whole and sole duty of the master. At one page—and at one only—we fondly hoped that we had escaped from the noise of this indiscriminate flagellation to receive a crumb or two of comfort in the shape of rational advice that might put us at least on the road to amendment. Vain expectation!" &c.—PHILLIPS'S review of "*Life of Sterling*."

† Last Fruit off an Old Tree.

contuse him, take the daylight and breath out of him, as fast and freely as you will or can; but don't growl and show fight at all the world and his wife; have some respect of persons; pray, Thomas, learn to moderate the fury of your tongue—and cease to run a muck against whatever you meet, and to be of so “contrarious” and contradictory a mood. But then, what if it be his vocation to contradict?

“Et ne faut-il pas bien que monsieur contredise ?  
A la commune voix veut-on qu'il se réduise,  
Et qu'il ne fasse pas éclater en tous lieux  
L'esprit contrariant, qu'il a reçu des cieux ?”

So *Célimène* ironically pleads for the misanthropist, *Alceste*. Judged by the pervading tone of his deliverances, Mr. Carlyle is commonly enough reckoned a thorough-going misanthropist too. But, according to the New Timon, “who loves men most—men called the Misanthrope.”† And that there is a genial corner, a sunshiny side to Mr. Carlyle's nature, is to be gathered without need of inquiring of Pencillers by the Way, and fluent fireside friends, what manner of man he is. One significant fact they tell us, which may not be overlooked—his capacity for laughter, of a hearty and unrestrained and thoroughly enjoying sort—a fact to be commended for due consideration to all who rate him as a cynic, neither more nor less, and who must do him the justice to remember that although “he is a great observer,” one who “looks quite through the deeds of men,” yet it is utterly a mistake to hold that

“Seldom he smiles; or smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit  
That could be moved to smile at anything.”‡

One of his own countrymen, and a quondam eulogist, describes his conversation, “often terribly direct and strong,” as rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Annandale accent, and “coming to its climax, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter.”

\* MOLIÈRE: *Le Misanthrope*. II. 5.

† He who loathes ill, must more than half which lies  
In this ill world with generous scorn despise;  
Yet of the wrong he hates, the grief he shares,  
His lip rebuke, his soul compassion, wears;  
The Hermit's wrath bespeaks the Preacher's hope;  
Who loves men most—men call the Misanthrope!

*The New Timon*. IV. 2.

‡ *Julius Cæsar*. I. 2.

Another gossip from the New World, fair and free, writes home to Emerson—who it seems is of the *risum tenens* type—“Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh, when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion.” No man with a laugh of that quality can be the mere good hater, the mere self-constituted Ishmael, which not a few assume, or infer, or suppose Thomas Carlyle to be.

The class of Heroes whom he sets apart for worship, is another quite sufficient cause of offence with many. Lightsome, mercurial souls, of the Greek order, are repelled by his stern preference of the antique Roman style. “For what is called mere sensibility, the influence of which is invisibly and electrically diffusive, he has but little respect; what he admires is direct energy of character.”\* The way in which he raises some few elect, predestined heroic souls, to the pinnacle of worship, and levels the rest of humankind to prostrate submission, is as little conciliating to the *amour propre* of the “masses,” as the tone in which Paul Louis Courier affirmed† that innate dunkeyism pertains to us all, that we are all valets ready made for the hero who is to command our services, and who, to valet souls, will be hero, despite the musty adage. His is but a stronger way of putting what the laureate has put pretty strongly:

“Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
Like some of the great ones gone  
For ever and ever by,  
One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
Who can rule and dare not lie.”‡

But if “gentle” readers are somewhat awed by this species of Cromwellism, they

\* *North Brit. Rev.*

† Apropos of the flattering “receptions” accorded to Napoleon, at home and abroad, Paul Louis scornfully writes: “C'est instinct de nature: nous naissons valetaille. Les hommes sont vils et lâches; insolents, quelques-uns, par la bassesse de tous; . . . chacun veut être, non pas maître, mais esclave favorisé. S'il n'y avait que trois hommes au monde, ils s'organiseraient: l'un ferait la cour à l'autre, l'appellerait monseigneur, et ces deux unis forceraient le troisième à travailler pour eux, car c'est là le point.” Courier's democracy was about as congenial to professed democrats, as Carlyle's radicalism is to our Universal Suffrage men.

‡ Tennyson's *Maud*.

are apt to pluck up their spirits again, and become amused even, when Mr. Carlyle, in the right onward dogmatism of his hero-worship, proposes as a ruler of men, a *bonâ-fide* Captain, a heaven-born Minister, such a man as—Robert Burns. See the conquering hero comes! sound the trumpet, beat the drums!

—ὁὐδε γὰρ  
Τὸν θεῖον ἤδη μαντὶν ὦδ', ἀγούσιν, ᾧ  
Τάληθεθς ἐμπεφυκεν ἀνθρώπων μόνῳ.\*

It was not known, Mr. Carlyle scornfully complains, to purblind men, sunk in their poor dim vulgar element—but it might have been known, he peremptorily insists, to men of insight who had any loyalty, or any royalty of their own—that Robert Burns was a born-king of men: full of valor, of intelligence and heroic nobleness; fit for far other work than to break his heart among poor mean mortals, gauging beer. But this qualified prime minister, this potential first lord of the treasury (foremost among foiled potentialities,) was never summoned to take the seals of office, or to form an administration, by the voice of people or of prince. “Him no ten-pound Constituency chose, nor did any Reforming Premier.” For, “the meagre Pitt, and his Dundasses, and red-tape Phantasms (growing very ghastly now to think of,) did not in the least know or understand, the impious god-forgetting mortals, that Heroic Intellects, if Heaven were pleased to send such, were the one salvation for the world and for them and all of us.” With submission, it may be conjectured, that if Pitt and Dundas had associated Burns with them, they might have gained a very unsatisfactory cabinet minister (albeit a tip-top boon companion,) and spoiled an excellent poet. With submission to Napoleon I., too, it may be conjectured, that, had “the great Corneille” come personally within his ken, he would have thought twice before he said—and having thought thrice would never have said at all—“Si Corneille avait vécu de mon temps, je l’aurais fait ministre.”

The thoroughness of Mr. Carlyle’s admiration for Goethe is another puzzle to the “medium” English reader. The labors which have done so much for awakening and spreading amongst us an interest in German literature, are honored widely

and well; the laborer being one so intimately and intelligently versed in that fruitful study—and of whom Goethe himself exclaimed with fervour: “Ja, die Gesinnung, aus der wir handelt, ist besonders schätzbar: und wie ist es ihm Ernst! und wie hat er uns Deutsche studirt! Er ist in unserer Literatur fast besser zu Hause als wir selbst.”\* How familiarly he is “at home” (*zu Hause*) with the Germans, is it not written in his reviews of Werner, and Novalis, and Schiller, and Goethe, and Jean Paul, and Von Ense? One of his expositors, who goes so far as to hint a doubt whether Carlyle does not even “think in German,” and who calls him a “kind of literary monster, German above and Scottish below,” and defines the main tissue of his mind to be “homely worsted,” which he has dyed in the “strangest colors, derived from Weimar and Bayreuth”—remarks that any one unacquainted with German authors, must read him with the utmost amazement; while whoso laughs at him must be prepared to laugh at the great names on the scroll of German genius, to which he is so closely akin in “the far and foreign strain of his allusions and associations; the recondite profundity of his learning; and those bursts of eloquent mysticism which alternate with yet wilder bursts of uncontrollable mirth and fuliginous irony.” But granting some such resemblance to exist between Carlyle and certain Teutonic geniuses—Richter for example, and in particular—wherein is it perceptible between Carlyle and Goethe? In the leading elements of character, tendencies, temperament, pursuits, and style of composition, what an utter discrepancy there seems. Who so bold as to hazard a prediction, *à priori*, that Goethe would be the man of men whom Carlyle would single out for constant and preëminent laudation? Intelligible enough may be the selection, as Heroic Souls, of a Luther, a Cromwell, a Napoleon—to omit mention of some immediate precursors of Napoleon, whom this French Revolution

“Historian’s pen so much delights  
To blazon—power and energy detached  
From mortal purpose,”†

for to his judgment and predilections it would seem that whoso can best imper-

\* Sophocl. *Œdip. Tyran.*

\* Goethe’s *Gespräche mit Eckermann.*

† Wordsworth: *The Prelude.*



sonate Might, even to the prejudice of Right, or can best conjugate the verb *pouvoir*, in all its moods and tenses—in a line, that

“—quiconque *peut* tout, est aimable en tout temps.”\*

But to make of the courtly, stage-managing, epicurean Weimar Baron, a Hero—and to demand for him, to all intents and purposes, devout Hero-worship—is as much an enigma to many who take into account (and sympathise with) Carlyle’s liking for the rugged Powers aforesaid, as that *Tartufe* should be to *Orgon* “son tout, son héros,”† was to uninfected neighbors and friends, who had escaped the pleasure or the peril of being *en rapport* with that master mind.

The contrast is almost ludicrous between Goethe’s *laissez-faire* practice, in regard of a world out of joint, and the anxious, stern, menacing accents, charged as it were with forewarnings and threatenings της μελλουσης οργης, peculiar to Goethe’s chiefest British interpreter and panegyrist. But the complaint is every where current that, however intelligible the drift of Mr. Carlyle’s warnings, it is impossible to get at the meaning of his Remedies for the Perils of the Nation. “How open he is to his own assault!” writes Margaret Fuller to Emerson: “He rails himself out of breath at the short-sighted, and yet scarce sees a step before him. There is no valuable doctrine in the book” [she is alluding to “Past and Present”] “except the Goethean, *Do to-day the nearest duty*. Many are ready for that, could they but find the way. This he does not show. His proposed measures say nothing.”‡ Again and again disciples of his, ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of his Truth, as a positive and practical thing, vent their disappointment in a great and exceeding bitter cry.

“Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum?”§

Voltaire said of La Harpe: *C’est un four qui toujours chauffe et où rien ne cuit.*

\* Corneille: “Sertorius.”

† Enfin il en est fou, c’est son tout, son héros; Il l’admire à tous coups, le cite à tous propos; Ses moindres actions lui semblent des miracles, Et tous les mots qu’il dit sont pour lui des oracles.  
*Le Tartufe. I. 2.*

‡ Memoir of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, vol ii.

§ Persius. Sat. III.

Carlyle and La Harpe are not to be named in the same breath—unless the one in systole, the other in diastole; but in this unprofitable oven-heat, Carlyle and La Harpe may be called (in nigger phrase) “very much ’like, specially” Carlyle. Edmund Burke warns us, that, although it may seem paradoxical, it is, in general, undoubtedly true, that those who are habitually employed in finding and displaying faults, are unqualified for the work of reformation; because their minds are not only unfurnished with patterns of the fair and good, but by habit they come to take no delight in the contemplation of these things. “By hating vices too much, they come to love men too little. It is therefore not wonderful that they should be indisposed and unable to serve them. From hence arises the complexional disposition of some of your guides to pull everything in pieces. At this malicious game they display the whole of their *quadrumanous* activity.”§ The drift of this doctrine will be thought applicable to Carlylean philosophy, by some who yet will scout the base notion of imputing malice or *quadrumanous* activity to the philosopher himself. As St. Marc Girardin observes, of Paul Louis Courier—another polemical but unpractical writer—“Il n’avait donc, avec le peuple des écrivains factieux, qu’une seule ressemblance, et celle-là est inévitable: c’est d’être inutile. En effet, à quoi peut servir l’homme qui, au lieu de travailler en commun à guérir les institutions de son pays, si elles sont malades, à les fortifier, si elles sont faibles, les déclare incurables?”\* This is the very charge brought against Mr. Carlyle by his censors in the *Times* newspaper and *Blackwood’s Magazine*—those exponents of daily and monthly popular opinion. It is natural, they say,† to suppose that one who habitually deals in such wholesale denunciation, and whose avowed wish is to regenerate and reform society upon some entirely novel principle, must be a man of immense practical ability—that the exposé of shams and quackeries must surely be, in his own person, very far indeed above suspicion of resembling those whom he describes, or tries to de-

\* Burke’s Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. (1791.)

† St. Marc Girardin: *Essais de Littérature et de Morale*, t. 1.

‡ See *Blackwood*, June, 1850, on the “Latter-Day Pamphlets.”

soribe, in language more or less intelligible; since, otherwise, he stands in imminent danger of being treated by the rest of the world as an impertinent and egregious impostor. Now, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, these objectors pointedly assert, is anything but a man of practical ability. They ask whether he has ever, in the course of his life, thrown out a single hint which could be useful to his own generation, or profitable to those who may come after—and defy any living soul to point to a single practical passage in his entire *opera omnia*. He can never stir, they allege, one inch beyond the merest vague generality. They tell you that if he were a doctor, and you came to him with a cut finger, he would regale you with a lecture on the heroical qualities of Avicenna, or commence proving that Abernethy was simply a Phantasm-Leech, instead of whipping out his pocket-book, and applying a plaster to the wound; or that if you put him into the House of Commons, and asked him to make a speech on the Budget, he would go on maundering about Teufelsdröckh, Sauerteig, and Dryasdust, Sir Jabez Windbag, Fire horses, Marshjötuns, and vulturous Choctaws, until he was coughed down as remorselessly as ever was Sir Joshua Walmsley. He does not bring forth out of treasures things new and old, but old alone, the recooked *crambe*, served up in some piquant biting sauce a little stronger than the last, however strong that may have been. He has nothing more, his inquisitors complain,\* to tell the world than his old precepts—to be “in earnest,” to hate “shams,” and to worship “heroes”—precepts ineffectual to remedy any one evil or settle any one question of the age. “The world, bad as it is, will be grateful to Mr. Carlyle if he will put his shoulder to the wheel and help it to repair a crying evil. But putting a shoulder or even a finger to the wheel is just what this writer will not do. It suits him better to make mouths at a machine temporarily imbedded in the mud, and to swear that it is dropping to pieces every time it bravely struggles to get out of the rut.”† If in one point, and only one, Mr. Carlyle has a shadow of a shade of affinity with La Harpe, on the strength of what an arch-critic said of that

*arbiter elegantiarum*, perhaps he may even be found of kin, to a like extent, by very remote generation, with Chateaubriand, on the strength of what another “tip-top” critic says of *him*—namely, that “les esprits qui demendent de la suite, de la raison, un but . . . savent désormais à quoi s’en tenir sur la valeur d’un écrivain éminent, qui n’a été en politique qu’un grand *polémiste*, et un agent lumineux” [query to that epithet, in the perfervid Scot’s instance] “de dissolution.” But after all, be we never so disappointed and disconcerted by Carlyle’s deficiency in the positive element, and superabundance in the negative—(alas, it is not in practical philosophy as it is in grammar, where two negatives make an affirmative)—we should not forget that an *ex professo* reformer may do some work in reform, without being very distinct and determinate in his own propositions. The Author of “Friends in Council” mentions it as one of the reproaches that will ever be made, with much, or little, justice (generally with little justice,) against any men who endeavor to reform or improve anything, that they are not ready with definite plans, but are like the Chorus in a Greek play, making general remarks about nature and human affairs, without suggesting any clear and decided course to be taken. “Sometimes this reproach is just, but very often, on the other hand, it is utterly unreasonable. Frequently the course to be taken in each individual instance is one that it would be almost impossible to decide, still more to lay down with minuteness, without a knowledge of the facts in the particular instance: whereas what is wanted is not to suggest a course of action, but a habit of thought which will modify not one or two actions only, but all actions that come within the scope of that thought.”\* The letter of this wise caution may not apply to Mr. Carlyle, but the spirit of it may be found profitable for something like reproof and correction—*ωφελιμος προς ελεγχον, προς επανορθωσιν*—to those will none of *his* reproof, because his propositions are not quite so air-tight and sea-worthy as could be desired. As there is a time to break down, and a time to build up—a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together†—so there are men for the one work, and

\* E. g. the *Times*’ review of Latter-Day Pamphlets, and of Life of Sterling.

† Essays from the *Times*. Second Series.

\* Companions of My Solitude, chap. viii.

† Ecclesiastes, iii. 3, 5.

there are men for the other—for the building up, which is the nobler and rarer part, and for the casting down, which has its uses, and its abuses—not perhaps easily separable, considering the agents who seem to be set apart for the levelling labor, and whom we must therefore take as we find them, good and bad together.

Portions there are of the Critical Miscellanies which are but slightly, if at all, exposed to the main charges brought against Mr. Carlyle by the mass of his exoteric readers. No one with an average allotment of sense and sensibility, but must find pleasure and profit in poring over the essays on Johnson, on Burns, on Sir Walter Scott—and be conscious of a strange thrall and power in the story of the Diamond Necklace, and of extraordinary graphic skill and searching philosophy in the reviews of Mirabeau and Diderot, and the leading names in German literature; however indigestible, to constitutions not hardy enough to “stomach” affronts of the kind, may be found three-fourths of “Signs of the Times,” and eleven-twelfths of “Characteristics.” But the dates of the various items which make up the great whole of the “Miscellanies,” range over a considerable space of time, during which the essayist’s principles and practice of composition were—his detractors will not let us say progressive, nor his followers, retrograde; perhaps both will sanction the phrase—undergoing a change. In the matter of style, how obviously the lapse of years was telling upon him, all could see with the utmost ease; not a few with the utmost concern.

To the would-be well-disposed [*necnon nobis inter alios*] towards Mr. Carlyle’s peculiarities of diction, it may be convenient to recal a remark by Montesquieu—not at all palatable then or now to the more correct, chastened, and classic among Montesquieu’s compatriots: “Un homme qui écrit bein, n’écrit pas comme on écrit, mais comme il écrit; et c’est souvent en parlant mal qu’il parle bein.” In the celebrated essay on Richter, Mr. Carlyle has dwelt on Jean Paul’s vagaries in the matter of style—on his invention of hundreds of new words, his production of sentences of the most heterogeneous, lumbering, interminable kind, the whole forming a tissue of metaphors, apostrophes, &c., interlaced with epigrammatic breaks, vehement bursts, or sardonic turns, quips, and puns. Much of this is applicable to the

critic’s own style. Now, of Jean Paul’s he asks—having allowed it to be a very singular manner of writing, in fact, a wild complicated Arabesque—“but then does it not represent his real manner of thinking and existing?” What would be affectation in a correct conventionalist, what would be a systematic sham in an everyday man of letters, may it not be genuine in a Richter, may it not be a true thing and no sham in a Carlyle? The latter argues, that the great law of culture is, Let each become all that he is capable of being; that there is no uniform of excellence in physical or spiritual nature, all genuine things being what they ought to be—the reindeer being good and beautiful after his kind, and the elephant the same after his—a truth to be observed in judging also of literature. “Every man,” says Lessing, “has his own style, like his own nose.” In enforcing which nasological illustration, Mr. Carlyle adds, that no nose can be justly amputated by the public, if only it be a real nose, and no wooden one, put on for deception’s sake and mere show. But he owns that Richter must lose of our esteem in proportion to his divergence from the practice in composition of Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe, who innovated so slightly on existing forms in this respect. In all this he but furnishes us with evidence for and against himself, to be balanced and summed up according to our several tastes and tendencies, the most contrarious and internecine of possible conflicting forces.

It is a question whether, after all, Mr. Carlyle’s style has told more for or against him. If it has exasperated multitudes, and warned them off from intercourse beyond the threshold of so “strange-spoken a gentleman,” it has been the bait to lure others on, who have felt an irresistible something in its nondescript form, too singular and too significant even in the most wilful neologisms of its Babylonish dialect, not to rivet their attention on the inquiry whereunto all this may grow. “On sent partout sous sa plume les jets d’une nature forte et bouillante, et comme les éclats d’une voix qui ne demande qu’à gronder et à tonner.” One of his imitators calls his style, in corrupt Carlylese, “fuliginous-flaming, prose-poetic, mock-heroic-earnest, Germanic-Scotch, colloquial-chaotic, satiric-serious, luminous-obscure.” M. Philarète Chasles describes him as writing “ses ouvrages dans une



langue bizarre, qui n'est ni l'anglais ni l'allemand véritable, mais qui, toute saxonne par le fonds, emprunte au dictionnaire anglais ses formes grammaticales, à la syntaxe allemande ses procédés de composition, de formation, d'analogie, enfin à l'habitude germanique ce mysticisme novateur dans les mots et dans les choses." M. Chasles is modestly of opinion, that the originality which results from this *archaïsme composite* is not invariably *de bon aloi*. "Carlyle a des adjectifs de cinquante toises et des composés qui ne finissent jamais." Like Richter, it is added, whom he takes for his model, like Novalis, whom he admires, he indulges himself in the most alarming metaphors and the most heterogeneous imagery. But M. Chasles does see a deep meaning concealed beneath these "disguises of an affected style," and complains rather of obscurity and irregularity in the matter and substance, than in the manner and outward form of this *grand esprit, vraiment original*.\* Not quite so tenderly is the Carlylese tongue handled by that smart squib-factor, the *soi-disant* spasmodic Percy Jones:

"Never in your life, sir, did you hear  
Such hideous jargon! The distracting screech  
Of wagon-wheels ungreased was music to it;  
And as for meaning—wiser heads than mine  
Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade  
About fire-horses, jötuns, windbags, owls,  
Choctaws and horsehair, shams and flunkeyism,  
Unwisdoms, Tithes, and Unveracities."†

The presumed author of these lines has elsewhere sweepingly declared of Mr. Carlyle's style, that it can be defended on no principle whatever—affirming of Richter, by the way, that *he* was in reality a first-rate master of language and of verbal music, who, although in some of his works, he thought fit to adopt a quaint and abrupt manner of writing, in others exhibited not only great power, but a harmony which is perhaps the rarest accomplishment of the rhetorical artist:‡ "But in Mr. Carlyle's sentences and periods, there is no touch or sound of harmony. They are harsh, cramped, and often ungram-

matical;\* totally devoid of all pretension to ease, delicacy or grace." If there be no touch or sound of harmony in Mr. Carlyle's periods, then again and again and again have our ears deceived us, and that could only have been a ringing in them, and symptomatic of some infirmity *ab intrâ*, which we, credulous and deluded, had supposed to be an actual concord of sweet sounds *ab extrâ*. Surely there must be some specific difference in the organic structure of their ears, or else *ὡτα ἐχόντες οὐκ ακούονσι*, who can read the early, intermediate, and latter works of Carlyle, and find in them no touch or sound of harmony—works in all of which we fancy we can discover, in varying frequency and finish, musical intervals

"Not harsh nor grating, but of ample power  
To chasten and subdue"—

cynical and crabbed discords, which, it must be owned, too often compose the burden of the strain, being relieved now and then, with moving effect, by cadences of the "still, sad music of humanity." While castigating him, as with a cat-o'-nine-tails, for a multitude of transgressions, the *Times* itself allowed, that "in the midst of his wild mysticism there are often passages of genuine depth and beauty," and that, although the Carlylesque style is fatiguing when employed on commonplace subjects, it is "always full of picturesqueness and full of power;" while, in the heat of its onslaught on the *Life of Sterling*, the same "Thunderer," if not the same hand that forged and launched the former bolt, made a point of stating, that "nothing, we are bound to say, can surpass the exquisite manner of the narrative portion of this book."

One of the salient points in this style is a cherished habit, to many readers a most offensive and wearisome habit, of reitera-

\* The progressive counts in this indictment serve to remind us of a somewhat parallel charge, preferred by Tom Moore against the style of John Galt, whom the sprightly satirist twits with having been, *primo*,

"—school'd, with a rabble of words at command,  
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance;"

but, *secundo*,

"He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,  
And set all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance."  
MOORE'S *Poetical Works*, p. 532.

\* *Etudes sur la Littérature et les Mœurs de l'Angleterre au XIX<sup>me</sup> Siècle*.

† Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajoz.

‡ "His 'Meditation on a Field of Battle,' for example, is as perfect a strain of music as the best composition of Beethoven."



tion. The Countess d'Ossoli, describing the author's mode of conversation, says, "He sings rather than talks"—and goes on to tell how he pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, "as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches if he has chanced, now and then, to let fall a row." His writings belong to the same type. The refrain is always more or less in request. This to certain antipathetic tastes, is as tedious as ever to jaded schoolmaster was the thousand-and-first repetition of *Tityre tu patulas*, or *Beatus ille*, or (horror of horrors!) *Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη*—

"Nam quæcunque sedens modo legerat, hæc eadem stans  
Perferet, atque eadem cantabit versibus iisdem.  
Occidit miseros crambe repetita magistros."\*

But it is a true saying, that Carlyle's reiterations startle us like informations. And this is much. For it is also a true saying, that to genius pertains the prerogative of reviving truisms, and making them burn in our breasts. Nay, just because truths are truisms, they have sometimes ceased to be truths—living truths, practically recognised truths: the truism is too familiar an acquaintance to be any longer treated with *consideration*; and that Teacher is a Teacher who enforces the old claim by new arguments, and educes the wisdom of the wise saw by modern instances. An age, just as a man that has grown dull of hearing, must have the necessary intelligence dinned into its ears until the pith of it is verily caught, comprehended, and turned to account. And, as the satirist maintains,

"A reasonable reason,  
If good, is none the worse for repetition;  
If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on  
And amplify: you lose much by concision,

\* Juvenal. S. VII.

Whereas insisting in or out of season  
Convinces all men, even a politician;  
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.  
So the end's gained, what signifies the route?"\*

The distaste of Carlylisms, rife in so large and natural a measure, has been vastly sped in its growth and intensity by the author's mimic satellites, who spaniel him at heels, and, incompetent to imitate what is inimitable in his manner, gravely caricature and soberly travestie and seriously burlesque what is very easily affected in his mannerisms. What is perhaps an extravagance in him, becomes an extravaganza in them. He has had as much occasion as any man to note how *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*, and to address his attendant mob of gentlemen who write with ease, with Horatian contempt,

"O imitatores, servum pecus; ut mihi sæpe,  
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus!"†

Happily, this particular rage of imitation is on the wane: at one time there was overmuch reason to apply what was recently said of a foreign writer of eminence, by one who could tolerate *his* mannerisms, but not those of his *umbræ*: "Mais après lui, à côté de lui, que deviendra cette mode croissante? Tant que le maître est là, je suis tranquille, et, tant que je le lis, je suis charmé; mais je crains les disciples." Southey's rule is, that in so far as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault; and he gives as proof, the easiness with which that style is imitated, or caught up: the peculiarity being pardonable in the original on account of its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power.‡ Until the fashion comes round to imitate Southey's own style (no such easy matter), the aforesaid mob of gentlemen will concur in pronouncing Southey's rule a hopeless craze,

"———beyond  
Participation and beyond relief."

\* Byron.

† Horat. Epistol. I. xix.

‡ Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, vol. v.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE CHANCELLOR'S GREAT SEAL.

Most persons of an inquiring turn of mind, upon hearing that the Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, for the time being, is the keeper of the Queen's Conscience, may be presumed to ask themselves the question, how, at the resignation of an old, and the formation of a new ministry, so very immaterial a thing as a conscience can be taken from the possession of one individual, and placed in that of another.

But the royal conscience, gentle reader—that is to say, the royal official conscience—for that alone is in the possession of the minister—is not by any means so destitute of tangible substance as might, from the nature of ordinary consciences, be supposed: it is, in fact, as capable of being placed by the sovereign in the hands of the chancellor, and carried home by him in his coat-pocket, as is his handkerchief or snuff-box.

If, disregarding all the severe penal enactments relative to burglary, you were, some quiet evening, to break and enter the dwelling-house of the high official just mentioned, and taking advantage of his absence in the country, were to turn over the piles of papers which doubtless choke up his escritoire, you would probably meet with a neat leather-covered box, about eight inches square, the royal arms richly emblazoned upon which, together with the Bramah lock securing it, would indicate the contents to be of no ordinary value. Carrying the illegal proceedings of which we have presumed you to be capable still further, and breaking open the box itself, you would meet with two silver disks, closely fitting one to the other, in appearance not very unlike two bright tin sauce-pan lids without handles; and these disks, upon being separated, would reveal, upon the inner surface of the one, a deeply-cut device of her present Majesty enthroned, with the cardinal virtues round her; and upon the other,

dividual on a richly caparisoned horse, attended by a page.

These two pieces of silver are doubtless reckoned by the chancellor among the choicest of his treasures; for not only does the mere possession of them, unconfirmed by commission, appointment, or any document whatever, constitute him the second man in the kingdom, the supreme judge of the Court of Chancery, the speaker of the House of Lords, and the possessor of a salary of £14,000 a year, with immense patronage both in the church and in the state; but the being intrusted with them is the greatest mark of confidence the sovereign can bestow, being no less than placing at his disposal nearly every power of the royal prerogative.

The two silver disks are, in fact, the matrix by means of which is formed that enormous wax-seal, in size and appearance something like a well-buttered muffin, commonly known as the "Great Seal of England," and which is appended to all those acts of the sovereign which it is the royal pleasure publicly to make known to the subject.

Sealed with this, whether by lawful authority or not, every document which *can* emanate from the sovereign is rendered valid, and irrevocable without the consent of the three estates of the realm; so that its holder can, if he chooses to betray his trust, pardon the most heinous offender, confer on whom he pleases the highest title of nobility, or grant charters to all the towns in the kingdom; he can, in fact, make use of almost all these prerogatives which law and custom have placed in the hands of the sovereign, to be exercised for the good of the subject; and therefore, when in possession of the important instrument, he is not unfitly said to be *the keeper of the Queen's conscience*.

It seems rather singular, considering the great importance always attached to

this emblem of royalty, that it should have been trusted out of the sovereign's hands at all; yet, from the earliest times, we find it in the possession of a certain "Lord Keeper." Before the time of Edward the Confessor, indeed it is doubtful whether the sovereign had any *tangible* conscience at all, for the charters preceding that reign are usually ratified by a cross made in gold ink; but as soon as the great seal came in fashion, some man eminent for his learning and attainments was selected to take the custody of it, the sovereign hanging it round his neck, and telling him to use it "to the honor of God and his king."

The first great seals were rude enough, the earliest one we possess being a dab of lead, hung by a silk string to a charter of Edward the Confessor. Lead was soon exchanged for wax; and the Conqueror, together with many of his successors, used *green* wax, to signify the perpetual nature of the document—a custom retained at the present day in the seals attached to charters, patents of peerage, and other instruments having an unlimited duration.

If we may credit the testimony of Stowe upon the subject, William I. had a curious and simple way of sealing his grants, being none other than that of putting on the wax the impression of his own royal *teeth*. In support of this assertion, a grant of a certain manor of Hope to one Paulyn Raydon is cited, which in modern English runs as follows:

"I William, king, in the third year of my reign,  
Give to thee, Paulyn Raydon, Hope and  
Hope town,  
With all the bounds both up and down,  
From heaven to earth, from earth to hell,  
As truly as this king's right is mine,  
From a cross-bow and arrow  
When I shall shoot in yon yarrow;  
And in token that this thing is sooth,  
*I bite the wax with my fang-tooth,*  
Before Meg, Maud, and Margerie,  
And my third son Henry."

The keepers of the great seal in ancient times—much the same as at present—exacted good round sums of money before they would affix it to any document; and one can scarcely imagine the enormous profits made, some 600 or 700 years ago, by the fortunate holders of it. John, being in want of money, put the custody of his seal up for sale, and one Walter Gray bought it for 5000 marks—a sum

equivalent to about £61,000 of the present day; but gave it up in a few years, for the still more lucrative dignity of Archbishop of York.

Another of its custodians, John Maunsel, neglecting to distribute the church-patronage as it fell vacant, which it vested in him, held at one time 700 livings; and a good 150 years later, so great was the sum of money which the revenues of his office permitted Chancellor Beaufort to lend to Henry V., that the sovereign placed his *crown* in the hands of his chancellor, as a guarantee for the repayment of the loan. Indeed, the vast wealth which its holders were enabled to realise, coupled with the enormous powers which the custody of it gave them, rendered it absolutely necessary to the safety of the sovereign that his seal should be intrusted only to the hands of persons well disposed to the royal cause; and in early times, it was frequently a very difficult matter to find a safe guardian for it.

An amusing instance of this occurred when Henry III. found it necessary, upon a certain occasion, to leave his kingdom for a short time, and could find no one whom he thought worthy and capable of performing the duties devolving upon the keeper of his seal. After vainly endeavoring to fix upon some *male* keeper, he at last placed it in the hands of his wife, Eleanor, who not only sealed all his writs and charters during his absence, but sat in *propria personâ* in the Court of Chancery, hearing causes and delivering judgment—her judicial functions being interrupted only for a short time by an accident peculiar to a female judge, no other, in fact, than her confinement! After being ~~ch~~arched, she returned to her duties, and bore the seal of the kingdom for many a ~~ye~~r.

Our ancestors appear to have looked with a sort of suspicious veneration upon the great seal itself, for they not only recognised the sovereign as the fountain of justice, mercy, and honor, but they believed that that justice, mercy, and honor must be conveyed through this medium alone. A remarkable exemplification of this belief was given when the infant Henry VI., then but nine months old, was held in his nurse's arms to preside over his first council; the massive seal of his kingdom was laid in his lap, the child's little hands were closed over it, and thus it was supposed the seal re-

ceived a royal virtue; and the Master of the Rolls, taking it into his custody, was presumed to be, by its possession, invested with all the powers of the sovereign.

We may smile at these rude ideas of the fifteenth century; but let us not forget that nearly 400 years later, when the illness of George III. prevented him from giving his assent to the bill appointing his son regent, the great lawyers of the day, with the illustrious Camden at their head, seem to have been imbued with pretty much the same superstition; for they declared that although the king in his *natural* capacity was unable to act as a sovereign, in his *political* capacity he was as healthy as ever—the *political king* being the great seal; and by means of that political king the bill was passed. This dictum of Lord Camden has received the approval and affirmation of lawyers and politicians from his own to the present time; and therefore, however strange the assertion may appear, it is nevertheless true, that there are in reality, at the present moment, *two* sovereigns in the country—the *natural* one being the august lady so worthy of our allegiance and love; the *political* one being the two silver saucepan lids whose history we are examining.

Indeed, the peculiar way in which the great seal is at the present day used—to render valid letters directed by the sovereign to *private* individuals, affords another proof of a belief in some peculiar and inexplicable virtue residing in it. Two kinds of instruments have “to pass under” the great seal—the one class, such as monopolies of inventions, commissions, &c., directed to *all* the Queen’s subjects, and called “letters patent,” have the seal affixed by a plaited silk cord at the foot; sometimes, as before mentioned, made of green, but ordinarily of yellow wax, which, in certain cases, where the instrument is likely to meet with a good deal of wear and tear, is enclosed in buff-colored leather, upon which the obverse and reverse of the seal are stamped. But where the letter is directed to a *private* individual, the seal is, as in other letters, used to secure it from general observation, but used in a very singular manner: the parchment document is rolled tightly up, forming a little bundle about two inches long, from which a long strip protrudes, having the name and title of the person to whom it is addressed written upon it. A piece of twine is tightly tied round the

package; a bit of wax, about as big as a sixpence, is pressed with the thumb and finger upon the ends of the twine; and the *sealing* is effected by merely *touching* the writ with one of the halves of the seal, when it immediately becomes invested with the dignity of a letter proceeding from the sovereign.

Perhaps no one ever had a greater idea of the importance of the seal of the kingdom than the ill-fated Charles I., and very much delighted was he when a messenger came to him at York bearing this important instrument, which he fully believed had fallen into the power of the parliament. In proportion as he was rejoiced, however, the parliament was disconcerted, when they discovered that the emblem of sovereignty had slipped through their fingers. The king could issue whatever proclamations or other instruments he thought proper, and that in a perfectly legal manner, while they themselves could not fill up the place of a deceased member of their own body, or perform a single act of state in which the great seal was necessary. After deliberating, and waiting, and going to prayers many times, they resolved to form a new seal for their own particular use. The resolution was a notable one; but there were few Wyons in those days, and those who did exist, had a very righteous dread of a certain old statute of Edward III., which declared that any person imitating, forging, or counterfeiting the king’s great seal, should suffer death as a traitor; and which statute they had not the slightest doubt would be rigorously enforced, should fortune again smile upon the king, and they be found to have performed such treasonable act. Money, however, like love, conquers all things; and after some time, a bold man named Master Symonds was found, who agreed—for £40 paid down, and £60 to be paid when the work was completed—to make them a new seal, the facsimile of the one in the possession of Charles. This facsimile was made, and used by the parliament until the Commonwealth was sufficiently settled to have a seal of its own, from which all regal emblems were carefully excluded. The original seal of the kingdom, coming into the hands of the parliament upon the capitulation of Oxford, in 1645, was broken in pieces by a blacksmith, at the bar of the House of Commons.

Since the Restoration, the great seal



has once or twice been in very considerable tribulation. When James II. was on the throne, the atrocious Jeffreys was its custodian; and so alarmed was James when upon the point of abdicating, lest the important instrument should get into the hands of his political enemies, that he made Jeffreys come and reside in the same building with him, at Whitehall, in order that the seal might be continually under his own observation and protection. The day before he left the kingdom, he took it from his chancellor, and whilst being ferried across the Thames on his flight to France, he threw the ensign of royalty into the river, fondly imagining that the regal functions could not be performed without it. If indeed such had been the case, the action was rendered useless, for a short time afterwards the ill-used seal was dragged up in the net of a fisherman, and conveyed by him to the privy-council.

In 1784, during the chancellorship of Lord Thurlow, the great seal was *really* lost. Some burglars entered his lordship's house, and walked off with a few valuables, amongst which was the seal of the kingdom, and I believe it was never recovered. A privy-council was summoned next morning, the loss made known, and such was the expedition used, that in thirty-six hours a new seal was prepared; and we have it on good authority that, for the remaining eight years of his chancellorship, the noble lord always slept with the great seal *under his pillow*.

More ridiculous was a temporary loss of the seal during the chancellorship of Lord Eldon. This great judge had the profoundest sense of the importance of the trust reposed in him, which was doubtless not diminished by the kind and singular manner in which his sovereign had conveyed it into his hands; for Lord Eldon tells us in his diary, that when he went to the palace for the purpose of receiving the seal, the king (George III.) was seated on a sofa, with his coat partially buttoned, and the seal pushed in on the left side, between his coat and waistcoat. He drew it forth on the appearance of the chancellor, and handed it to him with these words: "Here, I give it you from my heart."

Having all this continually in his recollection, his lordship never went to bed a single night without having the seal in his chamber. One night, in the year 1812,

he was awaked by his house being on fire. His first thoughts were for the safety of the seal; snatching it from the place where it lay, he rushed down stairs and buried it in the flower-garden behind the house. Upon returning to his dwelling, he says, in his diary, that he was, "so enchanted with the pretty sight of the maids who had turned out of their beds, and were handing in buckets of water to the fire-engine, all in their shifts, and so alarmed for the safety of Lady Eldon," that in the morning he could not recollect in the least in *which* flower-bed he had buried the seal. "You never saw," he adds in the diary, "anything so ridiculous as seeing the whole family down the walks dibbling with bits of stick until we found it." This was, we believe, the last time the great seal has been in danger of being lost.

At the present day, both as regards itself and its custody, the seal of the kingdom retains all its original importance. As our wise laws have declared that the king never dies, so they have most carefully provided against the kingdom being ever left without a great seal; the standing rule being, that when a fresh one is required, the old seal is not destroyed till the new one is completed. The *birth* of the new seal is a matter of much form and ceremony. The sovereign summons the privy-council, and a warrant is directed to the royal engraver, calling upon him to attend the council, with designs for the required instrument. These being chosen, the matrix itself is put in hand; and upon its completion another council is held, at which the new seal, if approved, is transferred from the sovereign's own hands into those of its future keeper, who, by such transfer, takes upon himself all the dignities we have before mentioned. In olden times, another little ceremony was always observed: the new chancellor had personally to affix the seal to a document, in the presence of the council, in order, we suppose, to shew that he understood the duties of his office—just as the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, at the present day, give proofs of their education and ability, by counting some hobnails, and chopping some sticks in the Court of Exchequer, before taking the oaths of office. But the seals used in olden times, although great in name, were comparatively small in actual dimensions, being at most not above two or three inches in

diameter; and sealing a document with them was perhaps little more troublesome than sealing an ordinary letter. The great seal seems, however, to have increased in size, in a direct ratio with the increasing power of the sovereign it represents, and at the present day is so large, that the noble keeper of it would probably burn his fingers severely were he to attempt the personal sealing of any document with it; and indeed the services of two skilful officers, called respectively "the sealer" and "the chaff wax," are put in requisition whenever the seal is affixed.

As the birth, of a new seal is a matter of ceremony, so is also the defacing of an old one. This operation, technically termed "damasking," is performed by the sovereign in council, the old seal being, in the eye of the law, rendered useless after the sovereign has hit it a gentle blow with a small hammer. The damasked seal is the perquisite of the chancellor, a perquisite of more value at the present day than formerly, for up to the year 1815 the seal was made of copper, whereas now, as we have already said, it is of silver. A very amusing incident occurred at the damasking by William IV. of the seal used by the preceding king. Lord Lyndhurst held the seal at the demise of George IV., but Lord Brougham was its keeper when the seal of William was completed; hence there were two claimants for the damasked seal, one arguing that it was really a seal of the preceding reign, and as such vested in him at the death of the sovereign; the other, that it was in full force until it was actually defaced. The king himself was eventually appealed to, to settle the dispute, and—as is the case in most matters—there being much to be said on both sides, he decided that the two lords should each have half; and very kindly ordered his goldsmith to insert the two halves in two superb silver salvers, which he presented to his ministers, recommending them to "toss up" which should have the obverse, and which the reverse of the seal.

As the great seal is delivered into the hands of the chancellor by the sovereign

himself, it has from time immemorial been the custom for that officer to render it back again personally to his master, or, at all events, only to part with it to a special messenger, armed with a warrant under the sign-manual, and sent directly from the sovereign to receive it. Every one knows the bold stand Wolsey made when, after his fall, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk endeavored, by a merely verbal message from the king, to obtain from him his important trust; and how the noble messengers were obliged to retrace their steps, and obtain the legal document which the great cardinal required. It was indeed no uncommon thing for the Tudors and Stuarts to make personal and private application to their chancellor for the great seal, and to retain it in their custody for a few days, during which they used it to give effect to proclamations, pardons, and dignities, to which they well knew their chancellor would be either too conscientious or too fearful to affix it.

The danger of losing the great seal, if continually moved from place to place, coupled with the presumed necessity of its being always present when the chancellor performs any one of his political or judicial duties, as declaratory of the fact of his really having in his possession the instrument from which all his power is derived, has of late years caused a curious fiction to be adopted. The beautifully embroidered purse or bag made for the reception of the seal is *alone* borne before the chancellor, and exhibited in the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and elsewhere, in place of the seal itself, which it seldom if ever contains, and which is only taken from a more secure depository when actually required to be used. Thus the great seal is the very antithesis of many of its brother-officers of state—doing its *bonâ-fide* duties in person, and those of mere *show* by deputy.

Having made these few rambling, though not, we trust, uninteresting remarks, let us close the lid of the neat morocco-box where we first found the subject of our article, and leave it in its quiet resting-place till next Michaelmas term shall again call it forth to active operation.

From the North British Review.

## L O R D B O L I N G B R O K E . \*

THE majority of Englishmen who tacitly approve or carelessly defend the existing regime in France, commonly lay out of the account one of its most dangerous and (we fear) utterly irremediable results or concomitants—the exclusion from the public service of almost every trained politician, who, prior to December 1851, had given decided proofs of talent and integrity. To carry out the *coup d'état*, it was (or was deemed) necessary to place under temporary restraint, with peculiar circumstances of personal insult and degradation, between two and three hundred of the most eminent members of the Assembly which had just been dissolved by violence. Three-fourths of these were not even accused or suspected of intrigues or conspiracies. Their offence was their moral weight, their acknowledged respectability, and their apprehended influence over the popular mind, should they be left free to vindicate the outraged dignity of the constitution. For merely protesting against the illegal force put upon the representative body to which they belonged, or (in some remarkable cases) for merely being of a temper and character that made such a protest probable, they were conveyed in convict-vans, like felons, to ignoble places of confinement; and several of the most distinguished were only released upon condition that they should remain in exile until the meditated despotism was consolidated and complete.

To bring their case home to English apprehension, let us suppose that, in the spring 1855, when representative government was at a discount, some scion of royalty, or any other reckless pretender, in combination with the cleverest frequenters of the Turf Club, had debauched the household troops by gratuities or promises, surrounded both houses of par-

liament, turned back all who attempted to enter, and packed off all who had ever risen above mediocrity in debate or acquired any hold or opinion in any way, to Newgate, Coldbath Fields, or the Milbank Penitentiary, in those gloomy vehicles which seem to combine the prison and the hearse. The parallel would be imperfect, unless Downing Street, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty had been simultaneously invaded, and unless all the heads of departments, civil and military, with a large proportion of their subordinates, had been replaced by adventurers, or by persons whose main title to confidence under the new state of things was their failure or rejection under the old.

Now, we should thereby have got rid of a good many of the abuses against which the administrative reformers have hitherto waged war in vain; and we should also have spared ourselves the trouble of hearing or reading many debates in which the speakers appear to have had no more exalted object in view than faction or self-display. The press, also, would not have enjoyed the proud privilege of libelling our army and discrediting our diplomacy, for the edification and encouragement of rival nations, which may speedily become our foes. Yet, for all that, most of us would not be sorry to have our old institutions, habits and liberties back again, even at the price of being obliged to endure occasionally an indiscreet speech from a party leader out of place, or a mischievous communication from a newspaper correspondent. Then why should we rejoice over the political and intellectual degradation of our neighbors across the Channel, and contend that they have been rightly served, because one out of a hundred of the chief sufferers may have abused their former freedom of writing or of speech?

Take the case of M. Charles de Remusat, the distinguished author of the work named at the head of this article. There cannot be a more convincing illustration of the

\* *L'Angleterre au Dix-huitième Siècle; Etudes et Portraits pour servir à l'Histoire du Gouvernement Anglais depuis la Fin du Règne de Guillaume III.* Par M. CHARLES REMUSAT, de l'Académie Française Deux Volumes. Paris, 1856.

injustice of our too prevalent mode of talking about France. He was recently described by an eminent northern contemporary as the most passionless, philosophic, and unprejudiced of Frenchmen—a description which is verified by the whole tenor of his life. He has been more or less before the public for nearly forty years. He has written largely on a great variety of subjects—literary, artistical, philosophical, and political. The invariable tendency of his productions has been to purify taste, to diffuse and dignify truth, to elevate intellectual pursuits, to uphold principle, and preserve order. Both as an author and a politician, he has been invariably found co-operating with the most cultivated, enlightened, moderate, and respected amongst his countrymen. He was elected, with universal approbation, a member of the Academy in succession to M. Royer Collard in 1847; and if for his misfortune, it certainly was not to his discredit that he held the high office of Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe at the time when the present Emperor of the French effected his memorable landing at Boulogne. Liberal Conservative by opinion, he has constantly and consistently labored to consolidate constitutional government in France; but he has resorted to no illegal or irregular method of enforcing or carrying out his views. Not so much as an irritating or ill-advised speech has been attributed to him. He was simply found at his post, along with all that was most venerable or estimable amongst Frenchmen, when the last representatives and defenders of French liberty were dispersed and outraged. Yet, without being ever charged with the semblance of a transgression against any known law, he is first hurried off to prison like a common malefactor, then exiled, and then excluded from public life as well as debarred from the unrestrained exercise of his faculties in other walks of mind.

A nearly similar destiny has been imposed on almost all who for more than half a century have been wont to take the lead in administration or debate. Should this state of things be prolonged, it can hardly fail to pave the way for another revolutionary crisis, and it is a standing menace to every liberal government in Europe whilst it lasts. But the imperial despotism must be credited with one good result. It has certainly prevented

some of the most eloquent writers and profoundest thinkers in France from giving up to party what was meant for mankind. We are probably indebted to it for the completion of M. Thiers' History; for the republication, in a corrected and complete shape, of some of M. Guizot's most valuable productions; and for a new work on the never failing theme of the first French Revolution from the conscientious and thoughtful pen of M. de Tocqueville. M. de Montalembert's brilliant essays tell their own story and explain their own origin; whilst we may be pardoned for suspecting that all M. de Remusat's fondness for the more refined and *belles-lettres* part of political controversy, would hardly have induced the extent of research into the inmost recesses of English history and biography which is exhibited in the book before us, had the animating arena of public life been left open to him and his friends.

The contents of these two volumes (1044 closely printed octavo pages) first appeared in the shape of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; which at present enrolls amongst its contributors, regular or occasional, a large proportion of the writers of which modern French literature has most reason to be proud. The honor and advantage of first ushering M. de Montalembert's *brochures* before the world are also enjoyed by a magazine or review published twice a month, *Le Correspondant*. The circumstance is worth noting, because it indicates a remarkable change in the journalism of the two countries. During the first quarter of the century, the English reviews were confessedly the best existing; and every effort to rival them on the Continent confessedly failed. Thus the *Revue Française*, which started under high auspices and was admirably conducted, reached only a limited circulation; and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had a long period of comparative neglect and indifference to live through. The daily press of Paris long absorbed all the rising talent, and exercised a paramount influence and authority, which speedily became a mischievous and capricious tyranny. Impatience at its excesses caused its far more than counterbalancing benefits to be overlooked for a period; and the enemies of free discussion gladly profited by the passing and shortsighted popular prejudice to suppress it altogether in what they rightly deemed its most formidable shape.



Reviews, which are addressed to a different class of readers and cannot follow up their blows by a rapid and telling succession, are regarded with less jealousy, and still manage to express or insinuate unpalatable truths. They, therefore, have become, in France, the chief refuge and resource of both writers and readers who are on the look-out for novelty. In England, the tendency has been in a contrary direction. At least till very recently the newspaper press had been constantly rising in influence and reputation, and was rapidly gaining ground on the rest of our periodical literature, even in walks, like literary criticism, where it might have been expected that competition must prove hopeless. This, however, is not the place to speculate on the causes or consequences of the change. Having simply noted it as a curious and interesting fact, we return to M. de Remusat's "Studies and Portraits," in which a series of familiar topics are invested with an air of freshness, and rendered singularly attractive and instructive, by being seen from a foreign point of view and through the medium of a peculiarly trained and abundantly stored mind.

The first volume, after some preliminary reflections on the contrasted destinies of France and England in matters of government, is devoted to Bolingbroke, His Life and Times. The second is occupied with Horace Walpole and Junius. Around the main figures are grouped almost all the statesmen and characters of note who figured on, or passed across, the stage of public life in England between the English Revolution of 1688, and the French of 1789. To suppose that a Frenchman could suggest nothing new on such a range of subjects simply because he is a Frenchman, would be a hasty and illogical inference. Bolingbroke has truly said, that history is read with different eyes at different periods of life. A reader of twenty carries off one set of impressions, a reader of thirty an additional set, a reader of forty a still larger one, and so on. The suggestiveness of a narrative is, of course, increased tenfold by practical experience, and the best interpreter of history is he who has lived it, or played a part in analogous scenes. The bare lapse of years, also, may supply fresh associations and original comments. Thus, every time the world is convulsed or shaken by civil commotions in a great community, the history

of each preceding revolution is perused and reperused with renewed and unabated zeal, in the hope of discovering some satisfactory solution of the problem. The preceding labors of Clarendon, Hume, Disraeli the elder, Godwin, Hallam, and Macaulay, have little, if at all, weakened by anticipation the interest taken in M. Guizot's Cromwell; nor, we think, with all due respect for the able work of Mr. Wingrove Cook, will it be the complaint of any candid critic, who may be induced to follow the tortuous career of Bolingbroke under M. de Remusat's guidance, that he has been wasting his time upon a beaten track or an exhausted field. Indeed, the all-accomplished St. John is still an object of vague wonder to the many, and of enlightened curiosity to the well-informed few. He was Mr. Disraeli the younger's *beau idéal* of a British statesman, when that gentleman first began to attract attention as the leader and instructor of the select band of youthful admirers who exulted in the name of "Young England;" and no stronger illustration can be given of the baneful influence which he exercised, of the mischievous doctrines which he inculcated. Dazzling as St. John's career and character undoubtedly was, it required no ordinary degree of boldness to represent him as a model to be imitated rather than an example to be shunned.

M. de Remusat's motives and object in such a selection of subjects may be collected from the following passage, which will also give a foretaste of his allusive and characteristic mode of associating them with recent or passing events:

"And then, why not admit it? It is imagined that those who have lived, for thirty or forty years, in the heart of the affairs of France, have learnt the language spoken by the history of England. The sentiments and thoughts that animate the actors or the witnesses of those scenes called Restoration or Revolution, the life of parties, the parliamentary world, are things that they ought to know, at least by experience. It may be at this present time very useless to know all this; but after all they do know it, and they are wanting in that flexibility of mind necessary to learn anything else. Perhaps they will be excused for daring to write upon what they think they understand, for making the best of an experience which, it is said, must finish with them, and for speaking of what they remember before it is altogether forgotten. The men of to-day will be more fortunate: dispensed from a laborious apprenticeship, they will reap without having sown; their destiny will

cost them no effort; they will enjoy the happiness of their country without being of any account in it, and will be astonished that, before their time, so much anxiety was wasted upon matters so indifferent as public affairs. Let us then endeavor to relate what was passing at the beginning of the last age in a nation condemned by Providence to that sort of hard labor (*travail forcé*) which is termed political liberty."

We are not about to follow M. de Remusat through the minute details of the birth, parentage, and early days of Bolingbroke, but we must enumerate the salient points and features, or his and our comments will be obscure or unintelligible.

Henry St. John, born October 10, 1678, at Battersea, entered life with every social advantage that could be possessed in an aristocratic country by one of the most favored scions of the aristocracy. His descent was noble: he was educated at Eton and Christchurch; and a family seat in Parliament was vacated for him by his father so soon as he was old enough to occupy it. His natural endowments were of the most enviable order, although, as is too commonly the case, the choicest of them, by exposing him to temptation, proved more a bane than a blessing in the long run. To a handsome face and figure, good voice, and elegant manners, he added unrivalled quickness of apprehension, a logical understanding, a lively fancy, and a memory so tenacious that he was wont to complain of it as an inconvenience, and and to allege it as an excuse for limiting his reading to the best authors. On his entrance into the world, his grand ambition was to be preëminent in profligacy, to which the contrast with the asceticism, in which he had been nurtured under a puritan tutor, lent an irresistible zest. Long after his ambition had taken a more exalted turn, it was his pride "to shine a Tully and a Wilmot too." "His youth," says Lord Chesterfield, "was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasure, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and almost deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagances of frantic Bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition." They were never completely conquered except, as St. Evremont boasts of having conquered *his*, by

indulging them to exhaustion, and they were then replaced by a set of evil spirits, darker, if not fiercer, than themselves. He entered the House of Commons as member for Wotton Bassett, about the same time (1700) with his old school-fellow, Robert Walpole; and immediately, as if to be opposed without delay to his lifelong rival who joined the Whigs, he attached himself to the Tories.

Here M. de Remusat introduces a masterly sketch of the state of parties with their respective objects, about the time in question. We will assume that English readers possess enough of this sort of information to be able to follow the shifting fortunes of his hero, including those of another distinguished worthy with which for many years they remained inextricably mixed up. We allude to Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, whose right to the proud position he so long occupied amongst statesmen, men of letters, and wits, has been recently contested in a manner which cannot fail to render him a puzzle to posterity. Mr. Macaulay says:

"His influence in Parliament was indeed out of all proportion to his ability. His intellect was both slender and slow. He was unable to take a large view of any subject. He never acquired the art of expressing himself in public with fluency and perspicuity. To the end of his life he remained a tedious, hesitating, and confused speaker. He had none of the external graces of an orator. His countenance was heavy—his figure mean and somewhat deformed, and his gestures uncouth. Yet he was heard with respect. For such as his mind was, it had been assiduously cultivated. He had that sort of industry, and that sort of exactness, which would have made him a respectable antiquary or King-at-Arms. . . . He constantly had, even with his best friends, an air of mystery and reserve, which seemed to indicate that he knew some momentous secret, and that his mind was laboring with some vast design. In this way he got and long kept a high reputation for wisdom. It was not till that reputation had made him an Earl, a Knight of the Garter, Lord High Treasurer of England, and master of the fate of Europe, that his admirers began to find out that he was really a dull puzzle-headed man."\*

No amount of ingenuity will satisfactorily reconcile this appreciation with the admitted facts. It is preposterous to suppose that a dull puzzle-headed man could have imposed himself on St. John for a

subtle politician and a valuable coadjutor till the illusion was dissipated by their quarrel for supremacy, or on Swift for an agreeable and highly cultivated companion. From the commencement of their long intimacy till its close, their companionship, moreover, was of the most trying sort, by reason of its unceremonious, playful, and almost boyish character; for nothing is more difficult than to conceal poverty of intellect from those with whom we habitually lay aside form and carry on a commerce of repartee and banter. *Vive la bagatelle*, the favorite exclamation of Harley, was never the watchword or motto of a man who felt that it would be fatal to his reputation to be seen without his mask. The universal distrust of his good faith affords the strongest indirect confirmation of the confidence placed in his capacity by those who were so long content to act under his leadership. We, therefore, submit that the French author's estimate of his character, which is also far from flattering, comes nearer to the truth than that of the great English historical painter.

“ ‘The situation (1704,)’ says M. de Remusat, ‘demanded a complicated system of political tactics. The frank toryism which walked abroad without disguise, already an object of suspicion to the Upper House, became so to public opinion. Something less decided was required—adroit and clear-sighted men, to whom all consistency was indifferent, to whom passion was unknown, who took for rule the interest of the moment, and made of power the end and not the means—men who have not a cause to serve but an ambition to satisfy, and who, when occasion requires, govern as others conspire. Harley was named Secretary of State in the place of Lord Nottingham. He was attached to the High Church party without sharing in its frenzy; he was powerful in the Lower House, he was little compromised in it, since he presided over and did not speak in it. His understanding was prompt and flexible, his address conciliating, his experience consummate, his egoism kindly; but although courageous at need and persevering, his cast of mind was timid and uncertain; he adjourned everything, he neglected everything, spending much activity to avoid action, using all his ingenuity in intrigue, and condemned by his defects to an incomparable falseness.

“ ‘St. John was devoted to him, as much, at least, as St. John could be devoted. He was, by position, like the extreme right of Harley, but he was equally devoid of prejudices, and his mind was as supple, though his character was less so. The House had no greater orator. Harley made St. John Secretary of War. (April 1704.)’ ”

Whatever doubts are, or may have been, entertained respecting Harley's talents, St. John's were beyond dispute. That the House had no greater orator so long as he sat in it, has passed into an axiom; and we are by no means sure that the vague sort of fame which is handed down by tradition for want of written or printed records, is not the safest and most enduring. Indeed, it is exactly in proportion to the deficiency of authentic proof that the authority of applauding cotemporaries rises step by step till it become unimpeachable. Basing our cavils on imperfect reports, we may venture to censure the theatrical tone of Lord Chatham, or the floridity of Sheridan's famous Begum effusion. But in the case of an orator like St. John, of whose speeches not a solitary sentence has been preserved, we can no more impugn the justice of the applause lavished on them in his lifetime, than we can contest Garrick's fame as an actor. M. de Remusat begins the first of his biographical chapters by the anecdote of Pitt, who, when the company were speculating what lost production of the human mind was most to be regretted, said, that if the choice were left to him, he should prefer a speech of Bolingbroke's. Without in the least disputing the excellence of his speeches, it is perhaps better for his fame that Pitt should have been heard wishing for their restoration instead of comparing them with his father's or his own.

St. John and Harley continued in the ministry till 1708, but neither the astuteness of the one nor the eloquence of the other, nor both combined, were able, in this, their first joint undertaking, to unseat their Whig colleagues. The star of Marlborough was still in the ascendant, and although the Queen had already gone the length of opening a back-stairs treaty with Harley through Mrs. Masham, she was obliged to dissemble and procrastinate. The scale was turned by the Duke of Somerset; and at the breaking up of the council, (February 1708,) which was expected to end in the triumph of Harley, he was dismissed. His fall involved that of his friends—amongst others, of St. John; who also lost his seat at the ensuing general election, and vanished from the stage of public life for two years, during which he devoted most of his time to literature. The intervening period, limited as it was, sufficed for the dominant

party, although it was headed by Marlborough and Somers and in uncontrolled possession of the ministry, to wear out both what remained to them of royal favor and popularity. With full knowledge of the Queen's character, and ample warning of Mrs. Masham's intrigues, they fell into the fatal error of despising them. "What could be effected by an obscure camarilla, a conspiracy of *femmes de chambre* against the policy of peers of the realm, defended in the senate by great orators, in the field by a great captain? This confidence bore its ordinary fruits. The ministers abandoned themselves respectively to their several defects."

The nation was beginning to tire of the war, and to suspect that it was needlessly prolonged for the profit of the great captain. His imperious duchess had come to a downright quarrel with her royal mistress in 1708. The impeachment of Sacheverel inflamed the public mind to the highest pitch against his prosecutors. "They," (the ministers,) wrote Bolingbroke, "had a parson to roast, and they roasted him at so fierce a fire that they burned themselves." "The game is won," exclaimed Harley, on hearing in the country, where he was dining with some friends, of the Sacheverel affair; and, ordering horses immediately, he returned to London. In August 1810, the White Staff of Lord High-Treasurer was delivered to him, and within the ensuing month St. John was Secretary of State. These two were the soul of the new Cabinet, and their first care was to make sure of the effective support of the press.

"'In free countries,' remarks M. de Remusat, 'public affairs simultaneously with their being carried on their genuine arena—in councils, assemblies, camps, congresses—are, as it were, repeated on another theatre, on that which the press sets up for the public. The piece is played twice over, or rather there is first the reality and then the representation, but the latter in its turn acts on the former by the ideas and the passions that it gives to the public; and it thus sometimes becomes the first of state affairs. St. John knew this as well as Harley. The movement of opinion which had facilitated their return to power was the work of the pulpit and the press rather than of the tribune. Although justly confident in his oratorical power, St. John therefore did not neglect other aid. He armed his policy with pamphlets and journals, and perhaps no ministry had hitherto been more discussed and better defended. In merely analyzing the innumerable publications which appear-

ed from the end of 1710 to the accession of George the First, we might bring to light again the whole series of events, the whole succession of affairs; and this piece of literary history would be a ready-made fragment of the history of the government; it would be the written drama, the *doublure* of the acted drama.'"

This is not exactly our notion of how the press works or worked at any time in England, whatever may have been the case in France so long as France had what can fairly be called a political press. At present, journalism may be described as the indispensable instrument of self (or popular) government, the medium through (or the stage on) which the nation discusses its affairs and transacts its business. It is a mistake to suppose that when popular opinion dictates to the legislature, it is formed and directed by a class of writers bred up to the vocation, or set apart for the purpose. The whole of the cultivated classes, and many who are not cultivated, participate in the movement. Everybody who knows or pretends to know anything of the subject, everybody who can write, or thinks he can, becomes a contributor to the discussion in some shape, if only by an epistle to the *Times*; and the chief influence of speeches, whether in Parliament or at public meetings, results from their being reproduced in the newspapers. To be jealous of these as they exist and are conducted in this country, therefore, is to be jealous of one another and of ourselves. They are what we make them, and whenever they try to set up on their own account as independent regulators of the natural will, they fail; as the leading journal failed notoriously in its attempt to prevent the passing of the New Poor Law, in its more recent attempt to procure an important modification of the Income Tax, and its desperate struggle to prevent the repeal of the so-called taxes on knowledge.

We need hardly add that this perfection of publicity, in which the antidote accompanies the bane, was unknown till long after Queen Anne's time; when, although the formal censorship had ceased, the law of libel was oppressively enforced, and the action of the Houses of Parliament on the people was nullified, or nearly so, by the non-publication of the debates. Yet circumstances enabled political writers to exercise a more direct influence, and to occupy a higher social position than at any other period of our domes-



tic annals. The majority of the nation were still floating between two opinions, and unable to make up their minds whether it was best to take back the Stuarts or to accept the Gueffs—just as for half a century after the Reformation, they were constantly fluctuating between Protestantism and Popery. The controversial tracts which appeared during the latter part of the sixteenth century would fill a library. As civil, like religious, revolutions, depend upon the masses, it was equally important at the beginning of the eighteenth century for the competitors for power to enlist as many popular writers as they could; and this necessity was the more urgent on Harley and Bolingbroke, because they had to return and neutralize the fire of the Whig organs, to which Steele and Addison were contributors.

"It was resolved, therefore, to found a new journal, and on the 8rd of August 1710, the *Examiner* appeared. It was St. John who conceived it. This is asserted to be the first time that a journal for political discussion was published under the auspices of the Government, and the liberties which it took from the beginning contributed to the liberty of all. Discussion became more frank, more direct; many of the byways and evasive contrivances in use were abandoned. St. John who contributed to the first number, placed the *Examiner* at once upon a footing of animated polemics. A letter to the editor, in which he rudely attacks the Duchess of Marlborough for having labored against the formation of the Government, provoked replies from Addison and Lord Cowper. The latter addressed to Isaac Bickerstaff, the editor of the *Tatler*, a letter that may still be read; and it is curious to see how, under the mask of the anonymous, an ex-Chancellor and an actual Secretary of State aim at each other the weapon of the press. St. John soon abandoned the pen to the ordinary contributors—to Matthew Prior, the poet, secretary of embassy Ryswick, and Doctor Atterbury, a theologian of the absolute school, a remarkable writer, a skillful preacher, destined for the mitre. Both were intimate with St. John, but it is doubtful whether the *Examiner* would have made a durable sensation, if a far more formidable combatant had not adopted it as his instrument of war."

This was the famous Dean of St. Patrick's, who having been coldly and (as he thought) ungratefully treated by the Whig leaders, was easily coaxed and flattered into undertaking the editorship of the new Tory organ. He had already broken ground against his former friends

by two satires, the one against Wharton, and the other against Godolphin.

The first blows were struck. On the 31st of October, and the 1st November, Swift dined with Addison, and on the 2nd November appeared the 14th number, with the future Dean's first article. It was on Thursday, he was invited to dine the day following with Harley; who engaged him again for Sunday. In the interval, the Saturday, he dined again with Steele and Addison, at Kensington; but he was invited for the 11th to St. John's. These flattering attentions made him all their own; and thenceforth his *Journal* to Steele teems with expressions of exultation and delight at the footing of familiarity on which he was placed by the two master spirits of the period. In allusion to his first dinner with St. John, he dots down:

"I dined to-day by invitation with the Secretary of State, Mr. St. John. He told me, amongst other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him; I knew this was a refinement, and so I told him, and it was so; indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me; but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet."

From subsequent entries it appears that, though their flattery made him theirs, it had not completely blinded him to more material considerations:

"Feb. 17, 1811.—I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only Lord Keeper (Harcourt) and I were to be there, but he regarded me not, so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the Secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow: I told him I had no hopes they could keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so much, as indeed they seemed to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures, and I believe you will find it so, but I care not."

Notwithstanding this seeming affection of Harley and St. John for one another, there was no great love lost between them at any time; and even the imminent peril, the almost certain ruin of a breach

could not keep them together long. The first marked symptoms of ill-will were elicited by Guiscard's attempt to assassinate Harley, who was thereby elevated into a most unmerited degree of popularity for a period, and who profited by this event, and by the death of Rochester, to become Earl of Oxford and Prime Minister. St. John could not conceal his jealousy, and forthwith began taking steps to supplant his colleague. He had one indispensable advantage: he was the only member of the Cabinet who could speak French, and consequently the only one who could compass or facilitate the grand object of their distinctive policy, the peace. An indispensable preliminary was to displace Marlborough from his command. This was effected through the confirmed dislike of the Queen to her quondam favorites, and the blow was followed by the expulsion of Walpole from the House of Commons, on a charge of malversation in 1708 and 1709. A people and parliament which sanctioned such steps might be relied on for still more decided and comprehensive measures; and negotiations were commenced in right earnest. The prime mover and manager throughout the whole of the extremely delicate and compromising proceedings that ensued was St. John. Much of what he did was done without communication with our allies, and amounted to a clear breach of international faith. But he was honestly convinced that the peace would prove a European blessing; in his lax morality, the end justified the means; and we agree with M. de Remusat, that there is no reason for suspecting him of ulterior designs of a deeper and more treacherous dye.

"If the party of the exiled dynasty crossed his path—if, as might be expected, Jacobite interests and principles served his proposed system of policy at the same time that their views were promoted by it, he was not called upon to repel this sort of auxiliaries, he was not to be alarmed, nor to blush like a boy at their co-operation. . . . At the moment of action, he might well call in to the aid of his ambitious or party schemes certain general ideas; this is a want of all times for distinguished minds; one likes to find the principle of one's actions; but it is probable that circumstances, parliamentary engagements, the state of the court, characters, tastes, antipathies, the doubts which still hung over the succession to the throne, the possibility of a counter-revolution, discerned or sought, the interest of self-defence, the need of success,

the desire of revenge, a thousand particular causes, eventually contributed more powerfully to determine both the language and the course of the cabinet."

This explanation may serve for many other situations as well as that for which it was intended—and for many other statesmen beside St. John. His success in predisposing matters for a general pacification was rewarded (1712) by his elevation to the peerage with the title of Viscount Bolingbroke, with remainder to his father and the heirs-males of his father, who, himself a *roué* and a wit, is reported to have exclaimed on the occasion—"Ah, Harry, I always said you would be hanged, but now I believe you will be beheaded." The prophecy was in a fair way to be fulfilled not long afterwards, and the peerage, by widening the breach between the new Peer and the Premier, increased their common danger. Bolingbroke never forgave Harley for depriving him of the earldom on which he had reckoned; and as soon as the peace was fairly completed, their smouldering dissensions broke out into open hostility, which all Swift's exertions were unable to calm down.

"In this state of things came on the general election (August 1713) after the year of the triumph of the ministerial policy. This is often a critical moment for a cabinet. A great affair to conduct, a great end to attain, may give strength to the government. It is then sustained, from the time when it is not overwhelmed by its task. It is more active, more united, better served; its party preserves discipline and is subordinate to its views. All this is changed when the game is won. It is then that discontents, accumulated during the work, break forth; vanity and ambition throw off restraint; parties become exacting and ungrateful. If, above all, one of the ministers attributes to himself all the merit of the success which goes to advance the prime minister, the disruption is not far off, and that of the party precedes that of the chiefs. Such was the situation on which the government verged."

All Bolingbroke's communications with his friends are henceforth filled with bitter complaints of Oxford, whose habitual defects of vacillation and procrastination, augmented and developed by power, were daily adding to the growing conviction of his inferiority. "Undecided, lying, indolent, he had only activity enough to dissemble his negligences, his perfidies and his faults. More brilliant, more decided, more alluring, Bolingbroke

carried more loyalty into the details, and only deceived in greater matters. He used to say that a little trickery (*ruse*) was required in public business, as a little alloy is needed in gold or silver coin, but that the money becomes base, if the just proportion is exceeded." In claiming the honor of the peace, however, Bolingbroke necessarily exposed himself to a proportionate share of the obloquy heaped upon its concoctors; and the Whig writers so exasperated him, that in 1713, he was guilty of the folly and inconsistency of declaring war against the press. It was at his instance that a Bill was passed for imposing a halfpenny stamp on pamphlets and periodicals, which caused the discontinuance of several, and limited the circulation of many others; although it did not (as was asserted by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton in the debate on the newspaper duty in 1855) stop or ostensibly injure the *Spectator*.

Another of Bolingbroke's proposals, fortunately rejected, was that each writer's name and address should be affixed to his article, a favorite measure at all times with all who dread and wish to limit the influence of the press. The proposed object is to check violence and personality. The probable effect would be to augment both, and thereby, as well as by other incidental changes, to lessen the wholesome influence of journalism. The best-conducted journal invariably is that with which the greatest number of writers of talent, character, and position, are connected sufficiently to make them in some sort answerable for its tone. In all such cases the editor is responsible both to them and the public, and lets nothing appear that can reflect discredit or give reasonable umbrage; whilst the writers are checked by the consideration that they represent a party which they have no right to compromise. No one contributor who may have animosities to indulge, can claim to do so on the grounds that his signature makes him individually responsible. Withdraw the veil, and you at once compel numbers of occasional contributors, of the most desirable kind, to give up this description of writing altogether; yet it by no means follows that they do so, because they feel the practice to be dishonorable. An eminent author or politician may have other and perfectly defensible reasons for not coming before the public as the avowed writer of an ephme-

ral composition, which might lead to a troublesome controversy. Nor is the *we* altogether a fiction or a gratuitous assumption of authority, and the journalist who holds the pen upon the usual conditions cannot be regarded as speaking solely for himself. The existing system involves personal responsibility enough to impose the desired restraint, if it could be imposed by such means. The principal metropolitan editors and writers wear their masks very loosely; and some of them are recognised members of the very best circles in that capacity. The experiment of compelling the signature was actually tried in France, and had the effect of gradually deteriorating the French press, until the Emperor availed himself of its loss of authority to reduce it to its present state of comparative inefficiency.

Bolingbroke's intended restriction was vehemently opposed by Swift. "If," he argued, "this clause had made part of a law, there would have been an end, in all likelihood, of any valuable production for the future either in wit or learning; and that insufferable race of stupid people who are now every day loading the press, would then reign alone—in time destroy our very first principles of reason, and introduce barbarity amongst us, which is already kept out with so much difficulty." All his own best writings were first composed for the emergency, and published anonymously; so that such a law might have deprived the world of the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Drapier's Letters*, and *Gulliver's Travels*. It would also have silenced Addison, if not Steele, as a periodical writer.

On another important question of principle, Bolingbroke was in advance of his age. The commercial treaty which he meant to form part of the general pacification, was based upon the enlightened doctrines of free trade, and proceeded upon the assumption that nations might be simultaneously enriched by international dealings. Addison maintained the opposite, the Protectionist, creed, which was that of the nation at large; and the treaty was perforce abandoned after a ministerial defeat in the House of Commons; which, M. de Remusat suggests, was no great mortification to Oxford, because it tended to lower Bolingbroke.

Their quarrel came to a head in the summer of 1714. Oxford was dismissed

in full council, at which he paid back with interest the insults and reproaches heaped upon him, not sparing even the Queen and her favorite Abigail. Bolingbroke expected to obtain the Premiership thus vacated, and to keep it by the aid of a coalition with the most moderate or most accessible of the Whigs. The Queen's death overthrew all his plans; and if amongst them was one for the restoration of the Stuarts, it was not ripe enough to be put into execution, and he refused to concur in the daring project of Bishop Atterbury, who volunteered, attired in his episcopal robes, to proclaim the Pretender at Charing Cross. Bolingbroke retained the seals of Secretary of State until the arrival of an order from Hanover for their surrender to Lord Townshend. His treatment by the new sovereign was far from reassuring; but he put a bold face on matters till the following spring, when he learnt that Prior had landed at Dover, and had promised to tell everything. A private warning is also said to have reached him from the Duke of Marlborough. He then made his escape; and in the disguise of a courier, with a mail-bag across his shoulder, he arrived at Calais on the 27th March, 1715. Oxford remained to face his accusers, and the contrast thus presented was necessarily unfavorable to Bolingbroke; although he protested that the active part he had taken in making the treaty of peace, and his continuance in office after Oxford's dismissal, exposed him to greater obloquy and peril, without fairly implying conscious guilt. But besides his flight, there is his subsequent acceptance of office under the Pretender to be explained away—an act which has had upon his reputation much the same effect as Mary's marriage with Bothwell upon hers. It has, notwithstanding, been elevated into a historical doubt or problem, on which writers of no less eminence than Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Hallam, Lord Stanhope (Mabon,) and Lord Brougham, have pronounced after diligent investigation—whether Bolingbroke really harbored treasonable designs during his tenure of office under Queen Anne. Our own impression is, that such designs occasionally crossed his mind as what circumstances might drive or compel him to execute, and that he held communications with the Jacobites of a nature to lead them to suppose him an accom-

plise or a friend. As those of his apologists who deny this, cannot deny that he afterwards joined the Stuart cause, and then again did his best to injure it, his character for truth and loyalty cannot be materially darkened or cleared by proof or disproof of the charge. The best defence is that which, assuming St. John's double dealing from the first, has been set up by M. de Remusat, who had evidently some of his own countrymen and contemporaries in his mind's eye when the following just reflections suggested themselves:

"It should be observed that notions of fidelity and political loyalty were not placed so high, nor so solidly established, as they are at present—I speak of England. The principle of obligation towards the State and its actual constitution, may doubtless be attached to principles of universal morals; but it also depends on social conventions, which are in their nature variable. At epochs when events expose everything to frequent variations, when all those matters, law, constitution, dynasty, are subject to change—in a word, in revolutionary times, political duty, less distinct, is less stable and less inflexible. More lights are needed to discern where lies the right, where the public good, where the possible and the just; and the conscience is only engaged in proportion to the intelligence. A certain indulgence is therefore natural at like epochs, and even legitimate in the moral appreciation of political actions; we must acknowledge it, although our eyes may be wounded by the degrading consequences to which this relaxation may lead."

Resentment and despair of his attainer hurried Bolingbroke into his brief official connexion with the Pretender, which speedily convinced him of the hopelessness of a counter-revolution with such instruments. When he quitted it, he was accused of having betrayed the secrets of the mock court of St. Germain, and of having misappropriated a part of its small revenues. "For my part," writes Lord Stair, "I believe that poor Harry's only crime was not being able to play his part with a sufficiently serious face, nor to help laughing now and then at such kings and such queens. He had a mistress at Paris, got tipsy at intervals, and spent on her the money with which he ought to have bought powder." In every point of view this hasty, ill-considered, and short-lived adhesion to a ruined cause, with which he had no genuine sympathy, was most unfortunate for his reputation. He continued to reside in France till 1722, when



he sent over his second (reputed) wife whom he professed to have married in 1720, to negotiate for an amnesty. Walpole, then Prime Minister, proving inexorable, she was introduced by Lord Harcourt to the Duchess of Kendal, who undertook the commission for the modest remuneration of about £11,000 sterling. The utmost that could be obtained, however, was permission for Bolingbroke to reside in England, but without recovering his rights, his title, and his fortune. On arriving at Calais, on his way home, he met Atterbury, against whom a bill of attainder had recently been passed. "I am exchanged then," exclaimed the Bishop, on learning that Bolingbroke was there and about to embark for Dover.

He had an interview with Walpole, who coldly advised him to keep clear of the Tories, since his restoration depended on a Whig parliament; and, finding his situation far from comfortable, he returned to the Continent, where he lived till 1725, when a bill was passed restoring his proprietary and other civil rights, with the exception of sitting in parliament or holding office under the Crown. These limitations originated with Walpole, and were deemed by Bolingbroke of a nature to cancel any obligation he might otherwise have held binding towards the minister, whom, accordingly, he used every effort to displace. During the next ten years he was the constant assailant of Walpole through the press, and was the originator, as principal adviser of the opposition, of scheme after scheme for his overthrow. His principal organ in the press was *The Craftsman*, a bi-weekly journal founded by Pulteney in 1726, and edited by one Amherst, under the pseudonyme of Caleb d'Anvers. Walpole retaliated with both pen and tongue. His pamphlet in reply to letters of the *Occasional Writer* shows that he possessed no mean talent as a controversial writer, and a speech of his in 1735 has been popularly cited as the cause of Bolingbroke's voluntary reëxpatriation in that year. Bitter as it was, and formidable as was the implied menace of a renewal of the old charge of traitorous correspondence, we suspect that Bolingbroke was too case-hardened and too familiar with this description of threat, to be driven away by it, had there not been other motives for retreat.

After the meeting of the new parlia-

ment (January 1735) he saw the hopelessness of continuing the contest; he was anxious to get as far as possible from the political stage, which agitated whilst it tempted him; his wife's health began to fail, and his fortune enjoined economy. Yet he must have abandoned Dawley, and have broken off or suspended the ties and habits he had formed or indulged there, with deep regret. Amongst the most constant of his visitors had been Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. When Swift came to England, much of his time was devoted to the fallen statesman; and Voltaire, during those two years' residence in England of which so little is known, is supposed to have been influenced more than he subsequently cared to admit, especially in his religious and philosophical views, by constant communication with the same daring and suggestive mind. The most graphic account of Bolingbroke's way of life during his rural retirement is given in one of Pope's letters to Swift:

"I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in triumvirate, between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts that he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm. Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for £300 to paint his country hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm."

Such scenes, coupled with Swift's description of his own familiarity with Ministers of State, and added to what we learn from other sources of Addison's reception by the great, constitute a valuable commentary on a popular theory thus ingeniously illustrated by Moore in his *Life of Sheridan*: "By him who has not been born among the great, this (equality) can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy—at once all these barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes by right a station at their side which a Shak-

speare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy." Yet Burke and Sheridan, who shone conspicuously on this arena, were supposed to have been excluded from the higher prizes by their want of aristocratical advantages; whilst, on the other hand, Swift was never a member of the legislature, and Pope kept uniformly aloof from politics. The truth is, that any congeniality of taste, or community of pursuit, strongly felt and eagerly followed, will cause original difference of rank to be laid aside or forgotten; and no man of independent mind will live long in familiar intercourse with the great except on a perfect footing of conversational equality. But given equal talent and equal knowledge, the balance of influence will necessarily incline to the side of birth, rank, and fortune.

One very remarkable fruit of Bolingbroke's familiar intercourse with men of letters was the famous *Essay on Man*, to which he is understood to have contributed the metaphysics and the philosophy. He is imperishably connected with it by the opening couplet:—

"Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of kings."

Whatever his influence with Voltaire, it was almost unbounded with Pope, who avows a belief that so great a man must have been placed here by mistake, adding that, on the appearance of the last comet, it might have been supposed to have come for the express purpose of transporting him from our system into its own. So implicit was the poet's trust in his adviser and guide, that he never was at the pains of studying or ascertaining the true tendency of the doctrines which he had undertaken to circulate in the most attractive of all forms, until he was committed to them beyond recall. His surprise was on a par with his mortification when he found himself set down by half of the Christian world as a deist; and the warmth of his gratitude to Warburton, for helping to vindicate him from the reproach, may be taken as the measure of his fears. "It is indeed," he wrote, "the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified."

Bolingbroke was far from pleased by what he termed this weakness and want

of moral courage in his disciple. Unluckily for Pope's peace of mind, he, Bolingbroke, and Warburton once met at a dinner given by Lord Mansfield (then William Murray) at his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The conversation turning on the Divine attributes, Bolingbroke let fall some expressions which led Warburton to develop his profession of faith. This provoked Bolingbroke, who replied with vivacity, and there ensued a sufficiently warm dispute, which left Pope extremely agitated, for he was obliged to be of the opinion of each, the one being his master, the other his apologist: the one thinking, the other answering, for him. This happened the year before Pope's death, which brought to light an act of bad faith on his part, and materially altered the feelings with which Bolingbroke had hung over the dying poet in his last moments.

Some years before, Pope had been intrusted with the confidential commission of getting a few copies of *The Idea of a Patriot King* printed for private distribution. After his death it was discovered that he had caused 1500 additional and (it seems) garbled copies to be struck off for his own profit in the case of his surviving the author. They were brought by the printer to Bolingbroke as the lawful proprietor, and he immediately lighted a large fire on the terrace at Battersea, and consumed the whole of them. To complete his revenge by staining Pope's memory, he gave a genuine and corrected copy of the work, together with his "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism," to Mallet, with directions to publish them, with a preface (written by Bolingbroke) detailing the circumstances of the transaction. A war of pamphlets ensued. Warburton again appeared as the apologist of the poet, and was answered by the noble philosopher in the *Familiar Epistle to the Most Impudent Man Living*.

We have anticipated by several years to follow the connection with Pope to its unfortunate and discreditable termination. After quitting England in 1735, Bolingbroke resided in France till 1752, and contrived to be—what the men who make most noise in their time always may be if they set about it in right earnest—unnoticed and almost forgotten by the world. "His presence in France," says M. de Remusat, "produced no effect. He remained there seven years without being mentioned in the memoirs of the period,

rare enough in truth. He had no connection with the French Court, where the Cardinal Fleury, a great friend of Walpole's, reigned: no connection with the Stuarts, who were no longer in France. It is not known whether he renewed his acquaintance with the Parisian world. His former society was dispersed. Voltaire, at this epoch, is no longer occupied with him: he was living at Cirey, Luneville, Brussels, the Hague, Berlin, and seemed to forget the Cato and the Mæcenas that he had admired." It is, then, really in retreat that Bolingbroke lived this time: work alone animated his solitude. When, after the fall of Walpole in 1742, he ventured home again, he had the mortification to find that his worshippers, as well as his enemies, had diminished with the lapse of time. He was grown out of fashion both as a writer and a politician. Chatham called him a pedantic and turbulent old man who quarrelled with his wife. Chesterfield sought and delighted in his conversation, but took good care not to follow his advice or be mixed up in his intrigues. It was his misfortune also to be always cultivating the favor of those very members of the Court circle who had least interest in it. Indeed, in the maturity of his judgment, he had fallen into the mistake—of which Lord Chesterfield, with all his boasted penetration, was also guilty—of fancying that the mistress of a royal personage must necessarily have more influence than the wife, and that the back stairs were the best preparation for the front. Every one knows that Queen Caroline favored George the Second's intercourse with "my good Howard" upon a well-founded conviction that he regarded and treated her as a puppet, endeared to him rather by habit than by affection.

Lady Bolingbroke's death in March 1750, was a deep blow to her lord, who, twenty-seven years before, had written to Swift: "The love that was wont to scatter with some profusion on an entire sex has been for some years devoted to a single object." In the epitaph he inscribed on her tomb, he calls her "the honor of her sex, the charm and admiration of ours." The mystery that hung over their marriage involved him in a good deal of troublesome litigation, and was not cleared up till after his death, which took place on December 17, 1751, in his seventy-fourth year.

The immediate cause was a cancer in the face. He bore the excruciating tortures of this complaint with fortitude, but died, as he had lived, a deist, and refused to communicate with a clergyman. His will begins thus: "In the name of God, whom I humbly adore, to whom I offer up perpetual thanksgiving, and to the order of whose Providence I am cheerfully resigned." The most noteworthy of his bequest was that by which he assigned to Mallet, after reciting the printed works of which he was the author, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings," which he had written or composed, or should write or compose, and leave at the time of his decease. The intention, as understood by the legatee, was the publication of a complete edition, and he refused to listen to Lord Hyde (Cornbury) to whom the letters on history had been addressed, and who earnestly pressed the omission of the Scriptural parts. Mallet was so confident of the value of his legacy, that he refused 3000 guineas for his copyrights, and put forth, in 1754, an edition in five quarto volumes on his own account. The sale sadly disappointed his expectations: for the political tracts had lost their interest, and the philosophical essays were mainly indebted for the notice they attracted to the scandal which they caused. The popular feeling was not materially overstated by Dr. Johnson when he thundered out: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward—a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not the resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."

Bolingbroke is now read exclusively for his style, which is clear, flowing, idiomatic, attractively colored, and judiciously ornamented. He is ranked by Pope above all the other writers of his time, but posterity will except Swift and Addison, although his works contain passages in which, if equalled, he is certainly not excelled, by either of them. We agree with Mr. Cooke that amongst his peculiar merits must be named the beauty and propriety of his images and illustrations—as in the passage of the Letter to Windham beginning: "The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our government, and the pilot and the minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that eith-

er of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their port by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. Or in the "*Spirit of Patriotism*"—"Eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry all the rest of the year." English is so essentially a spoken language, and so susceptible of idiomatic and irregular graces, that an orator had better write as he talks, instead of imitating Fox, who, in his excessive zeal to avoid diffuseness, has fallen into the opposite and more fatal error of dryness. But still we must admit to M. de Remusat, that Bolingbroke as a writer too frequently conveys the notion of the orator, and the following estimate is just in the main:

"It seems to us that, to take men in general, Bolingbroke has elevation, although he does not attain to the sublime—a mind bold and active, but affecting singularity—views rather than principles—more elegance than grace—animated and brilliant talent without a powerful imagination, without genuine originality. His diction is sustained, ornamented, by no means cold, but monotonous; by no means obscure, but wanting in those luminous traits which throw a sudden day over the thought. His spoken eloquence must have been dignified, easy, abundant: he must have had warmth and movement, but neither the communicative attraction of sincere passion, nor that dialectic power which subdues conviction. In attack he must have wounded by disdainful sarcasms rather than have overwhelmed by invective; and what is told of his manners, his countenance, and his mode of speaking, place him amongst the orators whose eloquence resides greatly in action, and these are not the least worthy of the tribune. In him, the writer and the orator are in our eyes above the rest—the politician and the man fall below them. The two last had only the show of greatness, and it is always fortunate that true greatness should be wanting where there is neither goodness nor virtue."

The second volume is devoted to Horace Walpole, Junius, Fox, and Burke. These, if more familiar, are certainly not exhausted or easily exhaustible subjects. So long as the study of morals and manners shall possess attractions for the philosophic speculator, Horace Walpole will be eagerly read and emulously quoted; and

French writers will find many points of sympathy in those very tastes and opinions of his, which are least calculated to command assent or conciliate goodwill in England, as when he says that he should like his country well enough if it were not for his countrymen.

Many years have passed since Mr. Macaulay declared the chain of presumptive evidence by which Junius had been identified with Sir Philip Frances to be complete; but presumptive evidence cannot be deemed complete so long as the circumstances can be reconciled with any other hypothesis; and several theories of the authorship have subsequently been promulgated, which have kept the final judgment of criticism suspended. No literary problem was ever better calculated for the display of learning and acuteness, and the interest in the inquiry, which recommenced on the publication of Woodfall's annotated edition in 1817, has continued unabated to this hour.

The extent to which the names of Burke and Fox are associated with the early stages of the French Revolution of 1789, and the influence they respectively exercised on its direct results, naturally render them objects of earnest and improving investigation and discussion to foreign politicians, who are still practically suffering from, or contending with, the more remote consequences of that terrible and momentous epoch. We need hardly add, therefore, that Horace Walpole, Junius, Burke, and Fox, are each made the occasion for some thoughtful and suggestive chapters by M. de Remusat. But want of space compels us to rest satisfied with recommending the second volume as little, if at all, less valuable and interesting than the first. The distinctive qualities of both are judgment and good taste. The entire book is emphatically the composition of a statesman, an accomplished man of letters, and a gentleman; and the author will be allowed on all hands not to have excited groundless expectations, when he led his readers to look for something which should speak of experience in state affairs, genuine admiration for tempered liberty, and hopeful if patient patriotism.



From Chambers's Journal.

## P I S C I C U L T U R E .

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that efforts are being made upon a considerable scale to augment our supply of salmon by means of artificial hatching and breeding. This mode of increasing our stock of fish is denominated pisciculture by our allies the French, and has been practised in France for some years, particularly by the late Joseph Remy and his coadjutor M. Gehin, who, strange to say, rediscovered this art in 1842, unaware that it was supposed to have been well known among the ancient Romans, or that it had been carried on by modern naturalists for more than a century. The early Romans, we are told, knew and cultivated the art extensively; and not being contented with merely breeding fish, they studied also how to impart new flavors to the flesh, and were particularly zealous in fattening them to the largest possible size. Another branch of the art was likewise studied with great attention; it was that of acclimation, or the breeding of salt-water fish in lakes and fresh-water rivers. This was, in many instances, as may be supposed, a work of some difficulty; but the arts of the epicure, in those ancient times, were many, and generally very successful. We need scarcely, however, extend our researches into the knowledge of the ancient Romans or Chinese on this subject: it is not the antiquarian, but the modern phase of pisciculture, particularly in its utilitarian aspect, with which we have business.

The honor of being the modern discoverer of this long-forgotten art undoubtedly belongs to M. Jacobi, who published, in 1763, a minute and interesting account of his thirty years' practice. This gentleman was not satisfied with his discovery as a mere scientific curiosity, for to him also belongs the still greater merit of making the art commercially useful as a means of keeping up supplies. At the date we have indicated, great attention was devoted to pisciculture by various gentlemen of scientific eminence. Count Goldstein

wrote on the subject to M. de Fourcroy, and Duhamel du Monceau gave it publicity in his treatise on fishes. The Journal of Hanover also had papers on this art, and an account of Jacobi's proceedings was likewise enrolled in the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The discovery of Jacobi was the simple result of a keen observation of the natural action of the breeding-salmon. Observing that the process of impregnation was entirely an external act, he saw at once that this could be easily imitated by careful manipulation; so that by conducting artificial hatching on a large scale, a constant and unfailing supply of fish might readily be obtained. The results arrived at by Jacobi were of vast importance, and obtained not only the recognition of his government, but also the more solid reward of a pension.

The labors of Gehin and Remy deserve generous record, for it is to their exertions we are most indebted for the activity and enterprise which are now displayed in the art of hatching and breeding all kinds of fresh-water fish. Although, as we have already stated, this curious art was evidently known to the ancients, as also to certain *savans* who flourished about a century ago; still, to these two unlettered fishermen we must accord the same credit as if their discovery of the artificial process had been the original one. When they commenced the practice of this art, they were in utter ignorance of its ever having been practised before. These men lived at La Bresse, an obscure French village in the department of the Vosges. This district is rich in lakes and streams, and includes the Moselle and its tributaries, which are famed for trout, the supply of which was at one time so considerable as to form a very large portion of the food of the surrounding community. The experiments of Gehin and Remy were crowned with almost instant success; and to encourage them to make still greater efforts, the *Société d'Emulation des Vosges*

voted them a considerable sum of money and a handsome bronze medal. It was not, however, till 1849 that the proceedings of Gehin and Remy attracted that degree of notice which was demanded by their importance, economic and scientific. Dr. Haxo, of Epinal, then communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris an elaborate paper on the subject, which at once fixed attention on the labor of the two fishermen, in fact, it excited a sensation both in the Academy and among the people. The government of the time at once gave attention to the matter; and finding, upon inquiry, everything that was said about the utility of the plan to be true, resolved to have it extended to all the rivers in France, especially to those of the poorer districts; and at once made offers of employment to the two fishermen, through whose exertions many of the finest rivers in the country have since been stocked with fish.

The system has been extended to Spain, Holland Great Britain, and many other countries. As shewing the extent to which artificial hatching is carried on in other countries, we may state that the reservoirs, breeding-places, and other suitable constructions of the government establishment at Basel, occupy a space of about twenty-five acres of ground, devoted to the propagation of salmon, carp, tench, and those other kinds of fish of which the French people are so very fond. At Huningen, also, there is another extensive establishment for the production of fish, in which trout and other fresh-water fishes are propagated in myriads, and the neighboring rivers and streams are supplied with stock from this useful reservoir.

Mr. Shaw was the first person in this country, we understand, to direct his attention to the subject. His experiments were made about twenty years ago; but differed in their object from those of Jacobi, inasmuch as they were undertaken principally to solve a problem in the natural history of the salmon. In 1848, Mr. Boccus, civil engineer, published a work on *Fish in Rivers and Streams: a Treatise on the Production and Management of Fish in Fresh Water, &c., &c.* This gentleman had taken up the subject in 1841, and made several very successful experiments. In the rivers of one estate alone he is said to have reared upwards of 120,000 trouts. He was also employed

to conduct experiments at Chatsworth and many other places.

The system of artificial fecundation has likewise been tried in Ireland. Two English gentlemen of capital and enterprise, Messrs. Ashworth, of Egerton Hall, near Bolton, having purchased the fishery of Lough Corrib, were determined, if possible, to solve the much-discussed question—"Can the salmon-fisheries of this kingdom be restored to their former abundant state of productiveness?" Mr. Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe, was engaged by these gentlemen to conduct the experiments, which were made as follows, and are described by Mr. Halliday in his letter to the commissioners of fisheries in Ireland, a passage of which we beg to quote:

"On the 14th December 1852, a small rill at Outerard was selected for the experiment, by a rude check thrown across; a foot of water-head was raised over a few square yards to insure regularity in the supply. From this head, half-foot under surface-level, three wooden pipes, two inches square, by a few feet long, drew off respectively to the rill-bed and to the boxes all the water required—the surplus of the supplying rill passing away in its usual course. The boxes are six feet long, eighteen inches wide, nine inches deep, open at top, set in the ground in a double row, on a slope of two or three inches on each box, the end of the one set close to the end of the other in continuous line, and earthed up to within one inch of the top. They are partly filled, first with a layer of fine gravel, next coarser, and lastly with stones, coarser somewhat than road-metal, to a total depth of six inches. A piece of twelve inches wide by two inches deep is cut from the end of each box, and a water-way of tin nailed over this, with a turn up on either side to prevent the water from escaping. These connect the line of boxes, and carry the water to the extreme end, whence it is made to drop into the pond which receives and preserves the young fish.

"The artificial rill is in all respects similarly prepared, excepting that its channel-course is in the soil itself. The pipe now introduced into the upper box of each line, and of the water-head, the spawn-bed is prepared; two hours' running will clear away the earth from the stones. The water will be found about two inches in depth over the average level of the stones in the boxes. By an iron-

wire grating, the boxes can be isolated, and the pipe protected against the passage of insects and trout."

It is satisfactory to note that this Irish experiment was quite successful, as might be expected from the skill and experience of the gentleman engaged to conduct the trial. Mr. Ramsbottom has been the first to conduct the proceedings in each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, with salmon-ova, to a successful termination; having in 1852 hatched about 5000 ova on the estate of Jonathan Peel, Esq., of Knowlmore; and more recently he has taken a prominent part in carrying on the attempt to re-stock the river Tay by artificial fecundation and nursing, which we will now attempt to describe.

The immense fecundity of all kinds of fish is well known. They shed spawn sufficient to produce myriads of young. A salmon, for instance, of ten pounds' weight, it has been calculated, will yield 10,000 young. But when the spawn is deposited, in the usual course of nature, in the rivers frequented by the fish, it is exposed to so many dangers, that not more than one-fourth of the quantity deposited ever comes to life. Mr. Robert Buist, of Perth, at the meeting of the Tay salmon-fishing proprietors, stated that there were many spawning-beds in the Almond River, and one had been found dry, owing to the long-continued dry weather, and the spawn was thus destroyed. But even after the egg is hatched, the little fishes are subjected to innumerable dangers. If the spawning-beds escape the danger of being dried up mentioned by Mr. Buist, they are liable to be ploughed up, and the seed carried away by the storms of winter; or if spared from both of these calamities, the water-hen breaks into them and gobbles up the deposits. The ova is much preyed upon by other fish. From the gullet of a large trout upwards of 600 salmon-eggs have been taken during the spawning season; and all kinds of remorseless enemies attack and devour it in its various shapes of egg or fish. Wild ducks, and other kinds of fowl, demolish great quantities of the spawn; the maggot of many of the flies which are hatched in the water also preys upon the defenceless ova. On this enemy to the salmon, Mr. Buist, of Perth, makes the following remarks, in a letter to the government inspecting commissioners of Irish fisheries: "I observed it stated in an account

of a meeting held at Ballina, that a small black insect had destroyed much of the ova in the experimental ponds there. This insect I observed while our eggs were hatching in 1854, and had some specimens brought in, and saw in a crystal jar the whole operation of the vermin on the ova. It fastened on it with its feelers, and stuck to the egg like a leech. It is the grub of the May-fly that takes wing that month, and in its turn is devoured by thousands of the finny tribe. This is what may be called retributive justice; but mark the reaction. This little insect of a day, while playing in the water, and swallowed by myriads of tiny fish, drops eggs which next season become hatched by the sun of spring, and then in their larva state prey on the egg of the salmon, and suck the very heart's blood from the embryo fry. Such is life—the strong living on the helpless." Hence the urgent necessity for bringing forth the young, securely sheltered in these breeding-ponds from the most destructive of their natural enemies, and securing for all the fish which comes to life a safe asylum, till the period when they may be safely sent on their travels.

The largest experiment in salmon-breeding yet made in Great Britain has been tried on the banks of the river Tay, at a spot called Colinhaugh, but better known as Stormontfield, on the property of the Earl of Mansfield. The operations at Stormontfield originated at a meeting of the proprietors of the river, held in July 1852, when a communication by Dr. Eisdale was read on the subject of artificial propagation; and Mr. Thomas Ashworth, of Poynton, explained the experiments which had been conducted at his Irish fishery-station. He said that "he had entertained the opinion for a long time that it would be as easy artificially to propagate salmon in our rivers as it was to raise silkworms on mulberry-leaves, though the former were under water, and the latter in the open air. It was an established fact, that salmon and other fish may be propagated artificially in ponds in millions, at a small cost, and thus be protected from their natural enemies for the first year of their existence, after which they will be much more capable of protecting themselves than can be the case in the early stages of their existence. His brother and he have at the present time about 20,000 young salmon in ponds, thus pro-



duced, which are daily fed with suitable food. Mr. Ashworth also observed, that a great deal had yet to be discovered in the artificial propagation and feeding of salmon. They know but comparatively little of the habits of salmon, and in order that a greater amount of knowledge might be obtained, he had recommended to the commissioners of fisheries, in Ireland, to take a portion of the fish propagated in the way he had mentioned from the ponds, and immerse them annually in the sea for a period of three months, and to be again deposited in the ponds for other nine months—to be repeated for several years. The commissioners had taken about a dozen of these young salmon from the ponds, and had had them many weeks in the Dublin Exhibition, where they were kept in a model of a wear, with a salmon-ladder in it, the model being supplied by a pipe with a constant run of water. These little creatures shewed their agility by mounting the ladder, and so passing over the wear to the amusement of the bystanders; and he was informed they were alive and thriving, being perfectly healthy in this small run of pure water, and were fed with chopped meat every day. It was only in this way a more accurate history of the ages and habits of the salmon species might be written. The expense of this plan of artificial propagation he did not estimate to exceed a pound a thousand, which was at the rate of one farthing for each salmon." In conclusion, Mr. Ashworth said: "The great consideration that weighed with him was, that by the artificial propagation of salmon a vast increase to the quantity of human food would be obtained." He then strongly impressed upon the meeting the importance of sending for Mr. Ramsbottom to commence operations in the Tay, and instruct others as to the plans to be adopted for increasing the salmon in that river.

The plan proposed by Mr. Ashworth was unanimously agreed to, and a committee was at once appointed to have the resolutions arrived at by the meeting carried into effect.

The breeding-ponds at Stormontfield are beautifully situated on a sloping haugh on the banks of the Tay, and are sheltered at the back by a plantation of trees. We have visited the place, which is situated about five miles from Perth, and about a mile and a half from a railway-station. The ground has been laid out to

the best advantage, and the whole of the ponds, water-runs, etc., have been planned and constructed by Mr. Peter Brown, C. E., and they are said to answer the purpose admirably well. There is a rapid-running mill-stream parallel with the river, from which the supply of water is derived. The necessary quantity is first run from this stream into a reservoir, from which it is filtered through pipes into a little water-course at the head of the range of boxes, from whence it is laid on. The boxes are fixed on a gentle slope of ground on the pleasant bank of the silvery Tay; and by means of the gentle inclination, the water falls beautifully from one compartment or box to another, in a gradual but constant stream, and collects to the bottom in a kind of dam, and thence runs into a small lake or dépôt where the young fish are kept. A sluice made of fine wire-grating, admits of the superfluous water being run off into the Tay, and thus keeps up an equable supply. It also serves as an outlet for the fish when it is deemed expedient to send them out to try their fortune in the greater deep near at hand, for which their pond-experience has been a mode of preparation. The planning of the boxes, ponds, sluices, &c., has been accomplished with singular ingenuity, and we cannot conceive anything better adapted for the purpose. Our only regret is that it has not been constructed on a much larger scale. If the number of boxes had been doubled, there would then have been accommodation for breeding one million of salmon.

The operation of preparing the spawn for the boxes was commenced here on the 23d of November 1853, and in the course of a month, 300,000 ova were deposited in the 300 boxes, which had been filled with gravel and made all ready for their reception. Mr. Ramsbottom, who conducted the manipulation, thinks the Tay is one of the finest breeding-streams in the world, and says that "it would be presumption to limit the numbers that might be raised there, were the river cultivated to its capabilities." We prefer giving this gentleman's own description of the process of shedding the spawn, and the manner of impregnating it. "So soon as a pair of suitable fish were captured, the ova of the female were immediately discharged into a tub one-fourth full of water, by a gentle pressure of the hands from the thorax downwards. The milt of the male



was ejected in a similar manner, and the contents of the tub stirred with the hand. After the lapse of a minute, the water was poured off, with the exception of sufficient to keep the ova submerged, and fresh water supplied in its place. This also was poured off, and fresh substituted previous to removing the impregnated spawn to the boxes prepared for its reception. The ova were placed in the boxes as nearly similar to what they would be under the ordinary course of natural deposition as possible, with, however, this important advantage: in the bed of the river, the ova are liable to injury and destruction in a variety of ways; the alluvial matter deposited in times of flood will often cover the ova too deep to admit of the extrication of the young fry, even if hatched; the impetuosity of the streams when flooded will frequently sweep away whole spawning-beds and their contents. Whilst deposited in boxes, the ova are shielded from injury, and their vivification in large numbers is thus rendered a matter of certainty, and the young fish reared in safety."

The date when the first egg was observed to be hatched was on the 31st of March; and during April and May most of the eggs had started into life, and the fry were observed waddling about the breeding-boxes; and in June they were promoted to a place in the pond, being then a little more than an inch long. Sir William Jardine, in a paper read at the recent meeting of the British Association, with a copy of which we have been kindly favored, says, of the first year's experiment, that the results have been satisfactory in shewing the practicability of hatching, rearing, and maintaining in health a very large number of young fish for a period of two years, and, not reckoning the original expense of the ponds, at a comparatively trifling cost. Sir William

also reports the second series of experiments begun last winter as most satisfactory. The work was commenced on the 22d of November, and finished on the 19th of December last, up to which time 183 boxes had been stocked each with 2000 ova. There seems, as we learn from the report, to be a very great scarcity of male fish, as may be gathered from the following entry in the pond journal, kept by Mr. Marshall—"Peter of the Pools:" "When we [Mr. Ashworth and Mr. Buist, of Perth] arrived at the river, they had caught two female fish, and at the next cast two other female fish were taken. At the third cast they captured a male fish in fine condition, from twenty-four to twenty-eight pounds' weight. We had now full opportunity of seeing the whole process of spawning performed. The female fish, after being relieved of their ova, swam away quite lively, and each was marked by punching a hole in the tail." The same disparity between the quantity of males and females was observed in Ireland. The males were found to be in the proportion of 1 to 14 at Lough Corrib; but we mention this only incidentally, having no intention, in the present paper, to enter into the salmon controversy, or to trace the young fish further than its birth.

Those of our readers who feel anxious for more information on the interesting subject of pisciculture, may consult an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1854 (vol. vi.); and there are a great number of pamphlets on the subject to be had from the French booksellers, such as "*Pisciculture, Du Repeuplement des Eaux de la France*, par M. C. Millet"—a paper read before the savans of one of the Paris associations, and containing many curious ideas and much striking information on the subject.

THE Boston Public Library has 28,080 volumes, exclusive of those already received from the last liberal donation of Mr. Bates, and of tracts, 12,380; last year the library contained 22,617 volumes, and 6507 tracts. Of the additions the past

year, 1865 volumes and 5330 pamphlets have been donations.

M. GOUJON, a young astronomer of great eminence, and an assistant of Arago, died in Paris on the 1st inst.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES — TALMA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH TALMA ranks amongst the most remarkable men of the age and country in which he lived. His theatrical eminence was only one of his many claims to distinction. The Garrick of the French stage, combined with the great artist—the man of literature, the accomplished gentleman, the honest citizen, the steady friend, the affectionate husband and father, and the agreeable companion endowed with ample stores of knowledge, and unrivalled conversational powers. His memory resembled a vast magazine, from whence he could draw supplies at will, without danger of exhausting the hoard. He had read much, had witnessed more, and recollected all. He saw the death of Voltaire, the entire career of Chateaubriand, and the rise of Victor Hugo and Lamartine. He beheld the dawn of the great Revolution, became a spectator of all its terrible phases, from the destruction of the Bastille, the massacre of the Swiss Guards, the trial and execution of the King, the reign of terror, and the directory, through the glories of the consulate and the empire, to the extinction of the latter and the restoration of the Bourbons. With the past, he looked back to the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and almost lived to see the barricades of 1830, and the election of Louis Philippe. Personally, he was the friend of Chenier, David, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and was one of the familiar intimates of Napoleon. His life was a link connecting that of many others, rather than a distinct single existence. His professional popularity never waned with the vicissitudes of a career of nearly forty years; and the affection of his private friends, enduring through life, accompanied him to the tomb. He must have been preëminently a happy man, for his mind was pure, truthful, ingenuous, and straightforward: neither let it be forgotten, in the enumeration of his many enviable endowments, that he realized a handsome fortune by his own exertions.

A short time before his death, Talma was asked by an admiring friend why he did not write his own biography, as La Clairon, Le Kain, Preville, and Molé had done before him. He answered that he had not time; and that having so incessantly studied and repeated the thoughts and words of others, he could find no original phrases in which to express his ideas.\* Nevertheless, an extensive collection of notes and memoranda was discovered amongst his papers after his death, written by him with a view to a personal history of his life and times. These papers, after a lapse of more than twenty years, were consigned, with permission of the two sons of Talma, to Alexandre Dumas, to arrange and edit. The ingenious novelist commenced the task with his usual rapidity, and four volumes were published in 1850. Talma is made to speak throughout in the first person, but how far the imagination of Dumas has embellished or obscured reality, is a question not easily decided. He gives some original anecdotes, and verifies others that have been in print before. The narrative altogether has an air of *doubtful* authenticity. It is too discursive, and meanders into so many labyrinthine episodes, that the individual biography is not easily disentangled.

We have been given to understand by more than one competent critic, that the work is considered in France, as "*peu sérieux*." In 1827, within a year after the death of Talma, an excellent memoir upon the man and his art appeared from the pen of Regnault-Varin, who knew him long and intimately. This volume is highly esteemed, and may be faithfully relied on. Tissot and Moreau also published pamphlets upon the same subject; and the celebrated comedian Regnier has written an excellent article on Talma,

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\* There is a memoir of Le Kain, in French, with the name of Talma as the author; but it is now said on good authority not to have been written by him.

which appeared in a volume of the *Biographie Universelle*, edited by Michaud. It will be seen that, from these combined sources, ample materials may be collected for a correct account of the life and actions of the French Roscius.

On a just comparison of pretensions, it must be admitted that Talma was beyond all question the greatest tragic actor that France has ever produced. Men of high renown preceded him—such as Baron, Le Kain, Monvel, La Rive;\* but he excelled them all, and none of his successors, to the present year inclusive, are worthy to rank in the same file. The Gallic throne of Melpomene is exclusively occupied by Mademoiselle Rachel. There is not even a shadow of Talma amongst the living men. He was to the French stage what Garrick was to the English; a bold reformer and the inventor of a new school. Inferior to Garrick in executive versatility,† he far surpassed him in classical acquirement and profound study of the ancient models. He was the only French actor who had the good taste and courage to break through the conventional fetters of declamation. He disregarded the measured monotony of the rhyme, and took nature for his exclusive guide. An enthusiastic worshipper once said to him, “You must be deeply affected to produce such powerful emotions in your audience. How intensely you identify yourself with the character you represent!” His reply embraced a lecture on his art. “Acting,” said he, “is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must at the same time control our own sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution. The skilful actor calculates his effects beforehand. He never improvises a burst of passion or an explosion of grief. Everything that he does is the result of pre-arrangement and forethought. The agony which appears in-

stantaneous, the joy that seems to gush forth involuntarily, the tone of the voice, the gesture, the look, which pass for sudden inspiration, have been rehearsed a hundred times. On the other hand, a dull, composed, phlegmatic nature can never make a great actor. He who loves his profession and expects to excel in it, must study from himself, and compare his own proved sensations under grief, happiness, disappointment, loss, acquisition, anger, pain, pleasure, and all the ordinary variations of human events and feelings, with the imaginary emotions of the characters he is supposed to represent. Not long ago,” he added, “I was playing in ‘Misanthropy and Repentance,’ with an admirable actress. Her natural and affecting manner, deeply studied nevertheless, completely overpowered me. She perceived, and rejoiced in her triumph, but whispered to me, ‘Recover yourself, Talma; you are excited.’ Had I not listened to the caution my voice would have failed, the words would have escaped my memory, my gesticulations would have become unmeaning, and the whole effect would have dwindled into insignificance. No, believe me, we are not nature, but art; and in the excellence of our imitation lies the consummation of skill.”

It has been often said that Talma was an Englishman; partly because he spoke our language with more fluency and less of the foreign idiom than those not “native and to the manner born” usually exhibit; and partly because his father had long been settled in London as an eminent dentist, having been induced to emigrate by the persuasion, and under the immediate patronage, of Earl Harcourt. The date also of his birth has been frequently misstated. Dumas says that Talma himself has settled the question by a written memorandum, to the effect that he was ushered into the world, in Paris, on the 15th of January, 1766. Regnault-Varin, on the contrary, states, that he once asked him his age, and he evaded the answer, by saying with a smile, that “actors and women should never be dated.” “We are old or young,” added he, “according to the characters we represent.” The biographer then, on a comparison of evidence, fixes 1763 as the correct epoch. The day, the 15th of January, has never been disputed; and becomes doubly memorable as being also the anniversary of the birth of Molière.

\* *Monvel* had great sensibility, but no advantage of person or face. *La Rive* was handsome, but cold. It was said of the first that he was a soul without a body, and of the second that he was a body without a soul. “To make a perfect actor,” said Champfort, “*La Rive* should be compelled to swallow *Monvel*.”

† Talma almost entirely confined himself to tragedy. Prescriptive rule in France would not allow an actor to embrace two walks. There is more latitude at present.

The name of Talma is uncommon, and of Arabic origin, signifying *intrepid*. Founded on this, a son of the reigning Emperor of Morocco who happened to be on a visit to the French metropolis, once asked the father of the actor whether he was not of eastern descent, and of the family of Ishmael. The elder Talma could produce no evidence, and felt himself compelled to ignore the respectable pedigree. When he came to England he brought his family with him, but the young Francis Joseph, at nine years of age, was sent back to Paris, to complete his education; it being intended that in due time he should succeed to the paternal business. At the boarding school where he was placed, plays written by the master were occasionally acted by the scholars. At one of these exhibitions, Talma, then the youngest and most promising boy in the seminary, was entrusted with a secondary part in a tragedy called "Tamerlane." The character here represented wound up the play with a narrative conveying to Tamerlane the intelligence of the death of his dearest friend; which friend was in fact his own son. Talma had suffered his mind to become so completely absorbed with the event he had to describe, and so identified himself with the situation, that he told his story in a flood of real tears. He was too young to have studied the classical canon of Horace, which says,

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi;"

but nature prompted him to strike the true chord, and he obeyed her mandate without scholastic instruction.

The curtain fell, and the young actors retired to their apartments; but after a time, it was perceived that Talma was missing. They sought for him, and he was found seated in the dressing-room, wrapped up in his tragic mantle, and weeping bitterly. His companions endeavored to divert his grief, but so strong was the impression made upon his dawning faculties, that he fell into a fever from which he did not recover for several days. Soon after this incident, his father sent for him to London.

Talma's fondness for the stage, originally imbibed at school, strengthened with his growth, and induced him to collect together a band of juvenile amateurs of his own nation, who got up plays at the Hano-

ver square Rooms, then belonging to Sir John Gallini. They began with Boissy's comedy of "Le François à Londres," in which Talma acted the *Marquis de Polainville*; and Molière's "Dépit Amoureux," in which he played *Eraste*. These performances were continued for several months, and were patronized with an eagerness almost exceeding that subsequently bestowed upon the fashionable and secret assemblies at the Argyll Rooms. On one occasion, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other distinguished personages of the highest rank were present. Amongst other pieces, Beaumarchais' "Barbier de Seville," was given, when Talma personated *Le Comte Almaviva*.

The brilliant success of these experiments led Sir John Gallini to suppose that he might derive great emolument from mingled representations, in which Molé\* and Mademoiselle Contat,† then at the head of the French stage, might appear together in a selection from their best scenes. Talma, who was about to return to France to finish his education, was commissioned to treat with them upon the subject. The success of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whose performances he had frequently witnessed with rapture in England, had unsettled his mind for the study of his father's avocation, and predisposed him to seize the first opportunity of engaging in the pursuit that had caught his fancy. Molé declined the offer of which Talma was the bearer; but the acquaintance opened to the latter by the negotiation, paved his way to the stage, and relieved him from the profession of a dentist, which, although exceedingly distasteful, he had begun to practise in Paris, in obedience to the wishes of his father. Molé became so struck by the genius of Talma, as it gradually won upon him, that he introduced the young aspirant to the committee of the Theatre François—the Drury-lane and Covent-garden of Paris.

\* François René Molé was equally celebrated for his excellence in delineating the tender passions, whether in tragedy or sentimental comedy. He came out in 1760, being then in his twenty-fifth year, and died in 1802. During the progress of the Revolution he enrolled himself amongst the Jacobins, and officiated in the church of St. Roch as the priest of the Goddess of Reason.

† Louise Contat, afterwards Madame de Parny, was famed for her beauty no less than her rare abilities. She was born in 1760, maintained a leading position on the French stage for thirty-two years, and died in 1813.



By them he was engaged, and in 1787, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he made his first appearance as *Seide*, in the "Mahomet" of Voltaire. This tragedy had been for many years familiar to the English public in the translation of the Reverend James Miller, illustrated by the admirable acting of Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, and will long be remembered in Ireland as the ostensible cause of the destruction of the Smock Alley Theatre in Dublin.

Talma's first attempt was comparatively a failure, equally mortifying to his friends and himself. He was pronounced too natural and familiar, and not sufficiently imposing and impressive for the million. There were a few discerning exceptions, however, who saw that the true spirit was in him; and Ducis, who has been called "The French Shakspeare," was amongst the number. He introduced himself to the debutant, and proffered a friendship which terminated only with his life. Talma and Ducis have been mutually indebted to each other for much of the reputation they both enjoy.

Theatrical management seems ever to have been a system exclusively *sui generis*. The one governing principle extends to all ages and countries. The encouragement of a beginner is measured more by his success than his actual merit; while the latter does not of necessity produce the former. For this reason genius has sometimes been stifled in the outset of a career, before it has acquired confidence to hazard what it knows to be right. Timidity and want of self-reliance have not unfrequently entombed talent in a premature grave. It was not thus in the case of Talma. Though he was thrown back for a weary interval into the most insignificant parts, nothing could wean him from the profession to which he felt himself internally called. A happy idea occurred to him while ruminating in the solitude of his *quatrième étage*. He was surrounded by the absurdities of a formal, pedantic school, fed, fostered, and perpetuated by the subservience to routine of a buckram court, which shrank from innovation or improvement, regarded novelty in the light of treason, subjected even its most insignificant relaxations to the laws of rigid etiquette, and amused itself by rule. The stage representatives of every age and every nation were clad in the prevailing garb of the drawing-rooms of the Tuileries. So little were

the public alive to this ridiculous anachronism, that they clapped their hands and shouted with delight, when in "Cinna" they witnessed the entry of the courtiers of Augustus; because these good old gentlemen all appeared, their arms a-kimbo, with the hand on the hip on the left side, and the hat and feathers flourishing on the right, like the great lords in the gallery of Versailles—an interesting and truly Roman portraiture of the court of the second Cæsar.

Lekain, it is true, had already commenced a reform. Impelled by genius, enlightened by taste, and supported by the science of Mademoiselle Clairon, his rival, he succeeded in extending the narrow circle of dramatic rules and customs by which his ardent mind found itself checked and diminished. Then was seen what was never before witnessed on the Parisian boards—a Turk in *Bajazet*, a Tartar in *Gengis Khan*, and a barbarian prince in *Rhadamanthus*. But the classical department of the stage was still left to revel in its rude incongruities and absurdity. It remained for some daring hand to divest the Greek and Roman worthies of their three cornered hats and full bottomed periwigs.

Talma, who saw no hope of promotion from the ranks, but by a startling experiment, the success of which might lift him beyond conventional despotism, determined to risk his hopes and fortunes upon a radical reform in this particular branch. He had been in abeyance for some time, and was the reverse of popular with the authorities of the theater. The public when they saw him, which seldom happened, classed him with the unhonored crowd; and he was fast sinking into the most fatal of all conditions to an aspiring soul—utter obscurity—that condition in which (as Washington Irving has said of the utility men of a theater)—he was "above the fear of a hiss, and below the hope of applause." At this turning point of his destiny, Voltaire's "Brutus" happened to be commanded at court, and either in default of numbers, or in the absence of a better man, he was selected to perform the tribune *Proculus*, a minor part of less than twenty lines. Spurning silk, embroidery, velvet, powder, and flowing ringlets, habited in a robe of plain cloth, with no ornament beyond the tasteful disposition of the folds, the hair cut and plaited on the forehead, the arms bare,

the antique buskin on his feet, Talma, or rather the veritable tribune *Proculus*, came to the side wing, representing the portal of the Roman senate-house, to wait the signal for his entrance. Mademoiselle Contat, passing by, was attracted by this strange apparition. She stopped, gazed, recognised him, and bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, exclaimed, "What, in the name of absurdity, have you been doing to yourself? Are you mad? Why you look like a statue!" The other performers flocked round and joined in ridicule of what they were incapable of understanding; all charitably advising poor, deluded Talma not to make a show of himself, but to go and dress like other people. But "poor, deluded Talma" was not to be shaken from his purpose by the sneers of folly and ignorance. He made his appearance in his new costume. The audience, struck with astonishment, opened their eyes in wonder. The few words he had to say were uttered with a truth and simplicity harmonising with the perfection of his garb. At length, all joined in a simultaneous burst of applause, and the obscure *Proculus* became in a moment the hero of the drama. Numberless were the compliments paid to Talma, even by his prejudiced brethren of the sock and buskin, when the performance concluded; and those who had been the loudest scoffers at night became his most submissive imitators on the morrow.

When John Kemble revived the great Roman plays of Shakspeare at Covent Garden, his togas, then for the first time introduced, became the theme of universal admiration. They were pronounced faultless, minutely classical even to the long disputed *latus clavus*, severely correct, and beautifully graceful beyond precedent. But when the peace of 1814 brought France and England together, and the collected treasures of ancient sculpture in the Louvre, (before restitution) presented all the authorities under one glance which had been so long shut out from British eyes, it was found that Talma's senatorial robes were much nearer the truth; whereupon they were at once transplanted to the London boards, and the Kemble garments were deposed. Charles Young, the affectionate disciple of Kemble, was the first who adopted the new mode, which he studied under the restorer; and Charles Kemble himself, when attiring for Marc Antony, was wont to repair to Young's

dressing-room, before going on the stage, to be inspected and assured that the folds of his toga were properly arranged according to the Talma improvement.

There is nothing more true than the axiom conveyed in the well-known couplet of Hudibras—

"A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still."

This was strongly verified in the impression produced upon the actors by Talma's innovation. The desire to crush his genius was checked, but not extinguished. A new effort was made to turn him into contempt, and drive him back into the insignificance from whence he was struggling to emerge; and from this attempt his fame took that great impulse which led him on from one triumph to another, until he outstripped all competition. A play called "*Charles the Ninth*" was presented in 1789 to the Theatre François by Chenier.\* There was much opposition to the production of this drama. The political sentiments were considered dangerous and inflammatory. The managers were prejudiced against the play, and apprehensive of a tumult; but the friends of the author had a predominant influence, and compelled them to produce it. St. Phal, the leading actor of the company, was afraid of undertaking the terrible hero of St. Bartholomew, and rejected the character. The next in rank, one by one, as a matter of course, thought they were treated with indignity in being applied to as substitutes, or stop-gaps, and peremptorily refused. As a last and desperate resource, Talma was resorted to, and eagerly embraced the opportunity. Here was the chance he wanted—an original part which might make his fortune for ever. The opposite extreme was in the balance, but the hazard gave him no concern. "He is quite mad enough to risk it," thought his companions; and when it was known that he had so decided, many

\* Mario Joseph Chenier wrote also "*The Fals of Calais*" and other dramas, two or three patriotic or revolutionary odes, and a treatise on French literature. One of his plays was preceded by a dedication to Louis the Sixteenth, commencing thus: "Monarque des Français, Roi d'un peuple fidèle!" A few years afterwards, in the *Nat. Convention* he voted for the death of the king, and had thus loyally apostrophised. Chenier lived, and in all the storms of the revolution, and died in gaol, under the Imperial government, in 1811.

pronounced his funeral elegy. "Here will be an end of Talma," said they; "the play and the actor will be damned together."

The result, like the former experiment in *Proculus*, disappointed their wishes and expectations. Talma had closely studied the historical descriptions and pictures of Charles the Ninth; had impressed himself with profound knowledge of his personal appearance, dress and manners, and presented himself upon the stage, a resuscitated portrait of the weak and blood-thirsty Valois. The play commanded thirty-three repetitions; such a success was unprecedented in Paris. Talma from that moment assumed an elevated position from which he was never shaken, either by the caprice of the public, or the fresher talent of younger rivals. Yet all was not *couleur de rose* during this prolonged triumph of "Charles the Ninth." It proved the cause of a quarrel between Talma and his brother actor, Naudet, who struck him on the face, which led to a challenge. The next morning they fought with pistols at ten paces. Talma fired first, and being very near-sighted, his ball went much closer to one of the seconds than to his antagonist, who was a tall, portly target, not easily missed. Naudet fired in the air, which in those days was considered an ample apology, and there the matter ended.

In 1791, Talma married. The wife of his choice, Mademoiselle Vanhove, was fifteen years older than himself, but still a very attractive, charming woman; an actress in the same theater, and the possessor of a considerable fortune.\* The latter circumstance induced many to say that on his part the marriage was one of interest rather than inclination; but the affectionate life they led, and the happiness of their union, contradicted the rumor by the most convincing evidence.

During the Revolution, which had already begun to cast forward its ominous shadows before Talma established his reputation in "Charles the Ninth," all plays which favored legal authority, or spoke in praise of any power but that of the sovereign people, were interdicted, and a new style of drama was, in consequence, introduced. The productions of Voltaire,

suited the times; and Ducis, the successor of Voltaire, compounded several imitations of Shakspeare, which were welcomed with unanimous applause. In these, the talents of Talma developed themselves with constantly increasing energy. Every new step confirmed the promise of his earlier essays, and he became the glory of his nation and his art. His enemies, who were pertinacious, although numerically few, could now only say, "He is all very well in the degenerate school of modern writers. As long as he keeps to that he may float, but Corneille and Racine will sink him." When Napoleon re-introduced monarchy to the government, Talma was permitted to bring back a similar restoration to the stage. He answered his cailers by acting *Nero*, *Nicomedes*, *Orestes*, *Cinna*, *Manlius*; and so complete was his triumph in the high walk of conceded legitimacy, that he gradually relinquished the greater portion of the characters in which he had first won his eminence, and conformed himself almost entirely to those for which his powers had formerly been pronounced inadequate.

Much idle gossip, which has no foundation in truth, has been propagated by writers who are content with superficial authority, relative to the early acquaintance of Talma with Napoleon. How they were at school together, and afterwards young men upon the town in Paris; and how, when they dined at the restaurateur's, the actor paid the reckoning because the future emperor had no cash in his pocket. According to Talma himself, their first meeting took place on the 18th of June, 1792, in the green-room of the Theatre François. Napoleon, then Captain Buonaparte, had been brought there by Michaud, an actor of the company, and at his own particular request introduced to Talma, to whom he paid several flattering compliments on his performance of Charles the Ninth. During a short conversation at this interview, Talma discovered that his new acquaintance had read much and reflected more, and that he was no ordinary man, although neither of heroic stature nor imposing in personal appearance. There was an air of patronage in his manner and language which spoke the consciousness of innate superiority, and the firmness of an independent mind.

Referring to Charles the Ninth and the  
e of St. Bartholomew, the young  
ered his opinion that the

\* Mademoiselle V.  
by her excellent  
Orphan, in Boul

stroke was far beyond the conception of that weak and worthless monarch, but emanated from the more astute and deeper brains of his Florentine parent, the house of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine. The king was merely an accomplice, not an originator. He added too his thorough conviction that Charles was poisoned by his own mother, and quoted a speech of Louis the Thirteenth to that effect, addressed to Marshal Bassompierre. Talma expressed some surprise at the extent of his knowledge, and wondered how one engaged in military duty could find time to read. "Ah," replied the young captain, "a garrison life is one of total idleness. I was quartered for two years at Valence, during which period I had nothing to do but to finish my own education, and superintend that of a younger brother.\* I lodged opposite to an honest bibliopole, who had assumed, in obedience to the new fashion, the sounding appellation of Marcus Aurelius. His entire library was placed at my disposal."

Two days after this introduction, Talma and Napoleon met accidentally on the evening of the 20th of June, in the Rue de Richelieu. A few hours before, the king, surrounded by an unlicensed rabble who had broke into the palace, had submitted to the degradation of exhibiting himself at the windows with a cap of liberty on his head, and drank from a bottle of wine presented to him by the butcher Legendre, still reeking from the mouth of that ferocious *sans-culotte*. Napoleon had witnessed the scene from a terrace in the garden, and was overflowing with indignation. "Your king," said he to Talma, "is a poor creature. Why did he allow those scoundrels to enter the court-yard? Two or three pieces of artillery well planted and served would have blown five hundred of them into the air, and the survivors would have taken to their heels. You cannot conceive the dread which a mob has of a round of grape."

On the 10th of August, 1792, Talma and Napoleon witnessed together, from a window in the house of the upholsterer Fauvelu, the storming of the Tuileries, and the massacre of the faithful Swiss guards. Napoleon uttered deep execrations against the imbecility of those in command. "These brave fellows," said he, "will

perish for want of a leader. They would disperse that wretched canaille if they had but a man of common energy at their head." A few days afterwards he left Paris, and Talma saw him no more until he returned from Toulon in 1794, with rank and reputation, but without employment, and almost despairing of the future; for all his applications were disregarded, and the existing authorities treated him with contemptuous neglect. Once he came behind the scenes of the Theatre Français, thin, pallid, and more pensive than before. There can be no doubt that Napoleon was then in great pecuniary distress; but it does not appear, although often asserted, that he received aid from Talma. Their acquaintance at that time was too slight. The actor relates the following anecdote.

Napoleon had successively pledged whatever trinkets he possessed, rings, brooches, and watches, and his resources were entirely exhausted. The man of destiny was reduced to despair, and resolved to end all by a plunge in the Seine. On his way to the Point Neuf, he ran against some one in his abstraction, and raising his head, recognised an old school-fellow of Brienne. The latter had just received from his notary the sum of twenty thousand francs; the former was intent on suicide, because he had no longer the price of a dinner. They divided the money between them, and Napoleon returned to his lodging. If that warm-hearted comrade of the college had accidentally passed down another street, the history of the next twenty years would have been written without the names of Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Moscow, Leipzig, and Waterloo. Not long after the rencontre named above, the revolt of the Sections took place, when Napoleon, being sent for by Barras at the eleventh hour, stepped in, and saved the Directory. On that day he gave a terrible lesson to street rioters, with his favorite argument, close salvos of artillery. Had he held the post of the less resolute Marmont in 1830, the reigning dynasty would never have given way to the throne of the barricades.

The acquaintance between the great actor and future emperor began now to ripen into friendship. In many respects their tastes and thoughts were congenial. Napoleon confided to Talma his intended marriage with Madame de Beauharnais, one of the three graces of the Parisian drawing-rooms — inferior to Mesdames

\* Louis, afterwards King of Holland, and father of the present Emperor.



Tallien and Recamier in personal charms, but far beyond them in gentleness and amiability. Talma was one of the invited guests at the wedding, and when Napoleon returned to Paris in 1797, conqueror of Italy, he sold to him and Josephine his house in *La Rue Chantierine*, which thenceforward received the name of *La Rue de la Victoire*, in honor of its most illustrious inhabitant.

When the Egyptian expedition was planned, Talma, in his enthusiasm, volunteered to accompany the commander-in-chief. Napoleon, the only person who could by authority prevent this enterprise, set himself entirely against it. "You must not commit such an act of rash folly, Talma," said he; "you have a brilliant course before you; leave fighting to those who know how to do nothing better."

When Napoleon rose to be first consul, Talma, with the modesty of his nature, and the good sense of a man of the world, made his visits less frequent to the Tuileries. His reception was, however, as cordial as in the days of their nearer equality. With the progress of events, Napoleon became emperor, and the actor naturally concluded that the intimacy of the sovereign and the subject must then entirely cease. But in a few days, a note was addressed to him by the first chamberlain couched in these words: "His Imperial Majesty has felt much surprise at not receiving M. Talma's personal felicitations. It appears as if he intended to withdraw himself from his majesty, which is far from his majesty's wish. M. Talma is hereby invited to present himself at the Tuileries as soon as he finds convenient." It may be supposed that such an invitation was not declined. He waited on the emperor, was received with his former kindness, repeated his visits constantly, and never without being welcomed with peculiar distinction.

Napoleon was passionately fond of the drama, and nothing delighted him more, in his few hours of relaxation, than entering into arguments with Talma on the comparative merits of the great French masters. He also freely criticised the acting of his favorite, and once said to him: "Talma, you were not yourself last night in *Nero*: you lost several opportunities." He constantly attended the theatres, without the least parade and quite unexpected by the audience, who received these impromptu visits as marks of confidence, and

applauded with enthusiasm. Napoleon always disputed the merits of comedy; he observed to a gentleman with whom he was conversing on the subject, "You prefer comedy because you are growing old." "And you, Sire," replied the obsequious courtier, "are partial to tragedy, because you are still too young."

The familiar intercourse with which the Emperor honored Talma, gave rise to an idle story that he was indebted to him for lessons in regal deportment and delivery. They often laughed together at this rumor. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Talma was amongst his earliest visitors. During their conversation, observed the Emperor, "Chateaubriand has published that you taught me to be a king. Well, I thank him for the compliment. Had I not performed my part well, he could not have supposed you had been my teacher." The friendship of Napoleon for Talma was not confined to empty admiration and unmeaning speeches. He settled on him a handsome pension from his own personal funds, and when he was taken suddenly ill, sent Corvisart, his private physician, to attend him. His first enquiry every morning was, whether he was getting better. "You must not let us lose Talma," said he, "for we shall never replace him." As soon as the patient recovered, Corvisart pressed him to wait on the Emperor, although it was at that embarrassing moment when he was meditating and arranging the separation from Josephine. Talma gave way to the imperial command. His visit happened to fall on the very day of the divorce, and critical as the time was, his reception was of the most cordial character.

Ducis produced *Hamlet* in 1769, while Talma was yet a mere child. He followed this first innovation on the realms of Shakspeare, by *Romeo and Juliet* (1772,) *King Lear*, (1783,) *Macbeth* (1784,) *King John* (1791,) and wound up with *Othello*, in 1792. He had great energy of thought, combined with ready command of language, and much power of versification. Of his six imitations of Shakspeare, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* are the best. They are also the most familiar to those who remember Talma, as he performed in them more frequently than in the others. That they possess considerable dramatic merit is not to be denied by severe classics, who build their faith on the unities, and disclaim the ir-

regular flights of unfettered genius. They contain also insulated passages of poetry, which are not unworthy of being quoted with Corneille, Racine, and Crebillon; but they bear very little resemblance to the great original by which they were suggested. Our Gallic neighbors and friends have long since learned to repudiate the libels of Voltaire, although they still indulge in the hallucination that they see Shakspeare faithfully reflected in the pages of Ducis. The laws by which the orthodox French dramatists hold themselves reverentially bound, confine them within a narrow circle; and the more closely they submit to these arbitrary canons, the more they lose sight of the characteristic attributes of Shakspeare, and the illimitable scope of his creative fancy. The mind which "exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new," established a school for itself which baffles competition or comparison.

In the "Macbeth" of Ducis, there are no supernatural appearances, no ghost of Banquo, and no witches. The latter are spoken of, but not introduced. Macduff is expunged altogether. King Duncan and Glamis, the first prince of the blood, are murdered in the night by Macbeth, at the instigation of his wife, and while trusting to their hospitality. Rebels make an attack on the castle, and are repulsed. The monarch and his kinsman are supposed to be slain in the nocturnal *melée*, and Macbeth is unanimously proclaimed king, as next in lineal succession. It is next discovered that Malcolm, Duncan's son, is alive, and has been brought up in ignorance of his birth, (to save him from traitorous machinations) by an aged mountaineer. Macbeth, tortured by remorse, and recovering his better nature when he finds that Malcolm, who is a mere child, is in his power, resolves to abdicate, and restore the throne to the rightful heir. Lady Macbeth (called *Fredegonde* in the French play,) determines to kill Malcolm; and in advancing towards the execution of her purpose when in a state of somnambulism, she murders her own son instead—wakes, and, discovering her mistake, rushes in, in a frenzy of despair. Macbeth commits suicide by stabbing himself, and the curtain falls.

This brief synopsis will show how much, or rather how little of Shakspeare is transferred into this celebrated alteration of his sublime tragedy. The writer of this no-

tice happened to be in Paris with the army of occupation, soon after the final abdication of Napoleon, in 1815. He was not there many hours before he saw Talma announced for "Macbeth," and led by this double attraction, found himself snugly seated in the parterre of the Théâtre François. He was accompanied by a brother officer who was unconscious of French, but overflowed with anticipated delight, and promised to admire and applaud according to order. The first act passed off flatly enough. It consists entirely of a long dialogue between Duncan, Glamis, and the mountaineer; and winds up with a mysterious groan which breaks off the conference. Macbeth appears at the commencement of the second act, returning victorious from the defeat of the rebellious Cawdor. His wife receives him with triumphant gratulations, and in a series of long speeches he relates to her how he fell asleep after the battle, and how in a dream the weird sisters appeared to him and prophecied his coming greatness.

Talma's dress was singular and startling. Whatever might have been his classical reforms in the costume of Greece and Rome, his garb for a northern thane and warrior in the eleventh century, indicated that his researches *in re vestiaria*, had not extended to Saxon or Celtic lore. He was habited in a modern tunic or surtout of claret-colored cloth, trimmed with fur, tight pantaloons, and Hessian boots. On his head was a round, black velvet cap, with an indistinct border of what appeared to be meant for tartan, and a single ostrich feather dangling from one side. He presented the appearance of a middle sized, stoutish man, with a bull-neck, features of no particularly defined outline or expression in repose, and action of no extraordinary grace. He had not spoken a dozen lines before it was evident that we saw before us a mighty master of elocution, and a reflector of the passions, deeply studied and bountifully endowed. His intonation was wonderful; his voice possessed a compass and a harmony which fell upon the ear with the power and effect of many well tuned instruments blended together—a diapason more perfect than human mechanism has ever yet invented to improve and regulate sound. As he described in recital what Shakspeare has represented in action, his imaginary interview with the witches, their greetings and exciting predictions, he warmed up with

gradual emotion to the climax of the concluding lines :

"Tous trois vus ce palais ont pris un vol  
rapide ;  
Et tous trois dans les airs, en fuyant loin de  
moi,  
M'ont laissé pour adieux ces mots, 'Tu seras  
roi !'"

The whole house then rang with enthusiastic plaudits, to which the English portion of the audience contributed their full share.

Churchill, in his encomium on Garrick in "the Rosciad," dwells emphatically upon the advantages of

"Strong expressions and strange powers which  
lie  
Within the magic circle of the eye ;"

and in this criticism he is right ; but even the wonders of the eye will lose much of their charm, if not supported by the still more imposing organ of the voice. Of all the physical faculties which the great actor requires, the voice is that which, above all others, will according to its strength or weakness, make or mar the execution of his conceptive genius. Where nature has bestowed the power, intonation will obey, with mechanical submission, the compulsive dictate of feeling.\*

When John Kemble visited Paris during the short peace of Amiens, in 1802, he sought eagerly the acquaintance of Talma ; they were mutually pleased with each other, and professional admiration on either side soon grew into personal regard and friendship. They corresponded when an occasion offered, and became more closely intimate at the end of the war. In a letter to his brother Charles, dated Paris, July 23d, 1802, Kemble says : "Talma and I are grown very well acquainted ; he seems an agreeable and an accomplished man. I have promised to procure for him a copy of 'Pizarro,' that he may see whether it can be adapted to the French stage. Buy a book of it, make it up in separate packets, and send it to me by the next post. I am afraid they will not be able to turn it to any use."†

\* Dugazon, an actor of eminence of the period immediately preceding Talma, used to maintain that the nose was the most complete organ of expression, and that there were forty distinct modes of moving this single feature, with variety of effect.

† The experiment was never tried on the French stage.

All who enjoyed Talma's society were unanimous in praise of his amiable qualities. Lady Morgan, (in her book on France,) says, "his dignity and tragic powers on the stage are curiously but charmingly contrasted with the simplicity, playfulness, and gaiety of his most unassuming, unpretending manners in private life." He was thoroughly an honest man, with a cultivated mind and unerring taste, and a warm, true heart. He dispensed his affluence with hospitality unmixed with ostentation. His principal residence was at a villa which he had purchased at Brunoy, in the neighborhood of Paris, with extensive grounds and prospects, where he maintained a splendid establishment, and delighted to pass his time secluded from the noise and bustle of the metropolis. Twice a week he went to Paris to perform. Until the return of the Bourbons, he was in the habit of giving *soirées* in Paris every Wednesday, which were graced by the presence of all the leading celebrities of continental Europe. On the abdication of the Emperor, he prudently discontinued these, from a fear of provoking unfounded constructions on the part of some who were disposed to represent him as the friend of revolution, and a partisan of the exiled potentate. The King, Louis the Eighteenth, more liberal than some of his subjects, and well knowing that Talma, though personally intimate with Napoleon, never meddled with politics, always treated him with regard.

On the 19th of October, 1815, Talma, at the urgent request of many friends and admirers, foreigners as well as natives, announced himself for a benefit at the *Académie Royale de Musique* (the Parisian Opera House,) in the *Rue de Richelieu*. This vast theatre was lent by the proprietors for the occasion, as the *Français* was considered much too small for the accommodation of the expected auditory. The circumstance of a benefit being granted to any actor in Paris, on any other ground than his retirement from the stage, was considered a very unusual departure from habitual rule. This mark of court and public favor was bestowed on Talma as a signal tribute to his extraordinary talents, then in the zenith of their power and popularity. The taste of the English, who at that time, swarmed in every corner of the French metropolis, seemed to be particularly complimented in the selection of the performances, which consisted of "Ham-

let," as altered by Ducis, and "*Shakespeare Amoureux, ou la Piece a l'Etude*," a farce by Duval.

The conduct of Ducis' drama is altogether different from that of Shakspeare's. The hero does not make his appearance until the second act; and there is nothing finer on the stage than the *entré* of the French *Hamlet*. A dialogue is interrupted by the rapid entrance of some courtiers, who announce, in a hurried manner, the alarm of the court at the frightful outcries of the Prince, who is rushing through the palace, fancying himself pursued by the ghost of his father. In an instant more, his frantic and broken exclamations are heard, and he runs on the stage, which he courses with a terrific wildness, productive of the most wonderful effect. The appearance and powerful acting of Talma in this scene drew down thunders of applause—loud and continued as ever shook the walls of a theatre. The introduction of the urn, containing the ashes of the dead monarch, forms a principal feature of the fourth act; but the majestic ghost, although more than once fancied to "walk the night," and present to the mind's eye and imagination of Hamlet, does not visibly expose itself to the gaze of a Parisian *parterre*. The life of the Royal Dane (for Hamlet is here King, and not Prince, of Denmark,) is spared from the ignoble fate of his English prototype. The *Polonius* bears not the least resemblance to the quaint, selfish, pedantic, time-serving Lord Chamberlain of Shakspeare; *Ophelia* is made the daughter of *Claudius*, a prince of the blood, who is reduced to a conspirator only, and receives condign punishment from the hand of *Hamlet*. Neither *Polonius* nor *Ophelia* is included in the list of casualties. *Norcestes* stands in the place of *Horatio*, as the confidential friend of *Hamlet*; and *Laertes* is entirely omitted. The queen, who has actually poisoned her husband at the instigation of *Claudius*, for whom she entertains a criminal passion, perishes by her own dagger at the close of the play. *Hamlet* epilogizes in a philosophical quatrain, as follows:

"Privé de tous les miens dans ce palais funeste,  
Mes malheurs sont combles; mais ma vertu me  
reste:  
Mais je suis homme et roi: réservé pour souffrir:  
Je saurai vivre encore; je fais plus que mourir."

The dress worn by Talma in *Hamlet* was more picturesque and appropriate than that which he adopted in *Macbeth*. As King of Denmark, he attired himself in long flowing robes of white camlet, with a broad black edging; as unlike the costume which had established such illegitimate authority on the English stage as could possibly be conceived.

"*Shakespeare Amoureux*," is founded on an old anecdote of a love intrigue, in which the bard was said to have engaged at the expense of his friend and brother actor, Burbage, whom he supplanted by a stage trick of no mean notability. M. Duval, in shaping this odd story into a farce, has been driven to some anachronisms, more humorous than the dialogue, in which he has introduced us to Shakspeare *en deshabille*. He has given us, in his heroine, an actress "*du Theatre de Londres*," in the time of "La reine Elizabeth;" and has converted the poet (in the meridian of his subsequent fame,) into an amorous bachelor of twice the age at which he actually married. The *Poet Tragique Anglois*, as he is called in the printed copies of the piece, was played by Talma, who dressed him out very gaily—the pattern of the jacket being a fac-simile of that in the false effigies prefixed to Asycough's edition of his plays. In the principal scene, Shakspeare is introduced as teaching *Clarence* some speeches for a part in "Richard the Third." The dramatist, who is jealous, falls suddenly from his poetics into a fierce and bitter invective against the perfidy of the sex. Observing him, *Clarence* says quietly, apart, "Il compose sa scene." He paces the stage with fury, and his denunciations increase in violence: she thinks he is altering *Othello*. As he proceeds, "Ah! que c'est grand," remarks Clarence, with the utmost unconsciousness; "je voudrais pouvoir repondre." Shakspeare raves, and bids her tremble for the consequences of her treachery. "*C'est parfait*," exclaims she, with the highest satisfaction. The servant at length rushes in to know the cause of all the uproar, and her mistress scolds her, in the greatest distress and indignation, saying that she has interrupted the composition of the finest tragedy that ever was imagined. On the above-named night of Talma's benefit, the house, which overflowed with *les Anglois*, was crowded to the ceiling, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Tickets



were sold and re-sold on inordinate terms at the entrances, by low speculators, who had contrived to secure them for their own well-calculated profit. The prices at the door were, to the pit, six francs (5s. ;) and to the boxes, twenty (16s. 8d.) The confessed receipts of the house were thirty-one thousand francs, (about £1,291.) The confession should have extended to at least five thousand francs more. This was independent of presents. The Duke of Wellington, who attended in person, sent £50, with an accompanying note in French (of more value than the cash,) of which the following is a translation, as copied at the time into several of the London newspapers:—

Paris, Oct. 25th, 1815.

My dear Mr. Talma—I have a thousand excuses to make for not having testified to you, before, the great pleasure you afforded me last week, in the part of *Hamlet*; but I have been much occupied, and I am sure you will pardon me. I am also indebted to you for my box, and I acquit myself by the enclosed, which I beg you to accept.

Your faithful servant,

WELLINGTON.

"*Le Courier*," a French political and literary journal, on the 6th of October, 1815, contained the following passage, with reference to a recent transaction in which Talma had been concerned: "The Committee of the Directors of Drury-lane Theatre, composed of Lord Byron, the Earl of Essex, the Honorable Douglas Kinnaird, and other eminent persons, have, we find, addressed, by one of their members, a very gratifying letter to Talma, for the kind attention he has bestowed on a recent arrangement, which secures to that establishment all the new French dramatic pieces worthy of being translated and offered to the approbation of the public in London. These gentlemen, in tendering all their gratitude to that illustrious tragedian, express to him their sincere wish that they could invite and offer to their countrymen the display of those talents which are the glory of the French stage, if the difference of language did not place it out of their power. We are delighted to make known these honorable testimonies of esteem and admiration, worthy alike of him by whom they are received, and of the source from whence they have proceeded. It is a new proof of the empire of talent over national pre-

judices, and we congratulate Talma on his possession of that celebrity, which, thus obtaining acknowledgment from foreign communities, sheds a new lustre on that stage of which he is the greatest ornament."

Talma again visited England in May, 1817, on which occasion he was accompanied by Mademoiselle Georges.\* It was their wish and intention to give some performances of French tragedy in London; but an application to this effect having been made to the Prince Regent, he refused his sanction, on the ground that such a precedent might prove injurious to the national theaters. Permission was, however, granted for select readings from the works of Voltaire, Racine, and Corneille, which took place at the King's Theater, or Opera House, on the 19th and 26th of June. Taylor, the proprietor, applied to the Lord Chancellor for an injunction to restrain Waters the lessee and manager, from exhibiting these French dramatic performances, on the plea that his licence did not extend so far. The Lord Chancellor, after a minute investigation, and patient hearing, decided against Taylor, and in favor of Waters. Talma was received in England with much honor, and the most unbounded hospitality, particularly by his brethren of the theatrical art. The principal performers of Covent Garden Theater invited him to a dinner at the Clarendon, which took place on the 9th of June. On this occasion, Fawcett, then stage-manager, filled the chair, and Charles Kemble officiated as vice-president. As might be supposed, there were some fervid speeches and much bandying of mutual compliments. In acknowledging his own health, which was proposed by Fawcett with many warm eulogiums on his professional and private excellencies, Talma said briefly, and in good English: "Gentlemen, I cannot express my feelings. In my own language it would be difficult; in yours it is impossible. When I meet an Englishman in France, I will convince him that I am grateful. In the meantime I

\* Mademoiselle Georges is still alive, and during the last season appeared at the Theatre Francaise, compelled, it was said, by the pressure of a narrow income, to resume the profession from which she had long retired. Her powers recalled only painful reminiscences of what they had once been. She was never equal to *Duchenois*, although much beyond her rival in personal attractions, and distinguished by the particular favor of Napoleon.

can only return my warm thanks, and wish you all health and happiness."

When Kemble's health was proposed, with some allusions to his approaching retirement, announced for the 23d of the same month, the applause, as might be expected, was loud and reiterated. During the first pause, Talma exclaimed with overflowing feelings, "Mr. Fawcett, you have deprived me of the greatest pleasure. I meant to have proposed this toast myself. Oh, how happy it would make me to be thought worthy, when I retire, of such adieus as I have seen given to your great actor! I drink to my dear friend and brother, John Kemble." This affectionate ardor renewed the applause, which continued until Kemble, evidently much moved, rose to reply. Talma rose at the same time, and stood by his side until he had concluded; some portions of Kemble's speech may be applied with advantage to a more extended circle than that which he was immediately addressing. He said: "I cannot suffer such an opportunity to pass without a word or two on the relative situations in which we have heretofore stood towards each other. In the course of my career, it has been my misfortune to incur the necessity of wounding the feelings of individuals, and of exciting, by (I trust I may lay my hand on my heart and say) conscientious integrity as a manager, unpleasant impressions against me as a man. Power can scarcely be exercised, even in the humblest sphere, without provoking harsh constructions; and in that little world of sensitiveness, of anxious ambition, and jarring interests—the stage—perhaps it is impossible to find any of us who are not at times disposed to ascribe the arrangements which may gall them personally to personal considerations, rather than to that undeviating firmness which can seldom at once please the individual, and do justice to the establishment. If I have stirred up sentiments of this sort, I am sorry for it. I hope they will not follow me to my retreat, and I ask pardon of all whom I have thus offended (repeated shouts of "No! no!" and prolonged applause). Gentlemen, you make this one of the most delightful moments of my life, and it is not the least part of my gratification that it happens on an occasion devoted to my friend Talma (catching Talma by the hand,) who better merits such a reward than ever I can; and who will go back and tell his fellow-laborers

in his own country, how the actors of England treat an old manager and brother-actor on his retirement." As might have been expected, Kemble's remarks, uttered with pathos and sincerity, produced a most powerful sensation.

Kemble retired from the stage on the 23d of June, 1817. Talma was present in the orchestra, and as the great actor made his final exit after his concluding address, a gentleman in the pit handed to the French Roscius a white satin embroidered scarf, accompanied by a laurel wreath, and a letter desiring him to place them on the stage. His graceful compliance with this request was warmly applauded. The manager being called for, Mr. Fawcett appeared, took up the tribute, and having stated his conjectures as to the intention of the house, professed unqualified delight at being directed to convey it to Mr. Kemble.

On the 27th of June the farewell dinner to Kemble took place at the Freemason's Tavern; Lord Holland in the chair. In the course of the evening his lordship proposed "the health of Talma and success to the French stage." To this compliment Talma replied as follows: "Gentlemen, it is impossible for me in a foreign language to express my warm gratitude for the hospitalities of your country, and the distinction with which, in my person, you have treated the French stage. To be thought worthy of notice on an occasion consecrated to my dear friend Kemble, I consider one of the highest honors of my life. Gentlemen, as I cannot thank you with my words, I trust you will forgive me for thanking you with my heart, and permit me to fill my glass to the British nation and the British stage." These few words delivered with a clear and powerful voice, tinged but slightly by a foreign accent, with great boldness of utterance, and much vehemence of action, produced a most surprising effect upon the listeners.

If Talma's speech was short, it proved long enough to get into hot-water when he crossed back to his own side of the channel. Some of the anti-English papers in Paris accused him of unnationality, of *Anglo-mania*, of time-serving duplicity, and almost of treachery, for the sentiments conveyed in the few words he had spoken. His popularity was in danger, and he felt it necessary to reply. Accordingly he did so, in a letter to the Editor of the *Moniteur*, of which we subjoin a translation:

Paris, August 31, 1817.

Sir—I learn upon my return from England, that, on the credit of certain journals, I am publicly assailed with reproaches, of which I feel it my duty to take immediate notice.

It is pretended that I wished to smuggle into Calais some articles of English merchandise which were seized. In answer to this fact, I have only to say that the accusation is wholly without foundation. My effects were examined with much politeness by the custom-house officers of Calais, who did not discover that in any respect I had contravened the laws.

The second accusation which is brought against me is of a nature more serious; and the high value which I attach to the esteem of the public—an object to which the whole efforts of my life have been devoted—the duty which I owe to my friends and to myself make it imperative upon me to justify myself in this particular more explicitly.

After the last representation of Mr. John Kemble, the first actor of the English theater, as justly dear for his noble character as for his rare talents, his friends and admirers assembled at a farewell dinner, in order to testify to him, in a striking manner, their attachment and their regret. The greatest noblemen, the most distinguished artists and men of letters were present. According to the English custom, toasts were given; and in the midst of three or four hundred persons at table, and of a great number of spectators, it was desired to make me an object of particular distinction. The noble Lord who was president of the *fete*, proposed a toast to my honor, and to the glory of the "French Theater." I replied by some phrases which were graciously received, and in which I endeavored to express my gratitude for the reception, so full of kindness, which I had experienced, and my wishes for the prosperity of the English Theater. This return of politeness was in a manner a duty which the most severe observer of propriety could not condemn.

Some English journals which have not reported with scrupulous exactness the extempore speeches at this assembly, have not printed mine more correctly than others, and the French papers in translating them have not shown greater fidelity. To give a political wish to the toast which I proposed, in the midst of persons who were only assembled to celebrate the arts and to honor particularly my profession, would have been, to say the least, a folly; to forget in the same situation that I was a Frenchman, would have been something more than absence of mind; and this double mistake would have been tacitly blamed even by those to whom I addressed myself.

I am delighted to make known the reception, truly fraternal, which I experienced from the artists of London, the flattering distinctions, the eager attentions of which I have been the object in the highest classes of society; but the profound gratitude which I feel for these testimonies of attention and esteem, (honorable alike to the

French theater and myself) has never made and never will make me forget that sentiment, without a rival—the predilection which every honest man owes to the country of his birth.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

TALMA.

By this letter Talma satisfied the public and silenced the calumniators; but there were not wanting some who still said that his visit to London had made him *presque Anglois*.

Talma suffered much during a series of years, (not in popularity, but in personal annoyance,) from the severe and unjustly depreciating criticisms of Geoffrey, a celebrated Aristarchus of his day, who had checked the success of St. Prix, lacerated the decline of Molé, and driven Larive prematurely from the stage. He had all the waspish acerbity of Freron, (the antagonist of Voltaire,) with ten times his tact and erudition. Talma writhed under those attacks, which constantly revived at regular intervals; but he was too old then to change his style, and too proud to adopt lessons so dogmatically administered. He derived consolation, however, from the enthusiastic encomiums of Madame de Staël, liberally bestowed in her work entitled "Germany," and in two letters addressed to him from her involuntary exile at Copet.

In 1818, Edmund Kean, then at the zenith of his reputation, passed through Paris with his wife, on their return from a continental tour. Talma had seen him act in London, and in spite of a strong personal regard for John Kemble, felt and acknowledged the brilliant genius which had recently established an original and opposite school. Kean was not behind him in reciprocal admiration. He was ever ready to acknowledge merit in others, and to express the delight which he derived from the exercise of congenial talent. The day after their arrival, he came home to the hotel where he and Mrs. Kean were residing, and said, with great excitement, "I have secured a box to see Talma in Orestes; prepare yourself for such a treat as you have never yet enjoyed; he is the greatest actor living, and this is his finest part." They took their places, and the curtain drew up. At the end of the first act, Mrs. Kean expressed herself as rather disappointed, both in the appearance and manner of the star of the night. "Nonsense," replied her husband,

"you don't understand what you are saying; nothing was ever like him; John Kemble and I put together would not make half such an actor. He is unapproachable." The play went on, and still Mrs. Kean was cold in her approbation, as her spouse, irritated and disappointed at her apathy, became more and more extravagant in his eulogies. At last when *Hermione*, in the fourth act, names *Pyrrhus* as the rival she expects Orestes to remove, the expression and attitude of Talma, as the single word was pronounced, compelled Mrs. Kean to burst forth in the most unqualified praise. From that moment Kean's countenance changed, and he became silent. When the play terminated after the mad scene, Mrs. Kean loudly expressed her delight, and declared that she had never beheld anything like Talma's acting. "Indeed!" exclaimed her husband, "I'll let you see that I can do better than that. Wait till I give them my mad scene." As soon as he reached his hotel, he wrote to the Drury Lane Committee, and requested them to prepare "The Distressed Mother" for his return. Talma, unconscious of what had passed, called the next day, and in reply to Mrs. Kean's compliments said, "I shall play Nero to night. If you were struck with my Orestes, what will you say to my Nero?" But Kean packed up his trunks, ordered his carriage, and was some way on his road to Boulogne before the Roman Emperor had begun to charm the critics of Paris with his performance. The play which Kean had suggested was forthwith put in rehearsal; but the frigid translation of Ambrose Philips conveys but a faint adumbration of Racine, and the experiment commanded only a few repetitions, while it disappointed the actor himself, his admirers, and the public. Edmund Kean was seldom completely self-possessed, unless inspired by the magic of Shakspeare.

Talma, so late as December, 1821, achieved one of his greatest triumphs in Jouy's tragedy of "Sylla." Napoleon had been only dead a few months. The actor determined to recall the living image of his early friend and subsequent patron, by the closest personal resemblance which art could enable him to present. He dressed his hair exactly after the well-remembered fashion of the deceased Emperor, and his dictatorial wreath exhibited an accurate fac-simile of the laurel diadem

in gold, with which the first Napoleon was crowned at Notre-Dame. The intended identity was recognized at once, and when in the last scene, he descended majestically from the rostrum, and laying down the coronet, pronounced the line,

"J'ai gouverné sans peur, et j'abdique sans crainte,"

the whole audience imagined that they saw the embodied spirit of Napoleon standing in awful majesty before them, and demanding their judgment on his actions. The effect upon such an excitable public may be easily conceived. The government trembled, and thought of interdicting the play; but they confined themselves to a private communication, in which Talma was directed to curl his hair in future, and adopt a totally new *coiffure*.

Jouy, in his preface, declares that he has drawn the character of Sylla less from Plutarch than Montesquieu. He then institutes a parallel between the Dictator and Napoleon, which he works out on the principle of contrariety, and winds up with the following panegyric on the actor to whom the success of the play was entirely due: "The most decisive element which has obtained for this tragedy the favor of the public, must be sought for not in the merit of the composition, but in the transcendent ability of the actor, who does not represent, but actually resuscitates the character of Sylla. It is not often that full justice is rendered to living merit, and up to this period the admirers of this great actor have contented themselves with comparing him to Lekain, Garrick, and the illustrious Roscius, whom I have introduced into my tragedy. In placing Talma above every precedent of greatness which the annals of the stage afford, I believe that I am no more than a faithful interpreter of public opinion. He ceases to be an actor when he treads the boards; he is not arrayed in the purple robe or diadem of the stage; every day, during two hours, he becomes, in fact, the person he represents—*Augustus, Hamlet, Nero, or Sylla*. Never was a transformation more complete.

"The studied attitudes, mathematical positions, measured accents, and all the arranged mechanism of conventional art, are utterly rejected by this great master, who exhibits nature in all her simple



grandeur, passion in all its inherent fire, feeling in all its uncalculated abandonment. He advances with a collected step, his mantle negligently folded on his breast, and his features concentrated in calmness. Nevertheless, as he approaches, terror accompanies him. Whence arises the passive, motionless attention which he commands? He has neither gesticulated nor spoken, his eye alone interprets his thoughts. He takes his seat; we might say that David has designed the graceful bend of his arm. His voice, strong, clear, and deep, at length begins to utter oracles.

"By what astounding faculty can this actor render disdain so terrible, or irony so withering? How is it that his burning eye seems at once greedy of glory, blood, and repose? By what index can we trace on his countenance, satiety of power in a fierce, relentless soul, political combinations suggested by a mighty genius, the determined courage of a warrior, and the apprehensions of a timid child?"

"Roscius, who has been called by Cicero, 'the most virtuous man of his age,' was the idol of the Roman youth, and one of the chief favorites of the dictator. He employed his credit, to the utmost of his ability, in diminishing the horror of the prescriptions, and in humanizing the inexorable temperament of Sylla. What character can be more exalted than that of a man celebrated for his talent and opportunities, in whose person the imitation of an ideal nature and the expression of heroic virtues are joined to their practice in the experience of actual life? By a singular coincidence, Talma, like Roscius, was the honored friend of the most distinguished persons of his age, and lived in habits of intimacy with the man who for fourteen years dictated laws to continental Europe."

When Napoleon went to the celebrated congress of sovereigns at Erfurt, in 1808, Talma, with a select cohort from the Theatre François, was ordered to attend him. "You shall play before a pit full of kings," said he to his favorite. Nothing could exceed the respect with which Talma was treated during this expedition. One of the plays selected was Voltaire's "Death of Cæsar," which bore directly upon the position of Napoleon, surrounded by his tributary potentates, some of whom might be conspirators in disguise. He enjoyed the palpable application with marked delight, augmented by the evi-

dent embarrassment of his surrounding cortège. At the representation of *Œdipus*, when *Philoctetes* uttered the line,

"L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux,"

the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was seated on the right of Napoleon, bowed to the latter, and said, in an audible voice, with unaffected grace, "That verse is made expressly for me."

Subsequent to his success in *Sylla*, Talma ventured on a character completely out of his usual walk, *Danville* in Casimiri Delavigne's comedy of "L'Ecole des Vieillards." Here he had the disadvantage of appearing in the ordinary vestments of modern fashion, and the novelty of his situation for a time embarrassed and clouded his genius. But after a few repetitions, this was considered one of his most successful efforts. His last original character, *Charles the Sixth*, (in the tragedy of M. Delaville,) was also his closing performance before the audience who had so long hung in raptures on his accents, and testified now their admiration for the actor, joined to cordial sympathy for the man. While representing this aged monarch, imbecile, demented, and worn out by sufferings and misfortune, he himself was struggling with the mortal disease which came as the herald of death, and was soon destined to close his earthly career. He was taken ill in Paris, and wished once more to revisit his country-seat at Brunoy, but his strength failed so rapidly, that removal was found to be impossible. His physicians despaired, but he himself encouraged hope almost to the last moment. The Archbishop of Paris, from personal respect, called to see him; but the dying man declined the interview, not from any absence of proper religious feeling, or from disrespect to the prelate, but because the Church had refused to ratify his marriage on account of his profession, and was equally prepared to deny to an actor the ordinary rites of sepulture—a bigotry peculiar to France, and discreditable to the government by which it was long tolerated. "I regret exceedingly," said Talma, the day before his death, "that I cannot receive this good archbishop, but if I get better, my next visit shall be to him." He expired gradually, and without pain, on the 19th of October, 1826, at his own house in the

Rue de la Tour-des-Dames. His last words were, "The worst of all is, that I cannot see." His sight had completely failed during his illness. Within a few hours after his death, two painters took sketches of his head, and David, the sculptor, was employed on a cast, from which was afterwards executed the marble statue destined to be placed in the hall of the Theatre Français. Two days later, on the 21st of October, the body of Talma was borne to its final resting place on earth, in the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*, attended by a vast concourse of distinguished admirers; and as the coffin was lowered, his friend, comrade, and rival, Lafont deposited on it a wreath of *immortelles*, and pronounced a powerful oration, which was long remembered for its touching pathos and affectionate sincerity.

Talma was often solicited to instruct young beginners, but he invariably advised them not to think of the stage, a career in which anything short of high success condemns the votary to a life of cheerless servitude. It does not appear that declining years and increasing fortune ever induced him to contemplate a formal retirement. He loved his art with enthusiasm, and as he knew his ablest illustrations must perish with him, he determined to continue them as long as his faculties remained unimpaired. The annals of the French stage present three distinct epochs, signalized by three great masters, each remarkable for an opposite style—Baron, Lekain, and Talma. A close parallel presents itself in our own history, when we turn to the ages, schools, and names of David Garrick, John Kemble, and Edmund Kean.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## CORNELIUS AGRIPPA THE MAGICIAN.\*

OF the tortoise pace at which truth travels, the history of the remarkable scholar and philosopher known to the world in general as Cornelius Agrippa "the Magician," furnishes a very striking example. A volume, written in his youth on "Magic"—a word which, if interpreted as it was intended by the author, meant really "the whole knowledge of nature, the perfection of all true philosophy"—has been calumniously and ignorantly perverted from its true purpose, and made the means of seriously injuring, if it could not wholly destroy, the reputation of one of

the most scientific and learned men of his time, by degrading him to the level of a mere hireling conjurer. What priestly enmity invented, modern prejudice, or or want of knowledge, has perpetuated, for even in a work published during the present year ("Knight's English Cyclopædia") we find Cornelius Agrippa described as "a quack," who "allowed himself to be regarded as an alchemist, an astrologer, and even as a practitioner of magical arts," and of whom it is sneeringly said: "Not satisfied with this extensive range, *he thought proper to set up likewise* for a great theologian, as well as to indulge himself with occasional excursions into other departments of literature and science." From these disparaging terms, who, unacquainted with Agrippa's

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\*The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician. By Henry Morley, Author of "Palliser the Potter," "Jerome Cardan," etc., 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

actual labors, would gather their real scope or infer the issue of his multifarious studies? It was reserved for Mr. Morley, in his admirably-written "Life," to rescue the fair fame of the philosopher from the aspersions by which it has been blighted, and to show to the world what this "quack" and "pretender" really was. To use Mr. Morley's own words, after a masterly summary of Cornelius Agrippa's book upon "The Uncertainty and Vanity of Sciences and Arts;" "Agrippa had tried nearly every art that he found wanting: a Courtier in Austria, a Soldier in Italy, a Theologian at Dôle, a Lawyer at Metz, a Physician in Switzerland, an experimenter in optics and mechanics, a deeper searcher than perhaps any man of his age into the philosophy of the ancients; student of the Cabala, sworn possessor of the secrets of the alchemists" (the real value of whose labors he rightly appreciated), "master of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and among modern tongues, not of his own German only, but also of the French, Italian, Spanish, and English. He was not a reviler from without, but a satirist from within, of the uncertainties and vanities of the imperfect art and science of his day." Of the man thus universally accomplished it has been Mr. Morley's object to show how he really lived, and what he really wrote. This end Mr. Morley has accomplished in a biography of no inferior interest to those by which he has already made himself distinguished, the Life of Cornelius Agrippa forming a worthy and appropriate *pendant* to those of Jerome Cardan and Bernard Palissy.

Although divested of the character of a magician, in the sense in which it was understood in the middle ages, the career of Cornelius Agrippa was—at least, in the earlier part of his life—sufficiently romantic. A scholar by inclination—though sprung from a noble house whose inheritance was the sword—he became a soldier against his will, and in that capacity experienced more than the ordinary vicissitudes of a soldier's life during the period of his service. It is not so much a disinclination for the profession of arms which is here implied, as that an eagerness for abstruse study was Agrippa's predilection; for the first and most remarkable exploit in which he was engaged was embraced by him in a spirit full as martial as that which inspired the deeds of the most ad-

venturous of his time. At twenty years of age (A.D. 1506) Agrippa, then the secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, was sent to Paris on a diplomatic errand, the purport of which is not stated, where he became "the centre of a knot of students, members with him of a secret association of theosophists, and bent upon a wild and daring enterprise that was" (says Mr Morley) "in several respects very characteristic of the age of the schemers, and of the age of the world in which they lived to scheme."

Into the details of this adventure (which was for some time on the anvil), and the singular accidents which arose out of it, we cannot follow Mr. Morley's striking and spirited narrative; but to those who wish to read a story full of romantic interest, we strongly commend the third chapter of his work, where the issue of the plot is developed. Enough for us, in briefly tracing the leading features of Agrippa's life, if we speak of the enterprise as unfortunate—a word which has a marked significance in nearly all that relates to the career of the man "who began his life by mastering nearly the whole circle of the sciences and arts as far as books described it, and who ended by declaring the Uncertainty and Vanity of Arts and Sciences," and who, in his own person, showed how little of worldly success is to be reckoned on by the merely meritorious possessor of knowledge.

From Spain, with a singular old man, named Antonius Xanthus, for his companion, Agrippa made his way to Italy, and proceeded thence to Avignon, where his stay, however, was not long, being beckoned on to Lyons, not only by ties of friendship, but by the attractions of those studies in which the young soldier-philosopher had initiated his associates in Paris. Young as he was—not more than three-and-twenty—his reputation as a scholar, of notable acquirements, had already been bruited far and near, and some of the most learned of the age were his friends and correspondents. Amongst these was Symphorianus Champier, or Campegius, a celebrated theologian, who, with others, advised Agrippa to take up his residence at Dôle, Burgundy, there to make his first public appearance as a scholar, by expounding in a series of orations Reuchlin's book on the Mirific Word. Margaret of Austria, the daughter of his master the Emperor Maximilian, was at that time

(A.D. 1509) ruler in Burgundy, and being well known for her patronage of letters and her bounty towards learned men, Agrippa had an additional motive for this change of abode.

"To earn Margaret's good-will and help upon the royal road to fortune was one main object of Cornelius, when he announced at Dôle that he proposed to expound Reuchlin's book, on the Mirific Word, in orations, to which, inasmuch as they were to be delivered in honor of the most serene Princess Margaret, the whole public would have gratuitous admission."

In the exposition of this theme, embracing the whole doctrine of the Jewish Cabala, Agrippa succeeded well with his public, but not at all as related to the advancement which he sought from royal patronage; for, as Mr. Morley observes, "Mainly upon what was said and written by Cornelius Agrippa in this twenty-third year of his age has been founded the defamation by which, when he lived, his spirit was tormented and the hope of his existence miserably frustrated—by which, now that he is dead, his character comes down to us defiled. This victim, at least, has not escaped the vengeance of the monks, and his crime was that he studied vigorously in his salad days those curiosities of learning into which, at the same time, popes, bishops, and philosophers, mature of years, inquired with equal faith and almost equal relish, but less energy or courage." From the public, then, and the University of Dôle, Agrippa received admiration and reward—the latter conferring upon him the degree of doctor in divinity, with a stipend—while from the Franciscan monk, Catilinet, came the opprobrium which ruined him with Margaret of Austria, and branded his name in the estimation of posterity. The evil which Catilinet wrought was not, however, immediate in its effects. His lectures on the Mirific Word being ended, Agrippa addressed himself to a new field of study, and took for his subject "The Nobility of the Female Sex and the Superiority of Woman over Man"—a theme devised expressly to earn the good-will of the fair Regent of Burgundy. It is a treatise replete with learning and ingenious argument, the substance of which Mr. Morley gives as clearly and carefully as he summarises all the other more important works of Agrippa, in the order of their production. But twenty years went

by before this treatise was published and presented to the princess—twenty years, the central space of life, after which little remained for either thought or action—and the only influence it seemed to have was the more immediately inciting its author to submit to the gentle yoke of one of the fairest of the sex whom he held in such high esteem, for, in the year 1509, Mr. Morley tells us, "when all was honor for him in the present, all hope in the future, Cornelius von Nettesheim married Jane Louisa Tyssie, of Geneva, a maiden equal to him in rank, remarkable for beauty, and yet more remarkable for her aspirations and her worth."

The marriage of Agrippa was no interruption to his studies. On the contrary: for in the same year he wrote that work which, as Mr. Morley remarks, "set a stamp upon his subsequent career," compiling into a system all the lore he had been gathering from the first commencement of his studies. This work consisted of the "Three Books of Occult Philosophy," otherwise known as the *Treatise on Magic*. In the analysis which Mr. Morley gives of this remarkable production we have another example of the value of his method, nothing being omitted from his description that can leave the reader at a loss to comprehend the true spirit and purpose of the original, and in proof of our assertion we need only say that nearly a hundred pages, most attractive in quality, are devoted to the analysis to which we refer. Having elaborately set forth the contents of these "Three Books of Occult Philosophy," Mr. Morley says, and justly says: "They alone constitute him a conjurer; upon them alone is based the popular impression fastened to his name—upon them, and upon calumnies invented by the priests." Briefly he characterises the Occult Philosophy as marking the ignorance, not of the man, but of the age in which he wrote, and of which he had compassed the false knowledge. "All," he says, "is put to a wise use; the science halts over the earth, but the philosophy flies heavenward. Of the three books, it may be said, generally, that the first is Platonic, the second Pythagorean, the third Cabalistical, but that the three philosophies are modified and fused into one system, under the influence of a devout study of the Gospel." Pending the interval of Catilinet's attack, all prospered with Agrippa. He had



been "elected regent of the University of Dôle—was flattered and praised by learned men, reverend, right reverend, and noble, and was blessed with the sympathy of a young wife, good, clever, and beautiful." He never again was in so enviable a position. John of Trittenheim, otherwise Trithemius, the abbot of St. James's monastery at Wurtzburg, was, at this time his particular friend and counsellor, and it was to him Agrippa sent the manuscript of his Occult Philosophy, submitting it to his examination, and asking for his opinion. That opinion was in the highest degree favorable, and it was accompanied by the advice not to allow the excellent strength of his intellect to become dull through want of striving, but always to spend his toil on better and better things, that he might demonstrate, by the divinest illustration, the light of true wisdom, even to the ignorant. The abbot also speaks this parable: "Hay to the ox and sugar to a parrot: rightly interpret this, lest you, as some others have been, be trampled down by oxen." Alas, for its application! It had been anticipated. "Cornelius," says Mr. Morley, "was already under foot when the warning reached him. Catilinet had made his rush. The Quadragesimal Discourses" (in which the Cabalism of Agrippa was denounced) "were delivered, and the youth was down." The blow was struck at Ghent, and all Agrippa's hopes from the expected patronage of Margaret of Austria were crushed by it. The treatise on the Preëminence of Woman was put aside, and nothing remained but the barren honors he had won at Dôle.

For the time, then, Agrippa bade farewell to philosophy, and intimated to his old master the emperor that he was ready once more to perform such work as might be allotted him, and to serve Maximilian's cause in the effort to secure the neutrality of England in a dispute with the Holy See, Agrippa was joined (A.D. 1510) to the embassy which was sent to London. The time he spent in this country, where he was the guest of Dean Colet, must, in many respects, have been very agreeable to him. Very useful, also, was his intercourse with the excellent Dean of St. Paul's, who, sympathising with the high aspirations of Agrippa, "did what he could to direct and purify them in accordance with his own sense of all that was great and good, by setting the young man

to work on the Epistles of St. Paul." Proof that Agrippa studied them to some purpose is shown in the use he made of the apostle's language and arguments in the expostulation which is now addressed to Catilinet, but, as Mr. Morley says, it was "excellent preaching to a rock." It moved the monk no more than would have succeeded the attempt to "preach tame a howling wilderness."

The next phase in Agrippa's career was the assumption of arms. Maximilian sent him to the Italian wars. It was *contre cœur*, for his heart was ever with "divine philosophy," but he says of himself, at this period: "I was for several years, by the emperor's command, and by my calling, a soldier. I followed the camp of the emperor: in many conflicts gave no sluggish help; before my face went death, and I followed the minister of death, my right hand soaked in blood, my left dividing spoil: my belly was filled with the prey, and the way of my feet was the corpses of the slain." But it was not all warfare; he was summoned to the Council of Pisa—a distinction which set him still more in opposition to the Head of the Church than the alleged tendency of his writings had caused him to be considered—but he reaped only a barren honor from his office of theologian to the council, which broke up without effecting anything. The war continued, with various changes and important defections. Agrippa changed masters—the Marquis of Monteferrat for the Emperor—was taken prisoner at the defence of Pavia, recovered his liberty, became reconciled to the Head of the Church, under a new pontificate, realized the long-formed hope of obtaining a professorship in the city which had witnessed his capture, was created "Doctor Utriusque Juris" of the University of Pavia, and almost simultaneously earned knighthood on the battle-field. This was his position (A.D. 1515) in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

But the happiness which Agrippa enjoyed at Pavia was short-lived. "In a few months" (from the time spoken of) "the fire was quenched upon the little hearth at Pavia, and he who had been at so much pains to kindle it went forth a beggar, with no prospect of advancement in the world." This woeful change in his affairs resulted from the conquest of the Milanese by Francis I., and the signing of the Concordat with Pope Leo X., which

threw Agrippa as well out of civil as out of military employment.

At thirty years of age, then, Agrippa had to begin the world again. A recommendation to the Duke of Savoy by the Marquis of Monteferrat brought him no advantage, and after another year of fruitless expectation he accepted the post of advocate and orator of the free city of Metz (A.D. 1518). Of the kind of work done there, "we have a trace," says Mr. Morley, "in the orations that survive, clear, brief, and closely keeping to the point in hand." But he was still occupied with theology and medicine—the Nature of Original Sin occupying his leisure hours for writing, and his skill as a physician being appealed to in a demand for prescriptions against the plague. Engaged in these varied occupations, his days at first went tranquilly by, but peace and quietness were never to be of long continuance in the way of life which he was doomed to tread. He soon became involved in a double warfare with the monks—one of them, Claudius Salimi, the prior of the Dominican monastery at Metz, with whom he entered into a bitter controversy on the Monogamy of Saint Anne—the other Nicholas Savin, the chief inquisitor, the cause of quarrel with the latter being the brutal persecution of a poor woman accused of witchcraft by the Dominican, and manfully defended by Agrippa. He confuted the prior, and was victorious over the inquisitor, but the monks of Metz became his implacable foes, and hunted him from the town. "Preached against in the churches and avoided in the streets, out of the narrow circle of his household friends regarded with suspicion, the vocation of Cornelius was gone at Metz: it was not there that he could find a quiet home. Directly after he had assured the success of all his pleading against the inquisitor, he accepted the consequences of the course he had pursued, and asked permission of the deacons to resign his office and be gone. Leave was granted readily, and, after brief preparation, with his fortunes for the third time wrecked, Cornelius Agrippa, towards the close of January, 1520, journeyed with wife and son, through wintry weather, to his mother at Cologne." The principal domestic event which occurred while he was at Cologne was the death of his wife, whom he returned to Metz to bury, and then quitted

that inhospitable town for ever. He chose Geneva for his asylum, and interested himself while there in church reform and questions of theology, the discussion of the Sacrament of Marriage, in which he developed views adverse to the opinions of the age, serving as the prelude to a second happy union. This event occurred in 1522, and of his second wife, aged only nineteen Agrippa wrote to his friend Brennon, as "a maid of noble birth and great beauty, who so adapts herself to my ways that you could not tell that they had not been in the first instance her own, or know whether either of us excels the other in a readiness of love and homage." Soon after this marriage, "salary and honorable consideration being offered to Cornelius, as its physician, by the mountain town of Friburg, that offer was accepted, and an end was made of the expectations which the Duke of Savoy had excited." His removal to Friburg took place in 1523, and slight as were the pecuniary advantages of his post, he might have been happy in his new abode, if he had resolved to remain there. But it was his fate through life to be tempted and deceived by royal patronage. He was offered in France the honorable post of physician to Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., and regent of the kingdom during his captivity in Spain, and in 1524—in an evil hour for himself—he quitted his true friends at Friburg, and embarked on the perilous sea of court favor. On that sea he was wrecked once more: labor and sorrow were all he reaped for services which were never requited, not even in a pecuniary sense. Amongst the many sad passages of Agrippa's career one of the saddest is recorded in his three years' sojourn at Lyons, a court physician rich in promises, in actual condition poor even to the extremest penury, and the end of all, suspicion, dislike, enmity, and persecution. Little wonder, then, that he was stimulated to satirise the world that surrounded him in his book upon the "Vanity of Sciences and Arts," which he wrote at this period. For a complete *aperçu* of that work, as well as for many a mournful page in Agrippa's life of disappointment, we must refer to Mr. Morley's volumes, what else we have to record being of necessity brief. Too happy in being allowed to relinquish his privilege to starve in the service of Louisa of Savoy, he centered his hope once more, at the age of forty-one,

on the princess whose favor he had vainly sought in his youth. He was led to this, by a cordial invitation to Antwerp, which he received from an eminent man in that city, Father Aurelius, of Aquapendente, whom Agrippa had known in Italy, and who was now desirous of his closest friendship. Other friends, also, made cordial offers of assistance from the same place, and nothing remained for Agrippa but to get there. This proved no easy matter; for, though he succeeded at last in obtaining a formal license to quit the service of the inhospitable Louisa of Savoy—who sought to degrade him into a mere astrologer—nearly a year went by, consuming his scanty means, before he could obtain a safe-conduct between Paris and the Netherlands, his principal opponent in the matter being the thick-headed Duke of Vendôme, who, “when he saw or heard Agrippa’s name, fell into sudden wrath, and tore the paper across, saying he would never sign anything in favor of a fortune-teller.” It was, consequently, not until the close of the year 1528—and then his object was effected by stratagem—that Agrippa was enabled to surround himself with his wife and family at Mechlin.

Mr. Morley gives a pleasant sketch of Agrippa’s domestic life, soon, however, to be sadly interrupted. During a brief absence at Mechlin, his wife, who had been ailing for some time, fell sick of the plague, and Agrippa only returned to her bedside to witness her death. A most painfully-interesting account of this bereavement is contained in a letter written by Agrippa to Forbot, one of his wife’s kinsmen. Yet at this moment of supreme suffering his worldly affairs offered him a better chance of prosperity than had ever occurred before. Henry VIII. of England invited him, with great offers, which he would not accept; it was sought to attach him to the court of the Emperor Charles V.; the Marquis of Monteferrat entreated him to come to Italy with all his household; and Margaret of Austria offered honorable conditions of service, with emoluments less tempting. “Which I shall choose,” Agrippa wrote, “I know not. I would rather live free than go

into service. It becomes me, however, to consult not my own pleasure, but the well-being of my children.”

With the honors of Imperial Historiographer on his head—but with the salary attached to it withheld as usual—Agrippa now began the publication of the works which had hitherto existed only in manuscript. While engaged upon them, Margaret of Austria died (A.D. 1530), but he still prosecuted his undertaking, and the first issue of the *Occult Philosophy* took place in February, 1531. From the “Address to the Reader,” which was prefixed to this first edition, we take a few lines. He does not doubt, he says, that a great number of persons will be attracted to his book by the rarity of the subject, of whom many will read carelessly and misunderstand, many will cry out against it even before they have quite read the title, call him a wizard, a demoniac, a superstitious man, and a magician. He advises those who cannot overcome the hatred of a name to leave his work unread, and asks people of more equanimity to read with discretion, throwing aside what they do not like as matter not commended to them, but narrated only. “I confess,” he says, “that there are many vain things and curious prodigies taught for the sake of ostentation in books of magic; *cast them aside as emptiness, but do not refuse to know their causes.*” And yet, the man who wrote thus, was branded with contempt and ridicule, and his “life’s life, lied away!” This publication was what Mr. Morley calls “The beginning of the End.” How his salary remained unpaid—how his means diminished—how he was harassed by his creditors—how his character was attacked—how he was thrown into prison—how released from thence—in what manner he married for the third time, most fatally—and how, when divorced from a faithless woman, “there only remained for him to wander out alone into a hostile world and die,” we leave Mr. Morley to tell, in the honest, eloquent, calm, and impartial words which characterize one of the best biographies it has ever been our fortune to read.

From Titan.

## T H E B E A N .

## A STORY FROM ZSCHOKKE.

I WAS in despair (so began the young banker Walter at an evening party). For nine weeks I went everywhere in Vienna, into all parties, under all pretences, and at every police office I described the Lady von Tarnau, her aunt and the maid-servant; no one could tell whither they had gone. Good advice indeed was not wanting, for that is always cheap. I was directed to all the points of the compass to find my goddess.

She was no longer in Vienna. But, although I was told so at the hotel where she had lived, and although I occupied the same room which had once been hers, I still sought her. I was at all churches and masses, at all masquerades and balls, at all plays and places of amusement. Enough—love's labor was lost. My angel had vanished.

Inconsolable I left the capital, and in the worst winter weather returned home.

But, to make the whole singularity of my fate clear to you, I must tell you how I became acquainted with the lady. You will find much in my story that is wonderful, but in love everything is romance.

\* \* \* \*

Three years before, I had visited Vienna on business. Our house was threatened with a great loss. I succeeded in averting the misfortune, and then availed myself of the opportunity to participate in the amusements of Vienna. Who knows, thought I, that I shall ever again come to Vienna?

My acquaintances carried me into all companies; I was introduced into many family circles; the mothers received me very kindly, and their fair daughters not less so. I was known to be unmarried, and the name of our house was not unknown to the fathers. I passed everywhere as the rich banker, and was addressed by the title of Mr. von Walter.

On account of the peculiarities of my good old father, I had never thought of marrying. Of course, entirely free, I fluttered from one fair one to another. I loved them all, but no one in particular.

"The Lady von Tarnau is every moment expected," lisped an elderly lady near me at an evening party, to a young neighbor.

"She is a dear good creature," replied the young lady addressed; "she would be thought perfectly beautiful were it not for that horrible defect."

"Ah!" said the elderly lady, "you mean the mole she has on her breast, just below her neck? They say that it is in the form of a mouse!"

"A mouse! Pardon, my dear lady, if it were nothing worse than that, it would not be necessary for her to wrap herself up so like a nun. No, it is just like a camel, with two humps, four legs, and a long neck."

"Don't you believe that!" said another, who joined in the conversation. "I know all about it. It is a mole of a very peculiar kind, of a monstrous size, and covers her whole neck. It is a shocking disfigurement."

"Indeed, that is frightful!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes, and if I were so disfigured," said one of the young ladies, modestly casting her eyes down upon the fine gauze which lay upon her fair neck like a cloud on the snow, "I do believe it would kill me."

Others now joined in the conversation; every one confirmed the fact, and all pitied the young Lady von Tarnau on account of this great misfortune.

The door opened. The young lady and her aunt entered.

Had she not already awakened an interest in me through the preceding conversation, she would have riveted my atten-



tion by her uncommon beauty and grace. An ideal, such as we sometimes admire in the pictures of Angelica Kaufmann, a—no, smile not; I was not then in love, and now I am married, so I utter nothing but truth.

Enough, the lovely Tarnau won the eyes and hearts of all the gentlemen; they all approached her with an expression of interest, brightened by the tenderest sympathy. But she was impenetrably veiled close up to her chin. This peculiarity of her dress, of course, incessantly reminded one of the mouse and another of the camel. Ah! thought every one, why was fate so cruel as to deform the sweetest creature under the sun, in this dreadful manner; and, I cannot deny it, I thought so too.

I am not by nature curious, but on that evening this sin plagued me as never before. My eyes continually wandered over the folds of the thick veil; I repeated my voyage of discovery every quarter-of-an-hour. I always found opportunity to stand next to the fair unfortunate. But in vain.

There was dancing. Several couples had already taken their places. The beautiful Tarnau remained unmasked: how powerful is imagination! I asked her to dance; she gave me her hand. I continued her partner the rest of the evening.

She hovered lightly around me, like one of Titania's elves, in all her motions, smiles, looks, words, full of inexpressible sweetness. Ah! shame upon the masterpiece of Nature, who, in cruel wantonness, had ruined her most beautiful work.

The company separated late. The beautiful unfortunate had enraptured me. She was so innocent, and faintly, and unconstrained. Ah! happily she knew not what every one else knew! So much the better for her. I was not romantic enough to fancy that I had fallen in love at first sight, although it would not have been strange if I had done so. This much I readily confess, that as yet no woman had ever captivated me to such a degree. A deep sympathy touched my heart; and certainly such an angel deserved at least a little pity.

The next day I had already forgotten—forgotten? no, I will not say that, for one cannot help thinking of so strange a freak of nature, by which all the magic of beauty was mixed with the hatefulest of hateful things. As I returned from a walk,

and ascended the steps of the hotel, I suddenly met the lady and her aunt descending.

Naturally enough we stopped and exchanged friendly inquiries. Surprise was expressed on both sides that we should have been residing under the same roof without knowing it. I showed my pleasure at the discovery, and begged permission at suitable hours to see the ladies in their apartments. At the word "see," I really looked—for my curiosity again arose—towards the region of the horrid mole, but a thick shawl, carefully pinned under her chin, covered the young lady's breast and shoulders, and therefore I preferred to look at the angelic, beautiful face above.

They went down the steps, and I went hastily into my room, in order to have another sight of that delicate form from my window. They got into a carriage, and drove off. Ah, sighed I, what a pity that such an angel should be so terribly disfigured!

I did not forget the permission they had given me to come and see them, and from time to time, I made the ladies a visit. They were, like myself, strangers in Vienna, and had been introduced to my friend, at whose house, a few evenings before, I had become acquainted with them, by an Augsburg firm, from whom they received their funds.

I attended my fellow-boarders to the promenade, to the theater, and to all places where there was anything to be seen. The beautiful Josephine—for so her aunt called her—manifested the fine qualities of her mind and heart the more I became acquainted with her. But it did not escape me, that the longer our acquaintance lasted, the more carefully did she conceal her unfortunate disfigured breast. Josephine was the most perfect woman that I had ever seen in my life; but nothing under the sun is quite perfect.

As we saw each other daily, we became every day more intimate. At last it seemed as if I wholly belonged to them. The aunt treated me with the familiarity which grows out of travelling in company. In Josephine's manner of addressing me, I fancied that I perceived some tender marks of friendship.

When I was occasionally prevented from joining the ladies by business, I was compelled to listen to some slight reproaches; and when Josephine, sitting motion-

less and silent, would fix her eyes upon me as if she sought to look into my very soul, and ask "Who art thou?" ah! it is impossible to say how I then felt.

But at last no business ever hindered me, and I came punctually with the clock.

My heaven, however, did not last long. I received a letter from home. My good father had had an apoplectic stroke; he longed to see me. It was necessary that I should use the utmost haste, if I would again embrace him in this world.

The letter arrived in the morning. In half-an-hour all was packed, and the post-coach stood at the door of the hotel. I was almost out of my senses with anxiety. My servant announced that all was ready. I went down to the street like one in a dream. The thought of taking leave of my fellow boarders never occurred to me; and I was just about to jump into the coach, when a voice from above called to me, "Where are you going?"

It was the sweet voice of Josephine. I looked up; she stood at the window, and repeated the question. My recollection returned. I flew back into the hotel and up stairs, to obey the dictates, if not of friendship, at least of politeness.

I knocked at the door, and it sprang open. Josephine, still in her morning dress, came towards me; but, starting back, with an expression of the liveliest alarm, "Gracious heaven!" cried she, "what is the matter with you? What has happened? How pale and ghastly you look!"

As she said this with great emotion, and stretched out her hand to seize mine, the Cashmere shawl which she had thrown loosely over her, fell open in front. And—may the shade of my honored father pardon me—but curiosity is a most unfortunate sin—I forgot journey, apoplexy, and extra post, and had eyes only for the revealed secret of Josephine's breast.

Imagine my astonishment! I saw a breast as white and clear as ivory, and, two inches below the dimple of her alabaster throat, the unfortunate mole. But it was no mouse, no camel; only a dark brown spot on the skin about the size and shape of a small *bean*. I could have sworn that a pretty brown bean was lying on the blinding snow.

Josephine, blushing, drew the shawl together again—but I could not speak. Whether it were the apoplexy or the

bean—enough, I stood confounded, like a statue.

"Tell us what has happened to you," cried her aunt. "Have you met with any misfortune?"

"My father has had an apoplectic stroke—he is at the point of death. I must leave you."

I could say no more. I kissed the ladies' hands, and took leave. For a moment, but only for a moment, Josephine held my hand convulsively grasped in hers. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes wet; perhaps it was not so, for I hardly saw anything. Everything danced before my eyes.

Once in the carriage, I thought of nothing but my dear father's death-bed. I travelled night and day in a perfect fever. The days thus spent were the most painful of my life. I had only a few happy moments amidst the confused dreams that hovered before me. Only now and then, did Morpheus or the fever show me the bean in the snow.

When at last the coach stopped before the paternal mansion, some of my relatives habited in mourning came out to meet me. I was too late. My father had left the world, and his ashes already rested in the tomb.

I will not say how violent was my grief. With all his fitful humors, I loved my father with the most filial tenderness. Grief and the excitement of the journey prostrated my health. I was seized with a violent fever, which was really a benefit to me, as I became wholly unconscious. For these three months I did not leave my bed. When I recovered, and the world and the past came back to me, emerging as it were out of a cloud, I was as cold and indifferent as if nothing had happened, as if I had lost all feeling.

The affairs of our house had been thrown into some confusion by the death of my father and the long continuance of my illness. Happily for me, labor and occupation were afforded me.

Within a year and a day, however, everything was put to rights, and I was the master of my house. And when the black crape disappeared from my arm and hat, aunts and cousins thronged around me, full of marriage plans. Such manifestations of cousinly and auntly regard are as necessary and unavoidable as birth and death. I let the matchmakers have their way, and troubled myself very little

about their advice or their plans. No cousin, no aunt — Hymen's ever-ready servants—can ever effect so much as simply a single pretty maiden, and at the right hour. But in our whole city and neighborhood there was no pretty maiden—no, that is a calumny: it was the magic hour that had not come.

Nevertheless, this continual questioning and answering brought me to reflection; I really perceived that I was alone, and that I wanted something. My house, since my father's death, had become a wilderness. And yet among the ten thousand young ladies whom I had ever seen, I knew no one with whom I should like to share my life and my wilderness.

My residence in Vienna, and the beautiful Tarnau, suddenly occurred to me, I know not how, for it was a long-forgotten story. Fortunately, I was alone in my room, for I believe that I grew fire-red at the remembrance. At last I suddenly sprung up from the sofa, stretched my arms far out into the air, as if to embrace the heavenly image, and sighed—no, I called aloud, with mingled rapture and pain, "Josephine! Josephine!"

That was, I believe, the magic hour. —To increase my disquiet, the very next night the god of dreams showed me *the bean in the snow*. Josephine was beautiful enough in herself, but my enamored imagination illuminated her with unearthly beauty. Let no one laugh—I had gone to bed sober, but I arose the next morning intoxicated with love.

Now, indeed, was my house desert and waste, as the old Chaos of Creation might have been. I sought Josephine everywhere; I saw her everywhere. I thought of her as my wife, now at the pleasant window, with her little work-basket; now at the piano, and myself behind her listening; and now at my side on the sofa at a little round breakfast-table. In the tumult of my imagination, all her indescribable grace, her smile, her look, and her nightingale tones, became ever more bewitching. I was no longer master of myself; I was lost in a conflict of emotions of all sorts; at one time I was upon the point of shouting aloud from very extasy, so bright were my dreams, and then, again, I was ready to weep. When I thought how Josephine, perhaps, might reject me, sometimes, I believe, I really did shout and weep, for I was like a wild dreamer, who is only at home with his ideal, and

and is deaf and blind to the outward world.

This condition was intolerable. I arranged my business, ordered post-horses, and flew to Vienna.

It is true, some sober considerations now and then occurred to me on the way. How much might she have changed in sixteen months! thought I. Perhaps she loves another. Perhaps she is married. She may not be at her own disposal. She is too young, and has parents and relatives, and they have views which neither of us know of; or she may be of high rank.

I then thought over our former friendly intimacy, and consoled myself with the remembrance of her pale countenance, her suffused eyes, and her ardent, involuntary pressure of my hand when we parted. In all these things I found proof of Josephine's interest in me—proofs even of love, although these circumstances might have been interpreted in a different way. But, that I might not utterly despair, I was forced to conclude on the whole that the Lady von Tarnau was not indifferent to me. Better not to live, than to live without her; better deluded and happy, than knowing the truth and miserable!

Filled with these thoughts, I again approached Vienna. But, when I saw the steeples and roofs in the distance, it occurred to me that, although I had considered all chances, I had not taken into account that a year ago Josephine was a stranger like myself in Vienna, and could hardly be in Vienna still.

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How I fared in Vienna, I have already told you. The Lady von Tarnau had vanished. The hotel had passed into new hands; and so there was no one to give me any information. My acquaintances knew as little of her and her whereabouts as I. They wrote at my request to Augsburg, whence she or her aunt had brought letters of credit and introduction. But the Augsburg correspondent had in the meantime died, and his heirs could give intelligence of no Lady von Tarnau.

Enough: I was in despair. I was most heartily vexed with myself. For was it not my own fault, that, during my first stay in Vienna, I had been so unpardonably negligent as not to inform myself of her family and residence? Indeed, then I never once thought that I was going to fall in love with her a year and a quarter afterwards.

In the midst of my trouble, what enlivened me the most, although it increased my passion, was—her room. That room I now occupied. I found the same furniture still there, the very chair on which she sat, and the table at which she wrote. The whole past lived so vividly before my eyes and around me, that I absolutely sprung up from my seat all in a flutter, upon the slightest noise at the door, thinking that it was she herself and her aunt coming in.

In the room itself nothing remained unsearched, for I still hoped to discover some trace of her. Twenty times did I examine the walls from the floor to the ceiling, to find, among the signatures of travellers there, her name, or something that would lead to the discovery of her home. All in vain!

Odd, but trifling enough, the very first day I went into the room, I found in the drawer of the writing-table—let no one laugh—a beautiful, shining brown *bean*. You know what a sacred symbol this vegetable had become to me, and now I had found it in Josephine's room! I took up the bean with the greatest care. And as I now gave up the fond hope of ever finding the loveliest being upon earth, I took the bean to a jeweller, and had it set in gold, in order to wear it continually by a silken guard round my neck, as a memento of the loveliest of her sex and of my sad romance.

I then left Vienna. I was unhappy and comfortless. I resolved never to marry. Ah, one resolves many things in his haste!

\* \* \* \*

I returned to my native city like a widower. All young ladies appeared to me intolerable, stale, common; I buried myself in business; I diverted my mind by engaging in large speculations; saw no company, made no visits. Josephine's image hovered continually around me like a guardian angel, and the bean upon my breast was as precious a possession as if it had been bestowed by her own hand. Let no one grudge the unhappy his dreams! I even at last imagined that the beautiful Tarnau had herself placed the bean in the drawer of the writing-table. A happy fancy is in the end as good as any philosophy by which one would fain console himself.

My outward man, indeed, was not indicative of this wonderful happiness; for

all thought me melancholy, sick, and like to die. Aunts and cousins beset me with entreaties, invitations, and plans of pleasure; even physicians were sent to my house. I would have nothing to do with them.

To free myself from my tormentors, and to show that I was still like other men, I went now and then to some of the evening parties at the houses of my friends.

One evening I accepted an invitation to Councillor Hildebrande's. Now you shall hear the catastrophe of my story.

\* \* \* \*

I went to the councillor's. The company were all known to me, with the exception of one person, who was introduced to me as a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, and who had lately come into possession of an estate about a league and a-half from the city. To this, however, I did not pay much attention at the moment. I bowed silently, laid aside my hat, and took my seat. Conversation was lively—so much the better for me; I had no especial desire to talk.

The Russian officer, a large, stout man, of an agreeable and dignified figure, already past sixty, still full of animation, chiefly engaged my attention. He had a riband at his button-hole, and a couple of scars on his forehead and cheek. His voice was loud and authoritative; it was easy to see in him a commanding officer. The conversation turned now upon Persia, and now upon Moldau, where the lieutenant-colonel had made campaigns. The company listened to him with pleasure, and he told his stories well.

After supper the conversation grew still more lively. The old officer told of a battle, in which, wounded in the breast, he had fallen from his horse, and been taken prisoner by the Turks. When in the excitement of his narrative he tore open his vest to show the wound, we remarked that he wore next to his heart a little golden locket fastened by a silken guard. He drew out the locket, and exclaimed, "The Janissaries robbed me of everything; but this jewel, the most precious of my possessions, I saved!"

Of course, all imagined that it must be a diamond of uncommon size, or a pearl of immense value, one of his eastern spoils.

"Oh, not at all," cried he; "it is only a *bean*!"



"A *bean*!" exclaimed every one.

At these words I became, I believe, red as fire or pale as death, or both by turns, for I could not command myself for surprise. "How comes the man by a bean which he wears set in gold like a sacred relic, just like me?" thought I. Let any one imagine himself in my situation, and he will know how I felt. I longed to learn why he wore the bean. But I was confounded; I could not bring out a syllable. I tossed off a glass of punch to get courage to ask the question. But I was saved the trouble by all present.

"I will willingly tell you," said the old officer, and filled his pipe; "but I am afraid the story is not sufficiently interesting. Fill your pipes, gentlemen."

Every one obeyed, even I, although I was no smoker. But I took the cold pipe between my lips, from pure fear that the colonel should refuse to proceed, if he saw me without his favourite instrument.

\* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, I was a cadet in my fifteenth year, and a lieutenant in my twentieth, said the old gentleman. But in his five-and-twentieth one is something more than a mere lieutenant. He is happy if he is in love. And that was I.

Our colonel had a daughter, the most beautiful and bewitching maiden in the whole kingdom, and I had, along with two sound eyes, an extra sound heart. This explains every thing. The young Countess of Obendorf—but I love to call her to myself by her baptismal name of Sophia, for, *nota bene*! I was no count—Sophia then was sixteen years old, and I, as I said before, five-and-twenty; you can easily imagine what mischief arose therefrom. It was quite unavoidable, I assure you. You all see that plainly enough; but the colonel, who had the eye of a hawk in regimental matters, did not see it at all; but my love, *nota bene*! was no regimental matter: for the rest, I stood very high with him; he was as fond of me as a son. He had known my parents, who were no longer living; he stood to me as a father, and I would have given anything in the world to have been his son. But that was not to be thought of. He was a colonel, I a lieutenant; he a count, I not; he rich as Cræsus, I poor as a church-mouse. Now you know all. The distance between us was too great.

The Countess Sophia did not make such nice distinctions about titles and wealth

as the old colonel, and yet in many things she was more prudent than he.

I remarked indeed, that she treated me in a more friendly manner than any other of the officers; that she liked best to talk with me; liked best to dance with me; liked best to walk with me in the garden in summer, and to go sleighing with me in the winter. However, I could not conclude from all this whether she loved me. But that I loved, adored, idolised her, that I knew, and that I knew only too well.

A thousand times was I ready to declare myself, and throw myself at her feet—but, good heavens! I have since gone with my battalion to storm a battery with a lighter heart than I was able then to advance a single step towards Sophia. "It will not do," said I.

But I will not detain you longer with the history of my love and sufferings, but proceed directly to the main point.

One evening I had to carry a report to the colonel. He was not at home; that, indeed, was no great misfortune, for the Countess Sophia was sitting all alone, and she permitted me to await her father's return in her company.

How curious it was! If we met at large parties, it seemed as if there would be no end to our talk; but when we were alone, tête-à-tête, as they say, we knew not what to say, nay, we knew well enough, but *nota bene*! we could not say it! Whether you ever experienced such fatalities, gentlemen, in your young days, I know not.

On the table before the young countess lay a draught-board, upon which a certain game was played with a number of white and brown beans.

After a long pause in our conversation—but *nota bene*! such pauses were anything but tedious—the countess invited me to play. She gave me the brown beans, and kept the white. They belonged to her of course, on account of their color—the emblem of innocence. We played. The countess won. That led to quarrelling, and I liked to quarrel with her, for then I could say many things to her that I could never muster courage to say in cold blood.

And now it was just as if we were in a large party; that is we talked fast enough about the stakes. The Countess Sophia had spirit and wit; she laughed, and teased me, and drove me so with her sal-

lies into a corner, that in my despair I knew not what to answer. In my vexation I took up one of my brown beans, and to punish the beautiful jester, who laughed at me so roguishly, threw it at her. The bean made a parabola, and threatened the delicate nose of my opponent, but, as she drew back her pretty head to avoid the light bomb, ah, my shot fell through the folds of her neckerchief down into her bosom! Luckily, it was no arrow!

I was terribly frightened, and was all in a glow in my agony. Sophia blushed, and cast her eyes modestly down. Jest, play, and quarrel were now all at an end. I could not speak, and she was silent. I feared that I had incurred her anger through my awkwardness. I looked timidly towards her; she raised her eyes, and cast upon me rather a dark look. That I could not bear. I arose, and bent my knee before the adored one, pressed her hand to my lips, and implored pardon. She answered not a syllable, yet she did not draw away her hand from me.

"O countess! O dear Sophia! don't be vexed with me. I should die," cried I, "if you were angry with me. For only for you, only through you, do I live. Without you life is worthless. You are my life, my all."

Enough; one word followed another. How much did I say to her with tears in my eyes, and with tears in her eyes how much did she listen to! I begged for an answer, and yet gave her no time for an answer, and, *nota bene!* the colonel stood three steps from us in the room, without either of us having seen or heard him enter. I believe he must have glided in like a ghost!

His awful voice startled us like a clap of thunder, as he poured out upon us a whole string of regimental oaths, old and new. I sprang up before him. Sophia, without losing her presence of mind, did the same. We were on the point of excusing ourselves, if there really was anything to be excused. But he would not allow us to utter a word.

"Silence!" shouted he, as if, instead of two poor sinners, he had to deal with a couple of regiments of cavalry. "You, Sophia, depart to-morrow—and you, Mr. Lieutenant, will please ask your dismissal, and quit the province, or you are a dead man."

With this he turned upon his heel, and

left the room. I must confess, the prudence of the man in the midst of his fury was worthy of admiration; for I hold it was very prudent in him that he left us alone; we had still much to say to each other.

The Countess Sophia stood there in the middle of the room, with her pretty head sunk upon her breast, and her hands negligently folded before her, like a statue.

"O Sophia!" said I, and rushed towards her, and folding her in my arms, pressed her fervently to my heart—"Sophia, now I lose you for ever."

"No," she replied, firmly, "not for ever; so long as I breathe shall your image live in my heart;" and this was said in a tone—oh, with a voice that thrilled every nerve in me.

"Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth.

She did not say *yes*, she did not say *no*, but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars.

She wept; her sobs recalled me to myself.

"O Sophia," cried I, sinking at her feet and embracing her knees, "I am yours alone, as long as I breathe, and wherever my fate shall bear me!"

A deathlike silence ensued. Our souls were silently swearing eternal fidelity. Suddenly something fell upon the floor. It was the unfortunate bean, to which we owed all our wretchedness. I took it up, arose, and held it out to Sophia, saying, "This is the work of Providence! I will keep it as a remembrancer of this evening."

"Yes, it is a providence!" whispered she, and turned and went into the next room.

The following morning, or rather in the night, she travelled off. The colonel treated me on parade with the most scornful coldness. I applied for my dismissal, received it, and went off. Whither, I cared not. Friends gave me letters to Petersburg, and supplied me with travelling money.

"It is a providence!" thought I, and started for the rough north. Sophia was lost to me for ever; nothing remained to me but the painful remembrance and the bean. This I had set in gold, and I have

now faithfully worn it next my heart for two-and-forty years.

My letters soon obtained for me a lieutenant's commission. I was somewhat indifferent to life, and so was somewhat brave. I fought in Asia and Europe, got booty, honor, orders, and whatever else a soldier desires. After some twenty years I got to be a lieutenant-colonel. I had grown old; my early history was, indeed, forgotten, but *nota bene!* the bean was still dear to me.

When I was taken prisoner by the Janissaries at the battle of Hinburn, in the year '88 — we had a hot day of it, the Prince of Nassau made his cause good, by the way—they stripped me of everything; but the sacred bean they did not find; it was completely soaked in my blood. I expected nothing but death. For two days I was dragged about by the infidels; but, incessantly pursued by our cavalry, they at last left me lying half dead. So our people found me. They took pity on me, and carried me to the hospital, and to complete my restoration, I was sent at the head of a transport back to Moscow.

The repose pleased me. I had to live, and therefore life became dear to me. After twenty years' service and seven honorable wounds, I could reasonably look for an honorable dismissal. I received it, with a pension; that was all very well, but *nota bene!* I was not long contented. Moscow is an agreeable city, but for one of us, who are no merchants, rather dull. Petersburg is a beautiful place, but all its splendor was not enough to make me forget the little town where I had been in garrison twenty years before with Colonel von Obendorf, and *nota bene!* with Sophia.

There was nothing to delay me. "Do you not wish once more to see the little town, and, perhaps, also, the beloved of thy youth, who is now either a grand-mamma, or is—dead?" How she must have changed in the meantime! thought I.

I received my passports, and departed. I looked about me in all the cities through which I passed, for I had nothing to hasten me, and so I approached our former garrison town.

How my heart beat when I saw the black-pointed church-spire with its golden ball rise behind the numerous gardens and orchards! but *nota bene!* it was not the spire; but I thought of Sophia, and

that her grave might not be far from the spire.

No one in the town knew me. It is very true, a quarter-of-a-century is a long time. The regiment to which I formerly belonged was no longer there, and the station was occupied by dragoons; Colonel von Obendorf had died many years before, and his daughter had removed to her estates in Moravia, that is, not far from Brunn. Whether she were still living, no one knew.

Shall I go there, too? thought I: and if she be lying in her grave, then go to her grave, and take from it some earth and have it enclosed in gold, and wear it instead of the bean?

In Brunn I learned with joyful surprise that she was still alive, and resided five leagues from the city on a beautiful estate, and was still called the Countess von Obendorf.

Instantly I was up and away. They showed me a beautiful country-seat, surrounded by gardens laid out with great taste. "There she lives!" I trembled again as I had formerly done when a lieutenant, and I never had done before the Turks.

I got out of the carriage. Already I saw the lovely one, and how full of heavenly grace and emotion she would receive me. Ah! woman's heart! Does she love me still? thought I, and proceeded with an uncertain step through the garden.

Before the house, under an arbor of blooming red accacias, sat two elderly ladies, and two young ladies. They were reading. But Sophia I saw not.

I apologized for the interruption I had occasioned; for they all seemed surprised at my sudden appearance.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked one of the elderly ladies.

"May I have the honor to pay my respects to the Countess Sophia of Obendorf?" said I.

"I am she," she replied, to my amazement, the lady who appeared to be somewhat near forty.

I felt as if I should have an attack of vertigo.

"Permit me to sit down; I am not well!" sighed I; and seated myself without waiting for an answer.

What a change! Whither had flown the most blooming of all beauties? The illusion passed away; I bethought myself of

a quarter-of-a-century. It was Sophia; yes it was she! but the faded Sophia.

"To whom have I the honor to speak?" asked she. Alas! she knew me no better than I knew her.

I wished to avoid a scene before the ladies, and therefore begged for a short tête-à-tête. The countess led me into the house, and then into a large room on the left. The first thing that met my eyes was a full-length portrait of her father. I could find no words to speak, my heart was so full. I gazed at the picture till my eyes grew dim with tears. "Yes, old man," I stammered, in a low voice, "look now at thy Sophia. Oh, thou hast not treated us well!"

The countess stood near me, embarrassed, and apparently alarmed at my declaration. I wished to release her from her painful situation, and yet could not speak. A feeling of sadness had completely overpowered me.

"You are not well, sir?" said the countess, and she looked uneasily towards the door.

"Oh no!" sighed I; "do you not know me?"

She now fixed her eyes more earnestly upon me, and then gently shook her head. I snatched the bean from my bosom, kneeled before her, and said, "Ah, Sophia, do you still know this bean, which separated us four-and-twenty years ago? I have kept it faithfully. Sophia, you said then, 'There is a Providence,' yes, there is one."

"O Heaven!" stammered she, with a faint voice; and, turning from me, went towards the sofa, upon which she threw herself, and sought to conceal her pale face with her hands; but she fainted. She had recognized me. She loved me still.

I called for help to the ladies, who were alarmed at the sight of their friend in a fainting fit, and a strange officer kneeling before her in tears. But before water and the smelling-bottles could be brought, the countess came to herself. She rubbed her eyes as if in a dream. Then a flood of tears broke forth; she sobbed as if she were inconsolable, threw her arms around my neck, and called me by name.

Enough, gentlemen, that was a moment! Angels might have wept over us. I had no thought of taking my leave. The countess received me as a guest.

Oh, how much had we to say to each other; how faithfully she had loved me! What the old colonel once prevented, neither he nor his family could prevent any longer. Sophia became my wife; somewhat late, it is true, but not too late; our souls still loved with youthful fervor. My history, or rather the history of this bean, is now at an end, *nota bene!* not quite. For the child that my Sophia bore me brought into the world with her a mark upon her breast just like a bean. Strange freak of nature! But the maiden is only so much the dearer to me.

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Here the lieutenant-colonel ended; but I heard no more. Everything swam around me; in my ears there was a buzzing and humming like the sea. Only in the midst of it all, the name of Josephine sounded.

The colonel's carriage was announced. "You must not think of going," said the councillor; "I cannot let you go in the night."

"Oh, said the colonel, "it is a lovely night and bright moonlight."

My carriage was announced also. I arose, went to the colonel, took him by the hand, and said, "Your name is Von Tarnau."

He bowed in the affirmative.

"I beg of you to spend this night with me," said I; "much depends upon it. You must not go. I have something important to say to you."

I said this so earnestly, and I might add so unconsciously, and at the same time trembled so violently, that the old man did not know what to make of me. Still he remained firm, and insisted upon going. His obstinacy almost brought me to despair.

"Come," said I; and seizing him by the hand, drew him aside, and showed him my bean. "See—it is not a freak of nature merely—but of fate. I also wear a bean."

The old gentleman opened his eyes wide, looked at my jewel attentively, and at last said: "With such a talisman one might conjure a spirit. I will remain and go with you wherever you please."

He went with the councillor to order away his carriage. As I had appeared to him in rather a suspicious light, he sought further information about me. The councillor was kind enough to say everything that was pleasant. I under-



stood it the moment they reëntered. The old gentleman was as good-humored as ever. He handed me a glass of punch, and cried, "Long live the beans! and *nota bene!* whatever they signify." We drank together. Life came back into me.

"And so you are Mr. von Walter?" said he, after a pause.

"Only Walter, no *Von*."

"And you were in Vienna a year ago?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered I, and I felt as if I were all on fire.

"So, so!" said he. "My sister-in-law has told me a good deal about you. You resided in the same hotel. You paid much attention to the good lady, and she will thank you for it in person."

The conversation now became more general until the company broke up. The lieutenant-colonel went home with me, and I conducted him immediately to his room.

"And now," said he, "I have thus far been obedient. What have you so very important to tell me?"

I began about Vienna, about the aunt, about Josephine.

"I know all about that!" cried he; "but what has it to do with the bean you showed me?"

I now laid aside all manœuvring. He learned all.

"I know all that, too!" cried he again. "But the bean, the bean?"

I then told him of my second journey to Vienna.

He burst out into a laugh, and shook me cordially by the hand: "Nothing more now! we will talk more to-morrow. For you see that I have nothing to say about it. What do you want of me? To-morrow we will ride out to my house. There you will see Josephine, and become acquainted with my Sophia, that's clear; people must get acquainted with one another."

We separated; I went to bed, but could not sleep without feverish dreams.

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"Come, Mr. Walter, out with the truth!" said the old gentleman to me the following morning at breakfast. "I know you are a rich man; I see you are a young one, from whom the girls will not run away into a nunnery; I hear you are an honest man, whom all the world respects; and I now learn from yourself that you are a man in love; but all this together is not enough without ——"

"My family is not noble!" interrupted I.

"That's not it, sir; where mind and heart have a diploma of nobility from Heaven, man's diploma may be dispensed with. I was no nobleman, and yet the Countess Sophia loved me."

"What then is wanting?" asked I.

"That I will tell you now, because, *nota bene!* it is morning. In the evening, when one who is oppressed with the toil and care of the whole day, and the strong man becomes weak, and the greatest man somewhat less, one ought not to lay the least straw upon his shoulder, so out with the truth. With your bean there it is a very different thing from mine. Mine was the work of Providence; first, a stumbling-block; then, a corner-stone and main pillar of true love; finally, a world, which flung itself between two long-united hearts; and at last the magnet that drew us together again. Your love is a mere freak of imagination. I lived for Sophia from the very first moment I saw her; but it was not until a good year after you first became acquainted with Josephine that you fell in love with her. Understand me. I mean no insinuations. You will awake from your dream, when you see my daughter again, and the heavenly creation of your imagination is changed into a quite human maiden. Finally, and *nota bene!* let us take the bull by the horns! Josephine loves you not."

"That is hard!" sighed I; "but are you sure of it?"

"We will go out to-day to my country seat, and you can convince yourself. What I know of your stay in Vienna, I have learned from my sister-in-law, not from my daughter, who, perhaps, hardly remembers your name. Besides, we have a dangerous neighbor, the young Count von Holten. He visits us often. Josephine is always glad to see him. I have often caught her looking at him for some moments with evident pleasure, and when she found me observing her, she would blush fire-red, and skip laughing and singing away."

"If that is the case, colonel," said I, after a long pause, in which I sought to collect myself, "I will not go with you. It is best for me never to see your daughter again."

"There you are mistaken. I am anxious for your peace of mind. You must

see her, to correct your imagination, and recover yourself completely."

After many pros and cons, I took my seat beside him in the carriage; indeed, I began to perceive that my imagination might have been playing me a trick. As long as I lived alone in my love-dreams, I became so intimate with my ideal, I adorned Josephine with such unearthly charms, I painted her—for that my enthusiasm could easily do—so gentle, so tender, so true, and so silent an object of love, that the very first moment I exchanged a word upon the state of my heart with a third person, I instantly perceived that one-half of my story was an invention of my own. So long as a thought or feeling remains unexpressed, we know not its form. It is the garment of the thought, the word, that first gives it definiteness, and separates the dream from the reality, and puts the mind in a situation to judge of it as of something apart from itself.

It was a beautiful morning in June, when we set out for the residence of the Von Tarnaus, and—what astonished myself—my mind was as clear and quiet as it had been a year before. My civil and polite relations to Josephine and her aunt during my first visit to Vienna came up to my remembrance so distinctly, that I could not even imagine how I could have been thrown into such a fever only the day before, and for days and months previous. Yes, and the worst of it was that I saw now that I had not loved Josephine in Vienna, and that even now I did not love her, although I might find her very lovely.

The carriage stopped before a simple villa. The servants appeared. The colonel conducted me into a parlor, where two elderly ladies came forward to welcome us.

He mentioned my name, and then said, while he put his arm round the elder of the two, "And this is my Sophia."

I bowed respectfully to the old lady of three-score, who had become very interesting to me through the narrative of the evening before. "Oh!" sighed I in my heart, "what are youth and beauty?"

I could almost have believed that the experienced old soldier read in my eyes the meaning of my sigh. For he pressed his wife's hand to his lips, and said, laughingly, "Is it not so, my dear? When one sees old ladies and gentleman, one can

hardly convince himself that they have once been young; and when one sees a maiden in all the freshness of her bloom, he is ready to wager that she never can have wrinkles and grey hair."

Josephine's aunt recognized me as quickly as I did her. She said many obliging things to me. We sat down to the table, and took a second breakfast, for the sake of the ladies' company.

"And where does Josephine keep herself?" asked the old man. "She will be glad to renew her Vienna acquaintance."

"She is out in the garden with Count Holten, to enjoy the auriculas before the sun is too high," replied her aunt; and here I got a little chill. All my old imaginations were over. I collected myself instantly. I never had had any claims here; and so I had none to lose. I began to be almost ashamed of the follies of my heart and of the tricks of my imagination. I became lively, fell in with the merry tone of the company, and even related to the aunt how painfully I had missed her upon my second visit to Vienna.

During the conversation a young man entered, of a noble mien. His countenance was pale, his eye dark and gloomy, his manner strange and disturbed.

"Ladies," said he, in a hasty and subdued tone, as if he had studied his speech, "permit me to take my leave of you. I must return to-day to the Residence—I have—I am—I shall, perhaps, be absent for some time, perhaps make a long journey."

The colonel turned, and looked fixedly at him. "What disturbs you, Count Holten?" cried he; "you look as if you had committed a murder."

"No," replied he, with a forced smile; "rather like a man who has been murdered."

And with that he kissed the ladies' hands, embraced the colonel, and rushed out of the house, without saying another word. The colonel followed him in all haste. The ladies were greatly embarrassed. I learned that this young man was their neighbor Count Holten; ~~that~~ the evening before, as he had often done, he had come to pay them a visit, had appeared very happy an hour before, and was now no more like himself.

"What has happened to him?" asked the ladies, when the colonel after some time returned.

The old gentleman looked very serious, shook his head, smiled across to his Sophia, and said, "You must ask Josephine."

"Has she offended him?" inquired the aunt, alarmed.

"That is as people take it!" replied he. "It is a long story, but the count told it in two or three words: 'I loved, and was not loved in return.'"

Just then the door opened, and Miss von Tarnau entered. It was she, and more lovely, more beautiful than when I saw her in Vienna, more graceful than in my dreams. I arose, but when I would approach her, my knees trembled. I was rooted to the spot—I stammered out some disconnected words—I was at once the most happy and most miserable of mortals.

Josephine stood at the door, blushing deeply; she gazed at me as at an apparition, and then, recovering from her surprise, smilingly approached the table, after the first exchange of salutations. The riddle of our unexpected meeting was solved. I related how I had learned her whereabouts only the day before; and she, how her father had bought the Moravian estate, and had settled down here in the midst of the most charming landscape in the world.

"Ah, aunt, dear aunt!" cried she, taking her aunt's hand in both hers, and pressing it to her heart, while she threw upon me a look which sparkled with no doubtful joy, "did I not tell you so? Was I not right?"

The good aunt smiled and cast a silencing look upon Josephine. Her mother cast her eyes down, to conceal a certain embarrassment. Her old father looked inquiringly from one to the other, arose and whispered in my ear, with a loud voice, "Mr. Walter, I guess you have found the bean in the right place at last. But you, Josephine, what have you done to Count Holton, that he has gone off in such a fury?"

Josephine answered evasively. We all arose, and went into the garden. The lieutenant-colonel showed me his meadows, fields, outhouses, stables, &c., whilst the ladies were in lively conversation in the summer-house. After a tedi-

dious half-hour, we returned to them from this domestic survey. The old gentleman was called aside, and Josephine left to entertain me.

I intended to be very reserved towards Josephine—I was afraid of the fate of Count Holton. We spoke of our acquaintance in Vienna, of our former intercourse, walks, and various little incidents. "Ah," cried Josephine, "if you only knew how grieved we were on your account, when you were so suddenly called away from us. Certainly, there has not been a moment since—yes, we have often talked about you."

And now—how could I have done otherwise?—now I told her my whole story, my second journey to Vienna, my possession of her apartments—and ever more softly, ever more timidly—the finding of the bean—my return to my native city—the history of the evening before. Here I paused. I did not dare, to look up. I played in the sand with my foot. Josephine's silence lasted a long while.

At last I thought I heard a sob. I looked up. She had hidden her face in her handkerchief. With a trembling voice, I asked if my frankness had displeased her.

She let the handkerchief fall, and looked at me, smiling through her tears. "Is it all true?" she asked, after a pause.

I tore the bean from my neck, and held it up before her, with the words, "Here is my witness."

She took the bean, as if from curiosity, merely to examine the setting. Her tears flowed still more freely. Leaning on my arm, she laid her forehead on my shoulder, and whispered, "I believe in a Providence, Walter!"

I clasped the lovely creature to my heart, and cried —

The voices of persons approaching through the shrubbery warned us to go and meet them. Josephine still had the bean in her hand when we stood before her parents. The colonel saw ~~it~~ and laughed aloud. Josephine hid her beautiful face in her mother's bosom. Yet why more words? You well know that Josephine is my wife; I wished to relate to you only the romance of my love.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## USES AND ABUSES OF LAUGHTER.

"Pleasant are laughter and the dance; and the babble of the tongue may be health and purity, like that of the brook. We must let our heart sometimes be a child—let it entertain itself with wanderings, gambol, and song:

"The young they laugh. Laughs not the sky?  
The winds, they laugh as they pass by;  
The sun, he laughs; and nature's face  
Beams with a joyous laughing grace."

*Memorials of Theophilus Trinal.*

At one of Boswell's earliest evenings with Johnson at the Turk's Head, a certain writer of "deserved eminence" being mentioned, the Doctor said: "Why, sir, he is a man of good parts, but being originally poor, he has got a love of mean company and low jocularities; a very bad thing, sir. To laugh is good, as to talk is good. But you ought no more to think it enough if you laugh, than you are to think it enough if you talk. You may laugh in as many ways as you talk; and surely every way of talking that is practised cannot be esteemed."\*

The varieties of laughter are indeed highly numerous; and some of them, as already intimated, the reverse of admirable or attractive. Johnson's own laugh was a phenomenon in its way. "I have known him at times," says Boswell,† "exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport;" and Bozzy particularly dilates upon the Doctor's "laughing immoderately, without any reason that we could perceive," at one of their friends having just made his will, employing Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Chambers to draw it up. "Mr. Chambers did not by any means relish this jocularities upon this matter, of which *pars magna fuit*, and seemed impatient till he got rid of us. Johnson could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got within the Temple-gate. He then burst into such a

fit of laughter, that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion; and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot-pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch." Burly old Samuel was then in his sixty-fourth year. Two years later there is a similar entry in Boswell's journal: "I passed many hours with him on the 17th [May, 1775,] of which I find all my memorial is 'much laughing.' It should seem he had that day been in a humor for jocularities and merriment, and upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartily. We may suppose, that the high relish of a state so different from his habitual gloom, produced more than ordinary exertions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzled philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as remarkable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kind of good-humored growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: 'He laughs like a rhinoceros.'"<sup>\*</sup> That picture of Johnson laughing his way home, and startling London night from its propriety, as he vented peal after peal while he held on by a post—all at the notion of Bennett Langton having just made his will—may remind us, in the irresistible *abandon* of

\* So again when Johnson visited with his faithful bear-leader, the little island called *Ira*, in the Loch of Dunvegan, and Macleod offered to give it to Johnson on condition of his residing on it one month in the year, the Doctor, who was highly tickled with the notion, launched out into a set of mock-heroic schemes, how he would build a house there, how he would fortify it, how he would have cannon, how he would plant, how he would sally out and *take* the Isle of Muck. "And then," quoth Bozzy, "he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have seen him do so at a small matter that struck him, and was a sport to none else. Mr. Langton told me, that one night he did so while the company were all grave about him; only Garrick, in his significant, smart manner, darting his eyes around, exclaimed, 'Very jocose, to be sure!'"—BOSWELL'S *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*.

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson. *Sub anno* 1763.

† Ibid. *Sub anno* 1773.



its indulgence, of the similar "immoderate fits" of a very different man, in temperament and opinions, the Rev. Sydney Smith, "primate" in the English "hierarchy" of wits. Thomas Moore records in his diary a visit with Sydney to Deville's, the phrenologist, and speaks there of the jovial cannon's "inextinguishable and contagious laughter, which I joined in even to tears."† But here is a pretty pendant to Johnson holding by the post: "Left Lord John's with Sydney and Luttrell; and when we got to Cockspur street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney said, that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit."‡

That boisterous species known as the horse-laugh is an awful infliction at times. Hear Christopher North (himself an uproarious man of mirth, when the fit took him) on this subject: "Oh! the atrocious wickedness of a great, big, hearty, huge, hulking horse-laugh, in an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen gathered gracefully together to enjoy the courtesies, the amenities, the urbanities, and the humanities of cultivated Christian life! The pagan who perpetrates it should be burnt alive—not at a slow fire—though that would be but justice—but at a quick one, that all remnants of him and his enormity may be speedily extinguished. Lord Chesterfield has been loudly laughed at with leathern lungs for his anathema against laughter. But though often wrong, there his lord-

\* "... Yes, Jocus, gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,  
And whose worship not ev'n among Christians declines,  
In our Senate thou'st languished since Sheridan died;  
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

"Rare Sydney! thrice honored the stall where he sits,  
And be his every honor he deigneth to climb at!  
Had England a hierarchy formed all of wits,  
Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its primate?

"And long may he flourish, frank, merry and brave—  
A Horace to hear, and a Pascal to read;  
While he *laughs*, all is safe, but when Sydney grows grave,  
We shall then think the Church is in danger indeed."

MOORE'S *Satirical and Humorous Poems*.

† *Memoirs, Journal, etc., of Thomas Moore*. V. 70.

‡ *Ibid.* Vol. 6.

ship was right, and for that one single rule of manners, he deserves a monument, as having been one of the benefactors of his species." Old North's code is—Let smiles mantle—and that sweet, soft, low sound be heard, the *susurrus*: let there be a many-voice quiet music, like that of the summer moonlight sea, when the stars are in its breast. But laughter, loud peals of laughter, these he likens to breakers—blind breakers on a blind coast, where no verdure grows, except that of tangle, and whatever is made into that vulgarest of all commodities, kelp.\*

Ludwig Tieck, in one of his graceful *novellen*, remarks on the great amount of character there often is in a laugh. You know no man, he affirms, till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh. There are occasions, he adds, and there are humors, when a man with whom we have been long familiar, shall quite startle and repel us, by breaking out into a laugh which comes manifestly right from his heart, and which yet we had never heard before.† Hartley Coleridge, again, is graphic upon certain quasi snobs, who, not habitually risible, do yet, when once the *vis inertiae* is overcome, break out into excesses which make us count *them* happy who were born where nerves are unknown. When a man of this sort gives play to his lungs, the winding-up of a crazy church clock, the hysterics of a "mastiff-bitch," the lamentations of a patient in hydrophobia, the Christmas psalmody of a coughing congregation—what are they, demands the Old Bachelor, to

"The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray?"

Not that Hartley agrees with certain pious Fathers, who attributed all extempore laughter to the agency of evil spirits; nor does he give credit to those fanciful old zoologists, who speak of the "laughing hyena." He even owns himself sceptical as to the marvellous properties ascribed to the Sardinian herb, though the story, and the metaphor borrowed from it, are as old as the *Odyssey*. "I do not, therefore," he continues, "ascribe this monstrous cachinnation of which we treat,

\* "Winter Rhapsody. Fytte Second." (*Blackwood*, 1830.)

† "Superfluities of Life" (abridged for "Maga" in 1845).

either to demoniacal possession, or to force of simples—nor do I call it bestial; only it is vastly disagreeable. It is nothing like that good, honest, confiding guffaw, which warms the heart if it grate upon the ear; and if it be not very genteel, is as good, or better. It is not morally offensive, like the sneer of an apathetic coxcomb, or the hard, coarse, overbearing burst of a bully. It is something less idiotic than a snigger, heartier than a titter, manlier than a simper, and far honester than a *glauvering smile*, which last Fielding, no bad judge of such matters, pronounces to be an infallible sign of a rogue. But it is a mere mechanical convulsion of leathern lungs, uninformed by imagination or feeling. It has a base-metal clink with it, which sadly belies the exterior plating of gentility.\*

The only receivable apology, indeed, for rude and blustering laughter is, its cordiality. If it have not that plea, if its "wood-notes wild" are of the wood woody, not chest-notes, but a vile falsetto (or, if you please, thorough *base*), with which the heart has no connection, or next to none, and the diaphragm only an artificial and factitious understanding—there is no excuse for the colossal sham.

\* Men there are, both of the bad and the good, of the simple and the double-minded, who seem to be organically incapable of laughter—and in whose case an exception, when it occurs, only goes to confirm the rule.

To take from fiction—but then the fictions of a close observer of real life—a type of each class:

A malevolent specimen exists in the person of Scott's sanctimonious smuggler, that canting old reprobate Thomas Trumbull, *alias* Tom Turnpenny, of whom we are told, on the occasion of his hazarding a jest with young Alan Fairford—"here he emitted a chuckling grunt, which lasted for two vibrations of the pendulum exactly, and was the only approach towards laughter in which old Turnpenny, as he was nicknamed, was ever known to indulge."—*Redgauntlet*. II., ch. vii.

On the other hand, a type of the benevolent order may be found in the person of Dominie Sampson, that guileless concrete of abstract good-creature-ship: "It is true, he never laughed, or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded—nay, it is said, he never laughed but *once* in his life; and on that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cachinnation."—*Guy Mannering*. I., ch. iii.

We, however, have not forgotten—whether Sir Walter himself did so or not—that at least on *one* other occasion Dominie Sampson laughed, in his most "memorable" fashion, and again excited some consternation in the female sex, though not to the disastrous extent of his previous explosion: we

Even a grin, even a smile, when it is affected or a "put on" thing, is a scandal to the sincere. We speak not of the constrained smile of a sad heart, that, from amiable motives, would deny, would outwardly belie itself—of the mood of mind intimated in the lament of Tibullus:

"Hei mihi! difficile est imitari gaudia falsa:  
Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum."

or in "The Mask" of Mrs. Browning:

"I have a smiling face, she said,  
I have a jest for all I meet,  
I have a garland for my head,  
And all its flowers are sweet—  
And so you call me gay, she said.

"Grief taught to me this smile, she said,  
And Wrong did teach this jesting bold;  
These flowers were plucked from garden-bed  
While a death-chime was tolled—  
And what now will you say?—she said.

"Behind no prison-grate, she said,  
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,  
Are captives so uncomfortable,  
As souls behind a smile.  
God's pity let us pray, she said."

What we refer to, on the contrary, is the smile or grin which is not only itself hollow in form, but belongs to a shallow nature, and is every way a made-up pretence. The contortions into which *Malvolio* writhed and twisted the lineaments of his human countenance divine, almost provoked his shrewish "fellow domestic" into pelting him with the nearest missiles; the little woman had hard work to keep her hands off: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis," protests *Maria*; "I can hardly forbear hurling things at him."\* The sort of smile

allude to the morning after "little Harry Bertram," in the stalwart person of Vanbeest Brown, is made known to his old tutor, and when the exultant Dominie is gleefully broaching the subject to the unconscious Lucy, to his own obligato accompaniment of "ha, ha, ho!" "ho, ho, ha!"—"with a laugh that sounded like neighing." Had Lucy understood the *rationale* of that neighing, or horse-laugh, she might have found music even there, and something that a sister's love could turn to favor and to prettiness.

\* The "Twelfth Night" Act III., scene 2.

*Maria's* mistress gets a taste of the quality of *Malvolio's* smile a scene or two later:

"*Mar.* He's coming, Madam;

so readily payable on demand on any French face, is referred by some to the same category, justly or unjustly, as the case may be. Lady Mary Wortley Montague characterises the French grin, with which her *séjour* in Paris so familiarised and *ennuyé*d her, as "designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really showing nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they [*ces chers Français*] laugh artificially. The French grin," adds her ladyship, "is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh." Shall we, ultra-John Bullishly, suppose Catullus to have meant more than one kind of French "puppy," when he speaks of

"Ridentem catuli ore Gallicani?"

But *non, mille fois non*. And as a *per contra*, or *quid pro quo*, to tell against Miladi Mary's *malice*, let us quote from an essay which Goldsmith, in "The Bee," supposes a Frenchman to contribute to that periodical: "When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most gloomy." Goldsmith was here, in truth, only expressing his own opinion, and often expressed regret, that nothing is so uncommon among the English as that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintance, or that cheerfulness of disposition, which, says he, make in France the charm of every society.

A genuine, full-bodied English laugh of first class dimensions, would overpower in

depth, volume, *timbre*, stamina, richness and rarity of sound, far more than a dual number—a good indefinitely plural number of French outbursts. But the English are not quite so capable, at a moment's notice, of "dying with laughter." That is a feat which our neighbors, *les dames* especially, perform over and over again, *à merveille*, from the days of Madame de Sévigné downwards. How *she* re-iterated the feat, dying with laughter at this, that, and the other person or thing, in or out of season, for most exquisite reasons or inferior ones, her Letters proclaim with edifying frequency. Mr. Leigh Hunt has pointed out how apt she and her household are to "die with laughter" if seeing a grimace; if told a bon mot; if witnessing a rustic dance; if listening to Monsieur de Pomenars, who has always "some criminal affair on his hands;" if getting drenched with rain; if having a sore finger pinched instead of relieved. "Here lounges the young Marquis on the sofa with his book; there sits the old Abbé in his arm-chair, fed with something nice; the ladies chat, and embroider, and banter Mademoiselle du Plessis; in comes Monsieur de Pomenars, with the news of some forgery that is charged against him, or livelier offence, but always so perilous to his neck that he and they 'die with laughter.' Enter, with his friend Madame de la Fayette, the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, gouty, but still graceful, and he and the lady 'die with laughter;' enter the learned Corbinelli, and he dies; enter Madame de Coulanges, the sprightly mixture of airiness and witty malice, and she dies of course; and the happy mortality is completed by her husband." One of Madame's letters to her daughter begins: "You must know that as I was sitting all alone in my chamber yesterday, intent upon a book, I saw the door opened by a tall lady-like woman, who was ready to choke herself with laughing. Behind her came a man, who laughed louder still, and the man was followed by a very well-shaped woman, who laughed also. As for me, I began to laugh before I knew who they were, or what had set them a-laughing," etc. Madame was not the woman to put the question *Quid rides?* or to construe into a command the *Risum teneatis amici*. She might almost have shared in a laughing duet with Prince Hal, of whose weakness this way *Falstaff* declares: "I

But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam,

He does nothing but smile. \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Oli. How now, Malvolio?

Mar. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion," etc.

Act III., sc. 4.

will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter . . . and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill-laid up." Plump Jack might have caused a panic among the French *précieuses*; Madame and her coterie might have found some morsels hard to digest in the wit and humors of that "tun of man:" but, with this gift of "tickling your catastrophe," it would cost the fat knight little to tickle them into that very common catastrophe of—dying with laughter.

We have wandered away (but make no excuse for the digression; this *discursus* being nothing if not discursive) from the subject of adversaries and opposition to laughter. A word or two more with, or upon, or against, them ere we part. Hear what the bullfinch said, or sang, in rallying accent, to the French poet, *tout jeune encore*, as he sat in the shade of pendent boughs:

"Il faut marcher à terre quelquefois.  
La nature est un peu moqueuse autour des hommes;  
O poète, tes chants, ou ce qu'ainsi tu nommes,  
Lui ressembleraient mieux si tu les dégonflais.  
Les bois ont des soupirs, mais ils ont des sifflets.  
L'azur luit, quand parfois la gaité le déchire;  
L'Olympe reste grand en éclatant de rire . . .  
Et la nature, au fond des siècles et des nuits,  
Accouplant Rabelais à Dante plein d'ennuis,  
Et l'Ugolin sinistre au Grandgousier difforme,  
Près de l'immense deuil montre le rire énorme."

That bullfinch may speak, or sing, with a decidedly French accent; but there is *some* reason in his rhymes. The race of Sombrius is not extinct: that Sombrius whom the *Spectator* depicts—who thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. "He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy." To him mirth is wanton, and wit profane: he is scandalised at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. "If we may believe our logicians," says Addison, in the same paper, "man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of

laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it." And the *Spectator* argues, accordingly, that the business of virtue is, not to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them: it may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. And in a subsequent essay he comes to this true Addisonian conclusion, in substance and in style: "A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it." To the gravest of the grave it is not forbidden by nature or religion to say:

"J'aime le rire,  
Non le rire ironique aux sarcasmes moqueurs,  
Mais le doux rire honnête ouvrant bouches et  
cœurs,"  
Qui montre en même temps des âmes et des  
perles."

Hence, in one of his criticisms on a comic work of dubious merit, Hartley Coleridge affirms, that a composition which excites laughter mixed with kindness can never be worthless, for kindness is always worth something, and "laughter is always good when it does not proceed from scorn." It was a saying of the mother of Goethe, that he who laughs can commit no deadly sin. Cæsar mistrusts Cassius, because that lean conspirator

"Loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;  
Seldom he laughs."

In the course of a modern rhymester's "Reasons for Risibility" we read:

"I've seen a bishop dance a reel,  
And a sinner fast and pray,  
A knave at top of Fortune's wheel,  
And a good man cast away."

"Wine have I seen your grave ones quaff  
Might set our fleets afloat,  
But I never heard a hearty laugh  
From out a villain's throat."

*Le méchant*, says De Maistre, *n'est jamais comique*. And it has been observed that



the converse is equally true: *le comique, le vrai comique, n'est jamais méchant*. As instances of the assertion that some of those who have been richest in wit and humor, have been among the simplest and kindest-hearted of men, Archdeacon Hare mentions the names of Fuller, Bishop Earle, La Fontaine, Matthes Claudius, Charles Lamb. A laugh, he justly contends, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart; and without kindness there can be no true joy. And what a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking, as he says, would the ordinary intercourse of society be, without wit to enliven and brighten it! "When two men meet, they seem to be kept at bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their hearts to each other. Nor does anything spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party, or an assembly of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; Imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial: but, if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby Wit lightens our everyday life, I hardly know what power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind."

Hume once examined a French manuscript, containing accounts of some private disbursements of our King Edward II. There was one article, among others, of a crown paid to somebody for making the king laugh. Cheap at the money, too. Many a man, far below royal rank, would give, *has given*, as much and more, merely to hear the laugh of another. Some of us would not grudge the sum—change in the value of money fully allowed for—to hear Mrs. Jordan's laugh, for instance, which this generation has only heard of, by the second-hand hearing of the ear. There is a *pièce d'occasion* we must quote from Clement Marot, as Englished by Leigh Hunt—on the laugh of Madame d'Albert:

"Yes, that fair neck, too beautiful by half,  
Those eyes, that voice, that bloom, all do  
her honor:  
Yet after all, that little giddy laugh  
Is what, in my mind, sits the best upon  
her.

"That laugh! 'twould make the very streets  
and ways  
Through which she passes, burst into a  
pleasure!

Did melancholy come to near my days,  
And kill me in the lap of too much leisure,  
No spell were wanting, from the dead to raise  
me,  
But only that sweet laugh, wherewith she  
slays me."

Marvels are told of the health-giving and health-restoring powers of a hearty laugh. Rabelais justifies himself in his dedication to Cardinal Chatillon, for his farcical phrases, by representing the ease which many sick and disconsolate persons had received by them; and prefaces his first book with a copy of verses ending, *Le rire est le propre de l'homme*. Though Lyeurgus himself, Plutarch tells us, was immoderately severe in his manner, he consecrated a little statue to the god of laughter in each of the public halls erected by him; for "he considered facetiousness as a seasoning of his Spartan's hard exercise and diet, and therefore ordered it to take place on all proper occasions, in their common entertainments and parties of pleasure." We all know its real or reputed efficacy in the cure of the spleen:

"To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,  
Some recommend the bowling-green;  
Some hilly walks; all, exercise;  
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;  
*Laugh and be well*. Monkeys have been  
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;  
And kitten, if the humor hit,  
Has harlequin'd away the fit."

Though, by the way, Shakspeare seems to attribute just the opposite effect to excessive laughter, where he makes *Maria* exclaim, in summoning *Sir Toby* and his comptators all to come and see *Malvolio* play the fool: "If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me." But the discrepancy is noway radical; Shakspeare and Matthew Green are at one, construe their words as you may. Here is corroborative testimony to the main plea, from Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
More than wine, or sleep, or food;  
Let each man keep his heart at ease;  
No man dies of that disease.  
He that would his body keep  
From diseases, must not weep;  
But whoever laughs and sings,  
Never he his body brings  
Into fevers, gout, or rheums,  
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes;

Or meets with achès in his bone,  
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:  
But contented, lives for aye;  
The more he laughs, the more he may.\*

And being among the old dramatists, we must not forget, among testimonies to the sanitary commission of Laughter shaking

both his sides, what John Webster tells, in the "Duchess of Malfi"—how

"A great physician, when the Pope was sick  
Of a deep melancholy, presented him  
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object  
(Being full of change and sport) forced him  
to laugh,  
And so th' imposthume broke."

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From Dickens' Household Words.

## JUSTICE AT NAPLES.

At the present moment, a large share of the world's attention is directed to Italy, and more especially to Naples, where the atrocities committed by the Government in the name of order and the divine rights of kings, are loudly calling for redress; while naval squadrons are assembled in the Mediterranean to awe the tyrant, and reduce him to policy more just and humane. We purpose to give a short sketch of the state of things there, and leave to our readers the task of drawing their own conclusions from the facts.

It will be remembered that, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Mr. Gladstone

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\* "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

In another of their plays, "The Nice Valour," occurs the Laughing Song—of which the following is a fragmentary specimen:

"Laugh! Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!  
Wide! Loud! And vary!  
A smile is for a simpering novice,  
One that ne'er tasted caviare,  
Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn  
To the last laughter.  
O keep a corner for a friend;  
A jest may come hereafter."

published two letters to Lord Aberdeen, giving an account of four months' inquiry into the condition of affairs at Naples. His statements were first privately communicated to the Neapolitan government, but remained unnoticed by it. He had no alternative, therefore, but to publish them for the sake of common humanity. An official reply emanated from Naples; but like many other official documents, it was full of mystification and untruth. Mr. Gladstone rejoined, and the correspondence dropped; but the events of the succeeding five years have more than confirmed his assertions. With an alteration of names in a few cases, and with no alteration at all in others, events recorded in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, are true of eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Thus the letters may be safely taken as the basis of our account; and being now out of print, a resumé of them may not be unacceptable.

The acts of the Neapolitan Government are objected to as contrary to the laws both of the State, and of natural justice. In January, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the king voluntarily gave a constitution to his subjects, providing, among other things, that the monarchy was to be limited, constitutional, and under representative forms, with the legislative

power residing jointly in the king and the national parliament. But, chiefly, article twenty-four declared that "personal liberty is guaranteed. No one can be arrested except in virtue of an instrument proceeding in due form of law from the proper authority—the case of flagrancy or quasi-flagrancy excepted. In the case, by way of prevention, the accused must be handed over to the proper authority, within the term, at farthest, of twenty-four hours; within which also the grounds of his arrest must be declared to him." In May of the same year, a struggle occurred between the king and his people, in which the former gained a complete victory. But he renewed the constitution and declared it irrevocable, nor has it ever been formally abolished. How he has kept the promise made under the most solemn oaths, we are now about to inquire.

The great instrument of tyrannical government is the police; not the respectable and trusty force which exists in our own land, but one which is feared and hated by all who come in contact with it, and which sometimes even despises itself. An anecdote will best confirm this. Bolza, a well-known police-agent at Milan, died a year or two ago. In the revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the private notes of the government were discovered; which, after a number of not very flattering epithets, described him as understanding his business, and being right good at it. In his will, however, he forbids any mark to be set over his grave, his sons to enter the police force, or his daughters to marry any member of it. Let it also be borne in mind that at Naples the head of the service is a cabinet minister; and as shown in the instance of Mazza—who lately, in his official capacity, insulted a member of our embassy—of great influence, and on intimate terms with his royal master.

How does the police act? So far from an arrest being made according to law, upon depositions and a warrant, it is a purely arbitrary seizure of all whom the Government wishes to get rid of. The victim is brought to the police-office, questioned and bullied till he utters something which can be wrested against him; false witnesses are employed; counter-evidence refused; and, at last, a statement thus obtained is embodied in a warrant, and the arrest becomes legal—at least as

to the letter of the law. Were the process speedy, and a fair trial possible in the end, the evil would be less. But sixteen months is the shortest time Mr. Gladstone ever heard of as elapsing before the accused is put on his trial; and in the present year, Mignona and his fellows have been condemned fifteen months after arrest. The cells in which these unfortunate *detenuti* are confined, are so loathsome that the surgeons will not enter them; and the sick and half-dead patient is made to toil up stairs to receive medical advice. The food allowed is also nauseous; and common felons are crammed with political offenders at night, to sleep as they can, in a low, dark, unventilated room. Judge Peronte was treated even worse, for he and two other men were kept for two months in an underground cell, eight feet square, and with one small grating through which it was impossible to look out; nor were they allowed to leave the cell for any purpose whatever. Similarly, the Baron Poccari was immured till his trial in a dungeon twenty-four feet below the level of the sea. And, but a few weeks ago, I heard Captain Acuti declare that he had flogged uncondemned prisoners by order of the government; yet such treatment is expressly forbidden by law. Now, it must be distinctly remembered that the victims selected for this terrible persecution are not a number of violent low-born republicans, but the middle class, the strength of the state; and as few of them have independent property, and confiscations sometimes take place on arrest, each prisoner or refugee becomes to his friends the center of a circle of misery. Out of one hundred and forty deputies who came to the Parliament at Naples, seventy-six were in confinement or exile in eighteen hundred and fifty-one; and the rest only purchased liberty by absolute submission to the royal will. On the other hand, the *lazzaroni*, the lowest class in the state, and probably in the world, are flattered and caressed, and were slipped like bloodhounds, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, on their unfortunate countrymen. An occasional largess, and in great crises the promise of plunder, suffices to repress their strength, or to arouse it when required on the side of the king; while those orders whose intelligence and moral force the government not unnaturally dreads, are specially thinned out and in-

timidated. A system like this is evidently suicidal, but it is, nevertheless, one which calls for the serious attention of all who have the power to abolish or restrain its excesses.

The prisoner is next brought before his judges; and here we may shortly describe the Neapolitan Bench. In the trial just concluded at Naples, the judges are said to have behaved more kindly and independently than usual. But, on the whole, the courts are as servile and untrustworthy as when Mr. Gladstone attended them. English judges are models of learning and integrity, selected from the highest ranks of the bar. Neapolitan judges, on the contrary, are under-paid, of an inferior grade of the bar, and hold office during the royal pleasure. Thus, they are mere creatures of the court; and in several instances have been summarily dismissed for presuming to acquit men whom the government had accused. Navarro, who was President at Poerio's trial, induced the other judges by such threat to convict the ex-minister and his fellow-prisoners, though one of the charges against them was conspiring to kill Navarro himself; a fact which in any other country would have prevented him from acting at their trial as chief judge. The same man also, when a witness was suspected of not even knowing by sight the prisoner he was accusing, and was therefore asked by the counsel to identify him, affecting not to hear the question, called out, "Signor Nisco, stand up! the court has a question to ask you;" and by this convenient interference rendered the desired proof of the witness's perjury impossible. On another occasion, the serious illness of a political prisoner suspended the sittings of the court for some days; but Navarro compelled the medical attendants to certify his convalescence, and the poor creature himself to be carried on a chair into court, where he was brow-beaten and accused of feigning to be ill, until the surgeons insisted on the immediate danger to his life unless speedily removed to his cell. In a few days he was laid in his grave. Finally, special courts are held for the sake of dispatch; and on such occasion, many forms most valuable to a prisoner are dispensed with. This happened in the instance of Poerio; and thus about forty persons were deprived of valuable aid for the sake of expedition, after having been

eighteen months and upwards awaiting their trial.

Carlo Poerio is the son of a distinguished lawyer, an accomplished man, and of unblemished character. Under the constitution he was a minister of the crown, enjoying the king's full confidence, his advice being asked even after his resignation. His principles were certainly not more liberal than those of Lord John Russell; but when the king determined to over-ride the constitution, it was necessary to get rid of him. In July, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, therefore, an anonymous letter warned him to fly; which, if he had done, it would have been taken at once as an acknowledgment of guilt. He remained at his house, and next day was arrested. His offence was not told him, as it should legally have been, although, in a week's time, he was brought up for examination. A letter was put into his hand, alleged to have been received by him from the Marquis Dragonetti, and containing of course the most treasonable expressions. The Marquis is an accomplished man; but in this letter, had been guilty of mis-spelling and of ungrammatical sentences. Besides, he had given all his names and titles in full, and committed the strange imprudence of sending his treasonable document by the ordinary post. To confirm suspicion of forgery, some real letters of his were found among Poerio's papers, and on being compared with the seditious letter, they proved it to be a forgery of the clumsiest kind. This being the only charge set up against Poerio, he ought, in justice, to have been released, and his accuser committed in his stead. But the document was simply laid aside, and Poerio remanded until another accusation more successful could be prepared. Meanwhile, he lay for eight months in ignorance of his crime and fate, in dungeons such as we have described, every effort being made to entrap him or other prisoners into statements which could be used against him at his trial. Pecheneda, chief of the police, and a cabinet minister, examined prisoners in secret and without witnesses for this purpose; and on one Carafa refusing to make a false charge against Poerio, though bribed by the promise of his own release, Pecheneda exclaimed: "Very well, sir, you wish to destroy yourself; I leave you to your fate." At last three witnesses were found willing to charge Poerio with treasonable acts.



The accusation was, that he was a chief of the *Unita Italiana*, a republican sect, and intended to murder the king. Margherita, one witness, incautiously deposed that Poerio had been expelled the society for proposing to keep up the monarchical constitution, so that his evidence was, of course, unavailable. Romeo, another witness, was chief of the sect; but that was in contradiction of the third witness, Jervolino; and, besides, Romeo's evidence inculpated Bozzelli and Torella, who were both cabinet ministers when that evidence was given. On Jervolino's statement alone, therefore, was Poerio to be condemned; no advantage being allowed him for the discrepancies in the evidence of other two witnesses, nor in that of Jervolino himself. This man had been refused some office by Poerio, and he now stated that the latter had helped him instead in getting enrolled in the *Unita Italiana*. But he could not recollect the forms or oath of the sect, or say anything as to the certificate of initiation alleged to be indispensable for every member to possess. After a number of other exposures on cross-examination, he stated that Poerio had made him a political confidant—among other occasions, on the twenty-ninth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. Poerio produced a written report on himself, made by Jervolino, to the police, as their spy, and proved that it had fallen into his hands seven days previous to the alleged conversation—thus showing the absurd improbability of Jervolino's assertion. The evidence of the sole witness against him, in fact, had utterly broken down. Yet he gained no benefit from this circumstance, nor was he allowed to bring counter-evidence on his own side, except a single witness, who, if possible, added to the discredit of the infamous Jervolino.

All these facts are attested by Mr. Gladstone, who was present at the proceedings. Yet by such means it was that Poerio and his co-accused were condemned, and have since been made to undergo punishments of the severest and most degrading kind. Removed to the *Bagno of Nisida*, they were crammed, to the number of forty, into a room about thirteen feet long; nine wide, and eight in height, with a single small and unglazed window, one side of the apartment being under the level of the ground. Mr. Gladstone saw Poerio while here, but could scarcely recognise him, so

changed was he from confinement and ill-health.

At the present moment Poerio is in a cell so foul that bread turns green in twenty-four hours; his constitution is undermined; one of his companions has died of consumption, another is paralyzed, and Poerio himself has been operated upon for the tumors raised by his chains. Chains are a punishment introduced with special reference to his case, but with a transparent device to make it appear otherwise. An order was given to chain all prisoners at *Nisida* committed since a certain date, by which Poerio and his fellows were included. The chains are double; one about six feet long connects the prisoners by their waists, around which a strong leathern girdle is worn, and from which also descends the other chain to the ankle, the combined weight being about thirty-five pounds for each man. Their felon's dress is arranged so as to be taken off without removing the chains, which, in fact, are never unfastened for any purpose whatever. Thus, no relief is obtained, except by shifting the girdle higher and then lower on the waist; a device which has not protected Poerio from tumors and sores, to say nothing of the mental distress a man of his education must feel at being treated worse than the vilest felon. Other indignities, which neither decency nor space will permit us to mention, are daily endured by him, and by others who are constantly meeting with a similar fate. Body and mind must at length give way under such treatment; a result as sure but more silent than a public execution, and one which the Neapolitan Government, perhaps, is not unwilling to produce.

In spite of all this tyranny and ill-usage, affecting thousands directly, and the whole nation indirectly, King Bomba is most strict in his religious duties (as was, occasionally, the wicked and superstitious Louis the Eleventh), and a firm supporter of the Church, which in its turn has supported him. The worst of men will, if possible, give an appearance of right and justice to their actions; an involuntary homage paid to virtue by vice. Ferdinand the Second, therefore, defends his system on the grounds of order, and the divine right of kings; taking care that the rising generation shall be well instructed in such doctrines, and look upon constitutional government as blasphemy.

Accordingly, a catechism has been drawn up by an ecclesiastic, named Appuzzi, who is, or was, Chief Commissioner of Public Instruction, and ordered to be taught in all schools in the kingdom, and well instilled into the minds of candidates for orders. Throughout it denounces the liberals, most of whom would, in this country be called liberal conservatives, and says plainly, that they and theirs are in the direct road to eternal perdition. In a democracy it declares there can be no obligation to obey the laws, for otherwise the governing power would reside

in the governed, a state of things directly opposed to the will of God; but which argument, we may add, directly begs the question, denies the existence of a sovereign power in a country like the United States, and encourages anarchy in the name of religion. The gist of the book, however, is such a definition of royal authority as to excuse or even to praise the perfidy and oppression of the King. His power is pronounced unlimited in right as well as in fact, and the people have but to obey it, as a revelation from Heaven.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## L O S T   A N D   F O U N D .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

### I.

THE crowd was pouring out of a fashionable Episcopal chapel at the West-end of London; many of them one upon another, for it was the height of the season, and the chapel was popular. The carriages drove rapidly off with their freights, nearly all; about half a dozen only remained, waiting for those who stayed to the after-service. It had become a recent custom with the preacher, Dr. Channing, to hold it every Sunday. A regal-looking, stately girl came out nearly last, and entered one of the carriages. The footman closed the door after her, but he did not ascend to his place, nor did the carriage drive off. It was Miss Channing, and she took her seat there to wait for her father.

Following her out, almost immediately, came a tall, gentlemanly, but young man, whose piercing hazel eyes were pleasant

to look upon. He advanced to the carriage door, and shook hands with her.

"You are not staying to-day, Margaret! Are you ill? I saw you hasten out."

"I felt too ill to stay," was Miss Channing's answer, whilst a rosy blush, which had stolen to her face at sound of his voice, began rapidly to fade. "I suppose it is the heat."

"You are turning deadly pale now, Margaret. I hope you will not faint. Three or four ladies were carried out this morning, I saw."

"I never fainted in my life," she replied. "I am made of sterner stuff. I shall soon be better, now I am in the air."

"Margaret——"

He looked round, as he spoke the word, to make sure that the servants were not within hearing; and that suspicious crimson came mixing with the paleness again. He resumed in a low tone:

"Margaret, don't you think we are going on in a very unsatisfactory way? I do."

"I think," she said, as if evasively, "that you ought to remember the place we have just quitted, and choose serious subjects to converse upon."

An amused expression rose in his handsome eyes. "If this is not a serious subject, Margaret, I should like to know what is."

"Oh, but I mean—another sort of seriousness. You know what I mean. Adam, I shall never make you religious."

"Yes you shall, Margaret: when you have the right to make me what you please."

"How did you like papa's sermon to-day?" she interrupted, hastily.

"Very much, of course," was the answer.

"That portion of it about David and Saul?"

"I did not notice that," he was obliged to confess. "I do believe, Margaret, I was thinking more of you than of the sermon."

"Oh, Adam! that is so bad a habit, letting the thoughts wander in church! But it may be overcome."

"Yes, yes; I mean to overcome it, and everything else that you disapprove. Margaret, I have made up my mind to risk our chance. I shall speak to Dr. Channing."

"If you do, I will never speak to you again. We must wait."

"Wait—wait! That has been the burden of your song this twelve-month, Margaret. But I am growing tired of waiting. I assure you I have been, this last week, in a desperate humor. Other men, who are established, can marry when they please, and I must not even ask for you! You know Eddison?"

"A little."

"Well, he met with a young lady, down at his brother's place, only last Easter, and arrangements are all ready made for their marriage."

"Papa will not part with me."

"That fixed idea of yours, Margaret, is nothing more than an illusion. Your father, of all men, is not one to fly in the face of Scriptural commands. It would be—what's that word clergymen so dread? Simony?"

"How very ridiculous you are this morning!" interrupted Miss Channing. "Simony!"

"Sacrilege, then. And he knows it is written that a man and wife are to leave father and mother, and cleave to each other. Does he want you to stop with him until you are forty?"

"And besides——"

"Besides what?" he inquired, when Miss Channing stopped.

"I cannot talk about it now. You had better say farewell, Adam. They will soon be out of church, so few are stopping."

He shook hands, as a preliminary to departure, but, lover-like, lingered on. Lingered till Dr. Channing appeared. A short, fair, gentlemanly-looking divine: in face very unlike his daughter.

"Ah, Mr. Grainger, how d'ye do? I saw you in your place as usual. Hope Mrs. Grainger's quite well. It is too far for her to come. And a long way for you, every Sunday morning. I am truly happy to find a *young* man so earnest and regular in his attendance where his mind can receive the benefit of sound doctrine."

An ingenuous flush dyed Mr. Grainger's countenance. But he was unable to reject the compliment. He could not tell the self-satisfied Doctor that the attraction lay neither in the church nor the orthodox sermons, but in the pretty face of the preacher's daughter.

It was only within a year that Dr. Channing had preached in London, drawing fashion to his fashionable chapel. Previous to that, his ministry had lain in the country, as rector of Ashton-cum-Creep-ham—a profitable living that, but nothing to what he was gaining now. His only child, Margaret, had formed a school friendship with Isabel Grainger, more deep and lasting than school friendships generally are. Highly respectable people were the Graingers, Mr. Grainger, the father, holding a valuable appointment in a wealthy insurance-office. They lived in the neighborhood of London, in rather more style than the Channings—than the Channings did, then, at Ashton Rectory—and the families, through the young ladies, became intimate. It was thus that Miss Channing met with Isabel's only brother, Adam. He was in the office with his father, sufficiently high-spirited and handsome for any girl to fall in love with—though, as Isabel used to say, he was remarkably fond of having his own way. Some two years after she

had left school, a lingering illness attacked Isabel Grainger. The symptoms from trifling grew to serious, from serious to hopeless. During its progress, the Channings removed to London, Dr. Channing having given up his rectory for a West-end chapel. Margaret, who had recently lost her mother, was allowed to spend a good portion of time with her friend, and it was round Isabel's death-bed that the predilection between Margaret and Adam grew into love. Since then other changes had taken place. Mr. Grainger had died, Adam had succeeded to his post in the insurance-office, and to a salary of eight hundred a year. Mr. Grainger had enjoyed considerably more, and it was reasonable to expect that Adam also would, in time. But he thought he could marry very well upon that. But Dr. and Miss Channing had not become denizens of town, and of Eaton-place, for nothing. They were grand people now, living amongst the grand; and they had, perhaps insensibly, acquired grand ideas. Margaret's ambition and Margaret's heart were at a variance. Love prompted her to marry Adam Grainger: ambition said, "Psha! he is nobody; *I* may aspire to a higher sphere." And it is possible these ideas may, in a degree, have weakened her love.

Miss Channing went out the following morning, and did not reach home till luncheon time. It was waiting in the dining-room. She threw her bonnet on a side table, sat down before the tray, and began. Her father was frequently not in at that meal: at any rate, it was his desire that he should never be waited for. Something that she wanted was not on the table, and she rang for it.

"Papa is out, I suppose?" she carelessly observed to the man, as he was leaving the room.

"No, miss, he is in his study."

"Then tell him I have begun. Why did you not tell him before?"

"A gentleman is with him, miss. Mr. Grainger."

Mr. Grainger! All Margaret's appetite left her on the instant. She laid down her knife and fork, and rose in agitation. "To bring matters to an issue so very soon!" was her resentful thought.

A few minutes, and Margaret heard *his* footsteps. They were leaving the house. Her father came into the dining-room. Dr. Channing was a passionless man, rarely

giving way to emotion of any kind, save in the pulpit. He was apt to grow excited then, but in ordinary life his exterior was becomingly calm. He sat down, took some fowl on his plate, and requested his daughter to cut him a slice of ham.

She proceeded to do so, her heart beating violently. Scarcely conscious what she was about.

"Margaret!" exclaimed the Doctor, after an interval.

She looked up at him.

"Are you expecting visitors?"

"No, papa. Why?"

"You are cutting enough ham for half a dozen people. Do you wish me to eat all that?"

She blushed violently at the mistake she had made, and pushed the superfluous slices out of sight, underneath the joint. She then rose and stood at the window, looking out, but seeing nothing. There she stood till lunch was over.

The suspense was choking her. If Adam Grainger had been asking for her, she must either refuse or accept him: if the latter, why all her glowing dreams of ambition would fly away; if the former, life would become a blank she scarcely dared contemplate. It seemed that her father was not going to speak. The tray was gone down, and he had taken up a book. Margaret was a straightforward girl: she liked to know the worst of things: it was better to bear than uncertainty. If her father did not speak presently she would.

"Papa—was not that Mr. Grainger who went out?"

"It was. Mr. Grainger is not the only visitor I have had this morning," added Dr. Channing, looking at Margaret's back, for her face was turned away. "Colonel Hoare has been here."

More perplexity for Margaret. Colonel the Honorable Gregory Hoare was the father of Captain Hoare; and Captain Hoare was the most inveterate admirer she had, next to Mr. Grainger. A suspicion had more than once crossed Margaret's mind that he was the one for whom she should some time discard Adam Grainger.

"Come, Margaret, it is of no use beating about the bush," said Dr. Channing. "Did you know of these visits? Let us begin with Mr. Grainger. Were you aware of the purport?"

"Not exactly."

"That is no answer. Did you send



Adam Grainger to me with a demand that I should allow you to become his wife?"

"No," said Margaret.

"I thought so. I informed him that he must be laboring under a mistake. He said there was an attachment between you, and that it had existed some time."

"Oh, papa!" stammered the confused girl, "gentlemen do assert such strange things!"

"The very remark I made to him—that it was the strangest piece of rigmarole I ever heard. He persisted in it.

"How did it end? what was the result?" she inquired, still staring from the window and seeing nothing. "I suppose you refused him, papa?"

"There was nothing else to do. You don't want to marry a tradesman, I conclude—and really those insurance office people are little better than tradesmen," added the reverend divine.

Margaret's cheek burnt, and Margaret's heart rebelled; and she winced, for his sake, at those slighting words, as she would have winced at an insult to herself.

"Did you quarrel?" she inquired, drawing a deep breath.

"What did you say? Quarrel? I never quarrel with any one. I was especially civil to the young man. He harped upon the former intimacy of the families—as if that gave him the right to ask for you. I cut that argument short by reminding him that the intimacy, as he persisted in terming it, arose from nothing but a school-girl acquaintanceship. I also took pains to point out to him that Miss Channing, ~~as the~~ daughter of a country rector, and Miss Channing in her present sphere, were two people entirely distinct and different. And I suggested to him that his visits might cease, as they would not be pleasant here, after so singular a misapprehension."

A spasm of pain flitted over Margaret's features. Dr. Channing saw it.

"Margaret!" he hastily said, in a sharper accent than was common for the equable Dr. Channing, "are not these your own sentiments? Do you regret my dismissal of this young man?"

"No, no, papa," she replied, rousing herself. "It is best as it is. I would not have married him."

"Captain Hoare would be more agreeable to you, perhaps?"

"Captain Hoare?"

"I observed to you that Colonel Hoare

had called. The first time he has done me the honor, although they attend my chapel. If ever there was a proud family, it is those Hoares. However—I have nothing to say against becoming pride. Colonel Hoare believes that his son and Miss Channing look on each other with a favorable eye. Is it so, Margaret?"

"Did he—for Captain Hoare—make me an offer of marriage?" rejoined Margaret, in a low tone, evading the question and asking another.

"It was coming to it—as I believe—when that young Grainger interrupted us, and Spilson was such a Marplot as to usher him into the same room. The next time Spilson does such a stupid thing he may take his wages. Up jumped the Colonel, and said he would call in later. I should like Captain Hoare to be my son-in-law, Margaret. There's not a better family in England than the Hoares, and the mother, Lady Sophia, looks a charming woman. That will be a desirable connexion, if you like!"

So Margaret thought. Vain ambition rose up in her heart, overshadowing for the moment all unpleasant regrets.

"We appointed half-past three this afternoon; therefore Colonel Hoare will be here then. The conference is to relate to money and settlements. It would be proper, he said, for us to agree upon that score before matters went on further."

"Papa," asked Margaret, "had Mr. Grainger been in the position of Captain Hoare, possessing wealth and family, would you have objected to him?"

"No. I like the young man exceedingly. But your interests must be paramount. Where was the use of asking that?"

"Indeed where! It was only a sudden thought."

A friend called to take Miss Channing for a drive. It was late when she returned, and then her father, as she expected, had gone to dine with a brother clergyman. She was anxious to know what arrangements had been concluded with Colonel Hoare. She pictured herself the future bride of his distinguished son; she held her head an inch higher as she dwelt on it, and kept repeating to herself that she *would* like him, she *would* forget Adam Grainger.

Easier said than done, Miss Channing.

She dined alone, and then went up to dress, for she was engaged to an evening

party, where she would be joined by her father. Captain Hoare was to be there too—oh! let her look her best. And she did so. Entering the dining-room for a moment, as she descended, who should be in it but Mr. Grainger. She quite started back. Though her heart, true to itself, beat with pleasure, her conscience dreaded the interview; and could he or she have vanished into air, after the fashion of an apparition, it had been welcome to Margaret.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, seizing her hand, "I have waited a whole half hour; it has seemed to me like a day."

"I did not expect you," she faltered.

"You must have expected me," was the impatient rejoinder. "Margaret! the answer your father gave me this morning was not *your* answer!"

"How can I go against my father?"

"The question was not mooted of whether I should call you wife," he continued, more and more impetuously, "we did not get so far; that—if you will—must come later; but he said there was no attachment between us—said it, as I understood, from you. What does that mean?"

"Not from me," she replied, in a timid tone; "I had not then spoken with him. But—Adam—my father says that what has been between us must be so no longer."

"Do you dare to tell me to my face that our long love is wasted? A thing to be forgotten from henceforth—thrown away as worthless?"

"You terrify me," she said, bursting into tears, for indeed she was in a confused state of perplexity. And serve her right!

"Margaret, my love," he whispered, changing his angry tone for one of sweet tenderness, "'terrify' is a strange word for you to use to me. Perhaps we are mistaking each other; will you give me leave to ask for you of your father?"

Her heart hesitated then; her deep love shone out prominently before her; her spirit told her that her life's happiness was bound up in him: should she wilfully throw it away for ever? It was a heavy responsibility to be decided in that hurried moment. A belief, bearing its own conviction, was within her, that if *she* wished to marry Adam Grainger, her father would not hold out against it, for she was very dear to him. But, in

their turn, arose other visions: of the pomps and pride of the world, and the lust and luxury of high life: all very attractive vanities, and in which she would revel to the full, should she become the envied daughter-in-law of the Honorable Colonel and Lady Sophia Hoare. Her resolve was taken, and she steeled her heart to him who stood there.

"Margaret," he panted, "what is it that has come between us? To you I will not repeat what Dr. Channing said—and I have thought, since, that I may have mistaken him when he seemed to insinuate that I was not your equal. Surely you cannot doubt my ability to afford you a suitable home?"

"Adam—I fear—there is no help for it. We must part."

He folded his arms and looked at her, breathing heavily. "It appears that I must be also mistaking *you*. Say that again."

"I am very sorry, Adam. I shall always think of you with regret. I hope——"

"Stop!" he thundered, "do not let us bandy compliments in a moment like this. Give me an unvarnished answer. Is it your wish that we part, and become as strangers?"

"The wish is urged by necessity," she murmured, "not choice."

"What necessity?"

"My father's will. He says—he does say, Adam—that I must marry in a higher sphere."

"We will not speak now of your father's will," he hoarsely repeated; "I demand whether it is your *will* that I ask for you?"

"No," she was obliged to reply; "it is too late. It must not be."

He snapped at the words "too late," chafing with passion. "Too late! what folly are you talking? In what way is it too late? Are you promised to another?"

A desperate resolution came over her—that she would tell him the truth. It would serve to put an end to this scene, which was becoming too painful. "I believe I am," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

A sudden paleness overspread his heated face, and he drew his hand across his brow. Heavy drops of emotion had gathered there.

"God forgive you!" he breathed. "As true as that you are a false woman, Mar-

garet Channing, you will live to repent of this."

"I hope that—after a while—you will forgive me. I hope when our feelings—yes, *ours*—have softened down, that we shall renew our friendship. Why should we not? It would be valuable to have you for a friend through life."

"Who is it?" he rejoined, with unnatural calmness.

"Captain Hoare. But, oh, Adam!" she added, with a burst of irrepressible feeling that ought to have been kept in, and she laid her hand upon his arm, as in the days of their affection, "do not think I love him! In one sense I am not false to you, for I can never love him, or any one, as I have loved you. The marriage is suitable, and I have fallen into it from worldly motives. It will take me years—it will—even of my marriage life—to forget you. Give me your forgiveness now, before we part."

For answer he cast on her a long look of withering contempt, shook her hand from his arm as if it had been a loathsome thing, and flung himself out at the door.

She sank down on a chair and gave vent to a passionate burst of tears; loud, heavy cries, as one hears from a child. Now that it was done, she would have given the whole world to recal him, and she thought her heart was breaking. She took no heed of the minutes as they passed; those shrieking sobs only grew more hysterical. When she became calmer she dragged herself up stairs and shut herself in her room, proceeding to bathe her eyes and obliterate the signs of her emotion. Then she descended to the carriage, which had long waited for her.

With the lighted rooms, the music, and the gay crowd she was soon mixing in, Margaret's spirits returned. "I *will* strive—I will thrust regret and care from me," she murmured; "the anguish will not be so great, if I make a resolute effort against it. How late Captain Hoare is!"

If Margaret had but known what was detaining him!

Captain Hoare dined that day with some young men at their club, and only went home afterwards to dress. His father and mother were sitting alone: the Colonel over his wine.

"What's the news?" cried the Captain, as he sat down. "No, thank you: it is

too hot for port. I don't mind a glass of claret."

He had asked the question in a listless sort of manner, as if not very much caring whether he received an answer or not. Consequently he was scarcely prepared for the sharp way in which his mother, arousing herself from her after-dinner drowsiness, took him up.

"The news is this, Sir, that you ought to have inquired further, before despatching your father on a fool's errand. Twice he went."

"A fool's errand!" echoed the gallant Captain.

"A fruitless one," interposed the Colonel. "We were much against the match in every way, Edward, as you know, for the Channings are not people to mate with us, but——"

"It was derogatory even to think of it," interrupted Lady Sophia. "I strove to impress that upon you, Colonel, before you went."

"My dear—Edward was so bent upon it; and I thought there might be mitigating circumstances. If the girl had had twenty or thirty thousand pounds told down with her, one might have swallowed it. However, all's well that ends well. Channing refuses to give her any until his death, so the matter is at an end."

"Why does he refuse?" asked the Captain, with a very blank look.

"He told me he should give her none before he died, and that what there would be for her then, the precise amount, he really could not state. And he proceeded to ask me, in a tone of resentment, if I had come there to make a *barter* for his daughter."

"I hope this will cure you of looking for a wife in a plebian family, son Edward," observed Lady Sophia. "Your brothers have both married women of title—and I am sick and tired of advising you to do the same. It would not have been convenient to them to receive Miss Channing as a sister-in-law. Who are these Channings? Nobody. He was nothing but a country parson: it is only since he got this chapel that even their name has been heard of."

"But Miss Channing will surely have money, sir," remonstrated Captain Hoare, passing over his mother's remarks without comment.

"Whether she will have a thousand pounds, or whether she will have fifty

thousand, is nothing to us," was Colonel Hoare's reply. "You cannot marry her upon the uncertainty. I should never give my consent. I tell you—indeed, I told you before—that my only inducement was the hope that she might be a large fortune. You must give her up."

"Well—if there's no help for it. I don't feel inclined to marry the best girl that ever stepped, unless she can bring grist to the mill."

"There's plenty of time for you to think of marrying," cried Lady Sophia. "I cannot imagine what put such a thing in your head. Pray forget this nonsensical episode of romance, Edward."

"I suppose I must," said the young officer to himself. "But she was a deuced nice girl, and I took it for granted the old parson would give her lots of tin."

So, little wonder that Captain Hoare was late. When he entered, the evening was drawing to a close. Miss Channing was waltzing, in exuberant spirits—so far as anything appeared to the contrary. He came up to her when she was free. She was standing in the recess of the bow-window, which opened upon a small terrace filled with exotics—a London apology for a garden. At the moment no one was there but herself, so they were comparatively alone. Captain Hoare took her hand in silence.

"I thought you told me you should be here early?" she exclaimed.

"I did mean to be. But—as things have turned out—I doubted whether I ought to have appeared at all, and lost time deliberating. Then an irresistible impulse seized me to come and bid you a last farewell. And why not? Nobody here knows what has passed, or will be the wiser."

Had he spoken in Hebrew, his words could not have been much more unintelligible to Miss Channing.

"Bid me farewell!" she repeated. "I do not understand. Is your regiment ordered abroad?"

Neither did Captain Hoare understand. "Perhaps you have not seen Dr. Channing?" he exclaimed, after a pause, as a sudden idea occurred to him.

"I have not seen papa since the middle of the day."

"You are not ignorant, dear Miss Channing, that I had set my heart and mind upon you," he rejoined, gently retaining her hand, and lowering his voice

to a whisper. "I do not think you could have mistaken my sentiments, although they were only implied."

Her blushing cheek and downcast eye told that she had not.

"And now to have these delightful hopes knocked on the head by two crabbed old fathers is almost more than mortal ought to stand. I can only hope you will not feel it as I do."

A cold shiver of dismay ran through the heart of Margaret Channing. "I am not quite sure what it is you mean," she faltered.

"What a blessing if there were no such thing as money in the world! My father called on Dr. Channing this afternoon to open negotiations, and the two must get differing about the base-metal part of the transaction. So he came home, laid his embargo on me, and ordered me to consign you to the regions of forgetfulness. You will, no doubt, receive the same command, as to me, from Dr. Channing. The unnaturally hard stuff that fathers are made of!"

She could not entirely prevent the expression of her wounded feelings, struggling to her face. Captain Hoare saw its paleness, and spoke with more feeling than he had hitherto displayed.

"Dear Miss Channing, I am deeply sorry for this termination to our valued friendship. I should have been proud and happy to call you my wife, and that I may not do so is, believe me, no fault of mine. We may not act against circumstances, but I shall regret this day to the last hour of my life. And now I will say farewell: it is painful to me to linger here, as it must be painful to you."

He wrung her hand, and quitted the rooms; and Margaret Channing's spirit sank within her. Confused visions of the true heart she had thrown away *for nothing* rose before her in bitter mockery. One came up and claimed her for the dance: she did not know what she answered, save that it was an abrupt refusal. She sank down in a sort of apathy, and presently she discerned her father making his way towards her.

"I suppose you are not ready to go home, Margaret?"

"Oh yes I am, papa. My head aches with the heat, as it did yesterday in church. I shall be glad to go."

"Then say good night to Mrs. Goldingham, and come."



"Thankfully," she muttered to herself. "Anything to be alone."

Until they were nearly at home Dr. Channing was silent, leaning back in his corner of the carriage. It was in sight when he raised himself to speak.

"A pretty sort of a high and mighty fellow that Colonel Hoare is! Do you know what he wanted?"

"No," was Margaret's answer.

"Wanted me to undertake to give you twenty thousand pounds down on your wedding-day, condescendingly intimating that it might be settled upon you. I told him I should not do it: that what would come to you would come at my death, and not before."

"And then," repeated Margaret, in a low, apathetic sort of voice, "what did he say then?"

"Then he stiffly rose, said the proposal he had hoped to make on behalf of his son must remain unmade, and so marched out. They are a proud, stuck-up set, Margaret: we are better off without them."

"Yes. Perhaps we are."

"You do not regret it, child?" he added, a shade of anxiety visible in his voice.

"Papa, I do not regret Captain Hoare. I do not really care for him."

## II.

It was a foggy day in November, sixteen or seventeen months subsequent to the above events. The dusk of evening was drawing on, and Margaret Channing sat in front of a large fire, her eyes fixed dreamily on the red coals. What did she see in them? Was she tracing out the fatal mistake she had made? She had been a sadder and a wiser girl since then.

Never but once since had she seen Adam Grainger; and that was at the house of a mutual friend. He had addressed her in a more freezingly polite tone than he would have used to greet a stranger, and in a few minutes quitted the house, although he had gone there with the intention of spending the evening. It is probable he was aware that money matters had been the stumbling-block to her proposed union with Captain Hoare, since the facts had become known at the time. Margaret despised herself thoroughly for the despicable part she had played. She

was endowed with sound sense and good feeling, and she now believed that a species of mania must have come over her. But she had reaped her punishment: for her heart's sunshine had gone out with Adam Grainger.

A circumstance had this day caused her mind to revert more particularly to the past: the announcement in the public papers of the marriage of Captain Hoare. He had wedded a high-born lady, one of his own order. Strange to say, Miss Channing had not received an offer of marriage since that prodigal day which had brought her two; strange, because she was a handsome and popular girl, occupying a good position, and looked upon as a fortune. The neglect caused her no regret; and it is a question whether she would have said "Yes," had such been offered her. Thought and experience had come to Margaret Channing, and she knew, now, that something besides wealth and grandeur was necessary to constitute the happiness of married life. She had learnt, also, to be less fond of gaiety than formerly; she had become awake to the startling truth that life cannot be made up of pleasure and indulged self-will; that it has earnest duties which call imperatively for fulfilment. So Margaret sat over the fire this evening in her usual reflective, but not thankless or repining mood; if the last year or two could come over again, how differently would she act! She was interrupted by the entrance of her father. He drew an easy-chair close to the fire and sat down shivering.

"Margaret, I wish you would write a note for me. I cannot go out this evening, as I promised. Write and say so. I don't feel well; and it is so cold to-day!"

"Dear papa!" exclaimed Margaret in surprise. "It is quite warm: a muggy, close day. I was thinking how uncomfortable this great fire made the room."

"I tell you, child, it is cold, wretchedly cold. Or else I have caught cold and feel it so. What have you rung for?"

"For lights, papa. I cannot see to write."

"Don't have them yet: I cannot bear them: my head and eyes are aching. There's no hurry about the note for this hour to come."

Margaret sat down again. Dr. Channing was leaning back in the chair, his hands in a listless attitude, and his

eyes closed. She gently touched one of the hands. It was burning with fever.

"Papa! I fear indeed you have taken cold. Let me send for Mr. Williams."

"Now there you go, Margaret, jumping to extremes," was the peevish rejoinder. "What do I want with a doctor? If I take some gruel and go to bed early, I shall be all right in the morning."

Dr. Channing was not "all right" in the morning. He was worse, and unable to rise. His daughter, without asking this time, sent for Mr. Williams. Before two days had elapsed Mr. Williams brought a physician: and the physician brought another. Dr. Channing was in imminent danger.

Margaret scarcely left his bedside, though she would not allow herself to fear; hope was strong within her. In little more than a week, Dr. Channing was dead. And had died without a last farewell, for since the third day of his illness he had not recognised even Margaret.

Margaret had borne up bravely, but now she was utterly cast down, more so than many of a weaker mind have been. It was so sudden! A fortnight, nay, ten days ago, he was full of health and life, and now stretched there! Her senses could scarcely grasp the appalling fact that it was a reality.

She had no near relatives to turn to for comfort in her sorrow. Plenty of acquaintance; plenty of carriages driving to the door and ceremonious cards and condolences; but *these* are no solace to the stricken heart. In one respect it was well for Margaret that she was alone. Had there been any one to act for her, she would have lain down unresistingly to give way to her grief: as it was, she was compelled to be up and doing. There were so many things to be thought of, so many orders to give.

The funeral must be settled, and Margaret must see the undertaker. She was inexperienced in these matters, but thought, in her honor and affection for the dead, that she could not give orders for a too sumptuous procession. It is a very common mistake. The same day she had arranged this, but later, a card was brought up to Margaret. She recognised it as being that of her father's solicitor, to whom it had not occurred to her, in her trouble, to write. But he had heard of the death, and came unsought

for. He was nearly a stranger to Margaret: she remembered meeting him once or twice at Mrs. Grainger's, two years before.

He inquired what use he could be of, and they proceeded to speak about the funeral. Margaret was mentioning the directions she had given, when he interrupted her, speaking impulsively.

"My dear Miss Channing, have you considered the enormous expense of such a funeral?"

Margaret looked at him almost scornfully; and her voice, in its emphasis, savored of indignation. "No, Sir. I have not taken *expense* into my consideration."

"But—pardon me—are you sure that you are justified in thus incurring such an outlay of money?"

Her spirits were broken with sorrow, and she burst into tears. "I did not think there was any one cruel enough to suggest that mercenary motives should influence me, when performing the last offices to my dead father."

Mr. Padmore fidgeted on his chair. "You are mistaking me, Miss Channing. But I scarcely like, at the present moment, to speak out *plainly*."

"Pray, say anything you wish," was Margaret's reply. "Plain speaking is best always: and certainly more consonant to an hour like this."

"Then, my dear young lady, what I meant to ask was, whether you are sure you will have the money to pay for it?"

"What?" uttered Margaret.

"I fear that Dr. Channing has not died rich. Not, indeed, in easy circumstances."

Margaret thought the lawyer must be dreaming. Dr. Channing not in easy circumstances, when their house was so full of luxury!

But it was that very luxury which had assisted to impoverish Dr. Channing, Mr. Padmore said, when explanations were entered on. Ever since he had resided in town his rate of living had far exceeded his income, neither had he been quite a free man previously. He had borrowed money at different times, which was yet unpaid.

Margaret's heart sank within her as she listened. A hasty thought occurred to her. "There is the insurance money! Papa had insured his life."

"My dear, yes. But there are debts."

She dropped her head upon her hand. It was a startling communication.

"I did not know that you were wholly unacquainted with these facts," he continued. "I hope you will not feel that I have spoken unkindly in alluding to them?"

"No, no; I thank you; it was right to let me hear this. But allow me, Mr. Padmore," she added, with sudden energy—"allow me to know all my position; do not hide anything. Am I to understand that my dear father leaves no money behind him? None?"

"I cannot tell that, yet. If any, it will be very trifling. Nothing like—I am grieved to say it—nothing like a provision for you."

"Oh, I do not think of myself," she muttered, in a pained, anguished tone. "I am thinking what a weight all this must have been upon his mind."

"Therefore will it not be well to countermand the orders you have given and have a more simple one? I think of you when I suggest this, Miss Channing."

"It will be well," she replied. "I will do so without loss of time. It would be very wrong to incur an expense which I may not be able to pay. And after all," she added, giving way to an uncontrollable flood of sorrow, "whether the funeral be grand or simple, what can it matter to my dearest father?"

Dr. Channing's affairs turned out to be as Mr. Padmore said. There would be sufficient to pay the debts, and but a very small surplus over it—about a hundred and sixty or seventy pounds, it was computed. The furniture was disposed of advantageously, standing as it was, to the parties who had taken the house off Margaret's hands, and the carriage and horses were sold at a friendly auction.

It was the night before Margaret Channing was to quit her home. She had remained in it till the last, superintending and arranging. The books and the plate she had only that day sent away to the place where they were to be sold; and she had packed up her own clothes and effects, ready to be removed with her on the morrow. Altogether she was very tired, and sat down on a low chair before the fire, her head aching. How miserably the new year had come in for her! What would the next bring her twelve months hence?

She sat looking into the fire—her old

habit—tracing out events in her imagination. Friends, but not many, had pressed invitations upon her at the time of Dr. Channing's death—"Come and stay a week with us," or "a few days," or "a month," as the case might be. But Margaret said "No" to all. She deemed it best to have no deceitful procrastinations, but to grapple at once with her position. She had done so, and decided upon her plans. She was well-educated and accomplished, and she resolved to go out as governess. Not to one of those wretched situations, so much cried down, of half-servant half-teacher—Margaret would not have deigned to remain a day in such—but to a desirable appointment in a desirable family, where she would be highly considered and properly remunerated. There would be little difficulty in finding this for the daughter of Dr. Channing. As she sat there, a remembrance came over her of Captain Hoare, of the position she had once thought to occupy as his wife: how different that romance from this reality! But not half so much did she shrink from this remembrance as she did at the next—her wicked conduct to Mr. Grainger. She had thrown away the dearly-coveted hope of being his wife; thrown it away for a chimera which had failed her. Oh! to compare what she might have been with what she was! with her isolated situation, her expected life of labor! Next her thoughts wandered to her father; and tears came on, and she cried long and bitterly.

A servant, the only one she had retained in the house, came in and aroused her. "A gentleman has called, ma'am," she said, "and wants to know if he can see you. Here's his card."

Margaret held it to the fire, and strained her dim eyes over it. "Mr. Grainger! What can he want?" she mentally exclaimed. "It must be something about the insurance. Show the gentleman in here, Mary, and light the lamps."

He shook hands with her as he entered, with more of sympathy and tenderness of manner than he might have done, had he not detected the change in her—the once blooming Margaret Channing. Her tearful cheek was wan and pale, and her frame much thinner than formerly; unless the deep black of her mourning attire deceived him.

"I beg you to excuse this interruption," he began, when the maid had quitted the

room; "I am here at the desire of my mother. She thinks there has been some mistake—that you did not receive the note she wrote to you last week."

"I have not received any note from Mrs. Grainger," replied Margaret, pressing her hand upon her side, for her heart was wildly beating at the presence of one whom she still fondly loved, "except one she kindly wrote me when papa died."

"Not that; you replied to that, I believe; this one was written on Thursday or Friday last. Its purport, Miss Channing, was to beg the favor of your spending a little time with her when you leave here. I"—he hastened to add—"am no longer living at home. My mother is alone."

The tears rushed into Margaret's eyes. "Every one is so very kind," she said. "I am much indebted to Mrs. Grainger for thinking of me; but I must decline. Though I will certainly go down and personally thank her. She is no longer able to move out of doors, I believe."

"Not now; not for several months past. She wished me to inquire your plans: though I know not whether you may deem it an impertinence."

"No, no," answered Margaret, scarcely able to prevent the tears falling, so miserably did old recollections, combined with present low spirits, tell upon her that evening. "I feel obliged by Mrs. Grainger's interest. I am going to-morrow to Mr. Padmore's for a week or two; he and Mrs. Padmore would have it so. By the end of that time I hope to have found a permanent home. Friends are already looking out for me. I must turn my abilities to account now."

"But it is not well that you should do so," he rejoined, with some agitation of manner; "it is not right for Dr. Channing's daughter. We heard of your determination from Mr. Padmore, and it grieved and vexed my mother. She would be so delighted, Miss Channing, if

you would, at any rate for the present, make your home with her."

Margaret did not answer. She was struggling to suppress her rebellious feelings.

"If you would but put up with her ailments, she says, and be free and gay as in your own home, she would be more happy than she has been since the death of Isabel. Allow me to urge the petition also, Miss Channing."

Margaret shook her head, but the tears dropped forth uncontrolled, and she covered her face with her hands. Mr. Grainger advanced; he drew her hands away; he bent over her with a whisper.

"Margaret! I would rather urge one of my own. That you would come—after awhile—to *my* home."

She rose up shaking. "What did he mean?"

"Has the proper time come for me to ask you once again to be my wife? Oh! let me hope it has! Margaret, dearest Margaret, it was in this room you rejected me; let it be in this room that you will atone for it."

"I can never atone for it," she replied, with a burst of anguish. "Do not waste words upon me, Mr. Grainger; I am not worth it."

"You can atone for it, Margaret. You can let my home be your home, my name your name; you can join me in forgetting this long estrangement, and promise to be my dearest wife. I will accept all that as your atonement."

"But I do not deserve this," she sobbed. "I deserve only your contempt and hatred."

"Hush, hush, Margaret! You shall take my love instead—if you will treasure, now, what you once flung away."

"Indeed I do not deserve it," she murmured; "it is too great reward for me."

"Is it?" he answered, as he wound his arms round her. "It shall be yours, Margaret, for ever and for ever."



From Dickens' Household Words.

## A M E R I C A N N A M E S .

WHILE the turbulent struggles of public life in the United States startle or astound the observer; while election riots, civil war, and bloody personal encounters shock the European sense of all that is stable and secure, there are small analogous traits in the quieter pursuits of the American mind that stamp it as the most unsteady of all human combinations. Among these, none is more striking and few are so absurd, independent of political or party versatility, as the mania for the changing names; not merely of surnames—a thing rarely effected in England, and then only as a necessity, attended by the acquisition of property, by bequest, inheritance, or marriage—but of Christian names also, changed at will, and on the payment of a small fee; not always from dishonest designs, but often from mere caprice, good or bad taste, or love of variety—from any motive, in short, that might induce an individual elsewhere to change a house, a horse, or a picture.

This very common custom, besides leading to infinite confusion as to personal identity, the verification of facts, and the titles to property among a people so wandering, affords a painful illustration of the little real respect as yet generally prevalent among our cousins for family records or family associations.

In Europe, attachment to a family name is a sacred sentiment. If it has been rendered eminent by an individual, or even reputable by a succession of honest bearers, few would change it, even if they could. It may not be euphonious; yet we are endeared to it for the sake of those by whom it was borne before us. It may not be celebrated; but we hope to preserve it unsullied. It may have been disgraced; and, in that case, we resolve to redeem it from the stain. Even when its change for some other brings an increase of worldly wealth, we feel that the donor who has coupled his gift with the hard condition of displacing our own patronymic by his has "filched from us our

good name," and we think that we pay a high price for our good fortune. In fact, it is only in very rare instances of some gross individual infamy that families abandon their cognomen, except in compliance with the condition of some valuable bequest that forces the change upon an heir or a legatee.

But who in the (old) world would ever, under any circumstances, think of changing his Christian name for any other whatever? Many an Englishman dislikes his familiar appellation, wishes his godfathers and godmothers had had more music in their names, or more forethought for his sensitiveness; but, however harsh or ignoble his Christian name may be, he is usually satisfied with it, and cherishes it—even as a parent does an ugly child—in honor of old associations, and as a part of himself.

The general subject of the invention or adaptation of surnames in England is amusing, and instructive too. It has been calculated that there are, in existence among us, between twenty and thirty thousand surnames, derived from almost every possible combination of personal qualities, natural objects, occupations and pursuits, localities, and from mere caprice and fancy. But once established, they are handed down from generation to generation, with respect if not reverence; occasional changes in orthography taking place to hide their original meanness; or, as Camden says, "to mollify them ridiculously, lest the bearers should seem villified by them." In America, however, these changes are not confined to slight alterations in spelling, but are adopted bodily and by wholesale.

Levity and conceit are the undoubted chief causes for this perpetual ringing of the changes on names. It would be scarcely possible, in most cases, to trace the custom to any reasonable or respectable motive. The changes themselves are, in the majority of instances, abundantly ludicrous; but the forwardness with which

the commonest persons thrust themselves (by implication) into known and well-considered families, and endeavor to identify themselves with eminent individuals, is equally remarkable.

Here are a few examples from the yearly list published by the Legislature of Massachusetts. I should like to have each individual's head subjected to a phrenological examination, to ascertain if it would bear out my notion of the respective characters of those name-changers. The following eight would show, perhaps, a vain-glorious pride dashed with great effrontery:

James Colbert takes the name of Colbert Mortimer; Caleb C. Woodman that of Emerson Mortimer; Hazan R. Fitz that of Hazan Wellington; Lyman Cook becomes Lyman Van Buren; Diodate G. Coon takes the name of Diodate Calhoun; John Pickard that of Daniel Webster; and Noyes Coker that of Edward Byron; and John Lawrence that of George Washington.

Every one will understand the motives of such a choice—if choice was to be made—of names so gilded with historic and literary fame as those of Mortimer, Wellington, Washington, and Byron. But, many, many Englishmen are not aware that there are, or have recently been, in existence American political celebrities called Van Buren, Webster, and Calhoun.

The bump of patriotism must be lamentably deficient in those who abandon the peculiarly national prenomen for any other; as Jonathan Kimball Rogers, who takes that of John K. Rogers, and Jonathan Kendal that of Henry Kendall.

This is like giving up Yankee Doodle for Hail, Columbia! the former air smacking of vulgarity, and the other having a fine flavor.\*

The romantic and lackadaisical developments must be strong in the following young ladies, several of them having abandoned their good old English name—not, be it observed, for the sake of a hus-

band—but evidently under the inspiration of the last sixpenny novel; and, from

Sarah Robbins,	becoming	Adelaide Austin.
Euncy Fellows,	"	Caroline Follows.
Ruth Wedge,	"	Sophronia Bradford.
Sarah Lombard,	"	Amelia Livingstone.
Mary Carter,	"	Aravilla Carter.
Judith Bray,	"	Maria Bray.
Betsy Townsend,	"	Malvina Townsend.
Sally Prescott,	"	Phidelia Prescott.
Alice Hubbard,	"	Alvina Calista Hubbard.
Nancy Tarbox,	"	Almeda Taber.
Rachel Hawkes,	"	Almira Aurelia Hawkes.
Martha Ames } (of Saugus) {	"	Sabrina Ames (of ditto.)

Polly Woodcock drops a syllable, and becomes Polly Wood; and Alice Bottomly—from motives of delicacy, I presume—alters the spelling of her surname to Bothomlee.

But no particular taste for melody can have influenced the spinsters following:

Anna Maria Bean,	who becomes	Eliza Patch.
Valeria Pew,	"	Mary Pew.
Serenetha Goodrich,	"	Mary French.
Tryphen Van Buskirk.	"	Frances Coffin.

Miss Clara Frinck cannot be blamed for changing to Clarissa Wilson, or Abby Crow for becoming Abigail Sawtell. Triphena Moore, Derdania Finney, Othelda Busk, and the Widow Naomi Ludington are unexceptionably elegant and need no change; yet changed they are to other as fanciful appellations. What could have induced Mrs. Betty Henderson (no second marriage giving cause) to change to Betty Grimes? Or where was the occult motive that influenced Philander Jacobs to change to Philander Forrest; Ossian Doolittle to Ossian Ashley; Jeduthan Calden to Albert Nelson; or Allan Smith to go to the very end of the alphabet and become Allan Izzard?

Under sundry unfathomable influences, Horace Fish and his wife Rhuhemah take the surname of Tremont; Curtis Squires that of Pomeroy Montague; William H. Carlton that of Augustus Carlton; Ingebor Janson that of Ingebor Anderson; George Hoskiss that of George Puffer. John Jumper shows good taste in becoming simple John Mason.

Daniel Ames merely changes a letter, and is Daniel Emes. Dr. Jacob Quackenbush, finding his name unwieldy, sinks a couple of syllables and the quack at the same time, and is transformed to Jacob

\* The very ordinary tune, Yankee Doodle, was adopted during the Revolution as the national air, from its having been played by a country fifer as a quick-step during the march of a small detachment of gallant countrymen to the flight of Bunker's Hill—a glorious title to distinction, and far superior to that of the composition which has superseded it among the fashionable society of America.

Bush, M.D. Nathaniel Hopkins, betaking himself to rural life, I suppose, becomes Sylvanus Hopkins. But I cannot perceive what John Cogswell gains (except additional trouble) by inserting two more very unmusical monosyllables, and becoming John Beare Doane Cogswell.

I am sorry to perceive that some Irishmen have been infected by the epidemic; and, while renouncing their country, try to get rid of their national distinctions. For instance, Patrick Hughes changes to William Hughes; Timothy Leary changes to Theodore Lyman; Mason McLoughlin becomes Henry Mason; and six other persons of his name following his bad example, a whole branch of the family tree of the McLoughlins is lopped off.

As a pendant to this anti-national picture, a group of five Bulls abandon the honest English patronymic of their common father, John, and degenerately change it to Webster.

A good excuse may exist for the family of Straw, the man of it, as well as his wife and seven children (Cynthia, Sophila, Elvina, Diana, Sophronia, Phelista, and Orestus), for becoming so many Nileses; while another, called Death, petition (through a member named Graves), and are metamorphosed into Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Dickenson, Masters Ashael G., Jothan P., and Able S., their sons, also change from Death to Dickenson; but, strange to say, retain their villanous prenomen and unmeaning initials.

One Mr. Wormwood, with some fun in him, asks to be allowed to change his name for some other; "certain," as he says, "that no member of taste will oppose his request."

Another individual, Alexander Hamilton, also petitions for leave to change, on the double ground of the inconvenient length of seven syllables in writing or speaking (a true go-a-head Yankee), and on his inability to "support the dignity of a name so famous in history!" It must be observed that this smart mechanic did not refer to the Conqueror of Darius, but to the greatest Alexander he had ever heard of: Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury to Washington; and I only hope (for the sake of American *amour propre*) that a portion of my readers may know who is meant.

To these instances of ever-shifting alterations, I may add one of a Miss Hogg who became Miss Howard; of another, a

highly estimable family, the Crowninshields of Marblehead, whose original name was Grunsel; and still another, the former Tinkers, who are the present Buckinghams. So much for them!

In looking at this scanty number of examples, and reflecting that such arbitrary changes are every year taking place over the whole extent of the Union to a very large amount, we may imagine, apart from the absurdity of the custom, the confusion and the mischief it occasions. Yet, however strange it appears to us, it is perhaps more wonderful that considering the facility of the operation, it is not still oftener practised. A recent American paper tells us of a family in the town of Detroit, whose sons were named, One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named, First Stickney, Second Stickney, etc. The three elder children of a family near home were named Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that, should any more children have been born, they would have been named Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. The parents of another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened afterwards to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement.

Whatever exaggeration there may possibly be in these last-quoted instances, there is certainly, in New England as well as in the less established parts of the Union, a curious taste for grotesque, though less startling, combination in names. In what degree fathers or godfathers are responsible for this, or whether existing individuals have capriciously altered their children's Christian and surnames in the present generation, I cannot determine. It is equally puzzling to account, on either hypothesis, for such names as strike the eye on the shop-signs or door-plates, or in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere. For instance: Apollo Munn, Quincy Tufts, Orlando Tomkins, Bea Tiffany, Polycretus Flag, Sylvester Almy, Peleg Sprague, Rufus Choate, Abiza Bigelow, Jabez Tarr, Asaph Bass, Azor Tabor, Hiram Shumway, Ransom Sperry, Nahum Capon, Elihu Amadon, Gigeon, Links, Zichri Nash.

Gideon, Hephzibah, Hasiph, Gibeon, Uriah, Seth, Elnathan, Jeduthan, Virgil, Pliny, Horace, Homer, with Faith, Hope,

Charity, and all the other virtues, are common prenomens all over the country. Many of these, while making us smile, recal associations Scriptural and classical, or of our own historic and puritanical absurdities; while some of the fancy names of America remind us of nothing. Mr. Preserved Fish was a well-known merchant of New-York. Perhaps the most whimsical of all is that of a young lady of a country town in the State of Massachusetts, Miss Wealthy Titus. Attractive and auspicious compound! Pray Heaven she will change it, and that without losing a day, like her imperial namesake! And who knows but that every one of those eccentric appellations here recorded are, by this time (like Uncle Toby's oath), blotted out for ever!

However that may be in regard to individuals or families, the national nomenclature, as far as the names of places are concerned, gives a permanent proof that the Americans are at once a remarkably imitative and unimaginative people. In the immense catalogue of the names of counties, towns, and cities, there is hardly one they can claim as their own invention. They are all of foreign or Indian derivation. The inconceivable repetition of certain names of towns is, without joke, "confusion worse confounded." There are one hundred and eighteen towns and counties in the United States, called Washington. There are five Londons, one New London, and I don't know how many Londonderrys. Six towns called Paris; three Dresdens, four Viennas, fourteen Berlins, twenty-four Hanovers. There are twenty odd Richmonds, sixteen Bedfords, about a score of Brightons, nine Chathams, eleven Burlingtons, sixteen Delawares, fourteen Oxfords, as many Somersets, a dozen Cambridges, twenty-five Yorks and New-Yorks, and other English names in proportion. There are twelve towns with the prefix of Big, four Great, and sixteen Little. There are nine Harmonys, double as many Concords (but no Melody); thirteen Freedoms, forty-four Libertys (and plenty of slavery). Twenty-one Columbias, and seventy-eight Unions. There are one hundred and four towns and counties of the color Green, twenty-four Browns, twenty-six Oranges, and five Vermilions—all the hues of an autumnal forest; but they shrink from calling any of them **Black**, though they sometimes would

make white appear so, especially in the Repudiating States. Fifteen Goshens, eleven Canaans, thirty Salems, eleven Bethlehems, testify to the respect in which Scriptural names are held; while homage has been done to classic lands in sundry log-hut villages, some of them fast swelling in population and prosperity. "*Ilium fuit*" is belied by the existence of sixteen Troys. There are twelve Romes, and eight Athensens; but only one Romulus—and I have not had the good fortune to meet with any of the Athenians.

Many great writers have been honored in these national baptisms. There are several Homers, Virgils, Drydens, and Addisons, a couple of Byrons, but not yet (nor likely to be in any sense) a Shakespeare. There are, however, five Avons, three Stratfords, a Romeo, a Juliet; besides, defying classification, four Scipios, six Sheffields, twelve Manchesters. There are one hundred and fifty towns and counties called New somethings, and only six Old anythings. The most desperate effort at invention is to be found in repetitions of Springfields, Bloomfields, and Greenfields. All the cities of the East are multiplied many times, with the exception of Constantinople, which does not figure in the list at all; but, in revenge, there is one Constantine. There are very few attempts at giving to Yankee humor a local habitation and a name. But I have discovered the funny title of Jim Henry attached to a *soi-disant* town in Miller County, State of Missouri; and I am sorry to perceive the stupid name of Smallpox fastened (not firmly, I hope) on one in Joe Davis County, Illinois.

The comparative popularity of public men may or may not be inferred from the number of times their names may be found on the maps. It is remarkable that there are ninety-one Jacksons, eighty-three Franklins, sixty-nine Jeffersons, thirty-four Lafayettes, fifty-eight Monroes, fifty Madisons, fifty-nine Parrys, thirty-two Harrisons, twenty-seven Clintons, twenty-one Clays, sixteen Van Burens, fourteen Bentons; but there are only three Websters.

The indigenous fruits, shrubs, and trees give titles to many of the streets in cities and towns, but to few of the towns themselves. There is one Willow, a few Oaks (out of forty odd varieties of the forest king), and not one Persimmon, nor, as far as I can learn, a Pepperidge, one of the most beautiful of American trees.



A New-York newspaper, writing on this subject, suggests the propriety of passing a law prohibiting the use of a name for a town or county that has ever been used before for the same purpose. But immediately recoils, like Fear in the Ode,

“Even at the sound itself had made.”

And well it might. For if the notion

were followed up, new towns might be numbered, as streets often are at present, and some such arithmetical combination might occur as a letter addressed to

Mister Jonathan Snookinson,  
Sixty-fourth Street,  
Forty-first City,  
Nineteenth County,  
State of Confusion.

From Titan.

## A D D R E S S T O T H E M O O N .

DAUGHTER of earth! serene from thy high places  
Thou lookest forth upon thy good old mother,  
Returning her attraction's fond embraces,  
Fair child of her who ne'er had such another!  
Her mighty breast turned ever to thy dwelling,  
With all a parent's love is deeply swelling.

Still fair art thou, as when thou first ascended  
Heaven's ancient dome—undimm'd by ages  
hoary;  
“Walking in brightness,” by pale stars attended;  
Adorning Night with venerable glory;  
All mild and lonely in thy beauteous brightness,  
Like to a full-blown rose of silvery whiteness.

Thou hast been worshipp'd by every nation;  
Even where Lord Rosse's telescope is mounted;  
Perchance thou hast received the adoration  
Of savages too numerous to be counted;  
No wonder if they praised thy heavenly marches,  
When we have tribes\* who this day worship  
larches.

Thy names, in verse, would stretch from earth to  
zenith:  
I need not tell thee that the Babylonians  
Adored thee with foul rites as Succoth-benoth,  
Nor that thou art “The Meen” of Aberdonians;  
How, when from night's blue brow thy horns have  
shot out,  
“Eh, there's the meen!” they cry, and point the  
spot out.

The Chinese Emperor styles himself thy “brother;”  
And I (the humble subject of a nation  
Taught to believe that Earth's our common mother)  
Look fondly up, and see a near relation—  
An elder sister—smiling down to guide me,  
When, in the darkness, evil might betide me.

I've heard, Egyptian heathens called thee Isis,  
And others, Luna, Ashtaroth, and Venus,  
Diana, Cynthia; but my worship rises  
On purer wing than that of old-world genus:  
I don't believe the nonsense of astrology,  
Far less the fictions of obscene mythology.

Urania, Hecate, Queen of Heaven—'tis folly  
To wander o'er such wastes of nomenclature;  
And after such fine names, how melancholy  
To hear inconstancy pronounced thy nature!  
To find thy name synonymous for madness,  
Should even affect a lunatic with sadness.

Even the great Herschel, whose deep-searching gazes  
Thine oft have met through forty-feet reflector,  
Which magnifies some thousand times thy phases,  
And makes thee seem a most unmoonly spectre—  
Even he, who cultivates thy close acquaintance,  
Hits off thy character in one fell sentence:

“Inconstant jade,” (so ran his observations)\*  
“Now mowing down the stars with murderous  
sickle;  
Now chasing out of sight whole constellations;  
Here, there, and everywhere, for ever fickle.”  
Alas! that ever speech of such malignity  
Was uttered, to insult thy queenly dignity!

\* The Shamans of Northern Asia.

\* At a meeting of the British Association held in England about five years ago.

Let those who watch thy intricate gyrations,  
And talk so much of thy irregularity,  
Blame their approximated calculations,  
And learn to treat thee with a little charity:  
Their bosoms feel no grateful throb for what a light  
Thou rainest down on earth, thou lovely satellite!

Long ere the rudest living form's creation,  
When thou wert marching round a world primeval,  
A wandering witness of the desolation  
That marked each mighty continent's upheaval,  
Wert thou, from center to thine utmost border,  
A rival chaos struggling into order.

That face of thine—alternate round and broken—  
Has whitened jungles, mountains, lakes, and  
rivers,  
Whose names by mortal tongue were never spoken,  
And shone on earth's old boundaries torn in  
shivers:  
And thou hast watched the ruin and commotion,  
When hissing lava-torrents dried old Ocean.

I've thought, when half the people of a city  
Ran forth to see some puny mortal's rockets,  
I heard thee hail them, with a voice of pity:  
Good people! put your money in your pockets.  
You should have been with me, and witnessed, gratis,  
Old Earth one pyrotechnic apparatus.

And thou hast shone upon gigantic branches,  
Through which the huge-boned mastodon went  
crashing;  
And seen vast creatures sitting on their haunches,  
Their white teeth glittering, and their big eyes  
flashing,  
Crunching the under branches and the upper,  
Stripping whole forests bare at one fell supper.

Astronomers have tried thy weight and measure,  
And found thee wanting water; they have  
mapped thee;  
Determined every mountain, spot, and fissure—  
In fact, done every thing but mined and sapped  
thee.

I wonder if thou knowest that our race  
Makes thy own light daguerreotype thy face!

They say thy disk is dim with desolation,  
All pitted, scarred, and torn in every feature:  
It seems as if inanimate creation  
Had suffered small-pox, like a human creature:  
For just as pock-pits mar the best of faces,  
Have fierce volcanoes left on thine deep traces.

They say thou hast no trace of vegetation;  
That, if thou hadst, they could not fail to spy it;  
Dumb, solemn rocks thy only population—  
I wish earth's natives only were as quiet;  
For thou must know, good Moon! that our humanity  
Is prone to bloodshed, ravage, and insanity.

They say, if any pile on thee existed,  
As large, for instance, as Westminster Abbey,  
Their searching telescopes could not have missed it;  
I hope the lunar buildings are not shabby;  
I wish they saw the shadow of a steeple,  
Whence to infer the existence of a people.

Yet, sure we are thou lodgest one poor fellow—  
From immemorial time we've heard about him;  
The Man i' the Moon—no mate his life to mellow—  
A dreary bachelor (who dares to doubt him?),  
Lone, wandering up and down his rugged planet,  
Making sad love to graceful crags of granite.

O Moon! when shall that man of thine conjecture  
That his unwedded state is thrice barbarian?  
When shall the terrors of a curtain lecture  
Haunt the dull day-dreams of the lone lunarian?  
Warming his shins, alone, at thy volcanoes,  
No thought has he of earth's divine Sultanas.

Ah me, fair empress! terrible disasters  
Would spread their shadows, if our skies were  
moonless:  
Ten thousand themeless mortal poetasters,  
Who torture thee, would evermore be tuneless;  
And how could bashful girls make dumb confessions,  
Unless thy light revealed their fond expressions?

That thou hast horns, will scarcely be disputed;  
And thou hast limbs—if we can trust astronomy,  
Which does not teach us that these limbs are footed,  
Like those hinged on in animal economy;  
Nor whether, by some hedgehog-like appliance,  
Thou still art round, despite those limbs of science.

A tail, unless of very huge dimensions,  
Would make thine aspect certainly tadpolar;  
Thou hast not got one: tails are but inventions  
Required in regions far beyond the solar,  
Where comets through the universe rush burning  
Five hundred years, then use their tails in turning.

One Frenchman\* says a comet, earthward wheeling,  
Tore out yon gulf where rolls the Southern Ocean;  
A rending wreck of continents went reeling;  
Vast fragments bowled with curvilinear motion;  
One beat them all, and round the earth went  
spinning;  
And such, O Moon! (he says) was thy beginning.

White rose of heaven! thou bloomest in thy beauty,  
The stars abashed, like little snowdrops twinkle:  
How, then, shall I present my humble duty!  
I who am dark with earthly spot and wrinkle.  
If heaven's bright stars are pale before thy glory,  
How shall a clod like me appear before thee?

Methinks I'll wait until I see thee leaning  
In thy last quarter, lowly o'er the billow,  
When thy slant face seems full of painful meaning,  
Like a wan visage starting from its pillow,  
Inviting low humility to render  
Its poor obeisance to fading splendor.

Good night, old Earth's most faithful, ancient  
neighbor!  
Thou wilt not leave her till the stars are falling.  
Alas! no pension waits thy useful labor;  
Thy doom is conflagration most appalling;  
But thy red splinters rushing through the universe  
Were far too grand a subject for my puny verse.

PERUMERA.

\* Mirabaud.

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE LOST FACULTY, OR SIXTH SENSE.

(Continued from our last Number.)

### DR. DONNE.

Two days after Dr. Donne had arrived in Paris, he was left alone in a room where he had been dining with Sir Robert Drury and a few companions. Sir Robert returned in about an hour afterwards, and found his friend in a state of ecstasy, and so altered in his countenance that he could not look upon him without amazement. The Doctor was not able for some time to answer his questions, what had befallen him. But after a long and perplexing pause, at last he said, "I have seen a dreadful vision, since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert answered, "Surely, Sir, you have slept since I went out, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." Donne replied, "I cannot be more certain that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished." This was in 1612, and on inquiry it was found that at the moment of this apparition Mrs. Donne was confined prematurely of a dead child; but the mother lived.

### MR. SCOTT.

This gentleman was a physician living at Norwich. He had retired from his practice, having acquired a handsome fortune by it. He was advancing in life, and being of a deeply religious turn of mind, it was his daily habit to retire to his study at certain hours for the purpose of meditation and prayer. On one of these occa-

sions he became suddenly conscious of the presence of a supernatural being, who addressing him in a distinct and audible voice, announced to him that he must prepare to die. He asked when it was to take place? The spectre replied, "*This day year!*" and immediately vanished.

Mr. Scott instantly communicated the circumstance to his family, on whom, as may be supposed, it made a deep and painful impression. He himself, indeed, was the least affected of any of those interested; for so habitual had it been with him to contemplate a certainty, sooner or later, of such an event, that at his age he considered it might happen any day. The announcement, therefore, was looked upon by him as a salutary warning; and without altering his mode of life, which had always been that of an eminent Christian, he maintained his cheerful demeanor, and neither showed nor felt any uneasiness as to the result. As the time, however, drew near, the anxiety of his family and friends increased; and, in concert with himself, it was arranged that he and Mrs. Scott should take a journey to London, setting out on the very day named by the spectre.

On that morning Mr. Scott rose at his usual hour, in excellent health and spirits. After breakfast, whilst preparations were making for his departure, he retired to his study as usual, and after spending a few minutes in devotional exercises, he ordered the coach to be got ready. At that period a journey to the metropolis was a very formidable undertaking; even the stage coaches making two days of it. As Mr. Scott was to travel in his own carriage, it was intended to occupy three or four days. Everything being ready, he took an affectionate farewell of his family and friends; and having handed his wife into the carriage, had his foot on the

steps to follow her, when he suddenly fell back in a fit of apoplexy, and instantly expired without a sigh or groan.

The father of the writer of this account was living in the family of Mr. Scott, (who was his guardian) at the time of the occurrence; and the writer has frequently heard him mention the circumstances, which were well known at Norwich at the time (about 80 years ago,) being made the subject of a poem by Pomfret, and published in a volume of poetry by that writer.

#### LORD TYRONE AND LADY BERESFORD.

These noble personages were born in Ireland. They were left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of deism. When they were each about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. The person on whom the care of them devolved used every possible endeavor to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, which they refused. The arguments used were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship remained unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whichever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare which religion was most approved by the Supreme Being.

Lady Beresford was shortly afterwards addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom, after a few years, she was married. But no change in condition had power to alter her friendship for Lord Tyrone. The families visited each other, and often spent more than a fortnight together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus remarked, when his lady came to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale and bore evident marks of terror and confusion. He inquired anxiously after her health; she assured him she was well, perfectly well. He repeated his inquiries, and begged to know if anything had disordered her? She replied no, she was as well as usual. "Have

you hurt your wrist? have you sprained it?" said he, remarking a black ribbon bound round it. She replied, "No, she had not;" but added, "Let me conjure you, Sir Marcus, never to inquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon; you will never more see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you. I never in my life denied you a request; but of this I must entreat you to forgive me a refusal, and never to urge me further on this subject." "Very well, my Lady," said he, smiling, "since you so earnestly desire me, I shall inquire no further."

The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over, when Lady Beresford inquired if the post was come in? She was told it was not. In a few moments she again rung the bell for her servant, and repeated the inquiry, "Is the post come in?" She was told it was not. "Do you expect any letters?" said Sir Marcus, "that you are so anxious respecting the coming of the post?" "I do," she answered; "I expect to hear that Tyrone is dead. He died last Tuesday, at four o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir Marcus, "believed you superstitious; but you must have had some uneasy, idle dream, which has thus alarmed and terrified you."

At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected," said Lady Beresford, "He is dead!" Sir Marcus opened the letter. It was from Lord Tyrone's steward, and it contained the melancholy intelligence of his master's death on the Tuesday preceding, at the very hour Lady Beresford had specified. Sir Marcus entreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavor, as much as possible, not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier in her mind than she had done for some time past, and added, "I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove welcome. I can assure you beyond the possibility of a doubt that I am soon to have a son." Sir Marcus received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had so long ardently desired.

After a period of some months, Lady Beresford was delivered of a son. She had before been the mother of two



daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went out little from home. She visited no family but that of a clergyman, who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours; the rest of her time was entirely spent in solitude, and she appeared forever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who, at Sir Marcus's death, was quite a youth. To this son, however, she was afterwards married, in the space of a few years; and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect, was but too well deprecated by all her friends.

The event justified the expectation of every one. Lady Beresford was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him to be the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady Beresford bore two daughters. Afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted on a separation. They parted for several years; when, so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct, that won over by his supplications and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him; and was, after some time, made the mother of a son.

A month after that occurrence, being the anniversary of her birthday, she sent for Lady —, of whose friendship she had long been possessed; and a few other friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptised, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to inquire after her health. She told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birthday—"for," said she, "I am forty-eight this day." "No, my Lady," said the clergyman, "you are mistaken. Your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right. Happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubts by searching the register; and I found that you are forty-seven this day."

"You have signed my death warrant," said she, "and I have not much longer to live; I must, therefore, entreat you to leave immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

When the clergyman had left Lady Beresford, she sent to forbid the company coming; and at the same time to request Lady — and her eldest son, of whom Sir Marcus Beresford was father, and who was then about twelve years old, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to quit the room, "I have something to communicate to you, before I die," said she, "an event which is not far distant. You, my Lady, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself. We were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell endeavored to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince us, were powerful enough to shake our faith, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this state of perplexing doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other, that whichever should happen to die first, would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare which religion was most acceptable to Him. Accordingly, one night, when Sir Marcus and myself were in bed, I awoke, and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out, and endeavored to awaken Sir Marcus, but in vain. 'For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone,' said I, 'by what means or for what purpose came you here at this time of night?' 'Have you forgot your promise?' said he. 'I died last Tuesday, at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is true, and the only religion by which you can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you are now with child of a son, who, it is decreed, shall marry my daughter. Not many years after his birth Sir Marcus will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable. You will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-bed of whom you will die, in the forty-seventh year of your age.'

"'Just Heaven!' exclaimed I, 'and cannot I prevent this?' 'Undoubtedly, you

may,' resumed he. 'You have free agency, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage. But your passions are strong; you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted further to tell you. But if, after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable.' 'May I ask,' said I, 'if you are happy?' 'Had I been otherwise,' said he, 'I should not be permitted to appear to you.' 'I may thence infer that you are happy?' He smiled. 'But how,' said I, 'when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination?' 'Will not the news of my death,' said he, 'be sufficient to convince you?' 'No,' returned I, 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality.' 'You shall,' said he, waving his hand. The bed curtains, which were of common velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended. 'In that,' said he, 'you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have performed this.' 'True,' said I, 'but sleeping, we are often possessed of far greater power than awake. Though awake, I could not have done it; asleep I might. I shall still doubt.' He then said, 'You have a pocket-book, on the leaves of which I will write; you know my handwriting?' I replied, 'Yes.' He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. 'Still,' said I, 'in the morning I may doubt that, though awake I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might.' 'You are hard to believe,' said he; 'I must not touch you, it would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirit to touch mortal flesh.' 'I do not regard a small blemish,' said I. 'Hold out your hand.' I did so, and he touched my wrist. His hand was as cold as marble. In a moment the sinews of my arm shrunk up, and every nerve withered. 'Now,' said he, 'whilst you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege.' He stopped. I turned to him again, but he was gone!

"During the time I was conversing with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me; every limb and

joint shook under me. I endeavored to awaken Sir Marcus, but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation and horror, I lay for some time, when a flood of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus rose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke, I found Sir Marcus gone down. I arose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a large broom (such a one as in great houses is frequently used to sweep the corners) with the help of which, I then with difficulty took down the curtains; as I imagined their extraordinary position would excite the wonder of the servants, and occasion inquiry, which I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket-book, and took out a piece of black ribbon, which I bound round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of mind in my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir Marcus. He instantly remarked my confusion, and inquired the cause. I assured him I was perfectly well, but informed him Lord Tyrone was dead; that he died on the preceding Tuesday, at the hour of four, and at the same time entreated him to drop inquiry respecting the black ribbon which I bound round my wrist. He kindly desisted from further importunity, nor did he ever after imagine the cause. You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means of avoiding the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the remainder of my days in solitude. But few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration. I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, their *only* son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to cause me unhappiness. In a few years I ceased to regard him with indifference. I endeavored by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew; and fondly believed I should overcome its influence;

when the evening of one fatal day terminated every effort of fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that fatal abyss I had long been meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to allow him to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure.

"The moment he came into my room, he fell down on his knees at my feet, and told me he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause of it. That moment my fortitude forsook me. I gave myself up for lost, and considering my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years were past, amply warranted my demand for a separation. I hoped by this means to avert the fatal sequel of the prophecy. But won by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year. But, alas! I have heard this day, from indisputable authority, that I had hitherto lain under a mistake with regard to my age; that I am but forty-seven this day. Of the near approach of death, therefore, I entertain not the slightest doubt; but I do not dread its arrival. Armed with the sacred precepts of Christianity, I can meet the king of terrors without dismay; and without a tear bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever.

"When I am dead, as the necessity for its concealment closes with my life, I wish that you, my Lady, will unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribbon, and let my son, with yourself, behold it." Lady Beresford here rested for a few minutes; but resuming her conversation, she entreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honor he would in future receive from a union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady Beresford then expressed a wish to lie down on a bed, and compose herself to sleep. Lady — and her son immediately called her attendants, and quitted the room, after having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress; and should they observe any change, to call them instantly.

An hour passed, and all was silent in the room. They listened at the door, and everything was still. But in about half

an hour more, a bell rung violently; they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door of it, they heard the servants exclaim, "Our mistress is dead!" Lady — then desired the servants to quit the room. Lady Beresford's son, with herself, approached the bed of his mother. They lifted up her hand, and unbound the black ribbon, and found the wrist in exactly the same state Lady Beresford had described: every nerve withered, every sinew shrunk up. Lady Beresford's son, as had been predicted, was married to Lord Tyrone's daughter. The black ribbon and pocket-book were long in the possession of Lady —, by whom the above narrative was dated (drawn up) in Ireland, and who, together with the Tyrone family, wrote the author, will be found ready to attest its truth.—*Past Feelings Renovated.*

#### COLONEL GARDINER.

The case of Colonel Gardiner is too well known and accredited to require any argument in confirmation of its truth. His life, written by Dr. Doddridge, from memoranda dictated by himself, gives a full account of the extraordinary phenomena attending his conversion; and nothing can be more clear and certain than that the immediate occupation of his mind and thoughts, as well as the whole previous tenor of his life, were anything rather than calculated to superinduce a train of ideas tending to such a result. He had made, for that very evening, an assignation with a married woman of rank, and was awaiting in his study the hour of his appointment, having taken up a book for the purpose of passing away the time. Whether he had fallen asleep or not, he could not tell; but he suddenly became conscious of the presence of an apparition, which at once arousing him, fixed his attention, and in one moment changed the entire current of his thoughts, desires, and future existence.

He beheld, surrounded with a halo of light, the figure of the Saviour on the Cross, which addressed him, as he believed, in an audible voice, to the effect, "Have I suffered this for thee?" From that moment the Colonel became an altered man, and devoted himself to the promotion of that cause which hitherto he had set at nought. Without abandoning



his profession as a soldier, he became one of the most eminent of Christians, and an eloquent and successful advocate of the Christian faith. His whole after life was one continuous and constant exemplification of the religion he professed; and, his enemies themselves being judges, no man exhibited a demeanor more blameless, or conduct more honorable; and whatever sceptics may have to say, of cavil, in depreciation of the circumstances which produced the change, it cannot be denied, that so far as the individual was concerned, the object attained was fully commensurate with the means by which it was accomplished; and unless a substantial reason can be adduced for the change in Colonel Gardiner's life, irrespective of the cause he has himself assigned for it, it will ever be considered by rational persons an interposition of Providence, to bring him to repentance.

A friend of the writer's, who formerly resided at Bath, had related to him the following account. Calling one day, about one o'clock, upon a lady of his acquaintance, who resided at a short distance from the city, upon entering the garden from an outside gate, he saw the lady standing in the middle of the garden with a child in her arms; but in such a state of terror and trembling that she seemed ready to let it fall, and sink herself to the ground. On his approaching to address her, she exclaimed in agitation, "O Mr. S.! I have had such a dreadful alarm. A few minutes ago I heard my father's voice, distinctly calling, 'Eleanor! Eleanor!' and on turning round, I saw him coming into the garden through the gate. I instantly went to meet him, but on going round those lilacs to the place where I saw him coming towards me, he was not there, nor can I find him at all in the garden."

Our friend endeavored to calm her mind, by representing that it must have been an imaginary appearance; and although she still persisted in asserting that she both saw her father (who was living in Wales, at the distance of eighty or ninety miles from Bath,) and distinctly heard his voice, she became more composed, and seemed to think it possible it might have been an optical illusion. By the next morning's post, however, she received a letter informing her that her father had died at his own house in Wales, at the very moment in which the

apparition had been seen by her in the garden.

A private friend of the writer, residing in Dublin, had a brother who was a sailor, and had gone to the East Indies. She was expecting him home; and one morning, as she was about leaving the drawing-room to go down stairs, she saw her brother coming up towards her, with the water apparently dripping from his clothes and hair. In amazement, she exclaimed, "Why, William! where have you been? and what have you been doing to yourself?"

Whilst she was speaking, the apparition vanished, leaving her in the utmost astonishment and perplexity. When she recovered herself, she wrote down the day and hour in which the spectre appeared. In the course of a few months she received a letter from the captain of the ship in which her brother had sailed, announcing to her the melancholy fact that he had been accidentally drowned, on the very day and hour in which the apparition had presented itself to her in Dublin.

#### SECOND SIGHT.

This faculty is, beyond a doubt, the result of mental vision; and the possession of it by certain persons is so well authenticated, that we have no hesitation in including it in our illustrations of the same principle. The following instance is related by Dr. Ferrier, in his work on the subject:

A gentleman connected with my family, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered, early in life, in the middle of last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess second sight. Strange rumors were afloat respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition, which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His mental vision excited surprise even in that region of credulity; and his retired habits favored the popular opinion. My friend assured me, that one day whilst he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly, and assuming the look of a seer, rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse, and proceed immediately to a seat in the neighborhood, to inquire after the health



of a lady. If the account was favorable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady, whom he named. The reader immediately closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as he was convinced they were produced by second sight.

The chief was very unwilling to explain himself; but at length he owned that the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman without a head had then entered the room—that the apparition indicated the death of a person of his acquaintance; and the only two who resembled the figure were these ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards the servant returned, with an account that one of the ladies had died of apoplexy, about the time when the vision appeared.

Another time, the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him, in a stormy winter's night, whilst the fishing boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old chieftain repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people, and at last exclaimed, "My boat is lost." The Colonel replied, "How do you know that, Sir!" He was answered, "I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third, drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair!" The chair was shifted with great precipitation. In the course of the night the fishermen returned with the corpse of one of the boatmen.

Sir Norman McLeod, who had his re-

sidence on the island of Bernera, which lies between the island of North Uist and Harris, went to the Isle of Skye about business, without appointing any time for his return. The servants, in his absence, being all together in the great hall, at night, one of them accustomed to see the second sight, told the rest they must remove, for they would have abundance of company to-night. One of his fellow-servants answered that there was very little appearance of that; and if he had seen any vision of company it was not likely to be accomplished that night. But the seer insisted upon it that it was. They continued to argue the improbability of it, because of the darkness of the night, and the danger of coming through the rocks that lie around the isle. But within an hour after, one of Sir Norman's men came to the house, bidding them provide lights, etc., for his master had now landed.

#### VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

Lord Balcarras was confined in Edinburgh Castle; and, unconscious of what was impending, saw the apparition of Viscount Dundee enter his bedroom at the very moment he fell at the battle of Killiecrankie. The spectre drew aside the curtains of his friend's bed, looked steadfastly at him, leaned for some time on the mantelpiece, and then walked out of the room. The Earl, not aware at the time that he was gazing on a phantom, called upon Dundee to stop. News soon arrived of the unfortunate hero's fate.

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From Tait's Magazine.

## P A U L D E L A R O C H E .

PAUL DELAROCHE, the greatest French historical painter of his time, was born in Paris in 1797, and died last month, at the age of fifty-nine. He was the son of an eminent connoisseur in art, who held an appointment in the great national pawn-

broking establishment of France, called the Mont de Pieté, his duty being the valuation of such works of art as were offered there in pledge. His son's Christian name was Jean Baptiste; but being of diminutive stature, his schoolfellows nick-

named him "little Paul," and that name he afterwards adopted as his own. He commenced his studies as an artist in the department of landscape painting, but having failed to obtain the prize at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, when he was a competitor in 1817, and his elder brother, who had selected the branch of historical art, having relinquished it for commercial pursuits, he resolved upon devoting himself in future to the delineation of historical subjects—the highest and most comprehensive of all the branches of painting. In 1818, he entered the studio of M. le Baron Gros, one of the most distinguished disciples of the celebrated David, the founder of the modern French school of painting.

All the institutions of art in France having been abolished early in the first Revolution, when every thing established was overturned, and the most precious works of art in the country were destroyed by the fury of the populace, the French may be said to have had no school of study for a time. The principal events of the Revolution, and the subsequent victories of the French arms, formed the main subjects of the productions of their artists. Hence, there is something theatrical in the character of most of the great works of the Empire. The collection of the works of art, the spoils of conquered Europe, which so long graced the museums of Paris, inspired the rising race of French artists with a new spirit; and was the means of ultimately introducing a more correct taste, and a bolder style of expression than was shown in the coldly classical productions of the school of David and his followers. Color, action, and dramatic effect were the most distinguishing characteristics of Gros, the master of Delaroche; and these he studied carefully, at the same time striving, and not unsuccessfully, even at that early period of his career, to attain that simplicity of composition, intellectual grace, and dignity of attitude for which his paintings came afterwards to be so celebrated.

He first exhibited, in 1822, at the age of twenty-five, at the Salon, three pictures—"A Study of a Head," a "Descent from the Cross," and Joas saved by Jehoshabab," all of which evinced much promise. His progress after this was rapid. He was one of the first of the new school of French artists who abandoned the academical style, and aimed at a free and more

vigorous character and execution in their works.

In 1824 he exhibited three paintings which showed not only a striking improvement on his mode of treating the subjects which he had selected, but also convinced all who beheld them that he knew the precise themes which are best adapted for historical illustration. These paintings were "Philippo Lippi Declaring his Passion to the Nun, whose Portrait he was Painting;" "Joan of Arc Interrogated in Prison;" and "Vincent St. Paul Preaching before Louis XIII." His success was now decided, and henceforth he relied with more confidence on his own inspirations and genius. In 1827, among other works of less mark, he exhibited "The Death of Durante," commissioned for one of the halls of the *Conseil d'Etat*; "The Result of a Duel;" "Canmont de la Force Saved from Massacre," and "The Death of Queen Elizabeth." The latter painting was purchased by the Government of Charles X., and is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg, where also is his "Joash." "The Death of Queen Elizabeth" is a very powerful picture. The queen is painted in her last agony, stretched on a carpet on the ground, surrounded by her women, one of whom is arranging the cushions under her head. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Keeper, and the Lord High Admiral are grouped around her; and the Secretary of State, Cecil, is kneeling before her, in the act of soliciting her last commands.

English history afforded M. Delaroche other subjects for the exercise of his art. In 1830, he exhibited his "Princes in the Tower," which is also in the Luxembourg; and in 1831 he produced his "Cromwell Contemplating the Corpse of Charles I.," now in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, a liberal patron of the fine arts, and the possessor of the valuable picture gallery of the late Duke of Bridgewater, estimated in money at two hundred thousand pounds. His subsequent English pieces were "The Death of Lady Jane Grey;" "Charles I. Insulted by the Soldiers of Cromwell"—which is also in the Bridgewater gallery, and for which the Earl of Ellesmere is said to have paid 85,000 francs—and "Strafford Led to Execution."

In 1831, besides his "Cromwell Contemplating the Corpse of Charles I.," Delaroche produced two other great works,

"Cardinal Richelieu Ascending the Throne," and "The Death of Mazarin." About the same time he was elected one of the members of the Académie des Beaux Arts, and having opened a large *atelier*, he became a teacher. One of the finest of his historical pictures is "The Assassination of the Duke de Guise." This was that ambitious and implacable enemy of the Huguenots, who advised the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew, and from motives of personal revenge took upon himself the assassination of Coligny. Having become too powerful for the throne, it was resolved that he should be privately dispatched, as it was impossible to bring him to a regular trial for treason. The enterprise was entrusted to Lognac, first chamberlain of the king, Henry III., and captain of forty-five Gascon noblemen, of the new Royal Guard. He selected nine of the most resolute, and concealed them in the king's cabinet. On the 23rd December, 1588, the Duke of Guise went to the king, and was somewhat concerned at seeing the guards strengthened. As soon as he had entered the first hall, the doors were shut. Guise, however, preserved a calm demeanor, and saluted the bystanders with his usual courtesy. When about to enter the cabinet he was stabbed with several daggers, and before he could draw his sword he fell dead, exclaiming, "God have mercy on me!" At the time of his death he was thirty years old. In the painting representing the assassination Delaroche displayed the originality of his genius, and his masterly finish. This great picture at one time belonged to the Duke of Orleans, the son of Louis Philippe, and in 1853 it was purchased by his brother, the Duke D'Aumale, for 52,000 francs, or two thousand guineas.

From 1837 to 1841 M. Delaroche was engaged upon a vast and elaborate work, the painting of the Hemicycle at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, a work such as no other French painter of the time could have finished as he has done. It forms a sort of imaginary academy, or ideal assemblage of almost all the illustrious masters of past times, and it may well be considered his *chef de œuvre*.

The later pictures of Delaroche comprise two striking scenes in the history of the great Emperor, namely, "Buonaparte Crossing the Alps," and "Napoleon at Fontainbleau." The latter, in particular,

derives its principal value from the entire originality of conception it displays, and the poetic feeling thrown around the portrait of the fallen conqueror of the world. In middle life the physiognomy of M. Delaroche bore a striking resemblance to that of the great Napoleon. His chief works are "Mirandola," "Pilgrim's Before St. Peter's at Rome," "Marie Antoinette," "The Happy Mother," and "Beatrice Cenci Led to Execution." The story of the Cenci has been made known to most readers by Shelley's fine tragedy of that name. Delaroche most probably took the idea of his portrait of the beautiful parricide from the excellent painting said to be by Guido Reni, in the palace of Colonna, at Rome, which has been the means of spreading over all Europe the tale of horror connected with her history. Beatrice and her sister were executed with a sort of guillotine, on the 11th of December, 1599. The estates of the Cenci family were confiscated. To them belonged what was afterwards called the Villa Borghese, at Rome, since so greatly celebrated for its treasures of art. It was presented by Pope Paul V., who was of the house of Borghese, to his family, and ultimately came into possession of Prince Camillo Borghese, the husband of the Princess Maria Pauline, the beautiful and favorite sister of Napoleon I. Mirandola, the subject of the picture of the name above mentioned, was an Admirable Crichton, of Italy, surnamed the *Phoenix*. He was considered by his contemporaries a marvel of learning and genius. He went to Rome in 1486, and, we are told, proposed no fewer than nine hundred theses on all subjects, which he declared himself ready to defend against all comers, according to the custom of that age. As knights combatted each other in tournaments, so learned men were wont to challenge each other to public wranglings and disputations. In Mirandola's case, no one ventured to appear against him, and he was left undisputed master of the field. He died at Florence in 1494, leaving two or three works in biblical literature, against astrology, etc., celebrated for their profound erudition.

For correctness of drawing, carefulness of finish, and accurate appreciation, as well as natural delineation of character, no French modern artist can equal Delaroche. Some French journals, among other works left by him, mention a "Marie Antoinette

Before the Revolutionary Tribunal," and a "Last Banquet of the Girondins," subjects which afford fine scope for his powers. Of late years he exhibited few paintings, owing to impaired health. He lived latterly in comparative retirement. In the course of the morning of his death, Tuesday, November 4, he was engaged in conversation with Horace Vernet, the cel-

ebrated painter, his brother-in-law, with M. Goupil, who has greatly contributed to popularise his works, and with one of his medical attendants. He had but so far recovered as to converse freely, when his head fell on his breast and he expired, dying from disease of the heart, now a common malady.

## E A R L O F C L A R E N D O N .

THE distinguished personage whose portrait adorns our present number, is a Peer of the British realm, as our readers know, and long acted a prominent and influential part in the political affairs of England and the Continent. The portrait itself, and a brief sketch of the original, will we trust, be alike interesting.

"George William Frederick Villiers was born Jan. 26, 1800, and became the fourth Earl of Clarendon,\* on the demise of his uncle, Dec., 1838. On the 3d of June, 1839, he married Lady Catharine Barham, daughter of the Earl of Verulam, and has four children. He was attached to the Embassy of St. Petersburg from 1820 till 1823; was first Commissioner of Excise from the end of 1823 till September, 1833; in 1827 he went to Ireland, as Commissioner to make arrangements for an union of the English and Irish Boards,

and remained there till 1829. For a few months in 1831 he was employed in France as Commercial Commissioner to arrange the bases of a Treaty of Commerce with that country; was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid from September 5, 1833, till October 18, 1839; was made a G. C. B., October 20, 1837; succeeded as 4th Earl December 22, 1838; was made a Privy Councillor January 3, 1840; was Lord Privy Seal from January 15, 1840, till September 3, 1841; was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, pro tempore, from October 31, 1840, till June 23, 1841; was President of the Board of Trade from July 6, 1846, till July 22, 1847; was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from May 26, 1847, till February 28, 1852; was made a K. G. March 23, 1849; was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, February 21, 1853; accompanied Her Majesty to Paris, in August, 1855; was Plenipotentiary at the Conferences of Paris, and signed the Treaty of Peace of March 30, 1856.

This very brief sketch is partly historic, partly biographic, and for the rest is an interesting exhibition of the official life and career of an English statesman in the service of the British crown.—EDITOR.

\* "The origin of the Clarendon title has an historic interest. It was derived from a spacious park near Salisbury, formerly the site of a royal palace, but more noted as the place where Henry II. summoned, in 1164, the great council of peers and prelates, from which emanated the celebrated regulations, so well known in history as the "Constitutions of Clarendon." By those the clergy were declared amenable to the civil power, and hence arose the contest between the monarch and Thomas à Becket."



## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**ESSAYS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, OF STUDIES OF CHARACTER.** By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. 8vo. pp. 475. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Mason Brothers, New-York.

THIS book is a valuable contribution to American literature of permanent worth, and will add to the already well-earned reputation of the author, as a writer of taste, judgment, and comprehensive views. In this volume the author has assembled a constellation of personages high on the roll of fame: patriots, poets, heroes, sages, statesmen, and men of science and letters, thirty in number, beginning with Washington, and ending with Franklin, filling up the intermediate ranks with eminent characters, such as Southey, Fulton, Chateaubriand, Jeffrey, De Witt Clinton, Berkeley, Sydney Smith, Joseph Addison, and others whose mental and characteristic portraits are drawn and depicted with life-like lineaments by the vigorous descriptive and discriminating pen of Mr. Tuckerman. There is nothing overdrawn; no affectation or extravagance of language; but his thoughts, style, and diction are clear and lucid, and seem to flow along like a silvery stream or smooth-surfaced river, between verdant banks, richly adorned with varied illustrations of historic and classic beauty, which both charm and instruct. The lovers of good and substantial literature will find many well-prepared viands in this volume to stimulate their mental appetite. We should like to serve up some savory specimens for our readers, but just now have not room upon our table.

**NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD.** By PAUL CHRYSTON, Author of *Father Brighthope*, *Martin Merivale*, etc. "A certain woman went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1857. For sale by Mason Brothers, New-York.

"FATHER BRIGHTHOPE" was one of the most genial, spirited, and pleasant juvenile books we ever read. This "Neighbor Jackwood," though lacking something of the humor of the former work, has that clear, spirited style which always interests the reader, and impresses its moral strongly. Its moral tendency, like this author's other books, is perfectly unexceptionable, while its literary merit is worthy of a name that has already acquired an honorable distinction.

**THE GOLDEN LEGACY.** By A LADY. D. Appleton & Co., New-York. 1857. 1 vol., 362 pages.

THE gifted authoress of this new candidate for popular favor, is, we believe, the daughter of a venerable minister some years since deceased, and the wife of a clergyman formerly the pastor of a New-England congregation. With such parentage, and under such auspices, she ought to write a good book, at least a safe book, free from the moral poison and injurious sentiment with which not a little of the light literature of the day is infested and cankered. The "Golden Legacy" is an admirable story in its plan, progress, and denouements, rich and graceful

in diction and graphic imagery, pure sentiment, and high moral and religious principle, carried out and illustrated in the every-day action of benevolent Christian life. The Golden Legacy is the "golden rule" in principle, but yields in the story all that heart could wish in earth's riches. It is a good book, a safe book; all may read it with interest and profit. It is a fine moral painting, with strong lights and shades, and instructive lessons, tastefully framed in the usual style of the Appletons.

**RELIGIOUS TRUTH.** Illustrated from Science, in Addresses and Sermons on special occasions. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1857. For sale by Mason Brothers, New-York.

THIS collection of occasional discourses presents the learned and venerable naturalist in a new light. In many respects these are model discourses; the simplicity of style and feeling which they display, the union of scientific attainment and profound humility and a reverent spirit, the fine taste and judicious logic, are qualities of highest literary and moral worth. The trains of thought opened up are often novel and striking; the method of treating them ingenious, and the spirit by which they are animated, admirable. Whether perused for their literary and scientific instruction, or their moral and religious impression, they will be regarded as far surpassing the ordinary grade of published sermons, and as doing honor to both the piety and the learning of their venerable author.

**POEMS.** By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Complete in 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. For sale by Stringer & Townsend, New-York.

THIS is a sumptuous and most tasteful edition of the entire poetical works of our esteemed fellow-countryman—a fitting garb for his beautiful thoughts. We suppose no other edition is comparable with this in respect either of completeness or elegance; and it is but little to say that it is a work of which our country may well be proud. Longfellow's place among the poets, especially American poets, has long been definitely settled. It is too late to praise him, as his name is a household word, and his fame a part of our national heritage. We can only express the hope that this convenient and fitting garb may attract to his pure and exalting pages, many new readers, and thus enlarge the sphere through which his genius and taste may be diffused.

**BOTHWELL.** A Poem in six parts. By EDWARD STOURM ARTOUX, D.C.L., author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Stringer & Townsend, New-York. 1857.

MR. ARTOUX, as our readers know, is the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a scholar and critic not

less than a poet. Indeed, his poetry is quite subordinate to his political and critical connections. All that he has published has been more the instrument for conveying decided political opinions than the expression of poetic feeling. The present poem forms no exception to this; it is, besides, a very vivid and very spirited sketch of a rude and stirring era, a wholesale eulogy of Mary, and of the high toryism associated with her name and defense. What the reader however, will admire, is the free, spirited ballad style, in which Mr. Aytoun has hardly a living equal. Many passages of great beauty, and many more of inexpressible spirit and animation, abound in the volume, and all shows the traces of refinement, taste, and genius.

**SONGS OF SCOTLAND.** By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

MR. STODDARD has won a fine reputation, which he is judicious enough not to hazard by a too frequent or incautious appearance. We admire the careful and dainty finish of his verse, and the faultless rhythm which they show scarcely less than its rich and beautiful imagery; without much thought, there is grace of form and fullness of feeling which will ever make him a favorite with those whose ear demands delicacy and finish, and whose affections are reached by the display of tenderness and feeling. The present collection is fragmentary, but contains some of the best of his periods and best of his poetry.

**HUGH MILLER, THE GEOLOGIST.**—Scotland has to mourn the sudden quenching of one of her shining lights. On the morning of the 24th ult., Mr. Miller was found lying dead on the floor of his bed-room, shot through the heart with a pistol-bullet. That he died by his own hand there seems to be no doubt, but the circumstances under which the melancholy event happened do not lead to the supposition that his death was an act of intentional suicide. For some time past Mr. Miller had been in a somewhat indifferent state of health, brought on, we believe, by over-study in the preparation of a new work on geology. He suffered considerably from nervous excitement, and, though at all times a man of eccentric manners, an unusual strangeness was remarked by his acquaintances. The evening before his death he was to have delivered a lecture on "The Mosaic Creation" to an audience at Portobello, a bathing-place in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, where he resided. He had prepared the lecture, but the state of his health prevented his delivering it, and it was read in his absence by a friend. He had for some time been in the habit of keeping a loaded revolver in his bed-room, having, it is said, a strong apprehension of danger from housebreakers, for which, in reality, there was some reason, as an attempt was made not very long ago to break into his valuable museum. No explosion was heard by the servants during the night.

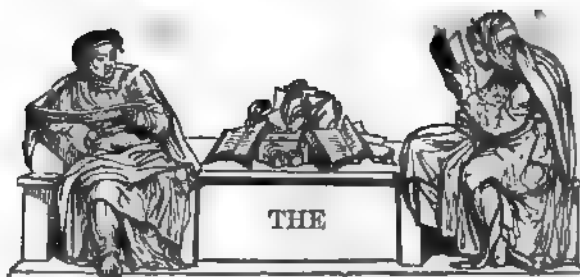
The above particulars are current through the press generally; nor is it needful to state at any length who and what Hugh Miller was. At the time of his death he edited the *Witness* newspaper; but his progress from the humble occupation of a quarryman to be an expounder of science and philosophy stands best recorded in his several works. Mr. Miller's latest published writing was a masterly pamphlet in vindication of his countrymen against the aspersions of Mr. Macaulay. This and his de-

lightful autobiography, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," and his "Scenes and Scenes in the North of Scotland," are apart altogether from his scientific labors.

**KEEP THE MOUTH SHUT DURING COLD WEATHER.**—Dr. Hall advises every person who goes out into the open air from a warm apartment, to keep the mouth shut while walking or riding. He says: "Before you leave the room, bundle up well—gloves, cloak, and comforter; shut your mouth before you open the street door, and keep it resolutely closed until you have walked briskly for some ten minutes; then, if you keep on walking or have reached your home, you may talk as much as you please. Not so doing, many a heart once happy and young now lies in the church-yard, that might have been young and happy still. But how? If you keep your mouth closed and walk rapidly, the air can only reach the lungs by a circuit of the nose and head, and becomes warmed before reaching the lungs, thus causing no derangement: but if you converse, large draughts of cold air dash directly in upon the lungs, chilling the whole frame almost instantly. The brisk walking throws the blood to the surface of the body, thus keeping up a vigorous circulation, making a cold impossible, if you don't get into a cold bed too quickly after you get home. Neglect of these precautions brings sickness and premature death to multitudes every year."

**NOVEL METEOROLOGICAL THEORY.**—The late successful inundations in France, have set the philosophers and savans of Paris to speculating upon the probable causes of a calamity which, with more or less violence, afflicts the country periodically. At a late sitting in the Academy of Science, an essay was read on the subject, in which the idea was advanced, that the overflow of the rivers are chiefly occasioned by the sirocco from Africa. It is conjectured that the hot blast, in its course over the sea, causes a rapid and copious evaporation, and that the vapors are carried by it, and finally condensed amid the cold atmosphere of the mountains in the centre, east and south of France, where they descend and flow into the plains and valleys in fierce torrents, whose volume is swollen by the waters of the melting snows. This is, at least, an ingenious and plausible theory, whatever may be its practical value.

**FRANCE.**—In 1821, the official valuation of the real property of France was 29,514,000,000 francs, or nearly \$3,000,000,000. In 1850 the Legislative Assembly ordered a new valuation, which was made in 1851, and the results of which are now, as we believe, for the first time given to the world. These results are found in the wonderful fact that in the short period of 30 years the money value of real estate has more than doubled—its present amount being no less than 53,744,000,000 francs, or above \$10,000,000,000. Power having grown in every country with the increase in the value of land, we are led to find in this extraordinary growth a key to the changes that are now taking place. But forty years since, the total annual value of the land of Great Britain and Ireland was 249,850,000. Thirty years later, England showed a slight increase, but so recently as 1851 the total change effected amounted to only 23,000,000. Ireland, in the mean time, had greatly fallen, and the total value was probably even less in 1851 than it had been in 1812.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MARCH, 1857.

From the London Review

## THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.\*

EVERY age has its favorite pursuits, which are duly reflected in its popular literature; and the former may readily be deduced from the latter. The present is the Avatar of Minerva. The drinking bouts of the last century are now expelled from civilized society, whilst amateur philosophers grind specula, handle microscopes, and develop photographs. Hence a demand has sprung up for manuals on these subjects, and by the unfailing law of commerce a supply has followed. Books of this kind scarcely existed a century ago, especially in connection with the microscope. From the publication of Hooke's *Micrographia* in 1665, to that of Pritchard's *Microscopic Cabinet* in 1832, few such works made their appearance in England. Popular microscopy in Great Britain dates from the publication of Pritchard's work; followed by that of his *Natural History of British Animalcules*, and by Brewster's *Treatise on the Microscope*, which appeared in 1837. The successive improvements made in the simple magni-

fying lens by Brewster, Wollaston, Goring, and Pritchard, contributed much to its value, by correcting its tendencies to chromatic and spherical aberration; but the event which gave new life to microscopy was the application to the compound microscope of a principle already adapted to telescopes; viz., the use in each lens of different kinds of glass capable of correcting each other's opposite errors. Instruments thus constructed were found to reveal enlarged images of objects which were approximately accurate both in color and form.

Microscopy comprehends two distinct classes of inquiries:—first, those relating to the improvement of the instrument; secondly, those belonging to its employment, and the resulting discoveries. We do not propose to enter into the former of these topics, because it has not only been explained in all the recently published manuals, but has recently been discussed in the pages of a northern contemporary by the philosopher most competent to grapple with it. We would merely remind our readers, that when rays of light pass through glass lenses, they are liable to two kinds of dispersive distortion. In the one

\* *The Microscope and its Revelations.* By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. London: John Churchill. 1856.

case, the rays which proceed through the centre of the lens are bent at a different angle from those penetrating it nearer the circumference; and, consequently, when all the rays passing through the lens reunite at their foci, their relations to each other are no longer what they were prior to their refraction. This error is designated *spherical aberration*. But there is also a second source of error. The colored rays of the solar spectrum have varying refrangibilities; consequently, in passing through a refracting medium, such as glass, some of them are projected further through all points of the lens than others. Hence they do not combine to re-produce the image of the object from which the rays emanate at the same focal point. This is termed *chromatic aberration*. The first of these errors gives to the image seen in the microscope a distorted form; the second surrounds it with an unreal fringe of gaudy colors. Freedom from these errors is proved by means of what are called *test objects*.

The minute markings on the scales of insects were long employed to ascertain the defining power of a microscope; subsequently, marine objects called *Diatomaceæ*, whose siliceous discs are marked and sculptured in various ways, have been employed. In one of these, the parallel lines are so minute, that 85,000 exist in a linear inch; but, small as these are, they are nothing to one found in the United States by Professor Bailey, the *Grammatophora subtilissima*. Yet the defining and resolving power of modern microscopes has been made so perfect, that these inconceivably minute lines become clearly apparent, and display distinct interspaces.

In no respect do the works of God more strikingly differ from the works of man than in the searching scrutiny which they will bear. Your analysis can not be too minute, nor your observation too close. They are no more adapted to a single point of view, than they are subservient to a solitary end; and their beauty is as manifold as their utility. Hence it is that there are few earthly objects, animate or inanimate, which do not present some microscopic structure, invisible to the unaided eye. The boards of our floors, the stones of our walls, the mud from the river or the pool, the sand from the ocean, the ashes hurled from the glowing crater, the earth from our fields, all display structure of varying interest, speaking of past

changes and vital influences. When we look at the log of wood blazing on our fire, how difficult to believe that under its blackened surface there lurks a structure of surpassing beauty; that the coal which crackles around it reveals an internal organization indicating a vegetable origin, and suggesting an endless train of associated thoughts! It speaks of primæval forests, where strange foliage waved in the breeze, and creatures of still stranger forms swam in the laving waters; of agencies by which creation after creation of living things has been swept away, to be replaced by others better adapted to the newer economy. Yet everywhere and in every thing we find that the laws regulating minute organization are unchanged. The fossil plants of the coal measures, which flourished when the Alps were under the sea, when the Andes and the Himalayas had no existence, and when Snowden and Ben Nevis had just emerged, like Aphrodite, from their mother ocean, have the same organic tissues as the trees now living on their mountain slopes. The bones, the teeth, the shells and the zoophytes of primæval life have been constructed as the same objects are now: and when the last dispensation was ushered in, when man became the apex of that living terrene pyramid, every atom of his body had given to it a microscopic structure; each atom was endowed with an inherent portion of his common vitality, and fulfilled its share in that aggregation of functional acts, by which what we call "life" makes itself objectively manifest. Indeed, from the highest to the lowest of organized things, every physiological operation, healthy or diseased, is performed by one or other of these invisible elements: hence it is evident that however carefully we study these organs in the concrete, we can never obtain a just conception of their living action until the magic lens reveals their secrets.

Such being the vast field for exploration, we need not wonder that the brief period which has elapsed since the improvement of the achromatic microscope has been insufficient for its effective survey. Every living thing possesses a structure and a history; the elephant crashing through an Indian forest, and the mote dancing in the sunbeam or in the drop of water; the chestnut uprearing its giant trunk on Mount *Ætna*, and the atom cell whose aggregated myriads barely tinge the flower-



pot green. Yet all these have been produced in obedience to special laws, and each after its own kind. Of the innumerable host of living things, every one has individual peculiarities in its history; yet when these varying histories are rightly discerned, they will prove but the components of one grand whole; though the vastness of creation is thus made more manifest, it is the—

“Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize.”

But ere this comprehensive knowledge is attained, how must observers be multiplied! How prolonged, too, must be their inquiries! Weeks, months, and years of patient investigation are often needed to elucidate the story of some insignificant animalcule. The utilitarian exclaims, “How absurd is such devotion to worthless pursuits! what solemn trifling!” Modern Pindars sneer at “periwinkle wisdom.”

“To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,  
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;  
To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks.”

But the philosophic naturalist recognizes and smiles at the real folly. He knows that however insignificant the object and minute the details, they lead to generalizations which, when obtained, are the delight of thoughtful men, as they proclaim the glory of God. They reveal the unity of the plan on which the entire world of living things has been framed. They show that *one* all-wise Power must have called them into being, or this harmonious relation and mutual dependence could have had no existence. And as the living creation is thus shown to have emanated from one God, so they bind the present with the past; extinct forms supply the missing links in an otherwise broken chain; and we are thus taught, so far as natural things find a voice, that our God is not only the one Jehovah ruling throughout all space, but that He has been such throughout all time.

The microscope furnishes a crushing answer to those who, in their tender care for the dignity of the Deity, endeavor to make him a *Deus ex machinâ*. “He is too lofty a being to condescend to the small things of earth. He rules the universe from his throne. He scatters living things over the earth with a liberal hand;

but he does this on a large scale, and not in detail.” How prone is man to measure the powers of Deity by his own! Is there any distinction, in the sense of these dreamers, between great and small? We unhesitatingly answer *No*. A leaf is made up of microscopic cells and fibres, each one of which has its individual life, and fulfills its independent share of the aggregate work the leaf is appointed to perform. A multitude of living, working atoms constitute the leaf. The concrete tree is but an assemblage of such leaves; and thus the life of nature’s green mantle, in which none would fail to recognize the hand of God, resolves itself, when analyzed, into the individual vitality of innumerable microscopic points. There is no abstract life independent of these. The same remark applies to the animal frame, and to man himself. His *mere life*, which he possesses in common with the beasts of the field, is no more than that of the plant, and equally resultant from the aggregate life of minute elements. What, in like manner, is gravitation? Not a mysterious power drawing sphere to sphere, acting only on the concrete masses; but a force exerted by every minute atom of which such spheres consist, acting upon other atoms equally minute. It is the aggregation of these atomic powers that constitutes the visible phenomenon. God either controls nature through its minutest elements, or not at all. The truth is, he fills every corner of immensity, and animates every particle of life. And surely no detailed studies can be contemptible which conduct to conclusions so lofty as these, and so worthy of the infinite and wise Creator.

In 1828, Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg began to publish his discoveries amongst minute animal and vegetable forms hitherto abandoned to neglect. Trembley had, it is true, described the fresh-water polype with wonderful approximation to accuracy. Soldani, Planchus, Montagu, and a host of others had noted the microscopic shells found in the sea. Ellis, following in the steps of Trembley, had demonstrated that animals resembling the *Hydra* described by the Genevan abounded in the marine corallines which he delighted to study; those “little sea-cups” with which he excited the admiration of his friend Hogarth. Vaucher, also a Genevan, had directed attention to some of the minuter forms of vege-

table life, whilst Gleichen and Muller had studied the animalcular atoms with which stagnant water abounds. But Ehrenberg, by his wondrous energy, and the beauty of his artistic illustrations, first gave unity to the observations of his predecessors, widely extended the range of his inquiries, and, by systematizing the study, raised it to the rank of a science. But it is solely as an industrious systematizer and describer of species that Ehrenberg now shines. He has ever been devoid of philosophic breadth: insufficiently imbued with the principles of Bacon, and suffering imagination to usurp the province of reason, his fancy ran riot amidst the objects with which his eye was dazzled; he applied to microscopic life a system of pseudo-physiology which set at defiance every inductive method, and outraged common-sense.

The wondrous nature of Ehrenberg's revelations took the scientific republic by storm, and some time elapsed ere men paused to weigh the actual worth of his philosophy. But at length young spirits arose who ventured to dispute the dicta of their great master. Errors after errors were made public, and microscopists now incurred some danger of unduly distrusting the distinguished Professor even where his conclusions were just. His radical mistake has been one into which he has fallen in common with other great authorities whose names might be cited. Men whose studies range over a vast field of unbroken ground, encounter so much that is novel, that the habit of prompt decision becomes indispensable to them. But prompt decisions in natural science are sure in the long run to produce glaring blunders. Trembley's fame rests upon a single monograph, as Gray lives chiefly in his *Elegy*. But that monograph, which embodied the labors of years spent in the study of one animalcule, was a model of what such productions ought to be; and we agree with Dr. Carpenter in deeming its publication "to have marked a most important epoch in the history of microscopic inquiry." Ehrenberg, on the other hand, studied, figured, and described every minute thing that came within his reach—plant or animal, recent or fossil. He hesitated not to assign to every organ which his instrument revealed, a name and a function. Thus he endowed plants by the hundred with brains, stomachs, and an array of organs peculiar to animal

life, leaving to his disciples the unwelcome task of eliminating the chaff from the wheat. The result is somewhat painful. He who has almost *created* a science is in danger of standing alone amidst his discoveries as a relic of a bygone age; and of being jostled from his pedestal by the activity of a crowd who owe to him much of their life and inspiration.

In the initial number of this Review, we sketched one of the lines along which modern investigations have been conducted, and that not the last either in interest or importance. Early botanists neglected cryptogamic vegetation. Modern microscopy has shown not only its high interest as a subject of inquiry, but its deeply significant bearing upon the study of higher animal and vegetable forms. It is there that we found the *cell*, by means of which so many vital processes are accomplished, in its most simple and observable form; and the light which has flashed from the scum floating on the green-mantled pool, has not failed to illuminate some of the dark problems supplied by the human body both in health and disease. Since the publication of the article referred to, similar inquiries have been in progress. These inquiries have not been merely confined to external forms; they have extended to the questions of origin, growth, and development; and especially to the relations of these phenomena, as manifested in simple cellular plants, to the functions of similar cellular tissues, when found either in the higher vegetable forms, or in animal life. From these studies we have now learned that the isolated cell contains within itself a principle of re-production. Consisting of two membranes, distended by a granular fluid, the inner membrane and its contents can, by its own innate power, become constricted like an hour-glass, and afterwards divide itself into two parts, each part secreting for itself a new outer membrane, so that the one primary cell now becomes two. In like manner the two are converted into four; these again into eight; the process advancing until it surpasses the power of numeration to represent the direct products of that one original cell. Thus are formed, in large measure, the masses of cellular seaweed that strew our shores. Thus grow the Fungi, Mosses, and Lichens, that clothe our rocks and dells. Thus is developed much of the tissue giving verdure to our woods and

fields. But, besides this, every plant and animal commences its life as a cellular mass, the components of which, as Dr. Carpenter, explains—

“Undergo a progressive ‘differentiation,’ a fabric being thereby developed, which is composed of a number of distinct organs, (stem, leaves, roots, flowers, &c.,) each of them characterized by specialities not merely of external form, but of intimate structure, and performing actions peculiar to itself, which contribute to the life of the plant *as a whole*. Hence, as was first definitely stated by Schleiden, it is in the *life-history of the individual cell* that we find the true basis of the study of vegetable life in general.”—Page 265.

We know no principle, of modern enunciation, which has produced such important results in physiology and pathology as that illustrated by the preceding paragraph. It explains the successive development of the various animal and vegetable tissues from their primary germ; and as it thus affects the leading phenomena of incipient life, it is equally related to agencies which bring it to a close. The experienced surgeon has long known that unless he dips sufficiently deep, he fails to eradicate cancerous or other malignant disease. The study of the vegetable cell, especially amongst cryptogamic plants, has explained the necessity for this. These diseases, the dread of the surgeon, and the bane of humanity, are nothing more than aggregations of abnormal cells; and if the operator allows but one of these to remain, it can re-produce the disease by its inherent power of self-multiplication. Facts like this place the studies in question in a new and practical light. Every human being learns his direct interest in their progress, since he knows not how soon he may require *all* the help that science can afford. The abstract philosopher and the utilitarian find at least one common platform.

Some of the most interesting of modern inquiries are those into the early history and development of animals, especially the invertebrate forms. Here metamorphoses have been revealed more wondrous than ever suggested themselves to the Augustan poet or the dreamy Hindoo. But it is not merely as revealing strange marvels that these triumphs of modern microscopy claim our attention. They afford materials of high import to the philosopher seeking to ascertain the natural relations of animal

forms, whilst they have robbed the skeptic of some of the most treasured weapons of his quiver. Let us illustrate this last assertion. If the infidel will appeal to science, to science he shall go.

The favorite arguments of those who seek to detach creation from a Creator, have ever been drawn from portions of the natural world the history of which was obscure. The mythic nebular substance served this purpose until recent researches blew the fallacy to the winds. The notion of a spontaneous generation of living forms was employed in like manner. For a season difficulties surrounded the subject, which science could not remove. Meanwhile, the skeptic taught that vegetable infusions, placed under proper physical conditions, generated lively animalcules as the direct result of such conditions; that fungi sprang up amongst decaying organisms, being called into existence in a way distinct from what occurs in other portions of the vegetable kingdom; that, in fact, *chemical* forces were competent to produce, as well as sustain, *vitality*; and that no Creator was necessary to account for a living creation. But modern science has brought all this to an end. The microscope has robbed the infidel of those fallacious arguments in which he clothed error in the jargon of philosophy. “Spontaneous generation” is a phrase excluded from the vocabulary of the philosopher, save as indicating a bygone error: we would only retain it in our speech as they plant buoys over sunken wrecks, to indicate perilous ground. No *creation* has been effected in any one of the many examples cited by unbelievers. External conditions can only develop into action a vitality that already existed passively in some unseen germ, the lineal descendant of one created by God alone; the Fungi, Entozoa, and Infusorial Animalcules, essentially resemble the rest of the organic world in their early history; and the genesis of the least of them as much demanded His omnipotent power as did man himself.

Some extraordinary facts connected with the life of intestinal worms (Entozoa) have until recently perplexed orthodox philosophers: one especially anomalous example being more puzzling than the rest. A few examples of a curious worm, the *Cysticercus oculi humani*, have at long intervals been found in the anterior chamber of the human eye. From the



size of the animal it is almost impossible that it should exist in any man's eye without attracting his attention; and, from the inconvenience such a guest would occasion, it is equally improbable that the case would fail to reach some medical man who, from its extreme rarity, would place it upon record in the medical journals. But, as just observed, the creature only appears on rare occasions. Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, removed one from the eye of a patient some twenty-five years ago; and we believe that a second, which came under our notice a few years since, ultimately reached the same experienced oculist. The question for solution is an obvious one. How could such creatures be transmitted by the ordinary methods of multiplication? Even had the successive instances occurred in members of one family, (which they did not,) it would be difficult to explain the preservation and transmission of the ova from one individual to another, at the same time leaping over nearly a quarter of a century. "Lineal succession," say the advocates of spontaneous generation, "is here out of the question;" and it was not very easy for their opponents to explain the anomaly.

But not content with asserting the anomalous origin of this Entozoon, and its independence of the ordinary laws of reproduction, the attempt was made to invest the heresy with an atmosphere of philosophy, by advancing an hypothesis accounting for the origin of such objects. Recognizing the vitality of each part of man's animal organism, they contended that some portions of his frame could become detached from the rest without losing their inherent life; and that, after their separation, they became developed into independent creatures, endowed with all essentials of individual animals. The supposition was not wholly devoid of support from anomalous things occurring elsewhere; but the true history of the entire race of Entozoa has recently been studied by several continental naturalists, especially M. Seebold; and by his masterly investigations the fallacy has been thoroughly exploded.

It appears, from these researches, that the Entozoa, or intestinal worms, pass the early part of their life in the body of one animal, but complete their existence in that of some wholly different species. Thus, the tapeworm found in the alimen-

tary canal of the human subject, spends its early, larval life in the liver, brain, or other organs of some of the lower animals on which he subsists,—especially the sheep and the pig. A similar worm, found in the cat, commences its existence in the body of the rat and the mouse; whilst the parasite of the dog spends its youth in the interior of the rabbit and hare. The larval forms occurring in these animals have long been known and described as so many distinct species, their very close relation to the tapeworm being wholly unsuspected; but now their history is clear enough. The perfect worm can alone produce eggs, which it does in vast numbers, but which undergo no further development in the intestine of the animal in which the worm resides. They are conveyed along with the manure to pastures; their marvellous vitality enabling them to survive the accidents of flood and field. Sooner or later they are taken up by some of the grazing quadrupeds along with their vegetable food, and are thus transferred to the animal's stomachs, where warmth and moisture quicken them into active life. The germs now escape from the eggs, and become small worm-like larvæ, each with a bladder at its tail, and a circlet of cutting-hooks at its head. By means of the latter they penetrate the various tissues of the animal's body; some reaching the brain, some the liver; whilst there is nothing to prevent an odd wanderer from reaching any part of the body which is their temporary home. In this stage, as well as in the earlier one of ova, these objects marvellously resist destructive agencies. They accompany the sheep's-head into the pot, and lurk in the mutton frizzling in the pan; but, phoenix-like, they often survive the ordeal. The digestive powers of living stomachs fail to digest *them*. The cat eats rats and mice; the dog consumes the wild animals of the field and the offal of the shambles; man enjoys his mutton and his pork, and the tapeworm larvæ find their way to a resting-place. Their further development is now completed; they produce eggs by untold myriads; the cycle of worm-life has been run, and with the ova commences a new generation.

How much is to be learned from this history! In the first place it gives spontaneous generation its death-blow. *Cysticercus oculi humani* is no larger a marvel.



The two men referred to had eaten the larvae along with their pork or mutton, as myriads have done, are doing, and will do, to the end; but the larvae they consumed, instead of remaining in the bowel, had, by a rare accident, found their way to the interior of the eye, where they were seen as well as felt, and consequently attracted notice. Had they remained in the alimentary canal, they would merely have grown unobserved into tapeworms. What they would have become, had they not been removed by operation from the visual organ, it is impossible to say. Their limited accommodation might have arrested their development, and compelled them to remain larvæ, as tadpoles are said to continue tadpoles when excluded from the light.

A practical idea is also suggested by these discoveries. It is known that the rot in sheep, and similar diseases in cattle, arise from the presence of these *cysticerci* and their allies, these worm larvae, in the bodies of the affected animals. The dog is, in all probability, the active agent in diffusing the multitudinous germs of these pests of the agriculturist. It has been observed that cattle fed in stalls and pens, dispensing with the aid of dogs, are less liable to such affections than those reared in the open plain; and as the dog appears to play his part in diffusing the noxious germs, the propriety of dispensing with his services at once suggests itself. By so doing the grazer will materially improve his chance of escaping the rot and similar evils. As for us poor bipeds, we can not subject all the contents of our larder to microscopic inspection in chase of *Cysticerci* and *Echinorhynchæ*—nuisances with armed heads and ugly names. Our only resource is to avoid half-cooked meats. We must see that the cook sufficiently roasts the mutton, or risk being plagued by the doctor with his armoury of turpentine, koumo, and oil of male fern.

We have referred to the aid which modern researches are affording those naturalists whose forte lies in the classification of animals. The remarks of Dr. Carpenter on this subject are samples of his work:—whether noting the phenomena of cell-development and embryonic life, or studying the minute structure of the highest organisms, he ever remembers the bearing of his facts on those great problems of natural history which raise the study to the dignity of a science.

"It has not been amongst the least important results of the new turn which zoological inquiry has thus taken, that a far higher spirit has been introduced into the cultivation of this science than previously pervaded it. Formerly it was thought, both in zoology and botany, that classification might be adequately based on external characters alone; and the scientific acquirements of a naturalist were estimated rather by the extent of his acquaintance with these, than by any knowledge he might possess of their internal organization. The great system of Cuvier, it is true, professed to rest upon organization as its basis; but the acquaintance with this which was considered requisite for the purpose, was very limited in its amount, and superficial in its character; and no naturalist formerly thought of studying the history of development as a necessary adjunct to the science of classification. How essential a knowledge of it has now become, however, if only as a basis for any truly natural arrangement of animals, must have become apparent from the preceding sketch; and it has thus come to be felt and admitted amongst all truly philosophic naturalists, that the complete study of any particular group, even for the purpose of classification, involves the acquirement of a knowledge not only of its intimate structure, but of its entire life history."—Page 24.

The value of these studies to the systematizer is derived from the fact that many of the lower animals, in their matured states, are the permanent representatives of conditions which are transitional in some others of higher organization. An earth-worm presents many important features also common to the caterpillar of a butterfly. The division of its body into numerous, nearly equal, soft rings or segments; the long, straight alimentary canal; the occurrence in each segment of a pair of independent ganglia, or nerve-centres, supplying that segment with the nerves it requires; the vegetative repetition of parts seen in these segments and their ganglia, each one being in large measure a copy of the rest; are so many points bringing the worm and the caterpillar into near fellowship. But whilst the worm has attained its utmost development, the caterpillar has to rise to something higher, and becomes a winged insect. In doing so its resemblances to the worm diminish, and its distinctive features multiply. Its transverse segments become unequal in size; its pairs of nervous ganglia, no longer equal either in size or arrangement, become concentrated at some points, whilst they disappear from others, according to the importance of the organs these points respectively sustain;

its alimentary canal becomes more complex: the creature has assumed a higher organization than characterized its larval state. Hence, as this larval or worm state of the creature must be a lower one—zoologically speaking—than that of the matured insect, so the earth-worm, which such larvæ temporarily represent, must permanently occupy a position in the zoological scale *below* that of insects.

Whilst we fully recognize the importance of keeping in mind Dr. Carpenter's remark—and it is never lost sight of throughout his work—we must guard against pushing it too far, or forgetting that exceptional facts suggest caution in its application. It is a valuable adjunct but not the sole guide to classification. The young Rotifer possesses eyes, which disappear from the same creature as soon as matured; but it does not follow that animals with eyes hold a subordinate position to those which have none. The barnacles which cover the rocks on our coasts are permanently *fixed*, whilst, in common with many other creatures, their young are free to roam where they list. Freedom of motion, however, is no characteristic of the lower creatures, but the reverse. The young embryos of the naked sea-slugs are encased in a spiral shell, like a periwinkle; but they soon abandon it, remaining shell-less the rest of their lives. Nevertheless, the existence or non-existence of a shell affords no key to the organization of a mollusc. Indeed, the highest forms are found amongst the shell-less cuttlefishes. These facts might be largely multiplied; and though they do not negative Dr. Carpenter's position, they render caution necessary, lest, in handling one good instrument, the zoological artificer should forget that other tools are occasionally needed; otherwise the edifice he constructs will be marred by broken arches and cracking lintels.

Strange fantastic things are some of these larval creatures! The old adage of "Like father, like son," is wholly inapplicable to them. Not more dissimilar were mythic Aurora, with "her rosy steps," and mother earth, whence she is fabled to have sprung. Take the well-known example of the barnacle. Whoever in these days of aquarian enthusiasm has hunted for marine animals on our rocky shores, has good reason to remember these living rasps, unless blessed with hands of leather and boots of iron. They

might multiply for the special benefit of the sea-side shoemakers. In his juvenile state, your barnacle is a free, roving young gentleman, whose back is covered by a calcareous shield, whilst three pairs of jointed legs enable him to dart hither and thither, like a government whipper-in when the division bell is about to ring. But in a little while the rover outgrows his shell, which he casts off, and emerges in a new, though not wholly dissimilar shape. He bears about the same resemblance to his former self that a moustached and whiskered scion of Young England—just returned from his continental tour—does to the smooth-faced youth who left his mother's apron-strings a year or two before. It is a resemblance with a difference that adds nothing to his beauty.

A second and a third moult soon succeed. He has now entirely altered his form. The old lorica has disappeared. He is encased in a small bivalve covering, like a shrimp inclosed in a mussel-shell. But he somewhat follows the fashion of Smeke and Oliver Twist. His garment covers his body, but only half accommodates his protruding limbs. His antennæ, legs, and tail, project on three sides of his circumference. This shell is thrown off in its turn, and now, like a weary traveller who has seen the world, he sighs for a settled life, and realizes his wish after a novel fashion. He fixes upon a resting-place, and, through an organization of wondrous strangeness, he glues his own nose down to the rock, tosses his tail into the air, encases himself in the conical plates which punish the incautious disciples of Mr. Gosse, and is now a fixture for life.

If any one wishes to form a practical acquaintance with these odd creatures, we would recommend him to rusticate for a season under the crags of the Great Orme's Head. Amongst the rough rocks under "Goggarth's Nose" he will discover a supply of objects that will at once familiarize him with the barnacle, and find work for his shoemaker.

We have neither time nor space to dwell on the discoveries now making amongst the larvæ of the starfish and echini, marvellous though they be. Professor Muller has opened out a new world in this direction; but we must linger amongst our favorite corallines, those "little sea cups," which delighted the eye

of England's greatest satirical painter; since amongst them have been achieved some of the most wondrous triumphs of modern microscopy.

With the aspect of the common forms of corallines our readers are doubtless familiar; but there are points in the organization of these little objects which might escape the observer's attention, unless specially directed towards them. As is well known, each of the little cups and cells supported by the branching organism contains a polype animal closely resembling the fresh-water form, which Trembley made the subject of his immortal monograph; but amidst these cups a nearer view reveals small white pyriform capsules, sometimes translucent as tissue-paper, sometimes glistening like pearls. These are filled by an expansion from the soft animal substance which runs through all the tubular branches of the coralline. A very low magnifier shows this soft nucleus of the capsule to be nodular; and a still higher power reveals, in each nodule, a Medusa or jelly-fish, closely resembling those larger forms everywhere left on our beaches by the retiring tide. The Medusæ hold the same relation to the polype-bearing coralline that the flower does to the plant. The polypes catch and digest the food which nourishes the entire organism, as the roots absorb and the leaves decompose the crude nutriment derived from the soil. In like manner with the plant, the coralline pushes out lateral buds and branches supporting the polype, representatives of the leaves; but in all this there is no production of ova analogous to the growth of seeds. These are obtained in a different way, by means of the medusan contents of the capsules referred to.

In some instances these minute Medusæ remain within the capsules; in others they successively become detached, and sail away into the open sea, expanding and contracting with that breathing motion, to which so large a section of the group of jelly-fishes owes its name of "Pulmo-grade." The animals have now a distinct sexuality, and produce eggs; myriads of which are diffused through the ocean. In each of these eggs is an embryo, which, in due season, escapes from its diminutive prison-house; but, like the barnacle, soon exchanges its freedom for a more settled life, attaches itself to some fixed substance, and develops into a soft polype. At this

stage it surrounds itself with a horny covering, the first step in the production of the elegant objects popularly known as corallines: from this cylinder, in most species, branches are given off, each having its polype cells and polype animals. New capsules form, containing new medusan buds; and the whole history is repeated.

There is one group of these creatures in which a different class of phenomena present themselves. The polype developed from the embryo in the egg throws out branches like the fresh-water species, without secreting a horny investment. But, after a time, each polype undergoes a new change. It casts away its terminal ring of tentacles: numerous parallel constrictions of its waist cause its body to resemble the flounced dress of a modern belle. The constrictions nearest the free extremity successively deepen, until that extremity becomes detached; as if a transverse slice had been cut off, carrying with it one of the flounces. This slice, *which becomes a free independent Medusa*, is followed in succession by others; until nothing remains but a stump-end of the original animal. Nothing daunted by these successive slicings, the fragment throws out from its free extremity a new ring of tentacles, and develops a new array of lateral branches; each of which, in time, undergoes the same fission as the original polype; so that, by the end of the season, the latter has, directly and indirectly, originated more Medusæ than we could easily number. But let not awe-stricken Malthusians imagine that this is the end of the mischief! What has occurred is but a preparation for the true work of multiplication. As we have said, these Medusæ are to the polype what dioecious flowers are to the plant. Each female produces eggs innumerable. The whole is an institution for dispersing what would become a surplus population; and would delight the Emigration Commissioners, did not its perfect action paralyze them with despair.

The production of coral rock by the coöperative labors of minute animalcules has long been employed in illustration of the attainment of great results by feeble agencies. Wondrous, indeed, is the phenomenon of a coral island thus built up. Herodotus gazed with wondering awe upon the Egyptian pyramids; and the

mechanical achievements of modern times have failed to make the erection of these structures by feeble man less marvellous to us than they were to the father of history, twenty-three centuries ago. But pyramids and coral islands sink into nothingness, contrasted with what recent microscopic inquiry has revealed. To render our meaning intelligible, we must indulge in a practical antithesis, and descend for a moment from the sublimities of pyramids and coral strands, to the common-place appendages of our flower garden. The rain-drops have for some time been accumulating in the saucer of an old neglected flower-pot. We place a drop of this stagnant water under the microscope, and our eye rests upon a little gelatinous speck, which at first neither looks one thing nor another. By and by "it stirs, and," according to the logic of the Lancashire Tim Bobbin, "by that it should be wick." Anon it plays such strange pranks with its outline, as to make it a happy thing that it needs no tailor. Even Stultz would be at a loss to give it a fitting garment. In a few moments it has assumed as many forms as ever did Matthews when "at home;" amply justifying its *soubriquet* of the "*Proteus animalcule*," and making it a true rival of the son of Tethys. But this is not its most interesting feature. It is the representative of a group of agents, the results of whose labors cast all human efforts into the shade. When the workmen of Cheops drove their tools into the limestones of Mokkadam, they little suspected that, but for an insignificant ally of the *Proteus animalcule*, that mountain range, the quarry of the pyramids, would have had no existence. Long ere the prows of Cæsar struck the Kentish strand, the Gaul cast his eye on the white cliffs across the waters, and called them "Albion." But he little wist that to a gelatinous atom England owed a distinctive feature and a name. Yet such is the case. The chalk hills of England and France, vast mountain masses amongst the Alps and Apennines, in Greece and Syria, in Northern Africa, Asia Minor, and Cabool, along the Southern Himalaya and the Thibetian frontier, alike owe their being to a microscopic animalcule. And these are merely fragments of the vast creation which is due to the labors of these invisible agents. Wherever we turn, they are preparing the calcareous

materials for some newer world. Unlike the coral animals, their range is not limited to tropical seas; but, in one form or another, they are everywhere carrying on their marvellous work. They are intermingling the sands on our own shores with calcareous atoms which, by their chemistry, they have separated from the ocean wave. We find them at work amidst the icebergs of the north, in the depths of the Atlantic, and in the heated waters of the Mexican Gulf. Amongst the sunny isles of the far south, and along the shores of the spice-clad Phillipines, the same causes are in operation. Everywhere, these microscopic atoms of transparent jelly are secreting their calcareous shells, and in such myriads as to form the beds of entire oceans. When, by means of Brooke's ingenious deep-sea lead, the officers of the "Dolphin" brought up soundings in mid Atlantic from a depth of two thousand fathoms, they were found not to contain one particle of unorganized mineral matter. Minute animalcules have constructed the entire foundations which bear the rolling Atlantic; and thus we learn that large portions of the calcareous masses, found both on the land and under the sea, owe their existence to atoms so small as to be usually invisible to man's unaided vision.

That creatures leaving such wide-spread traces should have attracted the eye of the microscopist, is no matter for wonder. They assume many forms, which at first sight appear very dissimilar, and which have consequently been strangely separated by naturalists. It must be remembered, that the *Proteus animalcule*, is the simplest form of Rhizopod, as those creatures are now designated. Groups of similar atoms blend into one gelatinous mass, and secrete the horny skeleton known as sponge, which, when living, they clothe with a slimy covering. These sponges were long thought to be vegetables; and even now Professor Owen strangely persists in excluding them from a place in his lectures on the invertebrate animals. Another group of them form *external* calcareous coverings, with which they protect their structureless substances, but which it appears they can inclose, at will, within their ductile bodies. These shells, known as Foraminifera, were, until recently, exalted to a high place amongst the elaborately organized Mollusca, being regarded as Nautili, and approaching the boundary



line between the invertebrate and vertebrate creation. The Proteus itself was grouped with the Infusorial Animalcule. But when men extended their studies beyond dried objects stored up in cobwebs, watched these creatures in their living states, studied their structure and growth, and endeavored to discriminate between their essential and incidental features, they arrived at the conclusion, that the supposed plants, animalcules, and Nautili, constituted a group of allied objects—the Protozoa, or simplest forms of animal life.

Creation abounds in queer creatures, that seem unattachable to any recognized class or group. The Secretary-bird has long perplexed ornithologists, from M. Temminck to the presiding spirits of Hanover Square. The Dodo, of ancient renown, has been called an ostrich, a vulture, and a pigeon. The Lepidosiren of Western Africa still hangs in the balance, (if Richard Owen will forgive the admission,) between fishes and reptiles; whilst the Sagitta, the Platypus, and the Wheel Animalcule have been tossed from pillar to post, until they were in danger of finding a resting place nowhere.

Another of these nondescript forms has latterly attracted the attention of microscopists. Who has not stood by the sea-shore on some calm summer's night, and watched the glowing flash of the phosphorescent wave, when each breaker rolled upon the beach was lit up with sulphurous light? We know little, in our temperate clime, of the gorgeous sights presented by a tropical ocean, where the ship leaves behind her a luminous course, rivalling the rocket's fiery train. But even here the phosphorescent sea presents a scene of singular beauty; a stone thrown into the water, when in this condition, illumines its dark depths with unearthly flash; and if a pailful of it be thrown upon the beach, the shower of sparkling atoms rivals, in its evanescent brilliance, the displays of the pyrotechnist. Many objects have been supposed to share in producing this effect. Decomposing animal matter, *Pyrosomæ*, *Medusæ*, *Nereids*, some of the *Diatomaceæ*, *Synchaeta Baltica*, a Rotifer, the *Polynoë fulgurans*, and other invertebrate forms, seem to play their part in various oceans. But on our own coast other phenomena appear mainly due to the anomalous little creature called *Noctiluca miliaris*. This is a minute kidney-shaped

membranous bag, about the size of a pin's head, with a long slender curly appendage not unlike a pig's tail. Its internal organization is somewhat obscure, but it seems to connect the Rhizopod sponges with the jelly-fishes and the infusorial animalcules, being something higher than the first, and something lower than the second, of these creatures; but from its peculiar powers, one of the most interesting of objects. It is said of Lord Brougham, that his eloquence never scintillates so much as when he is angry. If this be true, our *Noctiluca* appears to share Lord Brougham's weakness. It requires a shaking to make it shine; when let alone, it is as devoid of sparkle as the dullest noodle that ever bored a social circle. When irritated by sudden motion, each animal flashes its brilliant light from a thousand points; though, even under a moderate magnifier, they only appear as one luminous spot. These animals are much more easily obtained than is generally imagined. In our early searches for them, we employed an array of jars and filters, in imitation of Ehrenberg working at Kiel Bay; but we soon found that our great master misled us in this as in many other matters. When we last saw the luminous ocean on the Welsh coast, we transferred a pailful of the water into a common earthen bowl; and our first occupation, on returning each evening, after dark, to that comfortless place yeapt "our lodgings," was to give this bowl a kick, when a brilliant ray of light from the edge of the water, and another from its centre, bespoke the social character of these creatures, and their abhorrence of sinking below the surface. As they were always floating at the top, by introducing a glass slide under them, and raising it slowly, so as to skim off what looked like a film of dust, thousands were obtainable for microscopic examination. A curious feature in this luminosity is its exhaustibility; a second kick of the bowl was only followed by a faint flash; after which they became sullen, and refused to respond to further demands upon their pyrotechny. As to the nature and source of their light we are all in the dark, and are likely to remain so. What modern microscopy is doing for the *Noctiluca* mainly relates to its zoological affinities and position.

Another group of singular creatures, which have largely engaged the attention

of naturalists, is that of the Rotifera. If we introduce a little vegetable matter, such as hay or dead leaves, into water, forming what the pharmacist terms an infusion, we soon find it swarming with generations of Monads — small green atoms moving about by means of one or two small *cilia*, or hair-like threads. These are, most probably, plants belonging to the Protophytes or lowest vegetable forms. They are succeeded in a few days by multitudes of true Infusorial Animalcules, which, in turn, give place to others of higher organization,\* termed Rotifera, (*rota, fero.*) Their name is derived from an optical illusion. More or less complex circles of cilia exist at their anterior extremities; and when these cilia are in action, owing to a peculiarity in their mechanism, they convey to the beholder the idea that they are chasing each other round the head of the creature, like the spokes of a revolving wheel; hence their name. Some of these Rotifera are endowed with marvellous powers. Dr. Carpenter says:

“They are remarkable for their tenacity of life, even when reduced to the state of most complete dryness; for they can be kept in this condition for any length of time, and will yet revive very speedily upon being moistened. Experiments have been carried still further with the allied tribe of Tardigrades; individuals of which have been kept in a vacuum for thirty days, with sulphuric acid and chloride of calcium, (thus suffering the most complete desiccation that the chemist can effect,) and yet have not lost their capability of revivication. This fact, taken in connection with the extraordinary rate of increase mentioned in the preceding paragraph, removes all difficulty in accounting for the extent of the diffusion of these animals, and for their occurrence in incalculable numbers in situations where, a few days previously, none were known to exist: for their entire bodies may be wafted in a dry state by the atmosphere from place to place; and their return to a state of active life, after a desiccation of unlimited duration, may take place whenever they meet with the requisite conditions — moisture, warmth, and food. It is probable that the ova are capable of sustaining treatment even more severe than the fully-developed animals can bear; and that the race is frequently continued

by them when the latter have perished.”—Page 497.

We may congratulate ourselves that all the small fry of creation do not possess such marvellous attributes. How little would soon be left of us poor bipeds, if the bloodthirsty race of chigoes, mosquitoes, and small torments found nearer home, were endowed with this indestructible vitality! Happily, the Rotifera torment nobody; and as they are amongst the most exquisite and interesting of microscopic objects, we need not regret their unwillingness to give up the little ghost that animates them. Their beautifully transparent bodies reveal an internal organization, comprehending jaws, stomachs, intestines, muscles, vascular canals, ovaries, and, probably, brains and nerves. Most of these organs being as transparent as the rest of the body, many of their functional operations can be readily watched from beginning to end.

These phenomena are replete with interest; especially when the development of the egg, and the conversion of its yolk into a living embryo, is the object of study. We have, first, the fact, that the ovary, a thin membranous bag, is distended with a granular protoplasmic fluid, in which also float some small detached cells. From time to time, one of these cells draws around it a portion of the granular fluid, the former appearing to constitute a centre in relation to which the granules of the yolk-fluid possess some polarity; for in a little time the cell divides into two, and the granular mass soon responds by doing the same, each portion of the latter arranging itself around one of the two cells. This process of subdivision continues until the yolk is converted into an aggregation of minute cells, which soon pass from a state of mere juxtaposition to one of cohesion, and develop into a living, moving embryo. Ciliary motion is first seen at two or three points. Then traces of organs successively manifest themselves. Still later, the whole Rotifer is seen fully formed, and uncomfortably packed inside its shell, somewhat after the fashion of Falstaff in his buck-basket, not exactly “hilt to point and heel to head,” but certainly having no room to spare. This restraint, however, is soon broken through; and the young animal escapes from its confinement with as much apparent enjoyment

\* The succession of animalcular forms in vegetable infusions led some naturalists to conclude, that many of the lower infusorial creatures were but larvae of the higher Rotifera; their line of argument being identical with that by which Sydney Smith demonstrated Blue-coat boys to be juvenile Quakers!

of liberty as a school-boy at Christmas, or an M.P. who has attended his last Committee.

Most of these Rotifera spend the rest of their lives in freedom; but some, like barnacles, soon abandon their roving life, and settle down to sober citizenship. Attaching themselves to some leaf or branch of a water-plant by means of a long tail-like peduncle, they proceed to construct an external protection. Sometimes this assumes the shape of a cylinder of transparent membrane, thrown off as a secretion from the skin. One species (*Melicer-ta ringens*) has a little cup at its nose, into which it rapidly gathers such atoms as may be floating in the water, adds to them a cement copiously secreted by the walls of the cup, moulds the whole by means of ciliary motion into a round ball, and disposes these, as fast as they are formed, into an investing cylinder — arranging them with geometric regularity. As the creature leaves the free extremity of its tubular house open, it can protrude its head and shoulders at will. Having done so, it evolves its petal-like rotatory organs, puts its cilia in motion, and, by the whirlpool which it sets up, must in no small degree astonish its more diminutive fellow-citizens of the water-drop. The latter are whirled round and round without the slightest power to help themselves; but, amidst the tempest which it has excited, the Rotifer has a keen eye to business. The currents set up are regular, and, converging at the animal's mouth, bring within its reach a supply of food, from which it culls its dainty bits with manifest gusto. He beats the false prophet hollow. Unable to go to the mountain, he does succeed in making the mountain come to Mahomet.

The classification and exact position of these creatures are amongst the questions undergoing solution at the hands of microscopists. Ehrenberg originally arranged them with the Infusorial Animalcules, but later observers, with truer insight into their organization, have shown that whilst they present points of resemblance to the animals of the *Flustra* or sea-mats, they have still closer affinities with the lower crustaceans and worms. Ehrenberg classified them according to the form and subdivisions of the organs near the head bearing the rotatory cilia. Dr. Carpenter objects to this method, and prefers, as more natural, those of the French natu-

ralist Dujardin, and of Leydig,—a preference in which we are not disposed to concur, believing them all to be equally artificial and bad. Dujardin arranges them in groups, three of which are respectively characterized by their being permanently attached parasites, partly parasitic and partly free, or wholly free; whilst his fourth group are composed of some non-descript creatures termed "Tardigrades." Now one chief object of all *artificial* classifications is, to break up large aggregations of species into smaller and more manageable divisions, thus facilitating reference to natural classifications, and bringing together in each division such forms as have the closest structural affinities. Now Dujardin's system does neither. The Tardigrades are not Rotifera, being, in Dr. Carpenter's opinion, more nearly allied to the worms; but, as we suspect, having closer relationships with spiders and other Arachnidæ. Another of Dujardin's groups contain very few species: consequently we have nearly all the Rotifera distributed into two equal sections, the great majority of them being embodied in one. Leydig adopts an idea, as the basis of his system, which looks more philosophical than it proves to be on nearer acquaintance. Arranging them according to their *forms*, and assuming a closer connection between form and habit than really exists, he ends in giving us such a classification as might have been propounded by an English grazier. He groups them according to the relative lengths of their peduncular tails. Now "long-horns" or "short-horns" may be terms adapted for the intellectual wants of Smithfield, as "long tails" or "short tails" may serve to distinguish grades of Chinamen and Turkish Pachas; but they are inapplicable to these forms of animalcular life, since, like coalition Ministries, they but asunder things that are lawfully joined together, and establish companionships where there are few true harmonies. The fact is, the time has not yet arrived when we can obtain any thing more than a provisional classification of these creatures, and an Augean task has to be performed before it will. Meanwhile Ehrenberg's system is as good, or as bad, as any other.

In a later portion of Dr. Carpenter's work, he discusses another interesting subject, respecting which also we draw different conclusions from those at which



he has arrived. He says, under the head of "Dermal Skeleton,"—

"The skin of fishes, of most reptiles, and of a few mammals, is strengthened by plates of a horny, cartilaginous, bony, or even enamel-like texture, which are sometimes fitted together at their edges, so as to form a continuous box-like envelope, whilst more commonly they are so arranged as partially to overlies one another, like the tiles of a roof; and it is in this latter case that they are usually known as *scales*. Although we are accustomed to associate in our minds the 'scales' of fishes with those of reptiles, yet they are essentially different structures; the former being developed in the substance of the true skin, with a layer of which, in addition to the epidermis, they are always covered, and bearing a resemblance to cartilage and bone in their texture and composition; whilst the latter are formed upon the surface of the true skin, and are to be considered as analogous to nails, hoofs, &c., and other epidermic appendages."—Page 694.

We are satisfied that there is less difference between the scales of fishes and those of reptiles than Dr. Carpenter supposes, whilst we believe both to be distinct from nail and hoof; neither of them being dermic, or belonging to the true skin, in the strict sense of the word. This is a wide subject, not likely to interest general readers, and consequently unfitted for the pages of a popular journal; but we may refer to a few of the more intelligible points, since the subject is one on which the microscope has thrown important light.

We think Professor Huxley has obtained the true clue to these problems, as well as done good service in suggesting the employment of new terms instead of "epidermic and dermal," for which he would substitute "ecderonic and enderonic." By these terms he designates two skin structures, one of which is superficial in reference to a common line of growth, whilst the latter underlies that line. In the former case the additions are made to the inner or lower surface, forcing the older growth outwards; in the latter instance these conditions are reversed.

Professor Williamson has shown that the scales of fishes are formed of concentric layers of either fibrous or calcareous structures. These originate in a minute point, formed below the surface of the fishes' skin; successive layers are added both to the upper and lower surfaces of this primary plate, by which additions the

scale increases in thickness, and still more rapidly in size. In the first instance these scales appear to be membranous; in many the membranous layer is calcified as soon as formed; whilst in others the calcification only occurs at a later period, and when a considerable number of membranous layers have been added, especially to the under surface. In some scales, as of the eel, the only calcareous element is a series of lenticular granules, arranged in one plane, dividing the scale into an upper, middle, and a lower portion: in most such fishes as the cod, trout, perch, &c., these granules coalesce into laminae, the calcific process being centripetal, or proceeding from above downwards. Whilst this is going on, another calcareous structure, also laminated, is being added to the surface of the scale. The terms *ganoin* and *lepidine* have been employed respectively to designate these upper and lower calcareous elements. Ascending from the scale of the eel as the simplest type, because of the small number and isolated position of its calcareous points, we meet with every intermediate form of tissue connecting ganoin with what is termed *dentine*, or "tooth structure," whilst the lepidine runs into bone. In many of what are called the ganoid fishes, the scales are true bone of high organization, and clearly display the concentric character of the laminae. At first sight a great difference appears to exist between such scales—with their exquisitely beautiful *lacunae*—and those of the cycloid and ctenoid fishes as described by Professor Williamson; but the connecting links are supplied by two fishes, the one a species of *Balistes*, the other being the new *Amia* from America. In the latter especially, are beautifully combined the texture of a cycloid scale, with the bone lacunae of the most highly organized ganoid. The transition from the one type to the other is thus complete. According to the scale we examine will be the extent to which these upper and lower scale structures are developed. In some the upper, and in others the lower, preponderates; the former, be it remembered, often consisting of a tooth-like tissue of great beauty.

But when we reach the sharks and rays—what Agassiz terms the "placoid fishes,"—the lower bony element wholly disappears, leaving nothing but the upper or dentine tissue, the isolated points of which give roughness to the prepared



skin known as shagreen. Now by examining a large series of fishes, we have no difficulty in tracing these dermal teeth round the margins of the lips and into the mouth, where, variously modified in form, but identical in structure, they invest the jaws and palates, often becoming so firmly united to the bones, as apparently to constitute with them one organ. But this amalgamation is only a physiological incident. The parts are not primarily united. The true teeth are first formed in a fold of the mucous membrane lining the mouth, which is but modified skin; and only coalesce with the jaws at a later period of life. Thus we see that teeth and scales are homologous organs, whether in the mouth or out of it, and products of the great muco-dermoid system of structures. The growth of both mainly taking place at their inferior surfaces, their tendency is to be pushed outwards, and consequently they must be regarded as epidermal rather than dermal appendages—a conclusion which necessitates our putting them into the same category as hoofs, hairs, and reptilian scales, from which Dr. Carpenter proposes to dis sever them. In his description of scales, Dr. Carpenter has inadvertently fallen into several errors. Thus he speaks of the surface of the scale of the carp as being “composed of several concentric laminæ of a structureless transparent substance, like that of cartilages: the outermost of these laminæ is the smallest, and the size of the plates increases progressively from without inwards, so that their margins appear on the surface as a series of concentric lines.”

Now this is diametrically the opposite of what Professor Williamson has shown to be the case. The outermost layer is the largest, and the concentric ridges are merely sculptured ornaments, and not lines of growth. The uppermost plate of the *central* ossified layer is the smallest, their size increasing as we descend; but as the typical scale is a sphere with concentric coats—the protomorph line of which runs through its centre—it necessarily follows that the arrangement should be what we have described.

Speaking of cycloid and ctenoid scales, Dr. Carpenter remarks, that “they never present any approach to the true bony structure, such as is shown in the two orders to be next adverted to,” that is, to the ganoid and placoid scales. But the new ganoid fish, the *Amia*, links these two

types together. We have in its scales the exact internal structure of a cycloid type combined with the well-defined bone lacunæ of a ganoid scale, proving them to be but modifications of ordinary osseous tissue.

In correcting these few errors into which we think Dr. Carpenter has fallen, we need scarcely add, that they are merely isolated questions, not affecting the value of the manual. In all matters relating to microscopic revelations, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the best work which has yet appeared. Others may excel it in some special features; but the object and design of Dr. Carpenter's volume is obviously different from those of his predecessors; embracing a wider range, and aiming at a more philosophic treatment. He has sought to give something more than an illustrated or descriptive catalogue, and he has succeeded. When he publishes a new edition, which we are satisfied must soon be called for, we hope he will employ a larger type, and increase the size of his volume, whilst he reduces its bulk. The change would materially improve the handiness of the work, as well as make the perusal of it less a trial to the eyes. Philosophic writing requires close reading, and the student should be free from all merely physical impediments to a ready comprehension of his author. Were Dr. Carpenter's works less solid, these externalisms would be unimportant; but so long as he will write good books, he must not scold us if we ask to have them in the most convenient shape.

In our remarks on microscopic revelations, we have selected from the animal kingdom a few of the lines of research pursued by modern observers, as illustrative of the investigations in which microscopists are engaged, our space not allowing us to do more. The vegetable kingdom is being studied as diligently as the animal, and is equally productive of interesting results. But though so much has been accomplished, there is a great want of multiplied observers, who, as Dr. Carpenter recommends, shall occupy themselves with the systematic investigation of special objects, instead of wasting their time in desultory observations. In our own country, where business of one kind or another is always conducted at high pressure, we are in danger from this cause of losing our proper position, and allowing

our German and French friends to leave us behind in the race of discovery. To such as are willing to contribute some share to the common stock of trustworthy observations, we can offer no better advice than was given by Baker above a century ago. "Beware of determining and declaring your opinion suddenly on any subject; for imagination often gets the start of judgment, and makes people believe they see things which better observations will convince them could not possibly be seen: therefore assert nothing till after repeated experiments and examinations in all lights and positions.

..... When you employ the microscope, shake off all prejudice, nor harbor any favorite opinions; for, if you do, it is not unlikely fancy will betray you into error, and make you think you see what you would wish to see. Remember that truth alone is the matter you are in search after; and if you have been mistaken, let not vanity seduce you to persist in your mistake."

This is admirable counsel for amateur as well as for professor; and, working in this spirit, he may raise an ingenious pastime into the dignity of a philosophic study.

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From the Quarterly Review.

## HUMAN LONGEVITY.\*

*What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? May we not rather ask, What man is he that does not so desire? Age is, indeed, the period which all would willingly postpone, yet it is also that which none would voluntarily forego; and since life is the necessary medium of every other blessing, and therefore the peculiar type and emblem of good in its highest and its fullest sense, we naturally conceive that the temporal advantages of heavenly wisdom could be summed up in no way more perfect and appropriate than in the beautiful figure of the royal moralist: *Length of days is in her right hand.**

Yet the language of profane literature is not in harmony with this conception. A protracted life has been deprecated by grumbling poets and philosophers in every age of the world. This, however, was

due to the fact, that life itself is undervalued and despised, when its evils are not assuaged, nor its true enjoyments realized, by the aid of virtue and religion; and of course a continuance of the burthen of existence, without the resisting energy and partial compensations of youth, was looked forward to with peculiar apprehension and disgust. There were some exceptions to this rule even among the sages of antiquity; but a cheerful endurance of the evils of old age was all to which the philosophy of the Porch and of the Grove aspired; and it is not till we come to Christian times that we find the extreme of life spoken of as a period of absolute enjoyment. The worthy Cornaro, the most earnest of modern patriarchs, thus displays his regard for length of days, in the concluding words of his fourth and last Discourse, written in his ninety-fifth year: "I conclude by declaring that great age may be so useful and agreeable to men, that I believe I should have been wanting in charity, if I had not taken pains to point out by what means they may prolong their days; and as each can

\* 1. *De la Longévité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe.* Par P. FLOURENS, Membre de l'Académie Française, etc. Paris. 1855.

2. *Records of Longevity: With an Introductory Discourse on Vital Statistics.* By THOMAS BAILEY. London: Darton. 1857,

boast of a happiness of his own, I shall not cease to cry to them, 'Live—live long!'" This subject, always interesting, has lately excited attention by the publication of the two works whose titles are given above. Neither of them afford any valuable novelty; they announce the discovery of no *elixir vitæ*, and leave all our aspirations for protracted existence unsatisfied, save by a reference to those old-fashioned rules of conduct which are known to so many, but practised by so few.

The work of M. Flourens demands attention from the acknowledged scientific character of the writer, who stands high amongst the *savans* of Paris, where he holds the office of Perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Sciences. He favors the world with the pleasing information, that men may, if they will, attain the age of one hundred years, which he assigns as the normal limit of human life: he makes a new division of its successive stages, highly flattering to the susceptibilities of elderly bachelors and spinisters; and presses upon mankind at large, with great earnestness, the duty of availing themselves of the full century of existence, to which science (in his hands) declares them to be entitled. Of his theory, and its scientific basis, we propose to give our readers a short sketch.

We may observe that the book is written in a style unknown to the scientific literature of any country but France—brilliant, interjectional, and intense; but is sadly wanting in practical learning, and sober and sustained reasoning, although it contains much that is excellent and suggestive, as might have been expected from the talents and acquirements of the writer. Something he may have added to the science of life, but little or nothing to the art of living. This much, however, we may say, adopting Montaigne's remark upon Cicero *De Senectute*: "It gives one an appetite for old age."

M. Flourens commences with a prelude chapter, abounding in references to the life of Cornaro, and quotations from his writings. Cornaro well deserves the place of honor in all discussions upon long life; for no one, since his time, has written upon this subject with such simplicity and earnestness, or affords so useful an example of what a rational mode of living can do towards prolonging life. Indeed, we wish that M. Flourens had taken the trouble to arrange the scanty notices we have of this

old worthy into a regular biographical record, since the facts of his personal history form an excellent commentary upon his published opinions. The fact of a man living to a hundred, lively, cheerful, and enjoying life to the last, is more persuasive than any opinions.

Cornaro was born at Venice in 1467, of an illustrious family, to whom that city is indebted for three of its Doges, one of its members being also that Helena Cornaro who, in 1678, took the degree of Doctor in Philosophy, with much solemnity, in the Cathedral of Padua. One of his relatives having fallen into disgrace, Cornaro so far participated in it as to be excluded from following any profession in his native city; a circumstance, however, which did not prevent him from assisting in fortifying and embellishing it by his studies upon the lagunes, which he published under the name of *Trattato delle Acque*. He quitted Venice of his own accord, and went to live at Padua. "I live," he says, "in a house which besides being built in the most beautiful part of Padua, may be considered as one of the most convenient. I have had constructed in it winter and summer apartments, which afford me safe protection against excessive heat and cold. I walk in my garden, beside my rivulet, near my espaliers." Born with a feeble constitution, Cornaro had so seriously injured his health by the excesses which were common in his time, that in his thirty-fifth year he was told by his doctors that he could not live more than two years. This warning was taken seriously; he abandoned his pernicious habits; dissipation gave way to regularity, sobriety succeeded intemperance. If Cornaro had not himself stated the amount of his diet, we should scarcely have believed it possible that a man could persist for half a century in limiting himself to twelve ounces of solid food, and fourteen ounces of (Italian) wine *per diem*. This, however, he did, and it agreed so well with him, that during the whole of that half century he was never ill. He relates that, having once consented, in deference to his friends, to take fourteen ounces of food a-day instead of twelve, and sixteen ounces of wine instead of fourteen, the additional two ounces nearly cost him his life! "This augmentation of food was so injurious to me, that, from being very cheerful, I became sad and dispirited; everything vexed me; I got angry at trifles, and no one

could live with me. At the end of twelve days, I had a violent pain in my stomach, which continued twenty-four hours. It is unnecessary to ask if they despaired of my life, or if they repented the advice they had given me." Although he placed sobriety in diet above all other precautions, he neglected none: "I take care," he says, "to guard against the extremes of heat and cold. I never take violent exercise. I have abstained from late hours. I have never lived in places where the air is bad, and I have also carefully avoided being exposed to violent winds, and to extreme heat of the sun." It is difficult to know what more could even now be added to these hygienic rules, or to avoid the reflection, that though scientific investigations may explain the why and the wherefore, they rarely are requisite for rational conduct.

But Cornaro was too sensible a man to dogmatize upon his own case, or to measure others by his own standard: "I eat very little," he says, "because my stomach is delicate, and I abstain from certain dishes because they disagree with me. Those to whom they are not hurtful, need not deprive themselves of them; they may be allowed the use of them, but they should abstain from eating too much of whatever excites the appetite."

Of the personal appearance and habits of the enthusiastic centenarian we have accounts both by himself and others. In his ninety-first year, he writes: "I will inform you, then, that a few days ago some doctors of our University, philosophers, as well as doctors, came to inform themselves of the manner in which I nourished myself; and they were very much surprised to see me still full of health and vigor; that all my senses, my memory, my heart, my judgment, the sound of my voice, are perfect; that my teeth have not changed since my youth; that I write with my hand seven or eight hours a day, and that I pass the rest of my day in walking on foot, and enjoying all the pleasures permitted to a respectable man, even to music, in which I take my part very well. Ah! how beautiful you would think my voice, if you heard me sing the praises of God to the sound of my lyre!"

After quoting the above passage, M. Flourens remarks:

"To say this at ninety-one years of age, proves more than to say it at eighty-six or

eighty-three; and to repeat it at ninety-five, proves much more. Besides, Cornaro could have repeated it again at one hundred years of age. One of his grand-nieces, a nun of Padua, tells us, in a notice which she has devoted to her uncle, 'that he continued healthy and even vigorous, until he was a hundred years old.' 'His mind,' she continues, 'did not at all decline, he never required spectacles, he did not become deaf. And, what is no less true than difficult to believe, his voice remained so strong and harmonious, that at the close of his life he sang with as much power and delight as he did at twenty.' Cornaro died in April, 1566."

The physiological law upon which M. Flourens bases his theory was first announced by Buffon. This eloquent writer remarks, that as the stag is five or six years in growing, so he lives seven times five or six years, that is to say, thirty-five or forty years. Elsewhere he argues that the duration of life, to some extent, may be measured by the time of growth; an animal which acquires all its growth in a short time, perishes very much sooner than another which is longer in growing; and of the human race he observes that "the man who does not die of disease, reaches everywhere the age of ninety or a hundred years." Flourens states that his researches have been directed to the physiological law of the duration of life, both in man and animals, for the last fifteen years; and, as the most striking result of these—*le résultat le plus frappant*—he announces one hundred years as the appointed period of human life. He arrives at this "striking result" by being able to give greater precision to the law of Buffon. It remained for him to ascertain how many times the duration of growth is comprised in the duration of life; the certain sign that marks the term of growth was unknown to Buffon:

"I find this sign in the union of the bones with their epiphyses. As long as the bones are not united to their epiphyses, the animal grows; when once the bones and their epiphyses are united, the animal grows no more. We have seen, in the preceding chapter, this union of the bones and the epiphyses is effected at twenty years of age. In the camel it takes place at eight years; in the horse, five; in the ox, four; in the lion, four; in the dog, two; whilst in the cat it takes place at eighteen months, in the rabbit at twelve months, and in the guinea-pig at seven months. Now, man lives ninety or a hundred years, the camel forty, the horse twenty-five, the ox fifteen to twenty, the lion about twenty, the dog ten to twelve, the cat nine to



ten, the rabbit eight, the guinea-pig from six to seven years, etc. The relation pointed out by Buffon is very near the truth. He says that every animal lives nearly six or seven times as long as the term of his growth. The true relation is five, or very nearly. Man, being twenty years growing, lives five times twenty—that is to say, one hundred years. The camel is eight years growing, and lives five times eight, or forty years. The horse is five years growing, and he lives five times five—that is to say, twenty-five years; and so with the rest."

In another part he states that all the phenomena of life are united by the following chain of relations: the duration of life is given by the duration of growth; the duration of growth by that of gestation; the duration of gestation by the height, etc. The larger the animal, the longer is the time of gestation. The gestation of the rabbit is thirty-days; that of man is nine months; that of the elephant is two years, etc. We are told elsewhere, that—

"A hundred years of life is what Providence intended for man. It is true, few men reach this great term; but yet how few do what is necessary to attain it! With our customs, our passions, our miseries, man does not die—he kills himself."

M. Flourens is not less liberal in his division of human life into stages, than he is in the amount he assigns to it: indeed, the one would seem to necessitate the other. Our readers who are verging on forty, and find the first sprinkling of time's hoar-frost upon their temples and whiskers, may be delighted to hear that they are yet but youths. First infancy extends from birth to the tenth year—this is infancy properly so called; the second from ten to twenty—this is adolescence: the first youth from twenty to thirty; the second from thirty to forty: first manhood from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. At seventy the first old age begins, and continues to eighty-five and at eighty-five begins the second and last.

But another question remains for M. Flourens to decide. A century having been determined upon as the ordinary duration of human life, when the physiological laws are allowed to operate without interference from troubles, excesses, or disease, what is the extreme limit of possible existence in the human species? M. Flourens thinks that here, too, a law will be discovered,

partly from analogy, and partly from history. Long before his time, Haller, the great physiologist, wrote on this question. He collected somewhere about eleven hundred instances of persons who had achieved their century, amongst which are the two well-known cases of men who reached respectively to 152 years, (Parr,) and 169 years, (Jenkins.) Upon these facts he establishes his belief, that when life is prolonged to the extreme limit, man might live not less than two centuries—*non citra alterum seculum ultimus terminus vite humanæ subsistit*.\* Buffon pursues the same sort of argument upon what he discovered to occur in animals. One of his cases is curious, and is so detailed that we will give it as a good instance of the kind of material with which Buffon and M. Flourens work. In 1734, the Duc de St. Simon sold to the Bishop of Metz a horse aged ten years. The Bishop dying in 1760, his successor kept the horse and worked him, without taking much care of him, till 1766. They saw then that the horse required to be cared for; they worked him less, yet the animal was never allowed to be idle; a smaller cart than usual was made for him, which he drew about from morning till night; shortly after he could only draw it a few hours a day. Finally, on the 24th of February, 1774, at the moment he was about to begin his work, he fell down at the first step and died. Buffon remarks upon this case: "Here we see in the horse species the instance of an individual living fifty years; this is double the ordinary life of these animals: thus analogy generally confirms what we learn from particular facts, that we may find in every species, and consequently in the human species, as well as in that of the horse, some individuals in whom life is prolonged to double that of ordinary life; this is, to one hundred and sixty years, instead of eighty. These privileges of nature are, it is true, placed at long intervals of time, and at great distances in space; they are the prizes in the lottery of life; nevertheless, they suffice to give to old men, even the oldest, the hope of a still greater age."† It is scarcely needful to say, that M. Flourens is not behind either of his predecessors in this matter; he follows up and enlarges the basis of the argument by cases deriv-

\* *Elementa Physiologia.*

† Buffon, vol. ii. p. 237.

ed from various species of animals, and boldly asserts, as the result of his cogitations,—

“ It is a fact, a law, that is to say, from general experience in this class, that extraordinary life can be prolonged to double that of ordinary life. Just as the duration of growth, multiplied a certain number of times—say five times—gives the ordinary duration of life; so does this ordinary duration, multiplied a certain number of times—say twice—give the extreme duration.”

M. Flourens' argument is based on the idea that in their duration the various stages of animal development have an exact relationship to one another; and, consequently, if the period of one of these stages be ascertained, the remainder may be unerringly calculated. But we have innumerable proofs that such is not the case. The period of gestation varies widely; the period during which the embryo remains in the ovum presents the widest diversities. In the human being it is liberated almost immediately to assume new conditions of maternal dependency, whilst in the fowl it continues within the ovum until able to live independent of maternal aid. Then again in reference to the epiphyses themselves: some bones remain epiphyses, as frequently occurs in fishes, to the end of life; that is, they remain as separate bones, never becoming ankylosed to those of which they form but an integral part in man. Hence the duration of their varying stages of development is a specific feature of each individual animal, and consequently no inference can be deduced from one known term of the series, respecting others assumed to be unknown. The duration of each term is assigned to the animal by Deity, doubtless in accordance with general laws; but the mere study of the conditions of the epiphyses will not give us a clue to the nature of those laws. In the present state of science we prefer trusting to the evidence of our senses, which tell us that we are still in the condition which humanity presented in the time of Moses, and that our normal limits range between three and fourscore years. We can not, therefore, at present accept M. Flourens' views as more than an ingenious theory, and prefer to dwell upon the sad fact that so few reach to the period which all will allow to be permitted to mankind, (and of these so few attain a healthy old age,) and to inquire, as shall

be done before we conclude, what are the causes of this short-coming, and how far they are preventable. We may say at once, also, that we do not hold up Mr. Bailey's cases as objects for imitation or rivalry, though legitimate and highly interesting subjects for our contemplation: to enjoy healthy existence beyond the term of a century is an uncovenanted blessing which no one has any reason to expect, and for the attainment of which no plans can be laid down as adequate.

Let us now turn to Mr. Bailey's volume. It is simply a compilation from previous records of the ages, and slight circumstances attached to the histories, of individuals famous as long livers, arranged alphabetically; to which is prefixed a dissertation, obviously the work of one interested in the subject, but having no special knowledge of it. And here it may be needful to state our opinion as to the general reliableness of such lists of aged persons as Mr. Bailey has collected. Are the statements trustworthy? There are those who habitually doubt all beyond the range of their own individual experience, especially if opposed to long-cherished prejudice. To such you must produce the Parish Register, or be met with an incredulous smile at your simplicity. One of our weekly contemporaries has been particularly loud in its denunciations of the folly of giving credit to such statements as those referred to. A portion of that skeptical banter which is usually reserved for a belief in spiritual influence, a profession of decided personal piety, or attempts to convert a world supposed to be sinful, has been poured equally upon those who assert their having attained to an unusual age, and those who are so foolish as to credit these assertions. But notwithstanding such *ex cathedra* denunciations, we think a little consideration will lead to the conclusion, that at least the chief portion of the cases are perfectly trustworthy. Not to dwell upon the fact that most aged persons are rather disposed to underrate than overrate their years—a few cases excepted, where the desire of exciting wonder or the hope of gain may lead to exaggeration—there are modes of testing such claims of a tolerably conclusive kind. These living marvels have, in most instances, resided all their days, or nearly so, in the same locality. So great are the difficulties in the way of deception, that we can not give any old woman credit for

such skill as would be required to persuade her neighbors that she was twenty or thirty years older than she really was. While she has been slowly attaining her lofty pinnacle of human life, others have been following at some distance behind. While she has turned her centenary point, and gradually gained the region of the marvellous, others have reached their eightieth or ninetieth year. Are there no tests as to the truth of her statements? Is there no force in the evidence of an old man of eighty-five or ninety, that when he was a boy, such a person, claiming to one hundred and ten, was a middle-aged woman? Evidence this, too, which can rarely rest upon one testimony, since all the old people in the neighborhood become involuntary witnesses, differing, indeed, as to the value of their evidence, but all pointing in one direction.

Again: our philosophical critic forgets that the social relations of these long-livers become certain tests of the truth of their statements. No circumstance connected with the history of these veterans of humanity is more certain and constant than the fact, that they have nearly all been Benedicts—many of them repeatedly. They have been fathers and mothers, and their descendants rise up, if not to call them blessed, at least to testify to their antiquity. The stern demand for the Parish Register, applied to those whose nativity goes back to the times of documentary indifference and neglect, is by no means so requisite as might at first appear. The register of the birth of a son or grandson is amply sufficient; and such evidence is forthcoming in numerous instances. Here, then, our critic is driven to the device of denying the relations between the parties; and because he can not see how any one can possibly live beyond a century, he impales himself upon these horns of his self-sought dilemma:—either men and women are mistaken as to their parents and children, or they have conspired together, through a period of two or three generations, to deceive mankind, a deception, moreover, which must have commenced long before the motive for it could possibly have existed. This may be a prime instance of the “philosophy of doubt;” but we prefer to retain our “simple faith.” We will give an illustration. Some few years since we beheld the strange sight of an old woman, aged one hundred and two, bent double, croon-

ing over the fire, and nursing in her lap an infant but a few days old. The infant was the grandchild of the old woman's grandchild. The only remarkable circumstance in the veteran's history was, that she had nursed Wordsworth in his infancy. She had lived the greater part of her life in Westmoreland, near the poet's residence, and there her descendants had been chiefly born and lived. On inquiry, we found that, although she knew nothing of her own register, the parish records of her son and grandson were easily accessible. This line of proof is, of course, applicable to cases of greater longevity, and to such a proportion of instances as may well establish a claim to veracity for the main portion of Mr. Bailey's lists. No! we will not relinquish our belief in the Cornaros, Jenkinses, and Parrs; although the contemplation of their examples is rather matter of curious speculation than fruitful of practical results. While the promise remains on record, *With length of days will I bless thee*, we shall hold as a virtue and a gift the placid and cheerful journey along the silent, unaccompanied road which stretches beyond the ordinary limit of human life. Some men have done great things while they lived; others have achieved fame of no mean kind by the act of living alone. Plutarch's men are not to be despised; but neither are your modern men with antediluvian stamina.

That we may be able to form an opinion how far these cases of long lives are exceptionable, it may be well to state what are the numbers now on record. We shall first enumerate (from Hufeland) a few instances amongst the ancients. “Amongst the ancient Jews, Abraham lived to 175 years; Isaac to 180; Jacob to 147; Ishmael, a warrior, to 137; Sarah to 127; and Joseph to 100. Moses, who speaks of the ordinary age of man as threescore years and ten, lived to 120, and Joshua to 110; Elisha exceeded 100. Amongst the Greeks, Epimenides of Crete is said to have lived to 157 years; Gorgias of Leontium to 108; Isocrates to 98; Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, to nearly 100. Amongst the Romans, M. Valerius Corvinus exceeded 100, as did also Oribilius; Tania, the wife of Cinna, lived to 103; Luceia, an actress, performed a whole century, and appeared in public at the age of 112; Galena Copiola, an actress and dancer, first appeared on the theatre at the age of 90: she afterwards performed

as a compliment to Pompey the Great; and again, to show her respect for Augustus Cæsar. Pliny states, from the record of a census taken during the reign of Vespasian, a source perfectly sure and worthy of credit, that there were living, in the year 76, in Italy, in the district between the Apennines and the Po, 124 persons who had attained to the age of 100 years and upwards; namely, 54 of 100, 57 of 110, 2 of 125, 4 of 130, 4 of 135-7, 3 of 140. Besides these, there were in Parma, 3 persons of 120, and 2 of 130; in Placentia, 1 of 130; in Fovalia, 1 of 132; in Villigarum, a small town near Placentia, there then lived 10 persons, 6 of whom had attained the age of 110, and 4 of 120."

Haller long since stated that more than 1100 persons had been known to attain to various ages between 100 and 169. Mr. Easton's book, the first of any importance in this country, published in 1799, contained 2000 cases and upwards; Mr. Bailey's book contains, we believe, about 4000; and Dr. Van Oven has published tables comprising the names, condition, country, date of death, and ages of 1519 persons who have attained to ages between 100 and 110 years; of 331 who died between the last-named age and 120 years; of 99 who reached the age of 130; of 37 who lived to be 140 years old; of 11 who reached 150; and of 17 who exceeded the last-named age. Besides these, Dr. Van Oven has collected notices of 50 living persons at ages varying from 100 to 180 years. Nor are these all that he has brought together: he adduces 490 'additional instances' of longevity, 2179 instances of ages above 100 in Russia, and 750 ditto in Sweden. He also quotes from the Reports of the Registrar-General, from which it appears that in the five years, 1838 to 1844, there died 1,237,986 persons; and of these 708 were aged 100 or more. Since that time the numbers can not be exactly ascertained, because the statements have uniformly been '95 years and upwards.' His cases amount altogether to 6201. Making allowance for errors, misstatements, and even some willful exaggerations, enough will still remain to show that the vital force of the human frame is greater than is generally believed: they are, to use the words of Dr. Van Oven, 'more than enough to justify a fair presumption that human life might endure much longer than it usually does, and to encourage the ex-

ertions of those who desire to promote healthful longevity.'

A survey of these remarkable records leads to some inferences, though they are chiefly negative. It is obvious that neither climate, locality, nor habits, although powerful in their effect upon the average of human life, have much influence upon cases of protracted existence. Many singular cases occur, which can only be considered exceptions to the general rule, that by temperance and exercise in the open air, health is best preserved, and the prolongation of life most effectually insured. There is scarcely one of the recognized laws of health which we may not find to have been systematically broken for many years by those who have, notwithstanding, reached the most protracted periods of human existence. Such persons will, in general, be found to have inherited the gift of longevity. Although habitually impinging these laws, and voluntarily placing themselves under manifest disadvantages, such was the amount of their inherent stamina, such the potency of their race, that they distanced their contemporaries on the course of life: they drew more largely on their resources, and yet held out longer than others, by reason of the original vastness of their capital.

One of the most singular of these cases is that of the Rev. William Davies, rector of Staunton-upon-Wye, and Vicar of All Saints, Hereford, who died in 1790, aged 105. The life of this gentleman displays one of the most extraordinary instances of departure from all those rules of temperance and exercise which so much influence the lives of the mass of mankind, that is probably to be found in the whole records of longevity. During the last thirty-five years of his life, he never used any other exercise than that of just slipping his feet, one before the other, from room to room; and they never after that time were raised but to go down or up stairs; a task, however, to which he seldom subjected himself. His breakfast was hearty, consisting of *hot rolls, well buttered*, with a plentiful supply of tea or coffee. His dinner was substantial, and frequently consisted of a variety of dishes. At supper he generally ate hot roast meat, and always drank wine, though never to excess. Though nearly blind for a number of years, he was always cheerful in his manners, and entertaining in his conversation, and was much beloved by all who knew him.



He had neither gout, stone, paralysis, rheumatism, nor any of those disagreeable infirmities which mostly attend old age, but died peaceably in the full possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal, save his eyesight. Like most long livers, he was very short of stature.

A tendency to longevity, or an inherent capability of attaining old age, is clearly hereditary. A very few instances will suffice, as the fact is plainly shown in all lists of long livers. Thus, it is related of Thomas Field, a laborer, of Bexford, Herts, who died aged 102, that his father was aged 104 years, his brother was 95, his uncle 93, and that scarcely any of his family died under 90. P. Marion, a Dutch fisherman, died at the age of 109; his father lived to 107, and his grandfather to 116. The celebrated Thomas Parr lived to 152 years; his son to 113; his grandson to 109; and his great grandson to 124. Two other grandsons, by his daughters, lived 127 years each. A lady of property was living a few years since in the vicinity of the Edgeware Road, aged 103, who was the youngest of three sisters *then* living, one of whom was 107, and the other 105 years old; another sister had died about two years before, aged 100. We have ourselves lately examined a man for insurance whose father and one uncle died at 92, another uncle at 99, and an aunt at 94; these lived and died near Crewe, in Cheshire.

It is pleasant to read such an account as that of Cardinal de Solis, Archbishop of Seville, who died in 1785, aged 110. This venerable man possessed the free use of every natural faculty, except hearing, of which he was somewhat dull, to the close of his long life. When asked by his friends about the regimen he had observed, so as to be enabled to ward off disease and death so long beyond the period of men generally around him, he was used to remark: 'By being old when I was young, I find myself comparatively young now I am old. I have always led a sober and studious (but not lazy or sedentary) course of life: my diet was sparing and somewhat select; my liquors the best wines of Xerez, or La Mancha, of which I never exceeded a pint at any meal, except in very cold weather, when I allowed myself a third more. I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I took in-door exercise for a couple of hours. So far I took care for the body;

and as to the mind, I endeavored to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to the divine commands, and keeping a conscience void of offense towards God and man. By these innocent means I have arrived at the age of a patriarch, with less injury to my health and constitution than many experience at forty. I am now like the ripe corn, ready for the sickle of death; and by the mercy of my Redeemer have strong hopes of being translated into his garner." "Glorious old age!" said the King of Spain, on hearing of his departure from this world; "would to heaven that he had appointed a successor; for the people of Seville have so long been used to excellence that they will never be satisfied with the best prelate I can send them."

The following is the description given by the Lord Chancellor Cowper of Henry Hastings, Esq., second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1650, at the age of 100, and who was his Lordship's neighbor:

"Mr Hastings was low of stature, but very strong and active; of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth; his house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with hares, rabbits, deer, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling-green in it, and had used always to play with stone balls. He kept all sorts of hounds and dogs for the hunting of deer, foxes, hares, badgers, etc.; and had hawks and falcons of all kinds to boot. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; and here and there a polecat was intermixed, and gamekeepers and hunters' poles lay about in great abundance. His parlor, a very large room, was completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with bricks, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs would have litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, whoever come in. Of these cats three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher to defend it if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his crossbows, arrows, and other hunting accoutrements. The corners of his room were filled with his hunting and hawking poles: his oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, and which was in use all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a large Bible, and the other the Book of Martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust

in, full of pheasants' eggs: tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco-pipes. At one end of this room was a door which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out to his company but in single glasses, which was the rule of the mansion; for he never exceeded himself in drink, nor even permitted others to exceed propriety in his house. Answering to his closet was a door into an old chapel, which had long been disused for purposes of devotion; but in the pulpit, as in the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine or other piece of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at, as his sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best fish he could procure. He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, put syrup of gillyflowers into his sack, and had always a tumbler glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred round with rosemary. He could get on horseback without help, and ride to the death of the stag, till he was more than four-score; and had never used spectacles, his eyesight continuing perfect to the end of his days."

The question arises, May we reasonably look for longer life in future? That the progress of time, with the physical and moral ameliorations which it brings with it, tends to the prolongation of man's life, is of very easy proof. A few facts may suffice. The city of Geneva has kept tables of mortality perhaps more accurate, and extending over a greater length of time, than those of any other place. From these it appears, that from 1560 to 1600 there survived to the age of 90, out of 1000 births, 2.05; from 1700-60 there survived 4.41 to the 1000; and from 1801-13, 5.18 out of the same number reached to that age and beyond. Such a fact shows the increasing numbers of those who attain to unusual periods. That the probability of life is improved is equally easy of proof. This term is in general use to indicate the age at which the half of those born in the same year are dead, while the other half survive. From the Geneva tables it appears, that in 1560-1600 this age was 4.88 years; in 1600-1700, 11.61; 1700-60, 27.18; in 1760-1800, 32.37; in 1801-14, 40.68; and in 1838-45, it was 43.62: figures these which show an amazing rise in the probability of life during the last three centuries, though a large share of the improvement is undoubtedly due to the diminished mortality during the first year of life.

We can not doubt such an upward ten-

dency, when we bear in mind the improvement in many of the circumstances which have always lessened the chances of life, either in individuals or communities. The devastating wars, the frightful epidemics, with the horrible famines by which both were often attended, are now all greatly mitigated. The habits of civilized life in modern times are conducive to the improvement of the physical welfare of man, as the growth and spread of Christian principles (of which, indeed, the former are but the reflex) are to his spiritual. If space permitted of our going into the statistics of the increased value of life from improvements in medical and surgical science, it would be seen that here also we have great reason for hope, in speculating upon the probable length of life in future generations. As an instance of the life-protracting influence of modern therapeutic agents, we may mention that Dr. J. B. Williams (than whom no man is better qualified to speak on the point, and who draws his inference from 9000 cases) has just asserted, that the average duration of consumption, formerly estimated at two years, may, under improved treatment by cod-liver oil, be fixed at four years. It is sufficient to allude to the immunity from fatal disease afforded by the discovery of vaccination, to the diminished mortality in certain diseases consequent upon modern appliances, and to the growing attention paid to the subject of health generally, arising from that increased value which is set upon human life, as the result of advancing Christian civilization. Enough has been said and written respecting the physical and organic laws, and upon the danger attending their neglect or infraction; and upon this elementary branch of the subject we need not dwell.

There is one point bearing upon the future, however, to which we must allude—we mean the subject of *prophylactic* medicine, or that department which has reference to the prevention of disease. That this department should have received so little attention, is indeed surprising. It is a popular saying that, "prevention is better than cure;" but both patients and physicians have been content to leave the matter in its proverbial form, so far as any systematic carrying out of the principle is concerned. Very scanty notices of this subject are to be found, and those very widely dispersed, in medical writings.

It is so much the custom virtually to limit the duty of the physician to the *cure* of disease, that this noble sphere for the exercise of his skill and ingenuity is practically ignored. And yet it is probable that, in a large proportion of those who die of chronic disease, the seeds of such disease have been implanted by the time they have attained their fortieth year. Would it not be wiser to make the first rudimentary appearance of any thing in the shape of local or general derangement into a *casus belli*, the ground of a regular attack, rather than to wait till offensive hostilities appear in the form of painful symptoms? An unwonted sensation, or a marked change of function, amounting in neither case to positive inconvenience or distress, may, nevertheless, be significant of approaching ill, since we know that here also "coming events cast their shadows before." It is reasonable to suppose that suitable antidotal means might often be devised, based upon the physiological changes going on, to prevent those structural alterations which are sure to follow abnormal action long continued. This, however, can only be called prophylactic in an accommodated sense; but we would go further, and urge the necessity of a true prophylaxis. The transmission of hereditary tendencies to disease is of constant occurrence; individual peculiarities are often attended by a proclivity towards certain forms of physical derangement; a misguided early training may have warped the frame in an evil direction; certain employments or modes of life lead without fail to injurious, but well known, results. All these, and many others that might be mentioned, are instances in which a careful system of preventive measures, not taken up and applied intermittingly, but dovetailed, so to speak, into the economy of life, would seem to be the dictate of true wisdom. We are so much in the habit of thinking that men *must* die of disease, that a healthful old age is looked upon as something remarkable, something for the attainment of which no special effort can be made. No legitimate object of human desire can fail of at least partial accomplishment, where proper means are properly brought to bear upon it; and yet few would be found to contend either that a healthy longevity is not such a legitimate object, or that it is not generally left to the merest hap-hazard.

No better instance can be given of what

a due attention to prophylactic means can accomplish, than the case so well described by Dr. Watson, in his admirable Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic: "The late Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, used always to mention in his lectures the case of Dr. Adam Ferguson, the celebrated historian, as affording one of the strongest illustrations he ever met with, of the benefit that may be derived from timely attention to the avoidance of those circumstances which tend to produce plethora and apoplexy. It is, perhaps, the most striking case of the kind on record. Dr. Ferguson experienced several attacks of temporary blindness some time before he had a stroke of palsy, and he did not take these hints so readily as he should have done. He observed, that while he was delivering a lecture to his class, the papers before him would disappear—vanish from his sight, and appear again in a few seconds. He was a man of full habit, at one time corpulent and very ruddy; and though by no means intemperate, he lived fully. I say, he did not attend to these admonitions, and at length, in the sixtieth year of his age, he suffered a decided shock of paralysis. He recovered, however, and from that period, under the advice of his friend, Dr. Black, became a strict Pythagorean in his diet, eating nothing but vegetables, and drinking only water or milk. He got rid of every paralytic symptom, became even robust and muscular for a man of his time of life, and died in full possession of his mental faculties at the advanced age of ninety-three, upwards of thirty years after his first attack." Sir Walter Scott describes him as having been, "long after his eightieth year, one of the most striking old men it was possible to look at. His firm step, and ruddy cheek, contrasted agreeably and unexpectedly with his silver locks; and the dress he wore, much resembling that of the Flemish peasant, gave an air of peculiarity to his whole figure. In his conversation, the mixture of original thinking with high moral feeling and extensive learning, his love of country, contempt of luxury, and especially the strong subjection of his passions and feelings to the dominion of his reason, made him, perhaps, the most striking example of the Stoic philosopher which could be seen in modern days."

But immoral indulgence of the passions and appetites, and the more obvious in-



fractions of the physical laws, with the neglect of wise precautionary measures, are not the only points upon which it is needful to take warning. The intellectual and emotional nature of man is subject to laws quite as stringent as those which regulate his bodily functions. The injurious influence of mental excess is not less positive than that of physical, though not so obvious. It may be difficult to persuade the busy man on 'Change that the growing dyspeptic symptoms which trouble him are the direct result of the state of turmoil to which his brain has been exposed for months and years together; and yet the fact is certain. The student of law or divinity who strains his faculties to the utmost, without allowing them the repose necessary for their recruitment, is not only sinning against his own body, but is adopting the best plan to thwart his own cherished objects. The popular Minister, whose whole soul is in his work, and who is compelled to keep his intellectual powers on full stretch to meet the requirements of his position, while his life is passed in a succession of nervous excitements, exposed to alternations of heated rooms and cold night air, is undoubtedly doing a great work, but he does it a great cost. He will hardly live to build up the Church by his matured wisdom, or exhibit the passive virtues of the aged Christian. The list of highly gifted Ministers of Evangelical Churches who have been lost to mankind when in the full vigor of their intellectual and moral strength, is sad to contemplate. The subject is one of great delicacy, and we will only further suggest that the moral government of God is perfectly harmonious in all its parts, and that the fulfillment of a duty in one direction never necessitates opposition to the Divine intention in another.

Intellectual labor, pursued in the quiet of the study, if too long continued, and not sufficiently alternated with out-door exercise, is fertile of ill effects. The maladies thus induced are extremely varied, and not seldom are attributed to any cause but the right one. They may take the form of a direct injury to the over-worked organ, the brain, and may proceed onward along the parallel lines which lead respectively to insanity or paralysis. But more generally they will assume one of the protean forms of dyspepsia, and lead to impaired nutrition or structural change. Sydenham considered that one

of the most severe fits of gout he ever experienced, arose from great mental labor in composing his treatise on that disease; and the student of literary history will call to mind many instances, where the completion of some intellectual masterpiece has been speedily followed by the death of the master. It is to be lamented, that those who "intermeddle with all knowledge," and who are the appointed instructors of mankind, should so often neglect that knowledge with which their own mental and physical comfort is closely connected, and the acquisition of which would multiply their capabilities of usefulness to the race.

If prophylactic measures have an important bearing upon the subject of the prolongation of life, not less important is the proper treatment of advancing age. Although an individual may escape destruction from causes that are accidental and extraneous, he nevertheless bears about him natural and internal causes of decay, inevitable in their progress, and leading to one certain result. With the germs of life are intermixed the seeds of death; and, however vigorous the growth of his bodily frame, however energetic the endowments of its maturity, we know that its days are numbered. To mark the gradual succession of the phenomena which attend these changes is deeply interesting.

In youth, all the powers of the system are directed to the building up of the frame, and of the different organs; to their extension, consolidation, and perfection, and to their adaptation to the performance of their several functions. The resources of the system are in excess of its demands, and the body increases in bulk. In course of time, the processes of reparation and decay approach nearer to an equality, and at length are exactly balanced. By a wonderful system of adjustments the balance is kept perfect, often for many years, until, at last, old age steals on by slow and imperceptible degrees. The relative proportions of the fluids and solids are altered, the solid tissues become condensed, muscular substance appears almost changed into tendon, fibrous structures either lose their flexibility and become too rigid for use, or are changed into bone. The smaller arteries are obliterated, and the heart undergoes structural change; functions are feebly performed, the chemical condition of both solids and fluids becomes



altered, the skin grows dark and corrugated; and, as the various signs of decay increase—the tottering step, the bent form, and the palsied movement—we perceive that the individual has entered upon that period, when, in the sublime language of Scripture, “the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it

was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

When and how this descent towards the tomb shall take place, is in the hands of Him who measures out our days, and appoints our outgoings and incomings. Human science is impotent in presence of the general evidences of decay. But where the stress of disease is so localized, as to threaten destruction before these marks of decay have become general, she can sometimes relieve that stress; she can suggest the compensations required by altered circumstances; she can endeavor to remove the obstinacy which persists in retaining habits no longer applicable or safe; she can erect barriers against anticipated evils; she can soothe the irritability of weakness, and assuage the violence of pain. At all events, her ministers can never be more legitimately employed than in the struggle to prolong human life; and their efforts will be more or less effective, in proportion to the attention they may give to the subject of the diseases of advanced age.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## G E N E R A L M A R M O N T.\*

VIESSE DE MARMONT was born at Châtillon-sur-Seine on the 20th of July, 1774. His family, which was originally from the Low Countries, had been settled for more than three centuries in Burgundy, and had always been distinguished in military annals. His father retired from the army at an early age, and devoted his life to the education of his son, whom he intended for the law; but the hot blood of the youth recoiled from any other employment than that which his ancestors had chosen,

and at last he gained his father's permission to enter the army. The only regret our author has to make about his education, was that his father omitted to have him instructed in modern languages—a loss which he deeply lamented his life through. At the age of fifteen, Marmont received his commission as sub-lieutenant in a militia regiment, his duties being confined to wearing the uniform. But his father would not allow the young officer to kick his heels about in idleness, or seek refuge in the ordinary resources of a garrison town. He sent him off very quickly to Dijon to finish his education, and get ready for the artillery examination, which

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\* Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, de 1792 à 1832, imprimés sur le Manuscrit Original de l'Auteur. Vols. I. and II. Paris: Perrotin.

he passed at the beginning of 1792. During his stay at Dijon he formed his first acquaintance with Bonaparte, who was quartered at Auxonne, and to this accidental circumstance may be ascribed Marmont's eventual success. He also formed an intimate acquaintance with Foy and Duroc.

With the first outbreak of the revolutionary storm, Marmont was transferred to Châlons, where he was for a time in some danger of the lantern. The remaining pupils went home, but Marmont, who tasted here the sweet intoxication of love for the first time, could not be induced to leave until his father came to fetch him away, and persuade him to join his regiment then quartered at Metz. But all thoughts of love were soon dissipated by the exciting drama of war. Marmont joined the army before Toulon, and was present through the whole siege, displaying a great degree of energy under the eye of Napoleon, which eventually met with its reward. He was allowed to follow Bonaparte to the army of Italy, although his regiment was stationed in the Pyrenees; but the success of Bonaparte had aroused the jealousy of the representatives, and the fear entertained about the Corsicans led to his sudden removal from the army of Italy, and his appointment to the command of the artillery of the army of the West. Marmont ran the risk of desertion sooner than leave his friend, and together they decided on going to Paris and protesting. On the road they remained four days at Châtillon, and this delay was fatal. Napoleon's name was erased from the artillery. In this position of affairs, Napoleon came across Bourrienne, who persuaded him to enter into speculations in which he soon lost the few assignats he had left. Marmont, feeling a disinclination for commerce, decided on rejoining the army, and was appointed to the artillery before Mayence. Napoleon approved of this step, and uttered the prophetic words on parting: "You are right to join the army: you have experience to gain, promotion to deserve, and your military fortune to make. I am momentarily arrested in my career, but I trust the obstacles will not endure long. More favorable circumstances must intervene before I reappear on the scene in a proper manner. We shall meet again hereafter: so, increase your knowledge, and it will be of advantage to the future career of both."

The success of the operations was not very brilliant, and the army was in a most deplorable state:

"The assignats being no longer current, each officer, from the sub-lieutenant to the general officer, was allowed eight francs a month in money, or just five sous a day. Youth has great energy and power to endure misery and suffering, and I can not call to mind that this state of things cost me half an hour's regret; but as I had lost the whole of my kit, and had not a farthing, I was obliged to ask for some clothes out of store, and with an order which I was obliged to get Pichegru, the general-in-chief, to countersign, I received two soldier's shirts and a pair of boots. It was the only time I ever spoke to this general, *whose life has been branded by so many infamous actions.*"

At this period Napoleon was offered an appointment to proceed to Turkey to instruct the troops and reform the artillery. He accepted the offer gladly, and Marmont was among those whom he proposed to accompany him. Fortunately for him he had not a farthing to start with, and the public treasury was suffering equally from impecuniosity. While waiting for an improvement in financial matters, time slipped away, and the 13th Vendémiaire arrived on which Napoleon could display himself in his new colors. On being appointed general-in-chief of the army of the interior, he remembered Marmont, and appointed him his aide-de-camp, so he was obliged to return to Paris. The account he gives of society at that epoch fully bears out what has been already made known:

"A circumstance which history will consecrate, and in which we find the image of the manners of the day, is the ball known by the name of *le Bal des Victimes*. No one was in a position to give parties or balls, still it was necessary that amusements should be recalled, and so they hit on the strange notion of getting up subscription balls, at which only those persons could be present who had lost relations on the scaffold, so that in order to make merry and enjoy the privilege of dancing, they had to produce the death-certificate of father, mother, sister, or brother. We can not understand now how the mind and heart could have fallen into such a state of aberration, and I do not know whether this spectacle, regarded from a moral point of view, is not more fearful than the measures themselves: the latter were terrible, the result of unbridled passions, of the intoxication and fury of the populace; but in the other case they are persons belonging to the upper classes, people of gentle manners, who sport with the reminiscences of crime."

The winter passed pleasantly enough at Paris, what with *soirées* at the Luxembourg and dinners at Madame Tallien's Chaumière, the name she had given to a thatched house she lived in at the corner of the Allée des Veuves. Still they were anxious for war again, and were soon satisfied. General Scherer was continually sending dismal accounts of the state of the army in Italy, and Bonaparte was employed by the Directory to refute his arguments. At length Scherer declared that the person who found fault had better come and carry on the campaign. Bonaparte took him at his word, and, after marrying Josephine, with whom he had fallen madly in love, although our author can not give the reason why, for she was *passée*, and five years the elder, Bonaparte started for Italy. Among those who accompanied him was Murat:

"There was an officer of the 21st regiment of Chasseurs, stationed at Vincennes, to whom Junot and myself were much attached. It was Murat. Promoted provisionally to the rank of chef de brigade in the affair of Vendémiaire, his appointment had not been confirmed; and though wearing the distinctive mark of his step, he only performed the duties of major in his regiment. Junot had also been appointed major in the same way; so both wore distinctions to which they had no right. Murat heard of Bonaparte's departure for Italy, and expressed a desire to join us. I do not know whether men were better in those days than now, but this desire did not offend us, and we paved the way for him with our general. Murat presented himself to Bonaparte with that confidence peculiar to the Gascon alone, and said to him: 'Mon général, you have no aide-de-camp colonel. You require one, and I offer myself to accompany you in that rank.' Murat's appearance pleased Bonaparte: we spoke well of him, and he accepted his offer."

At the time of Bonaparte joining the army of Italy it was composed of four divisions, commanded by Generals Masséna, Augerau, Serrurier, and La Harpe, all of whom our author contrives to damn with faint praise, that he may add to the glorification of his own bright particular star. We must confess that this is the first time we have ever found any body speak out so plainly on the subject of the French marshals. Our impression has hitherto been that the reason why Napoleon was so successful in his campaigns was, that he infused his generals with that degree of confidence he felt himself, and

had a species of prescience when he came across any man likely to be of use to him. To believe the Duc de Raguse, the great difficulty Napoleon had to contend with was repairing the faults committed by his subordinates; we only trust Marmont was never guilty of any mistake himself. To justify these remarks, we can not do better than quote Marmont's account of Masséna:

"Masséna was thirty-eight years of age; he had been a soldier in the Royal Italian regiment, and after serving fourteen years, without reaching the rank of non-commissioned adjutant, he left the army, and married at Antibes. The formation of the volunteer battalions aroused his warlike instincts. He was first adjutant-major in the third battalion of the Var, and, having distinguished himself in the army of Italy, he obtained rapid promotion, was made general of brigade in 1793, and general of division in 1794. He fought with glory before Toulon, in the right attack, and had played an important part through the whole campaign. His iron body encased a soul of fire, his glance was piercing, his activity extreme; no one was ever braver than he. He paid little attention to the maintenance of order among his troops, or providing for their wants; but, as soon as the battle had commenced, they became excellent, and through the advantages derived from his corps in action he quickly retrieved the faults he might have committed previously. His education was limited, but he had a good deal of natural sense, and a profound knowledge of the human heart, with an extreme degree of impassability in danger, and was very trustworthy. He possessed all the qualities of a good companion, and he very rarely spoke ill of others. He loved money extremely; he was very greedy and avaricious, and obtained this reputation long before he became rich, because his avidity prevented him awaiting important and favorable circumstances, and thus he compromised his name in a multitude of petty matters, by raising small contributions. He loved women ardently, and his jealousy resembled that of the Italians of the fourteenth century. He enjoyed a great reputation among the troops, and it had been justly gained; he was on good terms with General Bonaparte, to whose capacity he rendered justice; but was far from believing him his equal as a soldier. The appointment of the latter must have been very painful to him, but he made no display of it openly, although he considered his obedience as very meritorious. Masséna has enjoyed a career well employed, in a manner natural, honorable, and glorious, and made himself a great name. He did not possess the necessary elements to make a commander-in-chief of the first class, but there never was a man superior to him in executing, on the largest scale, any operations of which he received the impulse. His mind could not embrace the future, and he could not

foresee and prepare; but no one moved his troops with more talent, boldness, and courage on a *terrain* whose dimensions he could overlook. Such was Masséna."

To follow Napoleon through the brilliant campaign in Italy would be only waste of space—every British child knows or should know it by heart; but we come across suggestive passages now and then which give this book its peculiar value; thus, for instance, on the day when the French entered Milan, and just as Bonaparte was retiring to bed, he spoke much as follows to Marmont:\*

"Well, Marmont, what do you think they will say about us in Paris? Will they be satisfied? On my reply that their admiration for him and our success must be at its height, he added: 'They have seen nothing as yet, and the future reserves for us successes far superior to those we have already gained. Fortune has not smiled to-day on me that I should spurn her favors: she is a woman, and the more she does for me the more I shall demand. In a few days we shall be on the Adige, and the whole of Italy will be subjugated. Perhaps then, if they only proportion the means at my command to the extent of my plans, we shall probably soon start to go further. During our time, no one has had a magnificent conception; it is for me to give the example.' Can we not see in these words the germ of future development?"

While the French were occupying Milan, an insurrection broke out near Pavia, which menaced serious consequences. Bonaparte set out immediately with 2000 men and six guns to quell it. The first attack sufficed, and the town of Pavia was given up to plunder. The house of the town clerk being threatened, the unfortunate man thought to save his life by throwing his money out of the window. Bonaparte seeing his danger, ordered Marmont to go and take the money in his possession. At that period soldiers entertained great scruples of delicacy, so our author says, and in his fear of being accused of turning the adventure to his own profit, he counted the money he took in the presence of several officers, and handed it over, untouched, to the military chest. A short time afterwards, Bonaparte

\* This expression is very Livian. Of course it is impossible for our author to attempt to remember the *typicissima verba* of Bonaparte, and we like his modesty as a further recommendation of his veracity. It must have been a strong temptation for a Frenchman in such a case, *jurare in verba magistri*.

mildly reproached him for not appropriating the money, which he had ordered him to take for his own use. A few pages on, our readers will find a similar instance, which makes us only wish that all Bonaparte's marshals had been so scrupulous as Marmont.

While staying for the night at Vallegio, in the Venetian territory, Napoleon had a very narrow escape from being captured—that is to say, if there had been any enemy to take him. There was a sudden but false *alerte*, and the general-in-chief bolted out on foot, found a dragoon running away, took his horse, and set off full speed for the rear. From this time he always had a strong escort with him; he formed the corps of Guides, who accompanied him everywhere, and were the nucleus of the regiment of Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard. Fortunately, this anecdote was not known at Paris, or it would have furnished a glorious theme for General Matthieu Dumas, who was waging a paper war against Napoleon for his inactivity; in the midst of the burly and brattle, Marmont was called upon to write a refutation which, as he modestly says, had some success in its day, and General Bonaparte was very satisfied with it. It is a pleasant feature to find, too, in a general's character, that Napoleon was incessantly thinking of his wife. He had begged her to join him, and her repeated delays painfully tormented him with a combined feeling of jealousy and superstition. Thus, one morning at Tartona, the glass of her picture, which he always wore, accidentally broke; he turned frightfully pale, and the impression which it made upon him was painful in the extreme. "Marmont," he remarked, "my wife is very ill, or unfaithful." At last she arrived, however, accompanied by Junot and Murat. Marmont was sent to meet her, and witnessed the attentions paid her at Turin by the court. The Sardinian monarch has always been wise in his generation. About this time, too, the Directory had the insane idea of sending Kellerman to share the command with Bonaparte, but the latter soon put a stop to it by offering his resignation. Soon after Marmont performed an exploit, which can only be justifiable on the argument that all is fair in war:

"General Bonaparte wrote from Modena to the commandant (of Urbino) to come and speak



to him, and this worthy man, although informed that we were at war with his sovereign, accepted without hesitation; he even left without giving any instructions to his officers. General Bonaparte ordered me to set out at the head of all the troops, with a weak detachment of fifteen dragoons; another and stronger detachment followed a short distance in the rear. I was instructed to go quietly along, as if mine was a detachment looking out for quarters; and if I saw the gate of the fort open, I was to rush in and cut down the guard. I should then be reinforced by the troops in my rear. Arriving at the spot where the road runs under the covered way, I found the officers of the garrison assembled outside the palisades, anxious for the fate of their commandant. They asked me for some information about him; I answered that he was a hundred yards behind me, and they could go and meet him. This answer led them a little further away. A few minutes after, having seen the gate was open, I went up at full gallop, not giving the guard time to put down the bar. In a moment the whole regiment of dragoons had entered the fort. The soldiers took refuge in their barracks, only to leave them as prisoners. There were more than eighty pieces of cannon, all loaded, mounted on the ramparts. The fort thus fell into our hands; the artillery was immediately carried to the army before Mantua, and served in the siege of that place."

Marmont speaks always in the highest terms of praise about Napoleon's magnanimity, and quotes many instances; among others, one in which he remonstrated very strongly against his being passed over on the flags being sent to Paris after the battle of the Mincio, when he fully anticipated the trip and his consequent step. The only revenge which Bonaparte took was to send him cruising for a week on the Lago di Garda to cool his hot blood, and amply repaid him by sending him to Paris after the battle of St. George, with two-and-twenty flags captured from the enemy, and the announcement of 15,000 prisoners being ready to send home. Granted that Napoleon was magnanimous to those who, to use a vulgar phrase, had the length of his foot, these instances do not compensate for the littlenesses of which he was at times guilty—such as the murder of the bookseller Palm. However, we must not forget the greatness of the man, and can only regret that he partook the nature of mankind, in being fallible, like the rest of us poor mortals.

Another point on which Marmont throws a curious light is the celebrated adventure of the bridge of Arcola, which has been the subject of painters, poets, and

romancists. The following appear, from our author, to be the real facts. The country in the vicinity of the Adige was intersected by dykes, along one of which Augereau's division marched: it was thrown into confusion by the enemy's fire, and Augereau, to re-form the ranks, took a flag and marched several paces along the dyke, but was not followed:

"Such is the history of the flag, about which so much has been written, and with which it is supposed he crossed the bridge of Arcola, while repulsing the enemy; it is only reduced to a simple demonstration, without any result; and that is the way history is written! General Bonaparte, informed of this check, proceeded to this division with his staff, and tried to renew the attack by placing himself at the head of the column to encourage it. He seized a flag, and, on this occasion, the column rushed after him: on arriving at about two hundred paces from the bridge, we should probably have cleared it, in spite of the murderous fire of the enemy, had not an infantry officer seized the general-in-chief round the waist, saying: 'Mon général, you will be killed, and in that case we shall be all lost; you shall not go further—this is not your place!' I was in advance of General Bonaparte; I turned to see if I was followed, when I perceived General Bonaparte in the arms of this officer, and fancied he was wounded; in a moment a group surrounded him. When the head of a column is so near the enemy, and does not move on, it soon falls back; thus it retrograded, went over the other side of the dyke to protect itself from the enemy's fire, and broke in disorder. This disorder was so great, that General Bonaparte was hurried over the dyke, and fell into a ditch full of water. Louis Bonaparte and myself drew the General from this dangerous position; he procured a horse from an aide-de-camp of General Dammartin, and returned to Ronco to change his clothes. Such is the history of the other flag, which the engravings have represented as carried by Bonaparte on the bridge of Arcola. This was the only occasion during the campaign in Italy that I saw the general-in-chief exposed to real and great personal danger."

After the close of the campaign and the signature of the negotiation, Bonaparte had time to think of his family affairs; the most important point being the marriage of his sister Pauline. He offered her to Marmont, but he had the good fortune to decline the dangerous lure. She was, however, at that period, enough to tempt an anchorite. Only sixteen years of age, she gave promise of what she would be. But Marmont was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and, as he naively writes: "Now,

after the *dénouement* of the great drama, it is probable that I have more reason to congratulate myself than repent at the result."

The character which Marmont gives of Napoleon at the period of his commanding the army of Italy is so striking that we can not refrain from quoting it:

"From the moment when Bonaparte placed himself at the head of the army he had in his person an authority which overawed every body; although he wanted a certain natural dignity, and was rather awkward in his carriage and movements, there was something masterly in his attitude, his glance, his way of speaking, which every body felt and was disposed to obey. In public, he neglected nothing to keep up this feeling and augment it; but at home, with his staff, he displayed great ease, and a degree of *bonhomie* verging on gentle familiarity. He loved to jest, and yet his *bons mots* had no bitter twang with them; they were sparkling, and in good taste; he frequently took part in our sports, and his example more than once seduced the grave Austrian plenipotentiaries to join us. His labors were easy to him, his hours were not regulated, and he was always accessible in his periods of relaxation. But when he had retired to his cabinet no one was allowed to enter, except the interests of the service demanded it. When he was engaged with the movement of his troops, and giving orders to Berthier, the chief of his staff, or when he received important dispatches which might demand careful examination and discussions, he only kept near him those who were to take part in them, and sent away every one else, whatever his rank might be. It has been said that he slept little, but this is perfectly incorrect; on the contrary, he slept a great deal, and he required it, as is the case with all persons at all nervous, and whose mind is active. I have frequently known him spend from ten to eleven hours in his bed. But if watchfulness was necessary, he knew how to bear it and indemnify himself afterwards, or even take beforehand the repose wanted to endure fore-expected fatigue; and finally, he had the precious faculty of being able to sleep at will. Once disengaged from duties and business, he liked to indulge in conversation, certain to excel in it; no one has ever displayed a greater charm, or so easily shown such richness and abundance of ideas. He preferred choosing his subjects among moral and political topics rather than the sciences, in which his knowledge, whatever may have been said to the contrary, was very defective. He loved violent exercise, was fond of riding, and, though a bad rider, went at full speed; lastly, at this happy period, so long past, he possessed an unmistakable charm. Such was Bonaparte in the memorable Italian campaign."

This description of Marmont's possible brother-in-law reads very differently from

what writers of the day have indulged us with, or caricaturists have painted in the most exaggerated colors. The character of Napoleon is becoming gradually brighter as it is handed over more and more to the historiographer, and passion no longer influences us, when we speculate on the conduct of that wonderful man. Till very recently we have been too apt to concentrate our attention on the spots disfiguring the disc, without remembering the brightness diffused by the luminary which render those *maculae* the more distinct; but astronomers will tell us that this is not the restricted method in which they judge of the effects of our greatest luminary.

All this while the war with England was going on, and General Bonaparte was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of England. In his desire to have precise details on the defensive strength of England, he hit upon a strange idea. A M. Gallois was about proceeding to England on some matter referring to an exchange of prisoners. Just before starting he paid a visit to Bonaparte in the Rue de la Violette, where the following scene occurred:

"General Bonaparte called me, and I found myself in the presence of Talleyrand and Gallois. The general said to me: 'Marmont, M. Gallois is leaving for England on a mission for the exchange of prisoners; you will accompany him; you will leave your uniform here, and pass as his secretary, and procure such and such information, details, etc. Then he gave me my instructions. I listened without interrupting him; but when he had finished, I said to him: 'Mon général, I assure you I shall not go.' 'What, you will not go?' he said. 'No,' I continued. 'You give me this service as a spy, and it is neither in my duty, nor in my taste. M. Gallois occupies a mission of recognized espionage, but mine would be beyond the allowed limits. My departure with him would be known by all Paris, and they would soon be informed in England that this pretended secretary is one of the chief officers of your staff, your confidential aide-de-camp. Having placed myself out of the law of nations, I should be arrested, hung, or sent back ignominiously. My life, as a soldier, belongs to you, but I must lose it as a soldier. Send me with a score of hussars to attack a strong fort, though certain to fail, I would go without a murmur, because it is my profession; but the circumstances are different in this case. He was startled at my reply, and sent me away with the words, 'I shall find other officers more zealous and docile.'"

For some time after, Bonaparte was cool to Marmont for his plain speaking,

but at length it wore off. About this time, too, Marmont committed what he evidently regards as the one great misfortune of his life: he married Mademoiselle Peregaux, a banker's daughter. The reason of his unhappiness can only be guessed at from his apophthegms, among them being that, at twenty-four years of age, a man's passions are too impetuous, while a prolonged separation, giving a young wife a taste for independence, causes her to feel a husband's yoke insupportable on his return, while, during his absence, she is quite at the mercy of those who try to seduce her. We fancy that Marmont has many times regretted his escape out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The war with Egypt was determined on, and Marmont accompanied Napoleon. *En route*, the French thought it advisable to take Malta, although Marmont denies that the island was given up by treachery. Still there must have been some laxity somewhere, or else Napoleon would never have made use of the sarcastic remark, that it was fortunate they had some one inside to open the gates for them, or else he did not know how they should have got in. The expedition fortunately escaped Nelson's fleet, and landed at Alexandria, and, from the same reasons we have before mentioned, we will not delay with the events of the campaign, but merely select an illustrative anecdote here and there. Thus, for instance, after the battle of the Pyramids, a great number of Mamluks were drowned, and the soldiers, aware of the custom among them of carrying all their property about their person, were quite in despair at the loss they had suffered. A Gascon soldier of the 32d, however, contrived an expedient. He bent his bayonet into a hook, and fastening it to a rope, dragged the river. His example was speedily followed, and the reward was ample; for many soldiers deposited more than 30,000 francs in the regimental chest.

The marshal makes a lame attempt to justify Bonaparte for poisoning the sick men on the retreat, and the massacre of the prisoners taken at Jaffa, but his arguments do not convince us. There is no doubt that they were barbarous measures, and left a deep stain on Napoleon's character. The argument of reciprocity may be very good in war, but supposing that our generals had taken advantage of the brutality of the Russian major, who, after

the battle of Inkerman, killed the wounded on the field, a just cry of execration would have been raised through the whole of Europe. We are glad, however, to find that the marshal does not attempt to deny the black business, as many French writers have done; and though we must still deplore it, we may be allowed to ascribe it to error of judgment.

For a long while Bonaparte had received no news from Europe, and it was only by flattering the vanity of General Sydney Smith that he succeeded in procuring a file of papers. The news he found in them decided him on his immediate return. But Marmont must share his fortune, whether for good or evil. He sent for him, and said:

"Marmont, I have decided on returning to France, and I intend to take you with me. The state of things in Europe forces me to form this great decision. Misfortunes are oppressing our armies, and God knows how far the enemy may have penetrated. Italy is lost, and the reward of so many efforts, of so much bloodshed, is escaping us. What can be expected from incapables placed at the head of affairs? All is ignorance, stupidity, or corruption with them. It was I alone who supported this burthen, and through continual successes gave consistency to the government, which, without me, could never have been established. In my absence all must necessarily collapse. But we must not wait till the destruction becomes complete: the misfortune would be irremediable. The passage to France will be dangerous and hazardous; but it is less so than our voyage here, and that fortune which has sustained me till now will not abandon me at this moment. Besides, a man must know how to run a risk at the right moment. He who never ventures, never gains. I will intrust the army to capable hands. I leave it in a good condition, and after a victory which adjourns to an indefinite period the moment when fresh enterprises will be formed against it. The destruction of the Turkish army and my return will be heard of at the same moment in France. My presence, by exalting their minds, will restore to the army that confidence which it wants, and to good citizens the hope of a better future. There will be a change of opinion greatly to the profit of France. We must try to get home, and we shall succeed."

We all know the miraculous escape which Bonaparte experienced, and his return to France fully justified his expectations. He found it necessary to overthrow the Constituent Assembly, and the 18th Brumaire consolidated his power. Marmont throws no new light on this affair, except as to his personal share, which was

what might be expected from a young and ardent partisan, who blindly followed the commands of his chief. No scruples embarrassed him as to the future fate of his country; what Napoleon said was law with him, and he was the blind instrument whom the Dictator required for the furtherance of his plans. Not that we blame Napoleon for a moment that he took such measures; the Cromwell of his age was quite justified in employing his purge, and it has been a blessing for France that he liberated her from the tyranny of the many if only to substitute the tyranny of the one. That the nation regarded the affair in this light is evidenced by the fact that the five per cents, which had been down at seven, rose in a few days to thirty francs. After Napoleon had purified the state from some portion of its faults, it was found necessary to borrow money, that the state machine might be kept rolling. Marmont was selected to go to Holland and effect a loan, but he failed through the modesty of his request. He only asked for £500,000, and was weak enough to offer security. Of course the Dutchmen spurned such a proposal, and they even turned up their snub noses at the diamond "Le Regent," which the commissioner offered to pledge as collateral security. Had it had been a sanspareil tulip, perhaps he might have met with a better fate. But suppose Napoleon were to revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would hardly recognize the country he once lorded over. Pereires and Mirès are now the lords of the ascendant, and lend money to impoverished states, and take pledges not half so valuable as the Pitt diamond for security.

Again, the war in Italy broke out, and Marmont was placed at the head of the artillery. The passage of the St. Bernard was effected by taking the guns of their limbers and encasing them in hollow willow-trees, by means of which they were dragged over the mountains. The limbers were taken to pieces and transported on the backs of horses. But when all this had been effected, a little mountain fort called Bard appeared to afford insurmountable obstacles to the progress of the army. But even this Marmont's genius was enabled to overcome:

"Lannes had gone to meet the enemy. Cannon and ammunition were absolutely necessary for him, and must be provided. I formed the

boldest and most audacious design, (1) and I immediately put it in execution, with the permission of the First Consul; I attempted to pass the artillery along the main road by night in spite of the proximity of the fort. I commenced my experiments with six guns and six limbers, by taking the following precautions: I covered the wheels, chains, and all the ringing parts of the carriage with twisted hay, spread along the road dung and all the mattresses to be found in the village, and substituted fifty men for the horses, for these might have been heard; a horse if killed would have stopped the whole expedition, while men made no noise, and if killed or wounded, as they were not attached to the carriage, they would not stop the progress."

This plan was eminently successful; the six guns were safely carried through, and the experiment was tried again. The average loss, after the garrison detected the plan, was five to six to each gun-carriage, but that was nothing compared with the possible glory. However, the fort was taken soon after, and the army proceeded into Italy to fight the celebrated battle of Marengo, on which the marshal throws a new light, while calmly attributing the entire success to himself:

"The space contained between the Bormida, the Fontana Nuova, and Marengo formed the battle-field. Victor, with his two divisions and Kellerman's cavalry, was intrusted with the defense of the first part, beyond and including the village of Marengo; the farm known by the name of Stortigliano, between the Bormida and the stream, was a solid point of this line. Lannes, with the divisions Mounier and Watrin, and General Champeaux's cavalry, had to defend the second part, or the stream of Marengo; thus our line was in a square, and formed almost a right angle at its centre, the village of Marengo. A brigade of Mounier's division, commanded by General Carra St. Cyr, was ordered to occupy and defend the village of Castel Cerriolo, at our extreme right; it was supported by General Champeaux's cavalry. General Revaud's cavalry brigade, encamped at Salò, appeared to have been forgotten, and received no orders during the whole morning.

"The enemy attacked simultaneously Marengo, and all the space inclosed between the village and the Bormida, as well as the farm of Stortigliano; but it took place slowly and calmly. A single vigorous stroke would have decided the question and insured the fate of the day. Victor resisted for a long time, and during several hours repulsed all their attacks. Lannes came up; the enemy tried to turn his right flank by crossing the ditch lower down. Castel Cerriolo having been taken, Lannes, to cover his right, was obliged to bring up his reserves; he retaken the village, but soon lost it again.

"The stream in front of the French army had



been a great obstacle to the deployment of the enemy. No preparations had been made for crossing it, and they were for a long time confined in the narrow limits whence they could not emerge, but at last they succeeded. On the other side, they carried the farm of Stortigliano, turned our left flank, and this part of the French army was in extreme disorder. Our troops then gave up the defenses of the French, fell back on Marengo, and finding themselves menaced on both flanks, evacuated the village, and commenced their retreat, which was effected slowly and in good order; they fell back in the direction of San Julian, marching parallel to the main road. This murderous conflict had reduced the battalions to one fourth their strength. The artillery had met with marvellous success; but overpowered by the weight of the enemy's fire, nearly all our guns had been dismounted, and only five were left in a serviceable condition.

"The 72d half-brigade of Mounier's division behaved admirably at the period of this retreat; formed in squares on the level plain, and charged by a heavy body of cavalry, by which it was entirely surrounded, it displayed no sign of fear; the two first ranks fired to the front, while the third wheeled round and fired in the rear; and the enemy's cavalry retired without having broken the line.

"It was near on five o'clock, and Bonnet's division, on which our safety and our hopes depended, had not arrived. At last it came up. General Desaix preceded it by a few moments, and went to the First Consul. He found the affair in this awkward state, and did not appear disposed to forebode success. A sort of mounted council of war was held, at which I was present; he said to the First Consul: 'We want a good battery to startle the enemy, before attempting a fresh charge; without this it will not succeed; that is the way battles are lost. We want a good round of artillery.'

"I told him I was about to establish a battery with the five uninjured guns; by joining to these five guns from the Scivia, which had just come up, and the eight pieces of his division, I should have a battery of eighteen guns. 'Very good,' Desaix said to me, 'my dear Marmont, guns, guns, and put them to the best possible use.' The eighteen guns were soon placed in position. They occupied the half of the right front of the army, so much was that front reduced. The guns on the left went to the right of the San Julian road. A lively and sudden fire caused the enemy to hesitate and then stop. During this time the Bonnet division formed, partly in columns of attack in division, and partly deployed. When the moment had arrived, the First Consul galloped along the lines, and electrified them by his presence and a few words; after twenty minutes' brisk firing, the army prepared to advance. My battery was soon outstripped, and I gave orders to follow the movement. I commanded my men to wheel round and follow, but had great difficulty in effecting it, for the gunners still continued to fire between the gaps in our small battalions.

At length the general movement had been carried out by the divisions, and I had reached the left of the position, where there were three guns, two eight-pounders and a howitzer, served by the gunners of the Consul's Guard; by means of threats I set them in motion, and the horses were attached to the prolong to wheel about, when suddenly I saw the 80th half-brigade before me in utter disorder. I immediately put my three guns in position and loaded them with canister; but I waited before I fired. I perceived, about fifty paces from the 80th, in the midst of a dense smoke and dust, a column in good order; at first I thought it French, but I soon saw it was the head of a heavy column of Austrian grenadiers. We had the time to fire at them four rounds of canister from our three guns, and immediately after, Kellerman, with 400 sabres—the relic of his brigade—flew past my battery, and made a vigorous charge on the left flank of the enemy's column which laid down its arms. Had the charge been made three minutes later, our guns would have been taken or withdrawn. Had it not been for my firing, the enemy would probably have been prepared for the cavalry charge."

So Marmont won the battle of Marengo. It has generally been supposed that Desaix was the hero of the day; but we were mistaken. We must even resign those beautiful words which Desaix is popularly supposed to have uttered on receiving his death-blow, for he was shot through the heart, and fell without saying a word. We are afraid that the same disillusion may be true about many generals who have died with heroic sentiments on their lips.

The marshal has a very happy talent of sketching a man's character in one short, pregnant sentence. What can be better, for instance, than this anecdote of Savary, who had been in a measure adopted by Desaix, and owed him every thing? On the day of the battle he had asked Marmont where he could find Kellerman, and the next day he said: "It took place while I was talking to you. When I returned and found him dead, you can imagine what my feelings must have been; and I said to myself immediately: 'Whatever will become of me?'"

Marmont was sent home after the battle to deliver over the captured flags, but soon returned to the army of Italy, which was now placed under the command of General Brune, whom Marmont describes as utterly incapable. He had been originally a printer, formed the Cordeliers Club, and so became intimate with Danton. Through this he was appointed general of

a revolutionary army. On returning to Paris he was engaged in the business of the 13th Vendémiaire, and formed an acquaintance with Bonaparte, who took a great fancy to him, for no other reason, probably, than the effect always produced on him by tall persons. After serving some time in Holland, he was selected to take Masséna's place at the head of the army of Italy. An unsatisfactory campaign terminated with an armistice, and the destruction of several strong places in Italy and the fortifications of Alexandria as the key of the country.

Davoust commanded the cavalry of the army of Italy, and Marmont thus had opportunity of forming an opinion of his character, which is, as usual, unfavorable.

"Davoust constituted himself the spy of the emperor, and made daily reports to him. He took advantage of private conversations to denounce his friends, and many a ruined man was ignorant for a long time of the cause of his disgrace. Davoust had some degree of probity; but the emperor, by his gifts, so surpassed the limits of his possible wants, that he would have been most culpable had he enriched himself by illicit means. His income reached the enormous sum of 1,500,000 francs. Fond of discipline, and providing carefully for the wants of his troops, he was just but harsh to his officers, and was not loved by them. He did not want for courage; and while possessing but slight abilities and education, he displayed immense perseverance, great zeal, and feared neither suffering nor fatigue. Of a ferocious character, on the slightest pretext and without any ceremony, he hung up the inhabitants of conquered countries. I saw, in the environs of Vienna and Presbourg, the roads and trees furnished with his victims."

We will throw in one more anecdote for the due appreciation of Davoust's character:

"In his expressions he would give the most exaggerated notions of his devotion to the emperor. Thus, in a conversation I had with him at Vienna, in 1809, we were talking on this subject, when Davoust declared his devotion was superior to that of all others. 'Certainly,' he said, 'it is believed with reason that Maret is devoted to the emperor, but not to the same extent as myself. If the emperor were to say to both of us, "It is important to my policy that Paris should be destroyed without a single person escaping," Maret would keep the secret, I am sure, but he would not refrain from compromising it by aiding his family to escape; while I, through fear of letting the secret ooze out, would leave my wife and children there.' Such was Davoust."

During the Italian campaign Marmont had paid special attention to the state of the artillery, and drew up a report on his return to Paris, with which the First Consul was so satisfied that he appointed him Inspector-General of the artillery—an unexampled thing for a man only eight-and-twenty years of age. In his new post he worked very hard, and soon brought the artillery to a satisfactory condition. While engaged in these affairs, the King of England thought proper to pick a quarrel *à l'allemande*, which Bonaparte could not stomach. War was declared, and the great army of England was put on the coast, whence it could enjoy, on a fine day, the white cliffs of perfidious Albion. At this period, Fulton offered the First Consul his scheme of steam navigation, but was treated as a charlatan, in spite of Marmont's remonstrances. Many discussions have been raised whether Bonaparte seriously intended to invade England; but Marmont answers decidedly in the affirmative. This expedition was the most ardent desire of his life, and his dearest hope. But he had no intention of carrying it out in a hazardous manner; he wished to be master of the sea, and under the protection of a good squadron; and he proved that, in spite of the numerical inferiority of his navy, he could execute it. The pretense of employing the flotilla to fight, was only a means to distract the enemy's attention, and cause him to lose sight of the real project, but really, his flotilla was only intended for the transport of the army; it was the bridge destined to serve for the passage; the embarkation and debarkation could be effected in a few hours, and the only thing demanding time would be leaving the port, which would require two tides. Unfortunately, Villeneuve spoiled all the carefully arranged combinations, and England was saved from becoming a French prefecture.

Still, Marmont was not satisfied with his exalted position in the artillery, and never rested until he obtained from Bonaparte the command of an army. In 1804 he succeeded in being appointed commander-in-chief of the camp of Utrecht, and a new career was opened up before him. He found the army, hitherto under the command of Victor, in a fearful condition, and labored indefatigably till he had restored it to its proper state. He was therefore much annoyed

when, at the foundation of the Empire, all the commanders of divisional armies were made marshals except himself. He was, however, consoled by the emperor deigning to explain to him the reason in the following flattering words: "If Bessières had not been named on this occasion, he would never have had a chance; but you are not in that position, and you will be all the greater when your elevation is the reward of your actions." The principal result of Marmont's encampment in Holland will be found in a turf pyramid he erected, and which still is known by the name of Marmont Berg. At the coronation he was appointed colonel-general of the Chasseurs, and at the same time found himself in the critical position of adviser-general to Joseph Bonaparte, who did not at all like the position which the emperor designed for him as King of Italy. Marmont honestly advised him to refuse, in order that he might not resign his rights to the crown of France. He was the only one of the family in whom the nation could place any confidence, if the emperor died without issue. Joseph followed the advice, chiefly, we must confess, as he said himself in enumerating his catalogue of complaints against his brother, "because he wanted him to take that shabby title of *king*, so odious to the French." The emperor, less scrupulous and timid, assumed the title himself.

On Marmont's return to Holland, he took with him the most severe orders against any commerce between Holland and England. He was even authorized to seize all English goods then in Holland, sell them, and divide the proceeds among the army; in other words, to pocket three fourths for himself—an affair of more than twelve million francs. But Marmont resisted such an act of injustice, and contented himself with giving ample notice, and seizing any ships which came into port in defiance of him. The proceeds of the sale of these was divided among the soldiers, and made rich men of them for several campaigns.

The news of the Austrian occupation of Bavaria broke up the great flotilla, to the intense delight of the troops, who were worn out with the delay. An immense army of 170,000 men, all panting for glory, marched on the Rhine, and the temper they displayed was a guarantee that the Austrians would soon be punished for their daring attempt to beard the

scourge of Europe. The violation of the Prussian territory estranged a faithful ally, and Marmont gives a curious account of the way his opinions were changed:

"The reasons which induced the King of Prussia to alter his decision, reached my knowledge at a later date, and as I had them direct from Prince Metternich, they deserve insertion in this place.

"The king had formally announced his intention to remain neutral, but the Emperor Alexander, counting on the weakness of the king and the allies he had at court, did not doubt but that he could succeed in bringing him over, so he marched his columns without hesitation into Polish Prussia, in order to reach the Austrian territory. Prince Dolgourouki, aide-de-camp to the emperor, was sent to Berlin to inform the king that the Russian troops would enter the Prussian territory on a certain day. Count Alopeus, Russian envoy at Berlin, immediately took Dolgourouki to an audience with the king, to make the communication. He was accompanied by Count Metternich, the Austrian minister. The king replied angrily, and declared that this contempt of his rights would force him to throw himself into the arms of the French; and he told Dolgourouki that the only remedy was to start immediately, and stay the Russian columns before they entered Prussia, which was nearly impossible, seeing the shortness of the time. This stormy conference was nearly concluded, and the affair appeared irremediable, when a tap was heard at the door. A minister entered, and brought the official report of the march of the French troops, and their entry into the principality of Anspach. The king grew calm immediately, and said to Prince Dolgourouki: 'From this moment my resolutions are changed, and I become the ally of the Emperors of Russia and Austria.' And he remained faithful to this decision, which honor commanded him to follow, but which was at first so ruinous for him."

Such was the result of that contempt for the law of nations, which Napoleon was too often guilty of when he fancied himself the stronger. By respecting the Prussian territory, which would have been a very easy matter, Napoleon would have had an ally instead of a furious enemy. But little did the emperor seek any future requital, when the present brought him such glorious results as the evacuation of Ulm. It must have been an intoxicating sight to notice 28,000 Austrian troops passing through the new *Furcæ Caudinæ*. And such a reward for a month's labor! After this result, Marmont was sent into

Styria to drive out the remaining Austrians, in which he was perfectly successful, and established his head-quarters at Graz. The French army entered Vienna on the 21st of November, and the campaign assumed quite a new direction, by the bridge of Thabor falling into their hands. The way in which it was secured is so curious that it merits quotation :

"After Vienna had been occupied, the French troops proceeded to the banks of the Danube, which is of great width at that spot. The Austrians had made all preparations to defend the passage and destroy the bridge built upon piles, which maintained the communication between the capital and Bohemia and Moravia. Formidable batteries placed on the left bank, and the bridge covered with combustibles, rendered the defense easy. A spark could destroy it when the French troops arrived at the entrance. At their head were Murat, Lannes, and Oudinot.

"The Germans are naturally saving and economical, and a bridge of that description costs a good deal of money. Murat and Lannes, both Gascons, hit on the idea of profiting by this feeling. They set their troops in movement without displaying the least hesitation. They were ordered to stop; they did so, but replied that an armistice had been agreed to, which gave us the right of passing the river. The marshals, leaving the troops, went alone over to the left bank to speak with Prince Auersperg, who commanded, giving the columns orders to advance imperceptibly. The conversation grew animated; the stupid prince was deluded by all sorts of stories, and during this time the troops were gaining ground, and openly throwing into the Danube the powder and combustibles which strewed the bridge. The lowest soldiers began to suspect treachery and deception, and they soon began to grow excited.

"An old sergeant of artillery came up to the prince and said to him, angrily and impatiently, 'General, they are deluding and deceiving you, and I shall give fire.' The moment was critical: all was apparently lost, when Lannes, with that presence of mind which never deserted him, and that instinctive knowledge of the human heart the peculiar heritage of the southerners, summoned to his aid the Austrian peasantry, and exclaimed: 'What, general, you allow yourself to be treated in that way! What has become, then, of the Austrian discipline, so much lauded through Europe?' The bait took: the weak prince, piqued in his honor, was very angry with the sergeant, and put him under arrest. The troops came up, took guns, generals, and soldiers, and the Danube was crossed. Never has a similar occurrence taken place in circumstances so important and so difficult."

Not having been present at the battle of Austerlitz, Marmont gives no descrip-

tion of it. It is curious, however, that at this battle the Russians employed for the last time a very strange custom, which they had constantly followed till this time. Before charging, the whole line was ordered to take off knapsacks, and they remained there during the combat. The French army found, after the battle of Austerlitz, ten thousand knapsacks arranged in line. Marmont marched on Vienna, but to his great disappointment, heard at Neustadt of the armistice concluded at Austerlitz on the 6th of December. Had it not been for this, a great battle would have taken place beneath the walls of Vienna, in which he might have played an important part, as he formed the vanguard, and his troops were quite fresh. He was consequently obliged to return to Styria, without any additional glory—a sad blow for a rising young general in those days of rapid promotion.

After passing the winter in Styria, Marmont proceeded to occupy Corinthia, Carniola, and Trieste, to be evacuated as soon as they gave up to the French the provinces of Istria and Dalmatia, with the embouchure of the Cattaro. But instead of keeping to these conditions, the Austrians gave up the Cattaro to the Russian admiral, Siniavin. This breach of faith was punished by the retention of Brunnau. While quartered in Friuli, Marmont made a visit to Milan to pay his respects to Eugène Beauharnais, then Viceroy of Italy, and recently married to a Bavarian princess. The following is the character Marmont draws of him:

"Eugène gave himself up with ardor to the execution of his duties. A good young man, not very highly gifted, but possessing common sense, his military capacity was mediocre, but he did not want for bravery. His contact with the emperor had developed his faculties: he had acquired that knowledge, which is almost always obtained by holding important offices at an early age, but he was always far from possessing the talent, necessary for the proper discharge of the duties intrusted to him.

"He had been praised excessively: his devotion and fidelity in the crisis of 1814, more especially, have been very highly spoken of. His pretended talents were confined to carrying on a very unsatisfactory campaign, and the fidelity so much lauded had the result of his doing precisely the opposite of what had been prescribed to him, and precisely what was wanted to overthrow the building. He had formed a too flattering idea of his position; he believed in



the possibility of an independent sovereign existence, but a few days was sufficient to undeceive him. He had built upon clouds."

The close of the second volume of these

interesting Memoirs is devoted to the campaign in Dalmatia, whence the Russians were easily expelled, and Marmont took up his head-quarters at Zara.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## A N E W - Y E A R ' S S T O R Y .

BY THE DEAN OF PIMLICO.

WE were staying during the Christmas week at the Bishop's Palace at X——; a small party—chiefly young people, with a sprinkling of the cleric order. It had snowed most pertinaciously for three days, thus precluding all out-of-doors amusement, so we were thrown upon our own resources to create enjoyment at home, and kindle artificial sunshine around the yule log, and beneath the mistletoe. And so it came to pass that on the last evening of the old year, after supper and when our dear and venerable prelate had retired to his rest; one of his grandsons, a fine bright lad just fresh from Harrow, made a lively proposition that we should all sit up till twelve o'clock, and keep vigil, to see the death and the birth, the exit and the entrance of the old and the new year; to say "farewell" to the former, and cry "all hail" to the latter; and to behold these two great shadows meet and mingle for a second on the vast dial-plate of time, and then pass, and part for evermore. This motion of our young friend's was carried, no man dissenting; and furthermore, we agreed to beguile the "cripple tardy-gaited night" in telling stories each in his turn, thus establishing a sort of abridged Decameron, but neither so witty or so wicked as the Florentine's; or an "English Night's Entertainment" on an epitomized scale to that of Sultan Schariar, but wanting the cutting off of the heads, and the mulieri-

cide of that sanguineous potentate. The young people commenced—the Harrow man leading the van; their narratives were not over wise, but then they were not over long, and if they were wanting in learning and wit, they produced laughter and kept up good humor, which was all we required. Then followed a sentimentally intoned and somewhat lugubrious recital from the pale young curate of Hazlewhittle-cum-Shiveringham, which had this remarkable feature, that the most melancholy parts of the narrative were sure to produce most concealed mirth among the younger auditory; and what the pensive narrator put forth as pathos, seemed ever to be considered by his hearers as purest bathos. Dr. Broadhurst next took up his parable, and narrated his adventures in the great snow of 18—, during a ride from Oxford to C——when his "black mare balled in her hoofs—slipped—slided—sliddered, and eventually stumbled and fell prone; prostrating the learned Doctor on the surface of the snowy element, who lost on the occasion his equilibrium, and his blue spectacles. And this fall had nothing of miracle in it, seeing the Doctor was purblind quoad his vision, and plethoric quoad his person, and thereby unfitted to perform the functions of the equestrian order, etc." "Procumbit humi bos," whispered the Harrovian. It was now eleven o'clock, and none remain-

ed but myself, and our honored guest the Dean of Pimlico, who looked so intelligent and had such a sparkle in his pure gray English eye, and such a meeting of the waters of benevolence and sarcasm around his well-cut mouth, that calling to mind what the great Usher once said of Bishop Bedell, "Broach him, and you will find good liquor in him," I felt certain that the Dean of Pimlico—"clarum et venerabile nomen"—would not belie either his face or his fame by the quality of his narrative. So I briefly and simply told what had befallen me by night at an old Inn in the City of Gloucester where George Whitefield was born, and the comfort I had received, in an hour of depression, from the chimes of an ancient clock, most sweet and clear, ringing out, over the still midnight air, a Gregorian tone. My tale was short, and my audience applauded me—an unexpected compliment, paid, I suspect, more to the brevity of my story than produced by its weight. And now all eyes were turned upon the Dean of Pimlico, who, crossing his strong but well-shaped limbs on the hearth-rug, with a white handkerchief in his hand, and a clear ringing voice, and a preliminary smile, and a little hem, as if he were about to deliver a charge to his chapter, proceeded as follows:

"It was about this night seven years that I was standing on my own drawing-room hearth-rug, thinking of nothing, and listlessly watching the footman who was extinguishing the waxlights in the lustre; for I had had a bachelors' dinner-party, and my guests were just departed—when suddenly there came a tremendous double knock at the hall-door, disturbing the silence of the night, and expressive of haste and much mental agitation in him who knocked. On the door being opened, some one bounded up the stairs with such a wonderful velocity and eagerness, that I immediately concluded it must be either a highwayman, or else my nephew Harry, a young divinity student; but who, having Irish blood in his veins, occasionally exhibited more vivacity than just suited the sober standard of my staid domicile. True enough it was he, and his first appearance rather alarmed me, for I love the lad in my soul, and he is to be my heir. On the present occasion his face was flushed, his hair in disorder, and his eye and aspect troubled and excited.

"Well, Harry, what is the matter?

What has brought you up like a ghost in a tragedy, at this witching hour of night, to murder sleep, and disturb me and my decorous household? Speak now, or else forever hereafter hold thy peace.'

"O uncle!" exclaimed the young fellow, seating himself in an arm-chair, 'I have done a deed half an hour ago, which must affect my whole future life, and at which I am sure you will be displeased; and so I came here, late though it be, to tell you my distress, and ask for counsel.'

"Why, what in the name of wonder have you been doing?" I exclaimed. 'Say, Staggyrite, have you been libelling Sam of Oxford; or publishing a pasquinade on Dr. Pusey; or administering strychnine to Cardinal Wiseman?'

"No, I assure you, uncle," answered the simple hearted, matter-of-fact young fellow, 'I have never written any libel on the Lord Bishop; and as for Dr. Pusey, I have only seen him once, when I could not believe it was he; and in regard of Dr. Wiseman, whatever I *might*—'

"Come, come," interrupted I, 'let us have no scandalum magnatum. He *has* an indubitable position, though not from us or with us; but what is the cause of your trouble, Harry?'

"Why, uncle, I was dining to-day at our cousin's, General O'Brien's. You know you always wished me to cultivate that family; they are so accomplished, so pious, and so charming.'

"Humph," said I, 'no doubt they are; but I can guess what is coming.'

"And so, uncle, after having been acquainted with them for the last six weeks; led on by the irresistible ardor of an attachment founded on rational esteem,' [here I smiled,] 'cemented by long intercourse,' ['six weeks to wit,' thought I,] 'and developing a golden future of domestic happiness,' ['More gold, I fear, in the brain than in the bank,' I mentally ejaculated,] 'I proposed, and was accepted to night by Mary O'Brien; and we have agreed to be married immediately after my ordination. Now, uncle, are you angry with your poor nephew, your sister's son, for taking this step without your express knowledge and sanction?'

"Well, I confess I have a right to be angry. You know I am your guardian, and stand to you in loco parentis, and you ought to have consulted me before you took the plunge, and not to have come to

me now all dripping and drowned, and in this thorough Irish fashion, after the deed was done, under the pretense of asking advice, but in reality seeking for approbation. I am, however, less angry than I ought to be, for two reasons; first, because from the Hibernian impetuosity of your temperament I always felt that you *would* achieve an exploit of this kind sooner or later; and, secondly, I *do* think most highly of your choice, if she had a few more years notched in her life's young calendar, and a little of added experience to suit her for a clergyman's wife.'

"O dear uncle! Mary is full eighteen years of age, and I assure you is as wise——'

"As Minerva, no doubt,' I said, 'and as experienced in menage matters as Hecuba. Well, we will grant all this for argument's sake; but how are you to live, Harry? Whence are you to have "the supplies"? Love is poor to a proverb; Love is a pauper, and makes more paupers than he has pence to fill their pockets with. Love can not furnish your house; or feed your children, for I presume you intend having children. Love can not buy you a loin of veal, or gammon of bacon, nor worsted hose, or Welsh flannel, in case you or Mary should become rheumatic, which you probably will be when you come to my years.'

"O uncle, uncle, how can you conjure up such ideas?' said Harry, half-laughing. 'The truth is, that we have quite enough to marry on; for there is a hundred pounds a year which Mary's aunt and godmother, Lady L., settled on her; and then my curacy will bring in a hundred pounds more, annually; then something will come to us at the General's death; but this Mary will not suffer me to speak of. And then—and then—'

"Proceed,' said I, well knowing what the young fellow was going to say.

"Why, uncle,' said he, taking my hand, and looking so wonderfully like my dear sister, with his fair complexion, and wistful, earnest eyes—'we thought and reckoned on *your* goodness; that as you have been ever like a father to your orphan nephew, and as you seemed to admire Mary most of all the General's other eight daughters, and as you are always as generous as a prince,' [I assure you, gentlemen, the young fellow was quite wrong here, and knew nothing about me,] 'so we were sanguine on having a little settle-

ment from *you* also, until such time as I have obtained a living, and done my duties in such a manner as to deserve it.'

"Well, Harry,' said I, 'I am sure you will be an active and earnest minister. You can not help it, Harry; you have it from nature: you are physically and constitutionally fidgety and mercurial, as is your country's fashion; you have a kindly nature too, my boy, and no doubt will make an exemplary married man, your domestic organs having a most amiable development. And so, as for the settlement you speak of, it shall be forthcoming in due time, I promise you; but now that the shock of your sudden appearance has subsided, I confess I feel rather sleepy; and you will forgive me if I say, inclined to yawn. I am not in love, and must therefore go to bed, and I advise you by all means to go home quietly and do the same. So, good night, my dear lad; we will meet at ten o'clock breakfast.'

"I offered him my hand, but he clasped his arms round me like a child, and though I felt ashamed at the action, I could not but return the pressure; and so we parted, just as the clock on the mantle-piece struck the hour of twelve.

"Henry Font was my sister's only child. His father was an Irishman, and a captain of dragoons, and was shot in the saddle during a cavalry charge in India. They called it a 'brilliant affair,' but it killed my poor sister, and made Harry an orphan before he was six years old. Old Mr. Font, his grandfather, now took him up, and had him at his castle in the wilds of Connaught, schooling him in Galway town, and afterwards entering him into the College of Dublin, where he had not been many months when the old gentleman died, and I took immediate possession of Harry, and had him to Cambridge—to old Trinity—my own college; where he gained many honors, for the lad inherited diligence and a taste for learning from *my* side of the house, and was naturally smart enough, besides possessing a wonderful talent for making friends, from his enthusiasm, his simplicity, and the purity of his life. I certainly was charmed at having rescued the poor fellow from the University of Dublin; for though I acknowledge that the courses of the sciences are well looked after there, I must ever denounce their imperfect manner of composition, and making Latin verses," [here the Dean's manner became slightly acidu-

lated, yet piquant as a lemon lozenge,] "they may compose clumsy hexameters, or stiff mechanical pentameters. Sapphics too they might achieve; but I do avow, gentlemen; nay, insist on it, that the Choriambic—the Choriambic laughs them to scorn."

He paused here a little excited, and then went calmly on.

"Well, gentlemen, that I be not further tedious to you, my nephew was ordained in March, and married in April; the ceremony took place in the cathedral of Pimlico; it was performed by our dear and right reverend host, assisted by your humble servant. It was a quiet wedding; Mary's eight handsome smiling sister lassies officiating as bridesmaids, and the old general in full uniform, (he was colonel of the Connaught Rangers, the gallant eighty-eighth,) with golden aiguillettes on on his shoulder, and sparkling crosses on his breast, and true valor in his heart, and a strong county of Clare accent on his tongue. Short of an eye like Hannibal, and minus a leg like Lord Anglesey, this fine old veteran stumped up the aisle, and frankly gave his lovely blushing daughter away. 'She was number six,' he said, and he had 'no better or fairer than his Mary.' And the stern soldier, who had led a forlorn hope more than once, and would march up with composure to the iron mouths of a gun battery, now broke down into nature's softness; and as he bid the bride a weeping farewell, the heart of steel became like virgin wax. I wished their bridal tour should be to Cumberland or Scotland, and expressed this desire, as I slipped a bank post bill into Harry's hand on his getting the license; but no, he was a regular lover of the Green Isle, and *there* he would go, and Mary was of course sympathetic, and as patriotic as he. I then suggested their going to see Armagh, which I had heard of as a rather civilized part of Ireland, with a cathedral, and archiepiscopal palace to be a refuge in case of any popular outbreak, or attack from the whiteboys, rebels, or assassins of other denominations. But no; my gentleman was firm, and he was determined to visit the 'Wild West,' and trace the ruins of his ancestor's old Castle of *Kilmanmore*, on the banks of what he called the *Killeries*. I certainly listened to these sanguineous appellations with a shudder, which was not allayed when he further announced his

intention of going among some friends of his lady's residing in the county of Tipperary, close under the *Knock me down Mountains*,\* and from thence they were to visit an aunt of the young wife's, the Dowager Lady L——, residing (they told me, laughing actually at what made my few particular hairs to enact porcupine quills *a la Hamlet*) in a lone old place called *Kilbride* Hall, near the town of Ballyragget; but whether the first syllable of this last was spelled with an *a* or an *e*, I protest I know not, save that the name of the locality seemed to me to sound grisly, and to irresistibly associate with itself the phantoms of Irish hunger and nakedness.

"Well, they had their happy tour; and in six months after their marriage he wrote to me as cheerfully and lovingly as usual, and asking my permission to accept a curacy offered to him in the county of Donegal; a region only known to me as existing on the map, and of the manners, customs, physical aspect, and population of which I was as little cognoscent as I was of the interior of Australia, or the steppes of Tartary. But I wrote my consent, adding my blessing; and there he continued for a whole year, visiting his people, the little wife going everywhere with him, working amidst his poor and his parishioners, and becoming perfectly conversant with the names of every hill and every hamlet, nay, I believe, actually enamored of their 'Kills,' and their 'Knocks,' their 'Slieves,' their 'Duns,' their 'Raths,' their 'Innises,' their 'Ballys,' and their 'Bogs.' I had an occasional letter from my old friend, Dr. B——, the bishop of the diocese, speaking most highly of poor Harry; and one from himself, telling me how he had been twitted by the leading dissenter in his parish with 'reading his sermon from a book,' and that he had now become an extemporary preacher; at which I shrugged up my shoulders, shook my head, and cried, 'Foolish fellow!'

"Every summer he came to see me during five years, till at last he joyfully an-

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\* With the deepest respect for the Dean of Pimlico's wonted scholarship, and accuracy of orthography, we would humbly but geographically suggest that his spelling in this instance is not correct. The mountains meant here are the "Knock-meale-down" range, near Clogheen, on the borders of the county of Waterford.—Note, humbly suggested by the printer's diabolus.



nounced that the old Earl of D——, whom he had met at a friend's house, had offered him his family living in a southern county. It was worth a clear six hundred pounds per annum; and he took possession of it shortly after he had left me for Ireland. And now came long letters from him and Mary, descriptive of the delights of their new residence, the grandeur of the earl's great oaks, the beauty of his forest walks, the river which swept through the park, and the extraordinarily rich and beautiful lights, and shadows, and purple tints which glittered and deepened and glowed on the glorious Galtee mountains which skirted their eastern horizon. Then a description of each of the children, of which there were now five, and another expected; not forgetting frequent allusions to the old, old, quaint house in which they were living while their glebe was repairing, and which had been a hunting lodge of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond, attainted in the reign of Elizabeth, and called Earlesoke, from trees planted there by the hand of his almost equally ill-starred son.

"I think you may have perceived in the course of my narrative that I had no great love for Ireland; yet, strange to say, I found myself on one fine June evening shortly after this, steaming into Dublin Bay. I had been summoned as a witness on an important trial involving some Irish property of which I had been left executor, much to my annoyance. I certainly was wonderfully delighted as we neared the Irish shores; the sun was just setting amidst thin cloudlets of amber, pink, and purple, the sea mirroring and retaining these tints in long paths on its smooth surface, and the Wicklow mountains covered with a golden gauze-like haze, yet preserving their tent-like outlines against the darkening sky. As the sun went down, the moon rose and shone out brightly over Killybeg hills. I certainly never saw such a beautiful sight, or such a grouping of the points of diversified landscape. Our packet, dashing through the deep clear water, passed many a loitering yacht with snowy sail; many racing boats flew by us as we rounded the white pier of Kingstown; the harbor was crowded with gay crafts, among which loomed a large war-ship. The whole population seemed to be on the long flat pier; there was music on the water, and the many lights on the shore reflected from the harbor looked like trembling pillars of gold

standing in the water. I felt my prejudices against the Irish soil a little abated; and a month's sojourn in the good society of Dublin nearly converted me into a Philo-Hibernian. Here I found learning without pedantry, humor without effort, piety without priggism, enthusiasm for the arts without exclusiveness, much love of literature, a growing taste for the mechanical and agricultural sciences, and thoroughly gentlemanlike hospitality; indeed, they thought they could never make enough of the Dean of Pimlico. So on a fine July day I went down to my nephew, by the Cork and Limerick express train, appointed and worked fully as well as our Great Western; and the same evening found me sitting under a gigantic oak which stood almost opposite the queerest, oddest, and most antique of parsonages—rudely Elizabethan in its architecture, with low walls, lofty chimneys, mullioned windows, and small arched door—a most unique yet tumble-down concern. Dear Harry was here, radiant with joy at seeing me; his wife handsomer than ever, much improved and very self-possessed. The children, especially my godson, whom they called the young Dean of Pimlico, healthy bright animals. We had tea and strawberries under the kingly tree, whose hollowed stem I measured next morning, and found it to be twenty-four feet in girth. In the little dark parlor was a wooden scutcheon over the mantle-piece, and on it was rudely carved in the Irish or Celtic language an inscription which Harry translated for me in the following fashion: 'This is the great Earl of Desmond's hunting lodge, 1570.' All the old portion of the house seemed to me very insecure, but the family chiefly inhabited an offshoot which was a much later erection. I spent a delightful month here; Harry was as enthusiastic and as vehement as ever, and a truly active and efficient parish minister. Here was a large body of well-conditioned Protestant yeomanry, farmers and cottiers, and the country was studded with the handsome seats of an educated, well-born, and very wealthy gentry. Truly I was amazed, for I always considered that Justice Shallow's observation was peculiarly applicable to Ireland and her sons—'Beggars all—beggars all.'

"But I must hasten my tale, or the new year will anticipate its conclusion. In the following December I was again summoned to Dublin, and I spent my Christmas at

Earlsoke; they were to leave it in March for their new house, which stood higher up in the valley, and less exposed to the prevailing western gales. The old tree, almost denuded, yet with a few pale brown leaves clinging to its vast arms and distorted branches, looked the very type of gaunt and worn senility; yet the children dearly loved this ancient servitor, regarding it I believe next to their parents, and spent most of their play-hours climbing amidst its branches, or racing around its stem, or sitting in its hollow. The river ran deep, turbid, and strong. The weather was mild as the year died away, and we had a 'green Christmas,' yet the place was healthy, and no deaths, thus falsifying an old proverb.

"On the last day of the year the season was so sultry that the fire went out of its own accord, and no one thought of renewing it; the sky was of a hazy blue; the air dazzling and trying to the eyes, and the light brassy. A nervous man would have complained of the weather, for the atmosphere seemed pregnant with electricity. We spent the whole day wandering amidst the glades of the earl's deer-park; and the sun went down in a burning flush of bright crimson haze, the sky all dotted and flecked with pink clouds and copper-colored lines. I never knew so still an evening. After prayers were over, we walked out before the hall-door, to watch the effect of the moonlight streaming on the great tree. The air was even sultry. It was a splendid night, and almost as light as day; the wind rising in light gusts, and voices as it were seeming to come from the old woods, as it fell away into calm again. Suddenly Harry spoke:

"Uncle, do you not hear the galloping of a horse just near the bridge? Who can it be at this hour?"

"We all listened, and suspicion became certainty as in about five minutes a man rode through the avenue gate, slamming it violently and cantered up to the hall-door.

"It is young Ashcroft, the earl's game-keeper from Acton Wood; his brother John must be dying. He has had consumption for the last year. Well, Ashcroft, what's the matter?"

"Oh! sir you are wanted immediately; poor John has had a sudden attack, and is sinking rapidly."

"In ten minutes Harry was in the saddle; and I, strange to say, loth to lose his com-

pany, and delighting in the beauty of the night, determined to accompany him, I was at that time writing a Treatise on Anemology, and I was curious to observe from actual observation how the wind acted on the trees and their branches, and the sound produced thereby. Harry mounted me on his bay cob, a steady animal that had never carried a Dean before; and we set out, after a most ultra-vehement parting between Harry and the little wife, as affectionate and as protracted as if he were about to start for Central Africa, or depart on the Patagonian mission. He spoke about her on our ride, and told me what a treasure of goodness and love she was to him. I told him how much I really admired her, and said I had perceived how finely and sweetly tempered her spirit had become, and finished by quoting to him, old bachelor as I was, some fine lines from Marlow, which run thus:

The treasures of the deep are not so great  
As the concealed comforts of a man  
Locked up in woman's love.

We had a brilliant ride through the woods, over the old bridge, and past the castle, which was all shut up, the family being in London. But the night was evidently changing, and gathering for rain, and large dull masses of cloud were sailing across the moon's face and obscuring her light. In an hour we had reached the ranger's house, embosomed in trees, and we were scarcely in shelter when the storm came on most violently, the thunder rattling and pealing, the lightning flashing every minute with a brilliancy almost blinding, deluging the whole air with fire, and the rain falling in pailfulls; the wind driving it furiously against the window-panes, and on the slates of the unciled house in which we were sheltered. I was now sorry I had come, for the prospect of our home ride was any thing but agreeable, and I would willingly have given my 'Treatise on Anemology' to its kindred winds, to be once more safely under Earl Desmond's oak, or ensconced in an arm-chair at Mary Font's bright fireside. The sick man too was much better; it was a false alarm; he had fainted, and they imagined it to be approaching death. In the midst of my perplexity I could not but admire Harry's great tact and adaptation of himself, as well as his tenderness and care with these poor people; he seemed quite to forget self, to be deaf to the

storm and blind to the lightning, while he read the Scriptures, and prayed fervently and simply, and was indeed among them, like his Divine Master, 'as one that serveth;' and I confess I was reprovèd and felt ashamed of my selfishness, when I compared it with his disinterestedness and devotion.

It was now just midnight, and it seemed as if the old year at that dread hour was battling fiercely for his right, as amidst contending elements—the storm, the lightning, the thunder, and the rain—he abdicated his sovereignty, and withdrew in sullen subjection to the fated orb of Time. The clock in the keeper's kitchen had struck TWELVE; the sick man had fallen asleep; we sat on, and still on, listening to the storm, and watching and praying for a change. And now the clock struck ONE, and was answered by a peal of thunder that shook the house and the very heavens; the rain flashing against the windows, and the wind whooping, and screaming, and raging out among the dense old woods with a noise and din at once horrible and confounding. Harry was urgent on me to lie down; he was dreadfully pale; yet it could not be from fear, for he had twice ventured out of the house, that he might report on the probable cessation of the storm. Truth to speak, I was thoroughly weary, and the keeper's bed being bright, and sweet, and the sheets like snow, I undressed, and soon slept soundly, and did not wake for many hours, when I thought there appeared a faint dawn; but Harry, who came into the room with a candle, said: 'No, it is the moonlight still; but the storm, thank God, is subsiding.' He was pale as a corpse, and his clothes appeared to be thoroughly soaked. I quickly rose, and as I was dressing, he told me that, fearing for his wife and family, he had made an effort to reach home shortly after two o'clock. John Ashcroft had accompanied him, and they had ridden swiftly through the woods, keeping to the more open glades, for the boughs were falling and flying; but on reaching the Holmes they found them all flooded, and the bridge entirely swept away; 'and so,' said Harry, 'we came back to wait till dawn. Now, dear uncle, the rain is over, and your horse is ready, and let us start in God's name, for I have passed a miserable night; for O uncle! the walls and the roof of my house never could have

stood beneath last night's storm; and where is my wife, and where are my helpless children? Oh! I am undone unless God has taken them under his special protection, and wrought some miracle on their behalf;' his voice faltered as he spoke, and he turned his head aside. I was indeed greatly affected, and shared his fears, remembering well the bulging walls of the old house, and the toppling mass of heavy chimney work which beetled over the roof, beneath which these poor doves had made their nest.

"We rode very fast, getting out on the high road, which was a long circuit, but safe and smooth, passing over the river by a high stone bridge which the flood could not reach or injure. Harry scarcely spoke; he appeared to be engaged in mental prayer. We passed a farm-house, with its haggard and outhouses all wrecked and desolated, and its strong roof torn up. Harry shuddered, and said:

"'If my merciful Saviour spares me this dreadful cup, I will—I will indeed——'

"Here tears choked his utterance: I soothed him as best I could, but he spoke no more, but kept urging his horse into a steady gallop, so that we soon reached the turn to the valley in whose gorge the old lodge stood half-way up the hill. The moon had now sunk, and it was gray dawn, I should think about seven o'clock, but too dark to see more than a perch or so before us. Presently we were at the lawn-gate. Oh! heavens, the great oak was down, lying like a huge monster on the little lawn—not a vestige of the house to be seen.

"Alas! alas! dear Harry, they are crushed to death—God's will be done.

"He spoke not for a moment; then he stood straight up in his stirrups, and dropping the bridle, and clapping his hands together, he uttered a cry so loud, so deep, so shrill in its heart-bursting agony that it haunted me for months after. Then leaping from his horse, he rushed to a little path which brought us to the back of the newer part of the dwelling, and bursting through a lower door he ran along the passage which led into the old rooms. As he ran, he cried, with a piercing and troubled voice:

"'Mary! Mary! where are you? My wife, my own Mary, my best wife, speak to me for God's sake if you are alive. O dearest! speak to me—speak to me—my wife, my wife!'

"But there was no response to that passionate pleading, as his feet paused at her chamber door.

"Yet no ruin, no destruction had been here, and the first flush of hope rose faintly to his brow as he turned the handle and we entered.

"A watch light burning on the table, and a Bible open at the 91st Psalm by its side, and the young wife asleep in a large arm-chair, looking, as I thought, never more lovely. He did not speak, or wake her, but kneeling down at her bedside he buried his face in the pillows, and I knew by the strong heavings of his shoulders, that weeping, and thanksgiving, and the voice of adoration for great goodness, and fervent supplication were all ascending together to heaven, from a heart which was greatly but sweetly overtried with sudden joy. He then arose, and turning to me, he cried, 'uncle,' and clasped me in his arms: and then again kneeling down, gently, and reverently, and with a look and a smile of unspeakable love he took his wife's fair little hand which hung over the arm of the chair, and kissing it most tenderly, she awoke—and in a moment they were fast locked in each other's arms.

"Dearest Harry, God has preserved us wonderfully; the old oak was split by the lightning early in the night, and afterwards fell with a frightful crash: I thought at first that the house was falling, but

only a few windows and slates were dislodged. The tree fell clear of us, through God's mercy, and has lain before the house all the night, stretched in front, and shielding us from the storm. Dear old friend! faithful even in death; and we are as secure behind its mass of stem and branches as if we were sheltered in a castle of steel. At first I was dreadfully alarmed, but my children were all asleep, and knew nothing either of danger or of dread; and as the night wore on, and I sat here working, and reading, and waiting for your return, I grew perfectly calm, knowing that God would take care of me and mine; and so I scarcely heard the storm, and my only anxiety was about my absent husband and our good uncle here.'

"And *mine!*—he said, with fervent solemnity of manner; 'I will not speak of it now, for indeed something more than the heaviness of death was with me all the night, in the thoughts of losing you, Mary; but I am well content it should have been so now, since such joy has come in the morning; but see,' said he, going to a little oriel window which faced the east, 'there is the first sunbeam over the Galtees, and I greet it from my heart: for it will not shine on a happier being under the whole wide heavens than I am on this blessed NEW YEAR'S MORNING.'"

MRS. LEE.—Mrs. Lee, formerly Mrs. Bowditch, died on the 23d ult., at Erith, after a protracted illness. This lady was not only distinguished for her literary talent; she possessed, for a woman, singular courage and love of adventure, and had been educated by her first husband (Mr. Bowditch) to share in his scientific labors. She accompanied him to Africa when he was sent on a mission to the King of Ashantee; and, whilst Mr. Bowditch went up the country, she remained at Cape Coast Castle, of which her uncle was the Governor, and there collected the materials for a series of charming tales, called "Stories of Strange Lands," illustrating African life and customs. "The

African Wanderers" is, however, her best book. The descriptions it contains of life and scenery, of the dense African forests especially, are vivid and graphic, given with great precision and simplicity. After her and her husband's return from Africa she lived some time in Paris, where she enjoyed the friendship of Cuvier, Denon, and many other distinguished men. She wrote an excellent memoir of Cuvier. She was the author of several well-esteemed works on natural history. She possessed a great fund of scientific information, and was laboriously accurate in all her facts. Mrs. Lee was in receipt of a pension from Government of £50 a year.



## DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.

[THE tidings of the sudden and sad demise of this late "the greatest of living Scotchmen," in the meridian of his days and eminent usefulness, was received with a universal burst of grief by his countrymen, and with sorrow by the literary and scientific world. We copy these expressions of deep regret and sorrow as they are found in the journals of Scotland, and chiefly from *The Witness*, in connection with a portrait which we have had engraved to embellish our present number.—EDITOR.]

(From *The Witness*, December 27th, 1856.)

IN the belief that nothing touching the character and memory of such a man can be regarded with other than the deepest interest, the friends of Mr. Hugh Miller have thought it due at once to his great name and to the cause of truth, to lay fully before the public a statement of the most mournful circumstances under which he has departed from this life. For some months past his overtasked intellect had given evidence of disorder. He became the prey of false or exaggerated alarms. He fancied—if, indeed, it was a fancy—that occasionally, and for brief intervals, his faculties quite failed him—that his mind broke down. He was engaged at this time with a treatise on the "Testimony of the Rocks," upon which he was putting out all his strength—working at his topmost pitch of intensity. That volume will in a few weeks be in the hands of many of our readers; and while they peruse it with the saddened impression that his intellect and genius poured out their latest treasures in its composition, they will search through it in vain for the slightest evidence of feebleness or decaying power. Rather let us anticipate the general verdict that will be pronounced upon it, and speak of it as one of the ablest of all his writings. But he wrought at it too eagerly. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the window of that room which within the same eventful week was to witness the close of the volume, and the close of the writer's life. This overworking of the brain began to tell upon his mental health. He had always been somewhat moodily apprehensive of being attacked by footpads and had carried loaded fire-arms about his person. Latterly, having occasion sometimes to return to Porto-

bello from Edinburgh at unseasonable hours, he had furnished himself with a revolver. But now to all his old fears as to attacks upon his person, there was added an exciting and overmastering impression that his house, and especially that Museum, the fruit of so much care, which was contained in a separate outer building, were exposed to the assault of burglars. He read all the recent stories of house robberies. He believed that one night lately an actual attempt to break in upon his Museum had been made. Visions of ticket-of-leave men prowling about his premises haunted him by day and by night. The revolver which lay nightly near him was not enough; a broad-bladed dagger was kept beside it; whilst behind him, at his bed-head, a claymore stood ready at hand. A week or so ago a new and more aggravated feature of cerebral disorder showed itself, in sudden and singular sensations in his head. They came only after lengthened intervals. They did not last long, but were intensely violent. The terrible idea that his brain was deeply and hopelessly diseased—that his mind was on the verge of ruin—took hold of him, and stood out before his eye in all that appalling magnitude in which such an imagination as his alone could picture it. It was mostly at night that these wild paroxysms of the brain visited him; but up till last Monday he had spoken of them to no one. A friend who had a long conversation with him on the Thursday of last week never enjoyed an interview more, or remembers him in a more genial mood. On the Saturday forenoon another friend from Edinburgh found him in the same happy frame. As was his wont when with an old friend with whom he felt particularly at ease, he read or recited some favorite passages, repeating, on this occasion with great emphasis,

that noble prayer of John Knox's which, he told his friend, it had been his frequent custom to repeat privately during the days of the Disruption. On the forenoon of Sunday last he worshipped in the Free Church at Portobello; and in the evening read a little work which had been put into his hands—penning that brief notice of it which will be read with melancholy interest as his last contribution to this journal. About ten o'clock on Monday morning he took what with him was an altogether unusual step. He called on Dr. Balfour in Portobello to consult him as to his state of health. "On my asking," says Dr. Balfour, in a communication with which we have been favored; "what was the matter with him, he replied: 'My brain is giving way. I can not put two thoughts together to-day: I have had a dreadful night of it: I can not face another such: I was impressed with the idea that my Museum was attacked by robbers, and that I had got up, put on my clothes, and gone out with a loaded pistol to shoot them. Immediately after that I became unconscious. How long that continued I can not say; but when I awoke in the morning I was trembling all over, and quite confused in my brain. On rising I felt as if a stiletto was suddenly, and as quickly as an electric shock, passed through my brain from front to back, and left a burning sensation on the top of the brain just below the bone. So thoroughly convinced was I that I must have been out through the night, that I examined my trowsers, to see if they were wet or covered with mud, but could find none.' He further said: 'I may state that I was somewhat similarly affected through the night twice last week, and I examined my trowsers in the morning, to see if I had been out. Still, the terrible sensations were not nearly so bad as they were last night; and I may further inform you, that towards the end of last week, while passing through the Exchange in Edinburgh, I was seized with such a giddiness, that I staggered, and would, I think, have fallen, had I not gone into an entry, where I leaned against the wall, and became quite unconscious for some seconds.'"

Dr. Balfour stated his opinion of the case; told him that he was overworking his brain, and agreed to call on him on the following day, to make a fuller examination. Meanwhile, the quick eye of affection had noticed that there was something

wrong, and on Monday forenoon Mrs. Miller came up to Edinburgh to express her anxiety to Professor Miller, and request that he would see her husband. "I arranged," says Professor Miller, "to meet Dr. Balfour, at Shrub Mount, (Mr. Hugh Miller's house,) on the afternoon of next day. We met accordingly at half-past three on Tuesday. He was a little annoyed at Mrs. Miller's having given me the trouble, as he called it, but received me quite in his ordinary, kind, friendly manner. We examined his chest, and found that unusually well; but soon we discovered that it was head-symptoms that made him uneasy. He acknowledged having been night after night up till very late in the morning, working hard and continuously at his new book, 'which,' with much satisfaction, he said, 'I have finished this day.' He was sensible that his head had suffered in consequence, as evidenced in two ways: first, occasionally he felt as if a very fine poignard had been suddenly passed through and through his brain. The pain was intense, and momentarily followed by confusion and giddiness, and the sense of being 'very drunk,' unable to stand or walk. He thought that a period of unconsciousness must have followed this—a kind of swoon, but he had never fallen. Second, What annoyed him most, however, was a kind of nightmare, which for some nights past had rendered sleep most miserable. It was no dream, he said: he saw no distinct vision, and could remember nothing of what had passed accurately. It was a sense of vague and yet intense horror, with a conviction of being abroad in the night wind, and dragged through places as if by some invisible power. 'Last night,' he said, 'I felt as if I had been ridden by a witch for fifty miles, and rose far more wearied in mind and body than when I lay down.' So strong was his conviction of having been out, that he had difficulty in persuading himself to the contrary, by carefully examining his clothes in the morning, to see if they were not wet or dirty; and he looked inquiringly and anxiously to his wife, asking if she was sure he had not been out last night, and walking in this disturbed trance or dream. His pulse was quiet, but tongue foul. The head was not hot, but he could not say it was free from pain. But I need not enter into professional details. Suffice it to say, that we came to

the conclusion that he was suffering from an over-worked mind, disordering his digestive organs, enervating his whole frame, and threatening serious head affection. We told him this, and enjoined absolute discontinuance of work—bed at eleven, light supper, (he had all his life made that a principal meal,) thinning the hair of the head, a warm sponging-bath at bed-time, etc. To all our commands he readily promised obedience, not forgetting the discontinuance of neck-rubbing, to which he had unfortunately been prevailed to submit some days before. For fully an hour we talked together on these and other subjects, and I left him with no apprehension of impending evil, and little doubting but that a short time of rest and regimen would restore him to his wonted vigor." It was a cheerful hour that thus was passed, and his wife and family partook of the hopeful feeling with which his kind friend Professor Miller had parted with him. It was now near the dinner hour, and the servant entered the room to spread the table. She found Mr. Miller in the room alone. Another of the paroxysms was on him. His face was such a picture of horror that she shrunk in terror from the sight. He flung himself on the sofa, and buried his head, as if in agony, upon the cushion. Again, however, the vision flitted by, and left him in perfect health. The evening was spent quietly with his family. During tea he employed himself in reading aloud Cowper's "Cast-Away," the Sonnet on Mary Unwin, and one of his more playful pieces, for the special pleasure of his children. Having corrected some proofs of the forthcoming volume, he went up stairs to his study. At the appointed hour he had taken the bath, but unfortunately his natural and peculiar repugnance to physic had induced him to leave untaken the medicine that had been prescribed. He had retired into his sleeping-room—a small apartment opening out of his study, and which for some time past, in consideration of the delicate state of his wife's health, and the irregularity of his own hours of study, he occupied at night alone—and lain some time upon the bed. The horrible trance, more horrible than ever, must have returned. All that can now be known of what followed is to be gathered from the facts, that next morning his body, half-dressed, was found lying lifeless on the floor, the feet upon the study rug,

the chest pierced with the ball of the revolver pistol, which was found lying in the bath that stood close by. The deadly bullet had perforated the left lung, grazed the heart, cut through the pulmonary artery at its root, and lodged in the rib in the right side. Death must have been instantaneous. The servant by whom the body was first discovered, acting with singular discretion, gave no alarm, but went instantly in search of the doctor and minister; and on the latter the melancholy duty was devolved of breaking the fearful intelligence to that now broken-hearted widow over whose bitter sorrow it becomes us to draw the veil. The body was lifted, and laid upon the bed. We saw it there a few hours afterwards. The head lay back, sideways on the pillow. There was the massive brow, the firm-set, manly features, we had so often looked upon admiringly, just as we had lately seen them—no touch nor trace upon them of disease—nothing but that overspread pallor of death to distinguish them from what they had been. But the expression of that countenance in death will live in our memory forever. Death by gun-shot wounds is said to leave no trace of suffering behind; and never was there a face of the dead freer from all shadow of pain, or grief, or conflict, than that of our dear departed friend. And as we bent over it, and remembered the troubled look it sometimes had in life, and thought what must have been the sublimely terrific expression that it wore at the moment when the fatal deed was done, we could not help thinking that it lay there to tell us, in that expression of unruffled, majestic repose that sat upon every feature, what we so assuredly believe, that the spirit had passed through a terrible tornado, in which reason had been broken down; but that it had made the great passage in safety, and stood looking back to us, in humble, grateful triumph, from the other side.

On looking round the room in which the body had been discovered, a folio sheet of paper was seen lying on the table. On the centre of the page the following lines were written—the last which that pen was ever to trace:

"DEAREST LYDIA: My brain burns. I *must* have walked; and a fearful dream rises upon me. I can not bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord

Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns as the recollection grows. My dear, dear wife, farewell.

"HUGH MILLER."

What a legacy of love to a broken-hearted family! and to us, and all who loved him, how pleasing to observe, that in that bewildering hour, when the horror of that great darkness came down upon that noble spirit, and some hideous, shapeless phantom overpowered it, and took from it even the capacity to discern the right from the wrong, humility, and faith, and affection, still kept their hold; amid the ruins of the intellect, that tender heart remaining still unbroken. These last lines remain as the surest evidence of the mysterious power that laid his spirit prostrate, and of the noble elements of which that spirit was composed—humble, and reverent, and loving, to the last.

Yesterday, at the request of friends, and under the authority of the Procurator-Fiscal, a *post-mortem* examination of the body took place. We subjoin the result:

"EDINBURGH, *December 26, 1856.*

"We hereby certify, on soul and conscience, that we have this day examined the body of Mr. Hugh Miller, at Shrub Mount, Portobello.

"The cause of death we found to be a pistol-shot through the left side of the chest; and this, we are satisfied, was inflicted by his own hand.

"From the diseased appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal under the impulse of insanity.

"JAMES MILLER,  
A. H. BALFOUR,  
W. T. GAIRDNER,  
A. M. EDWARDS."

We must ask to be excused from attempting any analysis of Mr. Miller's character and genius, or any estimate of the distinguished services he has rendered to literature, science, and the Christian faith. His loss is too heavy a one—his removal has come upon us too suddenly and too awfully for mind or hand to be steady enough for such a task. The voice of the public press has already told what a place he had won for himself in the ad-

miration and affection of his countrymen; and for the delicate and tender way in which the manner of his departure has universally been alluded to, were we permitted to speak in the name of Mr. Miller's friends, we should express our deepest gratitude. It is a beautiful and worthy tribute that his brother journalists have rendered to the memory of one who was a laborer along with them in elevating the talent and tone of our newspaper literature.

As Free Churchmen, however, it would be unpardonable were we to omit all reference, at such a time as this, to what he did on behalf of the Church of his adoption. Dr. Chalmers did not err when, self-oblivious, he spake of Mr. Miller, as he so often did, as the greatest Scotchman alive after Sir Walter Scott's death, and as the man who had done more than all others to defend and make popular throughout the country the non-intrusion cause. We know well what the mutual love and veneration was of those two great men for one another whilst living; and now that both are gone—and hereafter we believe still more so than even now—their two names will be intertwined in the grateful and admiring remembrance of the ministers and members of the Free Church. It was the high honor of the writer of these hurried lines to record the part taken by his venerated relative in that great ecclesiastical struggle which terminated in the Disruption. At that time it was matter to him of great regret that, as his office was that of the biographer, and not of the historian, there did not occur those natural opportunities of speaking of the part taken by Mr. Miller in that struggle, of which he gladly would have availed himself. And he almost wishes now that he had violated what appeared to him to be his duty, in order to create such an opportunity. He feels as if in this he had done some injustice to the dead—an injustice which it would gratify him beyond measure if he could now in any way repair, by expressing it as his own judgment, and the judgment of the vast body of his Church, that, next to the writings and actings of Dr. Chalmers, the leading articles of Mr. Miller in this journal did more than any thing else to give the Free Church the place it holds in the affections of so many of our fellow-countrymen.

But Mr. Miller was far more than a



Free Churchman, and did for the Christianity of his country and the world a far higher service than any which in that simple character and office was rendered by him. There was nothing in him of the spirit and temper of the sectarian. He breathed too broad an atmosphere to live and move within such narrow bounds. In the heat of the conflict there may have been too much occasionally of the partisan; and in the pleasure that the sweep and stroke of his intellectual tomahawk gave to him who wielded it, he may have forgotten at times the pain inflicted where it fell; but let his writings before and after the Disruption be now consulted, and it will be found that it was mainly because of his firm belief, whether right or wrong, that the interests of vital godliness were wrapped up in it, that he took his stand, and played his conspicuous part, in the ecclesiastical conflict. It is well known that for some time past—for reasons to which it would be altogether unseasonable to allude—he has ceased to take any active part in ecclesiastical affairs. He had retired even, in a great measure, from the field of general literature, to devote himself to the study of Geology. His past labors in this department—enough to give him a high and honored place among its most distinguished cultivators—he looked upon but as his training for the great life-work he had marked out for himself—the full investigation and illustration of the Geology of Scotland. He had large materials already collected for this work; and it was his intention, after completing that volume which has happily been left in so finished a state, to set himself to their arrangement. The friends of science in many lands will mourn over the incomplete project which, however ably it may hereafter be accomplished by another, it were vain to hope shall ever be so accomplished as it should have been by one who united in himself the power of accurate observation, of logical deduction, of broad generalization, and of pictorial and poetic representation. But the friends of Christianity can not regret, that since it was the mysterious decree of Heaven that he should prematurely fall—his work as a pure Geologist not half done—he should have been led aside by the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation* to that track of semi-theological, semi-scientific research to which his later studies and later writings have been devoted. That, as it now

seems to us, was the great work which it was given him on earth to do—to illustrate the perfect harmony of all that science tells us of the physical structure and history of our globe, with all that the Bible tells us of the creation and government of this earth by and through Christ Jesus our Lord. The establishment and exhibition of that harmony was a task to which is it too much to say that there was no man living so competent as he? We leave it to the future to declare how much he has done by his writings to fulfill that task; but mourning, as we now can only do, over his sad and melancholy death—to that very death, with all the tragic circumstances that surround it, we would point as the closing sacrifice offered on the altar of our faith. His very intellect, his reason—God's most precious gift—a gift dearer than life—perished in the great endeavor to harmonize the works and word of the Eternal. A most inscrutable event, that such an intellect should have been suffered to go to wreck through too eager a prosecution of such a work. But amid the mystery, which we can not penetrate, our love, and our veneration, and our gratitude, toward that so highly-gifted and truly Christian man shall only grow the deeper because of the cloud and the whirlwind in which he has been borne off from our side.

(From the Scotsman.)

Rarely are we called upon to perform a duty so painful, alike in itself, and in the sudden circumstances of its occurrence, as to record the death of Hugh Miller. His name, as editor of the *Witness*, as a man of science, and as a genial and admirable writer on social and literary topics, is known wherever our recent literature itself is known; and in Edinburgh, the city of his adoption, and nursery of his talents and reputation, his death is felt and mourned as a public loss. However sadly the narrative of his death may touch Mr. Miller's immediate friends, it will be to them less startling than to others unaware of his peculiar temperament, and of his recent state of health as a sufferer from nervous depression and irritation.

Mr. Miller has fallen a victim to overwork of the brain—the peculiar malady of these days, and of men of his class. Such, we know, was and had long been his own

conviction. Years ago, and again within these two or three days, he was pleased, in the goodness of his heart, to warn the writer of these few hasty and halting words against what he thought dangers of that class, pointing to his own case as an example deterring from continuous efforts and anxieties. In this respect, however, Mr. Miller suffered, we suspect, from a somewhat peculiar temperament—he did not work *easy*, but with laborious special preparation, and then with throes that tortured him during the process, and left him exhausted afterwards. In saying this, however, we speak only of the more recent years; and it is at least six or seven years since we heard him complain that hard work had left him only “half a man,” and that he could do only half work with double toil.

Although apparently a man of physical as well as moral courage, he had a curious tendency to keep fire-arms about his house and person. When he lived at Sylvan Place, to the south of the Meadows, he was accustomed, when going home after nightfall, to carry a loaded pistol, and, from some allusions in his work, “First Impressions of England,” it appears, that he followed the same practice when travelling, or at least when on his pedestrian excursions. One of his very oldest friends, ordinarily residing in a distant part of the country, jocularly surprised him one night two or three years ago in a well-frequented Edinburgh street, and was amazed by his suddenly turning round and presenting a pistol. We believe that the habit was acquired by Mr. Miller when he was accountant in a bank at Cromarty, and employed occasionally to carry specie to the other branches. To that habit, we have apparently in great part to ascribe the event we to-day deplore, and which a large proportion of the Scottish people will hear with startling and grief.

Scarcely can we attempt, on so sudden a call, to note at all adequately either the labors or the attainments of the deceased. Such a work, however, is less necessary in this instance than in the case of many a more prominent and public man. Though of a singularly retiring and sensitive nature, and, for his position, of a remarkably secluded life, Mr. Miller was known, through the leading incidents of his history, to all who interested themselves in science or general literature, partly through

friends making public—to his honor—the interesting circumstances of his rise and of his vigorous exertions to become a man of science and letters, and more fully by his own recent autobiographical work, “My Schools and Schoolmasters.” Beginning his literary career as a correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*—whose accomplished editor will be among his sincerest lamenters—he asserted his claims as a delightful sketcher of manners and of natural scenery and objects, and next as a powerful writer on ecclesiastical politics. It was only when the comparative ease and leisure he enjoyed as editor of the *Witness* enabled him to follow the natural bent of his inclinations and genius that he developed that power of observation and research which he had cultivated, almost furtively, throughout his whole career, that he became known as a discoverer in science, and as one of the most felicitous of its popular illustrators. He was born in October, 1802, as he himself tells us in the fascinating narrative of his life already alluded to. He has thus been cut off at the early age of fifty-four, while engaged on works to which he had devoted years of toil and research, and from which the geological world expected a rich harvest of new ideas and valuable results. His “Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland,” published about twenty years ago, which was intended for a narrow circle, revealed his poetical imagination and his extraordinary power of writing. The “Old Red Sandstone,” published in 1841, while it placed him in the first class of geologists, and made his name known over Europe as a man of science, charmed even ordinary readers by the fascination of its style. In 1849 he published “Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness,” one object of which was to expose the flimsy sophistry—and what he deemed the atheistical tendency—of the “Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.” It is ably reasoned, and, like his other works, beautifully written. Besides these, and passing over his articles in the *Witness*, he published a small volume, “First Impressions of England”—we think about eight or nine years ago. Many of his geological papers, scattered through the columns of the *Witness*, and no doubt others still existing in manuscript, he intended to publish in a more accessible form; and deep will be the disappointment caused by his death among the wide

circle of his admirers, who yet expected many works, to instruct and delight, from his pen. His wonderful command of the English language, and the charms of his style, drew a glowing tribute to his eloquence from Dr. Buckland, (himself a first-rate writer,) which has often been quoted. "I would give my left hand to possess such powers of description as this man; and if it please Providence to spare his useful life, he, if any one, will certainly render the science attractive and popular, and do equal service to Theology and Geology." Bred a mason, with only common education, he raised himself from a humble rank of life by his native talent to a distinguished place among the best writers and most scientific thinkers of the age. His country will long honor him as a noble example of a self-educated Scotsman.

In Hugh Miller the newspaper press of Scotland has to mourn the loss of one who was felt to give it dignity and character. Although scarcely aiming at the performance of some of the most arduous duties of a journalist, the vigor and completeness of many of the articles he supplied to his journal were the admiration alike of his own party and of the public, and of friends and opponents among his contemporaries. The purity and vigor of his English, his wealth of literary allusion, his trenchant sarcasm, his jets of true humor, never altogether wanting even in the least happy of his productions, gave to some of them a celebrity and length of life very rarely attained by any writings that make their way to the world through a newspaper. Having often had occasion to differ from him in matters of taste, and still oftener in matters of opinion, we are at this painful moment thankful that we did not, even when controversy was hottest, neglect any clear calls or fair opportunities to make acknowledgment, however imperfectly, of his genius and his moral worth.

(From the *Edinburgh Advertiser*.)

It is with feelings of deep and painful regret that we announce to our readers the death of Mr. Hugh Miller of the *Witness*. \* \* \* The work—over-labor at which was the mediate cause of his death—was doubtless his long-projected work on the Geology of Scotland, which he intended to be his

*magnum opus*, and corner-stone of his reputation as a man of science. It was no chance leap that led Hugh Miller to competence and distinction. His whole life was a progress, a constant preparation for something better. He knew that there was but one thing he could carry out of this world—namely, himself—the nature which God had given him; and so, by God's grace, he sought to cultivate it, to his true profit here and lasting enjoyment hereafter. And now, like many another distinguished man of this brain-destroying age, he has fallen a victim to his over-great devotion to the work which he felt it was his province to perform. His death has been felt as a shock by the whole community of our city. It was so sudden, so strange, so appalling. It was the last form of death which we should have anticipated for Hugh Miller,—for that firm, self-possessed man, who trusted in God, and never shrunk from a duty in life. It is a lesson for humanity to lay to heart; and while we thus hasten to pay an honest tribute to his memory, the thought comes home to us, as it must to all, that truly "we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth."

(From the *Scottish Guardian*.)

We pen these mournful words [the death of Mr. Hugh Miller] with a stricken and sad heart. The announcement of the death of Hugh Miller will be heard with a thrill of genuine sorrow throughout the Church in which he was a standard-bearer—throughout Scotland, of which he was one of the most conspicuous ornaments—throughout the world of science, which associates his honored name with those of the men most distinguished in our day, as fellow-workers in building up the stately fabric of the modern geology. \* \* \* Our readers will remember the zeal and energy with which Mr. Miller devoted himself to the defense of the Church's spiritual liberties. Even beyond the immediate sphere of the contest, his vigorous, lively, and trenchant articles were universally read and admired, as specimens of powerful controversial writing. Beyond all comparison, out of the Church Courts, Hugh Miller was the most popular champion the Church possessed. At the time of her triumphant



exodus, when her ministers and members assembled in Canonmills Hall in the full flush of victory and freedom, the appearance of none of her defenders, amidst that vast and animated throng—where Chalmers, and Welsh, and Gordon, and Cunningham, and Candlish stood conspicuous—elicited plaudits louder and longer than when Hugh Miller was seen lifting his stalwart form and noble head amongst the people. But the columns of the *Witness* were not devoted exclusively to the ecclesiastical discussion of the day. Its large-hearted editor was endowed with intellectual sympathies which polemics could not narrow or repress. \*

\* To Mr. Miller, more than to any other geologist, undoubtedly belongs the honor of having demonstrated, what previous observers had begun to suspect, that the Old Red Sandstone was entitled to rank as an independent formation, by its distinctive fossils, many of which he was the first to discover and describe. Mr. Miller had projected, and had advanced far in the preparation of, a work on the general geology of Scotland; but it is with the Old Red Sandstone that his name as a geologist will be permanently connected. The work in which he traces the progress of his observations, has been probably perused more for its moral interest and its literary excellences than even for its geological descriptions. It is such a book as Oliver Goldsmith might have written, had he been a naturalist, which he was not; but still when Goldsmith wrote on natural history, he threw the natural historians into the shade by his marvellous powers of description; and of all the writers of the golden age of British literature, it has always appeared to us that Mr. Miller's style came nearest to the exquisite English of Goldsmith. To Mr. Miller's versatile talents, and the varied contributions of his pen to criticism, art, philosophy, and science, is applicable, also, more than to any other writer of the day, the panegyric pronounced upon Goldsmith, that there was no branch of knowledge which he did not touch, and which, touching, he did adorn. His most profound work, the "Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness," is a contribution to natural theology of inestimable importance. It has been adopted as a text book by some of the most eminent teachers of geology in the Universities; and it has done more to ex-

pose the atheistical fallacies and sophistries of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" than even the elaborate essays of Sedgwick and Brewster.

But to other and abler pens must be assigned the task of estimating the genius, the character, and the services to religion, science, literature, and social progress of this marvellous man. We must content ourselves with these brief and hasty recollections of his life and labors, in recording the unexpected and sorrowful intelligence of his death. Thousands here and in other lands will join with us in the tribute of an honest tear to the memory of a man of true heart and noble powers of intellect, devoted to the loftiest purposes. Little did we think, when we met Mr. Miller last year, in the genial and kindly intercourse of the British Association, that we were to see his face no more; and that at the early age of fifty-four, he would be lost to the Church which he loved, and to the cause of Christian science, which owes so much to his example and labors. Death has made sad inroads of late years upon the ranks of the cultivators of natural science. Dr. Landsborough, Professor Edward Forbes, Dr. Johnston of Berwick, Mr. Yarrell, and now Mr. Hugh Miller, have passed away in rapid succession—and now Forbes and Miller have left behind them no equals.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,  
Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother,  
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

(From the *Edinburgh Express*.)

Hugh Miller, the greatest living Scotchman, died on Wednesday morning in a peculiarly tragic manner, and at a period of life when his intellect and attainments had reached maturity, and enjoyed the prospect of a whole generation's labor and harvest. He has passed away from amongst us in the meridian of his genius, when the victory over difficulties and discouragements had been achieved, with such a reserve of power as warranted us to anticipate many great and easy closing performances. His past career had been an up-hill struggle, to conquer his true position; and his future life, it was expected, would be illustrated by literary and scientific successes. Though he has



been prematurely cut off, and in a way peculiarly sad, yet he has lived long enough to achieve a permanent reputation, and to show what a self-educated and self-reliant working-man can do, when entering the lists against rivals who have known a much more auspicious fortune. We are glad that he has written his autobiography, and that he has thus exhibited the example, and expounded the moral of his own mental history, as a curious study in favor of unassisted training. Two or three years ago, he published "My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of My Education;" and the critics who then complained of the account, as rather early in date, and somewhat egotistical in character, will now be very thankful that it appeared, and be disposed to regard it with the candor and interest which they formerly suppressed. Had he deferred his reminiscences until he was aged, the world would have been left, at the moment of his tragical death, without any record of the highly romantic and valuable particulars of his youth and early manhood. He has departed at his meridian; and it is well that he did not wait until that evening which never came, to recall the bygone incidents. \* \* \*

Scotland is much poorer by the event, though Hugh Miller, when no more than a name, will continue to influence and stimulate our ablest countrymen age after age. For general strength of intellect he is not inferior to Robert Burns, whilst in moral aspects he stands foremost in the view of every Scotchman aspiring to be in the van of his countrymen. We have lost our grandest representative of the working-men of Scotland; and to think that that stalwart and massy form, instinct with tenacious life, has succumbed to the mere incident of a dream!

(From the *Edinburgh Courant*.)

Science and letters have to deplore the painful and untimely loss of one of the most remarkable men of his time and country. \* \* \* The story of the life which has come to so sad an end, needs not now to be told. His own graceful and graphic pen has made the world acquainted with the circumstances of his birth and boyhood, his self-instruction in a wide circle of knowledge, and his rise from a lot of toil and obscurity to

a position of comparative ease and acknowledged eminence. \* \* \*

Much of Mr. Miller's character may be read in his published works. It is not often that the reasoning and imaginative powers are found combined in so large a measure in the same mind; and in this rare union lay the secret of his strength as an author. In force of description—in the power of bringing scenes and objects in all their details before his readers in the most vivid light—he has left perhaps no equal—certainly no superior—among living writers.

(From *The Witness* of December 31, 1856.)

From the firmament of British literature and science a great light has departed. But yesterday we rejoiced in its beams, and now it has set all suddenly and forever; and to us there remains but the melancholy task of bewailing its departure, and tracing very hastily and imperfectly its track. The intellectual powers of Hugh Miller had certainly not declined. He was marked to the very last by that wonderful robustness of mind which had characterized him all through life. His sense was as manly, his judgment as sound and comprehensive, his penetration as discriminating and deep, his imagination as vigorous and bold, and his taste as pure and trusty, as they had ever been. The whole of his great powers were found working together up to the last week of his earthly career, with their usually calm, noiseless strength, and finely balanced and exquisitely toned harmony. We have evidence of this fact under his own hand in recent numbers of the *Witness*. His last two articles were, the one on Russia, and the other on our modern poets. The former—that on the resources of the Russian empire—is characterized by the same wide range of thinking, the same skill in analysis, and the same power of grouping and arranging details, and making them to throw light on some great principle, which usually marked and notified his hand when employed on such subjects. The latter—that on the poets—is rich and genial as usual, betokening a full and unclouded recollection of all his early reading in that department of our literature, abounding in the finest touches of pathos and beauty, and redolent with a most generous

sympathy with kindred genius. It is not inconsistent with what we have now stated, and it is the fact, that latterly the inroads of disease, which had entrenched itself deeply in a constitution originally strong, and which kept steadily advancing upon the vital powers, had come so near the seat of the mind, that for short intervals the noble spirit was sadly beclouded, and its moral and intellectual action momentarily suspended. But, apart from this, there seemed ground to believe that there was yet before Mr. Miller much honorable and noble labor. The strong man, after all his tasks, appeared to be still strong. His powers were mellowing into richness, and calm, matured strength; his conceptions of great principles were growing yet wider; his store of facts, literary as well as scientific, was accumulating with every busy and laborious year that passed over him; and there did seem ground to expect from his pen, unrivalled among his contemporaries in its exquisite purity and calm power, many a deep-thoughted article, and many a profoundly-reasoned and richly-illustrated volume. We looked to him for the solution of many a dark question in science; and we certainly hoped, from that fine union of science and theology which dwelt in him above all men, for a yet fuller and more complete adjustment of the two great records of Creation—that of the Rocks, and that of Moses. But alas! all these hopes have suddenly failed us. It seemed right otherwise to the Great Disposer of all. He has said to his faithful servant, "Enough."

Let us look back upon that work. We by no means aim at giving a calm, well-weighed, and deeply-pondered estimate of it, but only such a glance as the circumstances permit and require. His great and special work was his advocacy of the principles of the Free Church. Mr. Miller was *par excellence* the popular expounder and defender of these principles, whether in their embryotic state in the Non-Intrusion party, or as embodied in the fully developed and completely emancipated Free Protestant Church of Scotland. For this service, in connection with which he would have best liked to be remembered, as he best deserved it, he had unconsciously been undergoing a course of preparation even when a boy. He himself has told us with what eagerness he devoured, at that period of life, the legendary histo-

ries of Wallace and Bruce; and the occupation had its use. It gave him a capacity for admiring what was great though perilous in exploit, and for truly and largely sympathizing with what was patriotic and self-sacrificing in character; and so it created a groundwork for his own future thinking and acting. The admiration he then bore to these earliest of our "Scottish worthies," who vindicated on Bannockburn, and kindred fields, Scotland's right to be an independent and free country, he afterwards transferred to our later "Worthies," whom he revered as greater still. Not that he ever lost his admiration of the former, or ceased to value the incalculable services they rendered to the Scottish nation; but that he regarded Knox and Melville as men occupying a yet higher platform—as gifted with a yet deeper insight into their country's wants,—as, in short, carrying forward and consummating the glorious task which Wallace and Bruce had but begun. He saw that unless our reformers had come after our heroes, planting schools, founding colleges, and, above all, imparting to their countrymen a scriptural and rational faith, in vain had Bruce unsheathed his sword,—in vain had Wallace laid down his life. Wallace and Bruce had created an independent country; Knox and Melville had created an independent people. They were the creators of the Scottish nation,—the real enfranchisers of our people; and it was this that taught Mr. Miller to venerate these men so profoundly, and that made him in his inmost soul a devoted follower, and to the utmost extent of his great faculties a defender of their cause. He was a soldier from love—pure, heroic, chivalrous devotion soaring infinitely above the partisan. He saw that the Church of Scotland was the creator of the rights and privileges of the people of Scotland—that she was the grand palladium of the country's liberties—that while she stood an independent and free institution, the people stood an independent and free nation—and that bonds to her meant slavery to them. Therefore did he gird on the sword when he saw peril gathering around her. The privileges—the entire standing of the common people, as given them by the reformation—he saw to be in danger: he was "one of themselves;" and he felt and fought as if almost the quarrel had been a personal one, and the question at issue his

own liberty or slavery. How richly equipped and nobly armed he came into the field, we need not here state. What fullness yet precision of ecclesiastical lore, what strength and conclusiveness of argument—what flashes of humor, wit, and sarcasm—and in what a luminous yet profoundly philosophical light did he set the great principles involved in the controversy, making them patent in the very cottages of our land, and so fixing them in the understandings of the very humblest of our people, that they never afterwards could be either misunderstood or forgotten! It was thus that the way was prepared for the great result of the 18th of May, 1843.

Of Mr. Miller as a man of science and a public journalist we can not speak at present at any length. In him the love of science was deeply seated and early developed. The first arena on which he appeared—obscure and humble as it was—afforded him special opportunities of initiating himself into what to him was then, and continued ever afterwards to be a most fascinating study. The study of geology was eagerly prosecuted amid the multifarious duties, and during the brief pauses, of a busy life. Several original discoveries rewarded his patient and laborious investigations. He succeeded at length in placing his name in the first rank of British scientific thinkers and writers. His works are characterized by a fine union of strict science, classic diction, and enchanting description, which rises not unfrequently into the loftiest vein of poetry. The fruits of his researches were ever made to bear upon the defence and elucidation of the Oracles of Truth. Our common Christianity owes much to his pen.

But the character in which his personal friends will deplore him most, and will most frequently recall his memory, will be that of the man. How meek and gentle he was!—how unpretending and modest, even as a very child!—how true and steady in friendship!—how wise and playful his mirth!—how ripened and chastened his wisdom!—how ready to counsel!—how willing to oblige!—how generous and large his sympathies! No little jealousies, no fretful envyings, had he! Even in opposition, how noble and manly was he: if a powerful, he was a fair and open antagonist; and whatever hard blows were dealt, they were dealt in his

own journal. We have seen him in various moods and in all circumstances; but never did we hear him utter an unkind or disparaging word of man. He was, too, a sincere and humble Christian; and the lively faith which he cherished in the adorable Redeemer and his all efficacious sacrifice, bore abundantly its good fruits in a life including no ordinary variety of condition and trial, and running on to such term as to make abundantly manifest what manner of man he was.

#### FUNERAL OF MR. HUGH MILLER.

The mortal remains of this truly great man were consigned to the grave on Monday amid the most marked demonstrations of sorrow on the part of the entire community.

Thirteen two-horse mourning coaches were here in waiting to convey the company to the place of sepulture in the Grange Cemetery, preceded by the hearse, which had four horses.

On reaching the General Post-Office in Waterloo Place, the ranks of the funeral procession were largely augmented, there being here as many as from twenty to thirty private carriages in waiting, filled with the leading citizens, and a large body of the inhabitants of all ranks, classes, and denominations, drawn up in line three or four abreast.

A still more numerous body of the citizens, as well as of parties from Glasgow, Liverpool, Stirling, Bridge of Allan, and other parts of the country, drew up in the rear of the long line of carriages, while the sides of the streets were also lined with mourners, who accompanied the procession to the cemetery. Besides the large concourse of people who here joined the procession, the whole front of the Register office and the corners of the North Bridge were densely occupied by some thousands of spectators; and it may be safely said, that no event since the death of Dr. Chalmers has caused such deep-felt sorrow and regret in Edinburgh. One paper states, that "at one time there could not have been many less than four thousand people in the procession;" whilst another journal says, that although the inclemency of the weather, the day being one of the dreariest of the season, "kept back many who would otherwise have swelled the line of mourners, even with

this drawback, it has been informed that the attendance was even greater than on the occasion of the funeral of Dr. Chalmers in 1847."

Nearly all the shops on the North and South Bridges, and in Nicolson and Clerk streets, along which the *cortege* passed, were closed; and along the whole route many a saddened countenance and tearful eye could be seen, all testifying to the deep respect entertained for him whose manly form had so often traversed these same streets.

On reaching the entrance of the Grange Cemetery, the coffin was removed from the hearse, and borne shoulder high to the tomb, followed by the pall-bearers and the general company. The ground selected for the burial place is the westmost space but one on the northern side of the cemetery, and in a line with the graves of Dr. Chalmers, Sir Andrew Agnew, and Sheriff Speirs, with which it is in close proximity. As many of our readers are aware, the situation is one of surpassing scenic beauty, and was described by the deceased's

own matchless pen but a few years ago, on the occasion of the burial of Chalmers; and certainly in the grave of Hugh Miller a new feature of attraction has been added to the spot.

The mournful ceremony was now near its close. As the heavy, dull sound, caused by the fall of the damp earth upon the coffin, fell upon the ear, a sad and painful sensation crept over the frame, increased as this was by the wintry aspect of the day and the heavy leaden sky which, like a pall, was spread over the face of nature, in striking harmony with the solemnity of the scene. A few minutes more, and all was over; and the vast company, uncovered, paid the closing mark of respect to the ashes of the mighty dead. A touching scene occurred at the close of all. After the whole of the company had retired, a laboring man, clad in humble habiliments, seized hold of a handful of ivy or laurel leaves, and gently strewed them upon the grave, while the tearful eye eloquently spoke of the strength of his feelings.

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From the Eclectic Review.

## THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

To prove that science has a progress, that its labors are important to mankind, and that it deserves the encouragement it demands, we propose in this paper to review some of the observations and discoveries which have, during the last two years, been added to the great book of physical truths. In doing this, we must of necessity confine our attention to a few subjects. Were we to wander without a chart over the numerous fields of research which have been explored in but one department, we should altogether fail to give our readers satisfactory information; and the boasted progress of science might be in the end doubtful.

The more or less direct influence of the atmosphere upon all astronomical and meteorological phenomena, and our dependence on its changes for health, the success of our labors, the safety of the great highways of the ocean, and the security of life, have given an especial interest to every attempt to determine with precision its influence, and the laws by which its mutations are governed. We may, therefore, with advantage, make our first selection from a few of the meteorological researches of the last two years.

At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, in 1855, the astronomer,



Broun, briefly communicated the fact, that after two years' labor in conveying materials and instruments through dense jungles, inhabited by wild animals, he had succeeded in establishing an observatory on Angusta Mulhay, a mountain in Travancore, at an elevation of 6200 feet above the level of the sea, for the purpose of making simultaneous magnetic meteorological and astronomical observations, with the observatory of Trevandrum. At the same meeting, Professor Smyth drew the attention of the physical section to some observations which he had undertaken to determine whether he could detect, by the use of the most perfect astronomical instruments, the condensation of a resisting medium about the sun, and a consequent refraction of the stars in its immediate neighborhood — a condition which he described as the necessary result of Professor Thompson's dynamical theory of heat. In consequence of atmospheric disturbances, he had not been able to obtain more than two satisfactory results, but they both indicated a sensible amount of solar refraction. For the confirmation of these observations, he thought it would be desirable to erect a telescope on some high mountain above the impurities of the atmosphere.

Twelve months after the communication of these two papers, Professor Smyth, under the auspices of the Admiralty, sailed from Southampton for Teneriffe, in Mr. Robert Stephenson's yacht, taking with him seventy cases of instruments and materials for the temporary formation of two or more observatories, to discover and measure by contemporaneous observations, the influence of the atmosphere upon astronomical and meteorological phenomena. On the 8th of July last, he arrived with his assistants at Santa Cruz, and on the 14th, he removed the instruments from Ortova to Guajara; but the atmosphere was there so loaded with thick dense clouds, driven by the north-east trade-wind, that he almost immediately abandoned that station. To rise above the impure air, with which the whole country seemed to be covered, into one that was clear and transparent, the astronomer and his party began to ascend the long slope above Ortova; and when at an elevation of 5000 feet, passed through the screen of dense vapor into a pure medium, and had for the first time since his arrival in the island, a dark blue,

cloudless sky overhead. The mountain Guajara, which they were ascending, is situated to the south of the Peak of Teneriffe, and, with the exception of that mountain, is the greatest altitude (8870 feet) in the island. Upon a plateau near the edge of an old crater, and on the summit of the mountain, some of the instruments were erected, and observations were commenced. We are not informed what observations were taken in this station, but it appears that the astronomers at once discovered the advantage they had gained by a great altitude. The telescope of the Sheepshanks-equatorial, which in Edinburgh could not define stars of less than the tenth degree of magnitude, now exhibited those of the fourteenth with a fine definition: in Edinburgh, a clear stellar disc was never obtained in that telescope, but on Guajara, it gave more perfect images than the astronomer had ever seen in any instrument mounted in the impure atmospheres which surround all our lowland observatories.

But although there was so much to please in the station that had been reached, there was still another to gain. "Raised we were," says Professor Smyth, "above the actual cloud of the north-east wind, but we were not always above the wind itself: and even as this rose and predominated over the station, so did telescopic vision become bad. We were almost, more frequently than otherwise, enveloped in a dusky, smoky sort of medium, whose vast strata, piled one on the other, and stretching out to the distant horizon, rose some thousands of feet above our heads, and only the Peak itself seemed high enough to be partly above these upper mists." But the Peak itself was inaccessible; sulphurous vapors float around it. The Alta Vista, however, on the south-east slope of the Peak, and about three miles distant, offered a platform at an elevation of 10,900 feet—the highest point accessible to mules. To this point instruments and building materials were, with great labor, conveyed, and the Pattinson-equatorial was erected. This instrument has an object-glass of 7 inches aperture, and 12 feet focus, and the definition of objects by it, at this great elevation, was remarkably fine. "Not only once, but every night for a week," says Professor Smyth, "I could see that difficult test of B and C, of  $\gamma$  Andromeda,

as two distinct stars, nor could I find any objects in the list of the 'cycle,' that were not separated by the telescope, and with ease."

The detailed results of the observations made at this elevation in an uncontaminated atmosphere, exhibiting the influence of the great ocean of air surrounding our globe, upon all meteorological and astronomical appearances, have not been yet published, but from the astronomer's notes we gather a few important facts.

Experiments performed in various ways, with delicate and minute instrumental arrangements, have always failed to give evidence of the existence of calorific rays in lunar light; and it has, therefore, been assumed that the moon reflects light, but radiates no heat. It appears, however, that there is a small amount of radiant heat in the lunar beam, but it is too feeble to reach the surface of the earth. It was detected upon Alta Vista by the thermo-multiplier, though the position of the moon at the full,  $19^{\circ}$  south of the equator was unfavorable to the observation. It did not exceed one third of the heat radiated by a candle at a distance of 15 feet, "but the perfect capacity of the instrument to measure still smaller quantities, and the confirmatory results of groups of several hundred observations, leave no doubt of the fact," that radiant heat was detected and measured in quantities inappreciable at lower altitudes. The purity and rarity of the atmosphere also gave an increased intensity to the radiated heat of the sun. The thermometer first employed was quickly broken when exposed, and two others, constructed upon Arago's plan, and marked as high as  $180^{\circ}$  were insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the heat, "for, by ten o'clock in the morning, the mercury had not only reached the top of the scale, but was filling the upper bulb to an unknown extent." In consequence of this great intensity of the solar heat, and the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, the wood-work of the instruments shrunk, and many were broken.

In some respects, this expedition failed to accomplish its object; but the results obtained exhibit, though they do not measure, the effect of the atmosphere upon our meteorological and astronomical observations. They prove that it is the atmosphere which prevents the clear definition of objects in our telescopes—that

it greatly reduces the intensity of the radiation of the celestial bodies, and, in fact, inform us, that if we would place our telescopes in the best position for astronomical observations, we must erect them at great altitudes, in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Regarding this visit to Teneriffe as an exploring expedition, to be followed by many others, there or elsewhere, we anticipate a great increase of meteorological and astronomical knowledge from continuous series of consecutive observations, made at two or more observatories, at different elevations—one being situated above the region of the clouds.

The improvements recently made in the construction of meteorological instruments, and the greater facilities for their adjustment, have given to the observations made with them, an intrinsic value not possessed by older records. For some years past there has been a most earnest determination to explore the mysteries of the atmosphere, and on sea and land, barometers and thermometers are erected wherever intelligent and systematic observers can be found to register their motions. The American government has supplied its navy and mercantile service with instruments necessary for meteorological and hydrometrical observations; and other nations are following the example; enforcing only one condition—that the registration of their indications shall be public property.

But, while so much is being done at sea, that not long hence we may have authenticated records of weather from all the great highways of ocean, and trace the direction of the winds, the passage of storms, and other atmospheric mutations, from one continent or island to another, we are still wanting meteorological observations on shore, at fixed points, to connect the ocean registers, and obtain a consecutive chain of effects. A ship is like a courier, who picks up a little news here and there, and brings home much that is interesting, but nothing that is satisfactory: the battle, we are told, was being fought, but the messenger could not wait to hear the termination. It is thus that ships fly through storms and tempests into quietude and calm, and they may bring the most circumstantial account of the one and of the other; and many may come from distant places, each with its news: but, to make the history

perfect, we require the evidence of those who heard and recorded the first flash, watched the circumstances of the turmoil, and saw the last battalion pass. We know something about rotatory storms, but much that is assumed requires confirmation; and some of their attendant phenomena are not satisfactorily explained. Nor shall we have the information required, till a number of well-appointed observatories, with self-registering instruments, are established in localities favorable to the acquisition of the information required.

We have not long been in possession of an instrument, capable of registering the direction, force, and velocity of the wind. A few years since, the construction of a perfect self-registering anemometer was regarded as the great necessity of meteorological science; and that desideratum has only recently been supplied by an instrument capable of registering, with accuracy, the motions of the atmosphere. The first report of its action encourages us to hope that, when more extensively employed, it will aid us in determining, with a probability approaching to certainty, the direction and duration, the force, times, and seasons, of atmospheric current; and in resolving the laws by which they are governed. In the year 1837, Mr. Osler described to the British Association, at Liverpool, the form and construction of a new anemometer. Many improvements were subsequently made in parts of the instrument, and in 1851 it was erected in the Liverpool Meteorological Observatory. At the meeting of the Association, in 1855, the self-registered records, for a period of nearly four years, were produced in evidence of some interesting facts, relating to the direction, force, and periods of wind and rain, on the north-west course of England.

When, from the daily records of the anemometer, we represent in lines, upon paper, the direction of the wind, one day after another, during any year, we find that the figure produced has little or no resemblance to the figure which represents the direction during another year. The only similarity between two such charts is the general bearing of the connected lines from west to east. But when, instead of forming charts to represent the direction of the several winds in the order of their daily and hourly succession, we form a figure, the lines of

which represent the sum of the velocities, pressure, or time of action, of the several winds, in one year—a striking resemblance is observed between it and the figure which represents the same elements in another year. By these and similar investigations, the anemometer teaches us that westerly winds travel faster than others; that the motion of the atmosphere is at its maximum in the months of December, January, and February; and at its minimum in November and March; that north-easterly winds, which do not travel at much more than one third the velocity of westerly winds, are less frequent than others, and bring the largest amount of rain; that, “as far as four years are capable of indicating, the maximum amount of rain falls during the first three hours after midnight; and that there are three periods in the day, when an increased amount of rain falls; namely, between seven and eight in the morning, between one and two in the middle of the day, and between eight and nine in the evening.

“To these important facts, we may add those announced by Mr. Osler, at the last meeting of the Association, deduced from 70,000 hourly observations, taken at Liverpool.

“The various winds have their minimum and maximum velocities at definite and generally different hours. Thus, the E.N.E. wind attains the maximum about five P.M., the E. at nine P.M., the E.S.E. at midnight, the S.E. at six A.M., S.S.E. at ten A.M., S. at twelve noon, and the minimum occurs at intervals of about twelve hours from each of these respectively. The N., N. E., and S.S.W., have two minima and maxima in the twenty-four hours. In most cases, the maximum velocity exceeds that of the minimum, in the ratio of nearly two to one.”

These are some of the facts, indicated by the observations already made; and they not only prove the importance of continuing the registrations, but of increasing the number of stations, and pursuing the investigation with that constancy required for the successful resolution of the many problems to be solved. The resemblance or difference between one year or month and another, as to the prevalence of certain winds, the characteristic atmospheric disturbances, and the degree of humidity, is not all that lies within the reach of discovery. Cycles of change may exist, and relations between the physical



condition of the earth and other bodies, which, in the absence of satisfactory evidence, it would be rash to conjecture.

Of the uses of meteorology as a science, we can not at present, be said to possess much practical knowledge. We value it from a perception of what we should gain by the possession of more extensive knowledge, and not from experience of advantages already received. That we shall ever obtain a sufficient knowledge of the vast gaseous medium in which we live, to predict atmospheric disturbances, or to prophetically announce the direction and force of the wind, the changes of temperature, and the variations of hygrometric condition, we do not believe; but it is quite possible that we may be able to determine the times and directions of the great periodical atmospheric currents and ocean streams, and the average atmospheric conditions of any country or locality, at all periods of the year. If we can not always escape inconvenience and danger from meteorological phenomena, we can, at any rate, determine the periods of minimum risk. When the origin of the great disturbances is known, we may, in some degree, prepare ourselves to meet and ward off their effects; and there is no impossibility in the supposition that information of the approach of storms may be communicated by ocean telegraph, with as much regularity as the messages of merchants and governments. But, whatever may be the amount of knowledge upon these subjects within the reach of scientific investigation, and whether we can perceive a practical application of it or not, it is essential to the interests of mankind that it should be obtained; for life and property are more exposed to injury from the mutations of the atmosphere, than from any other phenomena, resulting from the physical conditions of the earth.

How much the safety and speed of navigation depends on the wind, and the success or profit of agriculture, upon the weather, is known, but it is less generally believed, that the comparative security of the coal miner is no less affected by alterations in the pressure of the atmosphere. The report of Mr. Dobson on the relation between explosions in coal mines and revolving storms, proves how close the connection is between the formation of an explosive gas in mines, and a sudden change in the pressure of the atmosphere. In all coal mines there is an escape, in a

greater or less quantity, of carbureted hydrogen gas, from the fissures of the seams into the galleries of the underground workings. When this gas is mixed in certain proportions with atmospheric air, an explosive compound is formed. The careless or accidental introduction of a flame into such a medium, acts like a spark dropped into gunpowder; and the most disastrous effects to the workmen and works instantly follow. The system of ventilation, whatever it may be, is intended to prevent the accumulation of sulphureted hydrogen gas, and, consequently, the formation of an explosive atmosphere; and, under ordinary circumstances, this is a sufficient and successful precaution; but certain conditions of the external air may cause the rapid evolution of the gas in quantities too large for removal by the circulating currents.

No argument is necessary to prove that the escape of gas from the cavities and fissures of a coal seam, must be, to some extent, under the control of the atmosphere; and that the quantity given out must increase or decrease with the rise or fall of the barometer. When a calm, heavy atmosphere prevails for several successive days, the flow of the confined gas is checked, and some degree of compression may even be produced. Should rarification then follow, the pent gas will flow, in unusual quantities, into the galleries of the mine; and the ordinary ventilation will be insufficient to prevent the rapid formation of an explosive atmosphere. A sudden fall of the barometer, giving evidence of a diminished pressure, may, therefore, be regarded as an indication of a condition calculated to produce a dangerous state of the workings.

An increased atmospheric temperature, also, has a tendency to produce a diminution of pressure, and a high thermometer may, therefore, be regarded as an indirect evidence of the existence of an atmospheric condition favorable to the flow of gas into the mine. But in a still more important manner does the rise of temperature interfere with the safety of the mine, by retarding or altogether preventing the circulation of the air. The establishment of a constant current to secure the frequent substitution of atmospheres is the object of ventilation; and, whatever system may be adopted for the accomplishment of this purpose, a difference between the temperature of the over-ground and



under-ground atmospheres is assumed. When, therefore, the surface temperature is so raised as to equal that of the mine, the circulation of air in the galleries is impeded or stopped, the gases escaping from the coal are accumulated, and danger or death lurks in the stagnation.

These are the reasons for believing that explosions in coal mines have relation to atmospheric changes. But many of the the coal-viewers, government inspectors, and other well-informed persons, are of opinion that there is little if any connection between them, as cause and effect. Because no remarkable barometric or thermometric disturbance immediately preceded certain selected and tabulated "chief explosions" they have assumed that atmospheric changes have little or no effect upon the accumulation of the gas that infects coal mines. Mr. Dobson objects to this conclusion, and exposes the incompleteness of the evidence by which it is supported. The explosions referred to in the tables presented to parliamentary committees, are only selections of the most disastrous accidents, or those which have been attended by the greatest loss of life. No notice is taken of any of the numerous instances, some very remarkable, of the prevention of accident under the most dangerous circumstances. From the number of coal-mine explosions in any colliery, it is quite impossible to estimate how often its galleries have been filled with fire-damp. The tables upon which so much dependence has been placed are otherwise defective data for the determination of a scientific question. The compilers have assumed that the violence of the explosion is to be calculated by the number of persons killed, but it is evidently a false inference; for it often happens that the list of dead and wounded includes all the miners in the pit at the time of the accident; and the number would have been more or less at any other hour of the day. But, while this false estimate of degrees of intensity is calculated to mislead by giving to certain explosions a scientific importance greater than belongs to them by a comparison of physical phenomena, it causes the omission of others equally violent, because they were less destructive of life. In another particular the tables are defective, for no distinction is made between the explosions resulting from carelessness, or the sudden outburst of enormous volumes of gas, and

those in which atmospheric agencies have had a direct influence in producing the conditions of which the explosion is the result.

But we are still at a loss to understand how the relation between changes in the atmosphere, and explosions in coal mines, can be denied by those who superintend such works; for intelligent miners, guided by personal observation without scientific knowledge, will tell you that the gases escape in the greatest abundance when the barometer is low, and the wind blows from the south, south-east, or south-west; and that the air of the mine is most pure when the barometer is high and the wind northerly. But in this, as in all scientific questions, we must appeal to the evidence of results; and that evidence has been selected by Mr. Dobson. He has shown by many instances, that when a storm has passed over an extensive tract of country, after a period of tolerably uniform meteoric conditions, in which no coal-mine accidents have occurred, explosions have been almost simultaneous in France, Belgium, and Great Britain. The influence of temperature is proved by the fact, that explosions are least frequent between the middle of January and the middle of February, when the temperature of the atmosphere is at its minimum, and the ventilation is most active; and that they are most numerous in June and July when the average surface temperature is highest.

Without citing cases coming within our own experience, in proof of the effect of the external atmosphere upon that of underground workings, we may refer to the tempest of 1854, so destructive to shipping in the Black Sea—long to be remembered as the Balaklava storm.

The autumnal or early winter storms of Britain and the continent of Europe, rise among the West-India Islands, coast the United States, sweep over the Atlantic in a north-easterly direction, strike Ireland and the western coast of Scotland, pass over England, and ravage France, Belgium, and the Baltic Sea. These vast whirlwinds widen their area as they advance, and when they strike the Irish shore, have frequently a diameter of a thousand miles; the pressure of the air diminishing from the circumference to the centre of the storm. In the passage of the Balaklava storm over England, the fall of the barometer commenced on the

11th, and continued till the 19th of November. From the extensive researches of M. Liassis, of the Paris Observatory, and the charts he has constructed, as well as from the barometric curves, obtained in Britain, it appears that the motion of the cyclone was eastward, and that its centre passed to the south of England. It then crossed the continent of Europe, retarded for nearly four-and-twenty hours by the Alps, to the Circassian mountains, and the borders of the Caspian Sea. We shall not readily forget what we heard of its destructive effects upon land and water—our readers have yet to learn what it did in our coal mines.

“During four consecutive days of this period of diminished atmospheric pressure, (from the 11th to the 19th of November,) there occurred in the coal mines of Britain, four fatal explosions, at the following places: On November 13th, at Old Park Colliery, Worcestershire; November 14th, Cramlington Colliery, Northumberland; November 15th, Bennet’s Colliery, Bolton, Lancashire, and Birden Coppice Colliery, Dudley; November 16th, Rosehall Colliery, Coalbridge.—N.B. These facts alone, render this storm worthy of special attention; independently of the notoriety which it has acquired from its disastrous effects on the allied fleets and armies in the Crimea.”

From this review of a few of the observations and facts recorded by meteorologists during the last two years, we have a right to say that this department of science, at least, has a progress; and in other branches we should have had equal opportunities of selecting interesting researches, valuable facts, and speculative opinions, of scarcely less importance; for, as Mill says: “The labor of the speculative thinker is as much a part of production, in the very narrowest sense, as that of the inventor of a practical art; many such inventions having been the direct consequences of theoretic discoveries; and every extension of knowledge of the powers of nature being fruitful of applications to the purposes of outward life.”

The period to which our remarks apply has not been barren of results in the application of scientific facts to economical purposes. We have no interest in the monthly list of new patents, nor any great confidence in the promises of inventors; nor should we at this time allude to mechanical science, if we did not believe that

the past year will be distinguished by a discovery in which more than individual interests are concerned; and a great enterprise, which, when complete, will advance the interests of humanity and inaugurate another of the rapidly advancing eras immediately preceding the reign of peace and the consumation of man’s terrestrial destiny. We have all, more or less, aided in the introduction of inventions and discoveries, which have had in our own day a marvellous influence upon the progress of nations, and the distribution of wealth; and which are destined, we believe, to produce an entire change in the conduct of commerce, in the enterprise of the merchants, the policy of governments, the pursuits of science, and the learning and literature of the age. No man of mature age can call to memory the scenes of his boyhood, the men with whom he had to do, and the state of commerce and manufacture at that time, without being conscious that he has passed his life in a great social revolution; effected without, and even in spite of, political excitements, by the agency of scientific investigation and mechanical skill. The consciousness that such changes have been effected prepares the mind to acknowledge the possibility of others of equal importance. But the admission is often, we believe, made with reluctance; for, when present facilities are compared with past hindrances, and the speed, enterprise, and wealth of the nineteenth century are contrasted with the slowness, caution, and stationary prosperity or poverty of individuals in the eighteenth, he must have a sanguine temperament who would willingly disturb the complacent feelings such a review excites. The majority of our countrymen are as indifferent to future improvement as they were to those which they now enjoy; while those who have invested capital, and are profitably engaged in production and commerce, would close the book of patent rights, check the spirit of enterprise, and rest from the excitement of competition. But the spirit which has been raised can not be allayed. From every civilized country of the world, the news of some new discovery, or of some new application of a known fact, is brought to us, till we doubt whether the past ignorance, or the yet hidden treasures of knowledge should cause the greater wonder.

Mr. Bessemer’s discovery of a process

for the manufacture of iron and steel without fuel is a remarkable event. The system now adopted we need not explain in much detail. The greater part of the iron manufactured in this country for home and foreign markets, is obtained from the ironstone beds forming a portion of that extensive series of strata called the coal measures. From this and other ores of iron, the pig-iron of commerce, employed in the foundry for casting, is produced by smelting. Cast-iron, too well-known in its applications to require a description, is a mixture of iron and carbon, with many impurities, and is destitute of the properties of tenacity, ductility, malleability, and that condition which permits the union of parts by welding, for the possession of which iron is most valued. To obtain these qualities, the carbon and other intermixed substances must be separated. To effect this separation, the mass of crude iron is first brought into a molten state, and, as England can not supply wood to make charcoal, coke produced from coal is used as a fuel. The means thus adopted to produce the fluidity necessary for purification is one source of the impurities of the iron; for the coke contains sulphur and other extraneous substances with which the molten metal will combine. To prevent this, as much as possible, the iron to be made malleable is removed to a distance from the burning coke, and exposed to a current of highly heated air, the workman aiding the process of expelling the accidental substances from their combination, by stirring the liquefied mass, and bringing new surfaces under the action of the heated atmosphere. This process is called puddling. In this way, from four to five hundred pounds weight of crude iron are acted upon at a time, though one workman can not manage more than from seventy to eighty pounds. When every precaution has been thus taken, and much labor and time has been expended, a malleable metal is produced, to which fibre and form are given by rolling; but it possesses the quality of good iron in an inferior degree to the metal produced by charcoal.

Mr. Bessemer's process is intended to supersede the process of puddling, and to supply a purer iron with greater facility, and at a less cost. The importance of the invention will be best estimated by some minds, from the fact that the iron an-

nually manufactured in this country, has a money value of thirteen and a half millions of pounds sterling; but a more just estimate would be made from a consideration of the facilities it offers for manufacture in all places where the ore occurs in sufficient abundance, and for the introduction of a purer and more generally useful metal at a great reduction of the present cost of production.

Mr. Bessemer's process is an application of a few well-known facts and principles, and, like all other great discoveries, is so simple and evident that we are less surprised by the ingenious application, than that the wealthy and astute men engaged in the trade should have spent so much money in improving a bad system when a good one was so near at hand. Crude iron contains about ten per cent of carbon, and Mr. Bessemer uses it as a fuel for the purification of the iron.

When the iron is at a white heat, the carbon will unite with oxygen in combustion; and the more rapid the combustion, the higher will be the temperature of the metal. Mr. Bessemer's process is an application of these facts. Introducing the crude metal, in a molten state, into a vessel of suitable construction, capable of resisting the intense heat to which it will be subject, and a blast of compressed atmospheric air, the fierce combustion immediately ensuing raises the temperature, and in a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes, the mechanically combined carbon is removed by chemical combination with the oxygen of the injected atmosphere. The phenomena of the combustion are, a violent tossing of the liquefied metal from one side of the vessel to another, with a motion similar to that of rapid ebullition, and the formation, as a product of combustion, of carbonic acid gas, which, with a fiery foam, escapes from the lateral openings near the top of the cupola-shaped vessel. When the combination of the free carbon and oxygen is effected, the violence of the motion ceases, and the metal drawn off into moulds of any shape and size will be good malleable iron, as free from impurities as that manufactured by charcoal. In addition to the formation of a homogeneous mass, this process offers the advantages of a saving in time and labor, a reduction in the proportion of waste, and the purification of larger quantities in one operation. When working with an experimental apparatus, Mr.



Bessemer made "7 cwt. of malleable iron in thirty minutes; while the ordinary puddling furnace makes only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. in two hours." Upon a more extensive scale of operation, "by a process requiring no manipulation, or particular skill, and with only one workman, from three to five tons of crude iron pass into a condition of several piles of malleable iron in from thirty to thirty-five minutes; with the expenditure of about one third of the blast now used in a fiery furnace, with an equal charge of iron, and with the consumption of no other fuel than is contained in the crude iron."

By continuing the process, impurities, chemically combined, are separated, under the influence of the intense combustion; and, did we not know that the fusibility diminishes with the increased purity of the metal, there would be every reason to believe that a perfectly pure iron, such as now only exists in the laboratory, might be obtained. It is possible that iron may, like the precious metals, have an instantaneous solidification, when perfectly separated from all impurities; and that until this condition is gained, it may not be impossible to retain a sufficient fluidity in the mass for the access of air. But we need not speculate. The process has yielded malleable iron, and a metal of still greater purity, with more perfect qualities, called semi-steel; and if it can be carried no further, it will be ever regarded as one of the most important and useful discoveries of our age.

The great enterprise, to which we have also alluded, as being worthy of notice as one of the memorable scientific results of the period we are reviewing, is the well-arranged plan for an electric communication between England and America, under the immediate superintendence of the American government. Soundings have been made of the Atlantic Ocean, from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Valentia Bay, on the south-western extremity of Ireland—a distance of 1640 nautical, or 1900 statute miles. Following the line of the great circle-sailing, soundings were taken at intervals of about 30 miles; and over an area of 1300 miles, the bed of the Atlantic was found to be an almost unbroken level of soft mud, forming just that sort of platform best suited to receive an electric cable. In the early part of June next, two steamers will sail from London, each carrying half

the cable. In the middle of the Atlantic they will meet, and having joined the two parts, one will sail for Ireland, and the other for Newfoundland, dropping the great ocean telegraph into its place as they proceed; and, in about eight days, the connection between Europe and America will be formed. The cable that is chosen, consists of a conducting wire, surrounded by gutta-percha, strengthened, on the outside, by strands of slender iron wire. Considering its great length, it became important to reduce its weight, as much as was consistent with its required strength. The one used between Cape Ray, Newfoundland, and Cape North, Breton Island, is 85 miles in length, and its weight is 40 cwt. to the mile; the one between Cape Traverse, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Formantine, New-Brunswick, is only 13 miles in length, and its weight is 46 cwt. to the mile; but the cable that is to lie on the bed of the Atlantic, as a line of immediate communication between Europe and America, weighs only 18 cwt. for each mile in length, though its strength is sufficient to support the weight of six miles of its own substance, vertically suspended in water. Were we not justified in saying that the day may not be far distant when news of the approach of a storm raging over the surface of the Atlantic, will be secretly communicated to Europe along its deep, dark, unruffled bed?

If we pass over the science of Geology, in this brief account of some of the recent triumphs of science, it is not from a lack of interest in its pursuits, or an insensibility to the wonder its discoveries excite. We could not desire a more pleasant task than to discuss, with Professor Hennessy, the Origin of the Physical Structure of the Earth—to trace with M. du Bois, Mr. Bailey, and others, the Geology of the Crimea—to listen again to Sedgwick and Murchison, discussing the long-vexed question of Cambrian and Silurian rights; or to follow Owen, with never-wearying attention, while he demonstrates the forms and habits of many strange animals, from fragments of bones, recently broken from a rock, or disinterred from a bed of clay. But the hard necessity of limiting our brief survey to a few pages, forbids us to attempt a description of the *Pterygotus*, an upper Silurian crustacean, or lobster, as the unlearned would say, "which certainly attained a length of six or eight



feet;" the *Ichthyosaurus*, and other fossils, found in Exmouth Island, within the Arctic circle—the additions made to our fossil Botany, and many other animal and vegetable forms of equal interest which we can not even name. We are compelled to pass unnoticed the collections and memoirs of those men of science who are exploring the antiquities of the earth, that we may watch, if but for a moment, the labors of those whose business it is to reduce all material things to their elements; to discover how nature, in the production of innumerable varieties of compounds, distinguished by qualities as well as structure, has put them together; that they may imitate, with such poor appliances as they can command, the products of her subtle and infallible agencies.

No period in the history of mankind, has been, we believe, so productive of scientific knowledge as the century in which we live; and we might, perhaps, justify the assertion, that the last thirty or forty years have opened the richest veins of our intellectual wealth, if we exclude the annunciation of those physical and mathematical researches, which demonstrated the laws of motion and the ordination and permanence of the visible universe. Though the history of electricity, as a branch of knowledge must be commenced at an earlier date, men of our own day, with whom we have had intercourse—whose researches we have followed, from month to month, and year to year—have demonstrated its fundamental laws, traced its operations, placed it under our control, employed it to convey our thoughts, and constructed from their discoveries a new science. The science of optics was studied by the Greek philosophers, and in the Middle Ages, the mathematicians and physicists followed in their footsteps, adding, now and then, a new observation; but the men of our own day have discovered almost all we know of light; for, if we omit Newton's "Theory of Chromatics," we may claim all the rest for the nineteenth century—the investigation of the constituent rays and the discovery of polarization. The sciences of heat and magnetism will, in the same way, give evidence of the activity with which researches have been conducted during the period in which we have lived. But in no department of science has this been more remarkable

than in the discovery and rapid development of the laws of organic chemistry.

When Davy died, leaving to the chemist an inheritance to preserve, but, as he may have thought, with fixed boundaries, incapable of extension by new conquests, there were worlds of research, of the existence of which he was not conscious. In the inorganic matter, over which he obtained such a mighty control, he found numerous elements, and comparatively few compounds; and the labor of his life was to separate and decompose; to resolve the compound into the simple, and define the qualities of elements. In the organic matter, studied by his successors, the elements are few, and the combinations almost infinite. Carbon and hydrogen are the principal components, and if to these be added oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur, the catalogue of elements entering into the composition of animal and vegetable matter is almost complete. From these few primaries an innumerable series of compounds is formed by the invisible and inscrutable operations of the vital force.

Without attempting to sketch a history of the rise and progress of organic chemistry, or even to describe its recent conquests, we are anxious to draw the attention of our readers to the fact, that much has been done and far more is anticipated. The public will always listen to practical results, but is indifferent to the preceding processes of investigation. It appreciates the importance of manufactures, but disregards if it does not ridicule those investigations of principles which make an operation of art a scientific process, instead of an empirical experiment. The man who puts a commercial value upon every effort of mind, can not perceive that all correct processes of manufacture are the results of demonstrated theory; and that the necessity of theoretical dogmas is proved by the facility with which they correct errors in practice, and extend the application of processes of acknowledged utility. Liebig's renown was established in the scientific world when he announced his doctrine of compound radicals, his new processes of analysis, and theoretical opinions; the public gave him praise when he applied his discoveries to physiology and practical agriculture. The judgment this philosopher passed upon the British public in a letter to Faraday is just. "What struck me most in England

was the perception that only those works that have a practical tendency awake attention and command respect; while the purely scientific, which possess far greater merit, are almost unknown; and yet the latter are the proper and true source from which the others flow. Practice alone can never lead to a discovery of a truth or a principle. In Germany it is quite the contrary. Here, in the eyes of scientific men, no value, or at least but a trifling one, is placed on the practical results. The enrichment of science is alone considered worthy of attention. I do not mean to say that this is better; for both nations the golden medium would certainly be a real good fortune."

But it happens that while the popular voice is boasting of its wisdom in the selection of the useful, and the rejection of the theoretical, it sometimes applauds the thing that is most showy, and passes with neglect, that which, estimated by its own coin, is most valuable. The discovery of a new metal, not heavier than glass, as ductile as copper, and as un-oxidizable as silver was hailed with a shout of triumph; and men wait impatiently for a process by which it may be manufactured in sufficient quantities to be bought and sold. But we shall be disappointed if the theoretical principles already indistinctly perceived by the chemist, have not a far greater practical and theoretical value than the introduction of aluminium into the arts. The most important and successful era of chemical science is only just commenced. A few unexpected practical results have been obtained as the pledges of future success. Substances formerly supposed to be the characteristic products of vital forces have been produced in the laboratory. Bertholet has obtained the oil of mustard; a dye to supply the place of cochineal has been manufactured from guano; taurine, a substance elaborated by the liver, has been produced by Strecker; and several species of alcohol have been obtained from coal-gas. These are the results of theoretical inquiries, and we believe that future research will enable us to obtain in the laboratory, many animal and vegetable substances, which are now sparingly produced in nature, or obtained at a great cost of labor, time, and life. We need not explain how such discoveries may at a future time, facilitate the productions of the manufacturer, enrich the works of the artist, and in-

crease the usefulness, while they add to the responsibility, of the physician.

There is no error more common than the supposition that the great forces of nature are always contained in bodies of large bulk. The sun, an enormous body, has sovereign power, and controls a system. Steam, the most energetic agent we can at present manage, has a large volume; and even great animal strength seems to require for its exercise a bulky body. Organic chemistry corrects this vulgar error. It presents to us numerous substances, the products of vegetable life, which, it may be, are the concentrations of power and qualities. If we were speaking of mere mechanical force we should refer to the detonating powders; but we allude now to the terrible effects of some of the alkaloids, even in small quantities, upon animal life. When such substances fall into the hands of the assassin, and give him absolute control over the lives of his victims, no wonder that a doubt arises whether science has not done too much, and is not chargeable with the fault of placing refinements in murder in the hands of cruel and blood-thirsty men. We can not now find time to refute this mistaken dogma, but, when the mind is distressed by the recital of such malevolent misapplications of excellent knowledge, we have the satisfaction of knowing that science, whose progress can not be stopped because bad men misuse it, also provides the means of discovery, and thus diminishes the inducement to employ such substances for a wicked and lawless end. The trial of Palmer may be quoted as a proof of this fact. His victim Cook, was poisoned with strychnia, in two doses of probably not more than three quarters of a grain each. The poisoned man died, and was buried. Suspicion, however, had been excited, a *post-mortem* inquiry was obtained, and the stomach was submitted to chemical examination. No poison was discovered—the life-destroying agent was not there. Chemistry was not at fault, it failed to discover, because there was nothing to discover; but physiology and pathology pronounced the effects to be those of poisoning by strychnia. Then came the trial, that remarkable trial, in which the life of every British subject was in the balance against the life of a murderer. A defense was raised, upon the assumption that no human being could die from a minimum dose of

strychnia without the discovery of some portion of in the animal system when proper tests are used. Had this assertion been confirmed by a court of law, the effect of the verdict would have been "to encourage the reprobate in his onward career of guilt, and doubly arm the secret poisoner with a scientific cause for the commission of crime—whose victims drop like withered leaves in autumn, and fall beneath the influence of his dark and stealthy dealings like a fabled Fate." But the public is now fully convinced that life may be destroyed with a small dose of strychnia—half a grain has been sufficient; and that after death no evidence of it remain that the art of the chemist can detect. Nor is this all; for there are many products of vegetable life, some of which are to be found in the fields and hedges,

which would cause death when introduced into the animal system in minute quantities, without leaving a trace in the stomach for discovery by tests of reagents. But he who uses such means for murder does not escape detection; for, although the poison may be absorbed or diffused, science discovers the cause of death in the circumstances that attend it, and the corpse itself gives evidence against the hand that has robbed it. Let it not then be said, that because these terrific agents of destruction exist in nature, and can be extracted by the art of the chemist, that they have been made in vain, or that the intelligence which has unmasked them and exhibited their properties, has been employed to the disadvantage of mankind, and the dishonor of God.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## S E L F - E D U C A T I O N .

BY RUFUS USHER.

IN delineating human character, writers have most commonly selected for their heroes, those who have figured in some prominent character on the stage of life. Monarchs, princes, nobles, warriors, and heroes, in every department of society, whose acts have rendered them famous in the annals of history or tradition, furnish the historian, poet, painter, critic, and caricaturist, with their most attractive subjects. Even Shakspeare, that great unfold of the human heart, has given the mighty of the earth a place amongst his chief actors. True it is, that the passions which are common to all, when brought into action where great interests are at stake, are roused to a more intense height, and for this reason are supposed to form the best examples for dramatic effect.

The demands of the age have however in modern times turned the attention of writers to a class of subjects, in which more humble forms of life occupy a larger space. Sources of the deepest interest, and of the purest enjoyment, are now discovered in the retired walks of life with the same facility as the botanist finds his treasures in the solitary untrodden nooks of creation, or amid the entanglements of bush and briar. On the uncultivated hillock where the peering sun but occasionally lets in a ray of his glory, do there spring up forms of most unearthly beauty.

It must be admitted, that an extensive knowledge of men and things quickens the mental perception; and travels into far lands furnish materials for the observer, which he would not dream of in his

native fields or by his own fire-side; but Cowper could write vivid descriptions of men and manners, and minutely dissect the beauties of nature without travelling the wide world o'er, and James Hogg could not understand why people could not write books without so much reading. The great difference between genius provided with all the great requisites of money, books, leisure, and society, added to the great advantage of travelling, and genius left amid the ordinary cares of life to pursue its way alone and unassisted, is, that perpetually passing images of beauty are reflected on the mind of the one from without, whilst the mind of the other reflects its own perception of loveliness on surrounding objects. The one has spread out before it a feast of rich viands from which it can select those suited to its taste, whilst the other goes in quest of mental food from every source within its reach. The mind having once acquired the power of thought and perception, can convert all objects, all periods, and all changes into sources of profound interest. Is there any spot of earth so rugged, so impervious to light and heat, or any climate so inclement or so barren as not to possess interest? If we dig into the depths of earth shut out from all that may delight the eye, wonders upon wonders still follow us into the deep, dark chasm. Every strata of earthly substance through which we pass is big with histories of the past, speaking to us in its sullen silence of periods in the eternity of time to which the date of our mortal race bears but a feeble comparison. Traces are there of forms and life with which the earth and ocean once teemed, which, after ages of duration, were crushed and extinguished by some huge convulsion of the mighty fabric, or changed by new combinations of matter. There come before us proofs of each succeeding order of creation, which like mountain rising upon mountain in some gorgeous scene, take their places in the universal scheme, ascending from lower to higher, till that summit is attained which now forms the groundwork of this new and interesting theatre of life.

The grand educational process of the mind is the exercise of that keen perception or capacity which finds interest everywhere and in every thing. This forms

the great bulwark of intellectual liberty—its independence of place, time, circumstance, and condition; so that if shut out from the externally beautiful and attractive, the mind can still revel amidst scenes which the imaginative faculty has acquired the power to create. What heds it where we stray or at what hour, if intent on finding objects of interest? Let us walk abroad even at mid-day, that most unpoetic of hours, when neither the lark's cheerful matin, nor the thrush's vesper hymn, can aid our imagination; when neither the freshness of heaven's new-born light, nor the pensiveness of the dying day can sober or elate the mental vision; yet is there enough at every step, in every sound, in every object, to rivet the attention and engross the understanding. The secluded lane with its green hedge-rows has interest—deep interest for thought. To the solitary rambler it furnishes materials for marking the mighty changes which time has wrought in country and in town. But a few fleeting generations since, these delightful hawthorn avenues, now forming so prominent a feature in the rural scenery of England, had no existence. Their praises were uttered not in song, nor their evening shadows depicted in tales of amorous lovers. The cheerless rugged hewed fence once stretched in dreary view over the broad acres. True, the scenery was more interspersed than now with heath and forest, breaking the drear monotony of these artificial compartments, with the impervious foliage of the wood and the dazzling gorgeousness of the golden furze. Who among the little band of octogenarians in yon village when in youthful prime driving his team along this self-same road ever dreamt even of that passable condition which it has now attained, with its nicely arched macadamized centre and its gradual sloping sides formed of the finest turf. A century since, and this half-paved, half-carpeted highway, was rugged as the moon's surface, and impassable as the Alps. England, happily for her, no doubt, can not now boast of those uninterrupted solitudes of which poets once boasted and sung in happy verse. Towns and villages have grown up in such abundance, and human beings have multiplied so fast, and busy trade, and the busy husbandman have penetrated so thoroughly all the haunts of men and nature, that ere we can have listened long to song of bird, or gurgling rill, a human voice or earthly sound of



something far or near breaks in upon the reverie, and things of earth again take precedence of high and holy musings. Walk on observant, busied in the study of nature; watching every motion, marking every object, listening to every sound, and hark! in the far distance, distant yet as the thunder when it breaks suddenly on the ear portentous of the coming storm; — there is a strange, heavy, protracted sound, each moment growing louder and louder, and suddenly appears in the far valley a huge figure rolling swiftly onward with the fleetness of the race-horse, assuming the appearance of a flying car skimming the surface of the earth. O ye! our rude forefathers who rest beneath yon ivied tower, could ye but once arise to witness this ponderous machine rushing through the corn-fields with the voice of thunder, amid clouds of smoke, and armed with fire, would ye believe that your children and your children's children were there, living, and yet flying through the earth, clothed with wings fleeter than the birds of air? No, ye would not, but would carry back to the invisible world tidings of the destroying angel traversing earth in his dreadful chariot of flame. As it rushes on through open fields and now through the wooded dell, how interesting it is to mark its curved course by the volume of white smoke that follows its onward way. We watch its progress till the last trace vanishes in the distance, and the last indistinct murmur dies away, and we find ourselves once more alone with nature, where the withered leaf, moved by the motion of some concealed creeping thing, speaks to the listening ear, and there comes a new charm, as though the curtain had fallen upon some exhausted scene and opened up a new vision of loveliness.

The mind in its mysterious desires never waits for a season, or a favorite hour for the enjoyment of its mental food. It finds abundance in every period of existence at all times, at all hours. The blackest midnight darkness which envelops our couch gives interest enough to our rational powers. We awaken from our earliest slumber, and strangely indescribable is the first sensation we encounter between the state we have just left and that we have approached. The first effort of the mind is a confused, indistinct idea of existence, a feeling of animal life; and then a sudden and full recollection of

what we are, and where we are, but in place of the familiar objects we commonly perceive around us, there reigns an impenetrable darkness. The eyes unclose for the purpose of vision, but their vast faculties of perception are gone. The balls roll sightless in their socket and vainly wander in search of objects which they are wont to greet on awaking. So useless are the organs of sense without the glorious counterparts of their existence. How strange, how solemn is this temporary destruction of the visual organ, and how it carries us up to the great Creator who pervades alike day and night, and makes both equally subservient to his purposes. Sometimes when the organ of sight is thus unveiled, the first object discerned is a glittering star peering through the casement from the immensity of space. And what on this theatre of life amongst its most impressive wonders so wonderful as this — that the eye should behold an object removed millions of miles from the planet on which we dwell? Strange, that through the whole of that vast vacuum we call space, nothing should intervene to hide from our sight those far-off regions of life and matter. How superior is nature in all her vast displays of grandeur to the efforts of human art. Watch the first symptom of approaching day; the first certainty of increasing light; how gradually it grows upon the sight. Objects familiar to the view close to our bedside, not yet fully developed, assume appearances curious and fantastic, and with every passing moment adopt new and phantom shapes; and ever and anon mock our faculties of identity. The opposite house is at first a dark shapeless mass only separated from the general gloom by the glimmering light, which peering above the roof, marks it as a thing having height and proportion; whilst the trees assume form and lineament by the pervading light which marks their outline and separates one from another. But what a gorgeous panorama it is; still new views expanding on the vision till we find ourselves ushered into the presence of an endless diversity of beautiful and darling images, and the world of to-day becomes the world of yesterday. Oh! how wisely has nature adapted her ever-changing scenes of day and night, of storm and calm, of heat and cold, and good and ill, to a restless, change-loving being, such as man always was, and is, and ever will be. The mind only ex-

pands and ripens by the action of change. There is nothing permanent in its composition — there is no point gained at which it desires to stay — it is ever passing on and leaves behind all that has been. We desire not spring with its budding leaves and early flowers, and feeling of joyous hope, because we wish that spring should be an abiding time, nor would we wish to make an eternal dwelling in its garlanded bosom. No, it is that winter with all its snug-housed and carpeted enjoyments have grown too common, too worn, for our fluctuating desires. The cheerful fireside, the evening parties, the concert, the play, the vast stores of literary and amusing knowledge, themselves a vast and unexplored world of variety, have ceased to satisfy the restless monitor within.

Truly nature and man were formed for each other, not only because nature attracts the mind toward itself, not only because the mind is drawn involuntarily to the love and study of the sublime and beautiful, but that both involve in their very existence the elements of perpetual change. The very order of nature and the harmonies which it exhibits are all the result of change. The elements, though severally retaining an existence, restless and unsettled are ever changing their form and condition; forming new combinations, and annihilating the mode of their previous existence. What is the history of the planetary system, and doubtless of all other systems, but one of ever continuous change; huge masses of matter now progressing from order to disorder, and now again from disorder, growing into loveliness and perfectibility; perhaps to be again revolutionized and remodelled eternally in the mathematical cycles of their duration! And what is the history of man through the few succeeding centuries over which his biography extends! Not one page is there in the chronicles of his being but tells of change, onward, ever onward change—change in the development of his intellectual and social character—now a grovelling, untutored, unclothed animal, now a civilized, cultivated, creative, half-godlike intelligence. Equally big with change is the fate of nations. Babylon and Tyre and ancient Greece have shared a fate but common to the world. Nations rise but to fall, and they fall for others to rise on the common ruin. And individual life, what is it from the cradle to the tomb but one perpetual

series of change — one perpetual round of physical, moral, and intellectual progression and retrogression? See that helpless babe whose morbid features scarcely assume the distinctiveness of human individuality, yet in a few weeks only do we witness the rapid growth of its physical frame and of its perceptive powers. It has commenced a journey, during which there is no pause, no cessation. The place and scenery through which we travel to-day will be left behind to-morrow and will never be seen again but by the aid of memory. And O memory! how dost thou betray us into error. How fondly do we fancy in our recollections of the past, that we travel over the same ground again, where we strayed in early days. True, there is a power in memory to recall facts and images, and to restore to us old localities, but alas! the pure unsullied joys of early years, the glorious hopes and promises of a sunny future, and the realization of youthful pleasures can never be recalled in their purity and intensity by the most ardent efforts of the imagination. The mental as well as the physical powers are ever changing, and how can it be otherwise? As the frame emerges from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, the mental development which marks each successive stage passes away also, and gives birth to new forms of thought. We strive perpetually to call from past existence its dearest though faded delights, and we half fancy that old feelings are revived within us, but in sober reality, that which has been never returns. Was memory a thousand times stronger than it is, we could never a second time realize by-gone feelings, because the constitutional functions which at any period of our lives were the springs of our physical and mental life, have become so changed, that they can not again act in the same capacity. Could memory restore to manhood the feelings and experience of youth, it would be reversing the order of nature which carries every thing onward. Youth would be taking the place of manhood, and manhood the place of boyhood, and life would consequently retrograde from its ordinary course. To see, to know, to feel again what is past, in all its original intensity, would be no less than a subversion of the order of nature. It would be a real palpable miracle. We pass on from scene to scene, happy sometimes as the bee passing from flower to

flower, but like that summer-day charmer, we can not from the same flower extract the honey twice. We may pass indeed from scene to scene, enjoying sweet after sweet, and we may pluck full many a fragrant flower, but never, never can we pluck the same a second time. We gather it, enjoy it, and it dies. This is no error of nature. Memory recalls facts, and scenes, and data sufficiently clear for all the practical purposes of life, whilst the mind, ever new, seeks and finds in every succeeding change of its existence new resources equivalent to its changing desires. To resuscitate any former condition of mind and to embody in our mental exercises only what we or others have before thought or felt, would be to suspend the faculty for new discoveries, new facts, and new feelings, a tendency not likely to emanate from the laws governing intellectual existence. A perception of facts and principles pervades all minds however varying may be the capacity to follow them in detail. The perception of beauty is a faculty as universal as mind itself. The simplest rustic who goes forth to his labor on a summer morning, whether or not his thoughts may be directed to any particular object, is nevertheless conscious that a glorious scene surrounds him. The feelings of his physical frame are elated to a height of enjoyment scarcely related to the dull vacuity pervading his existence amid the gloom of a wintry day. The life of living light and beauty has penetrated his inward life and touched it with sensations allied to a higher humanity. He may not with a painter's eye watch the ever-varying hues and tints of a gorgeous eastern sky; nor with a poet's ear drink in the music of the towering lark's matin song; nor may he see embodied in the wide expanse of hill and dale a perpetual feast for the mental voluptuary. No—the details of these glories may be hidden from his contracted vocabulary of nature's language, but a ray of his divine light penetrates deeply into the mysterious dreamings. From low to high ascends this all-pervading sense of beauty in the outward world. One loves to gaze in rapt devotion on the blue waters of the mighty deep as they stretch on-

ward far as eye can traverse the boundless distance. Another delights to revel in some gorgeous scenery that meets his view from the secluded eminence, and without the attraction of any particular object to drink in at a draught its sublimity as a connected whole. Another loves to gaze on the starry heavens and amid the still beauty of night, contemplate the immensity and mystery of interminable space. Another prefers to seize on some captivating object and watch its wonderful endowments in all the details of its existence. It may be a flower, a bird, an insect, or even a creature belonging to some anterior order of nature, whose being and habits are attested by the very stones on which we tread.

So universal are the objects of interest, that we have only to cast a glance on the expanse of earth and the mind seizes on a motive, and feels a new impulse acting within. If the first object that meets the gaze be but a wall surmounted with a covering of earth, yet is it not devoid of interest. It hems in some hallowed spot of earth where human footsteps are ever pacing to and fro, and shuts in from the public eye the daily walks of domestic life. Where is the cottage, humble, though it be, but has been the scene of great events, of intense feeling, of glorious hopes, and of agonizing fears? It may have been the scene of new-born life, and of ghastly death—it may have witnessed the warring elements of good and evil battling for the mastery—it may have been the playground of happy childhood, and the home of innocent beauty. Where is an object but links itself to human sympathies, or calls something back from the far depths of memory? The rough-hewn stile that marks the village pathway, may have become indelibly fixed in the memory of human beings. The first vow of earthly love may have been plighted on that rural seat, and that quiet retreat which forms the rendezvous of the village youth, may be stored in many a bosom as a memento of enjoyments long past. There is no desert so barren, no situation so bleak and joyless, but the mind by association can convert into a paradise, abounding with food for memory, or resources for thought.

From Dickens' Household Words.

# A L U M I N I U M .

THE age of composite metals, which has given us so many false Dromios pretending to brotherhood with silver, seems likely to pass away. In a short time we shall be in possession of a new metal, which need not be ashamed to announce itself by a distinct name. A pewter-pot, is simply an honest pewter-pot; he does not give himself out for a silver tankard, a royal claret-jug, a festive flagon, a would-be chalice, or any thing of that kind. There he stands on the clean deal table, with his venerably white bushy wig of foam; and you know that his heart overflows with generous stout, with bitter or dulcet ale, or with harmonious half-and-half. Pewter is not a humbug metal. All substitute silvers are humbugs and changelings.

But it seems at last as if grandmother Earth, being a little aided by human wit, had been gradually preparing for the banishment of her illegitimate offspring, by the advancement of those who are pure blood. One of Lavoisier's most remarkable prophecies was that, in the mineral substances designated by the common names of earths and alkalies, veritable metals exist. Guided by the piercing foresight of his genius, the illustrious founder of modern chemistry asserted that the fixed alkalies and the earths hitherto known by the designations of lime, magnesia, alumina, barytes, strontian, and so on, are nothing else than the oxides or rusts of special metals. Twenty years afterwards, Sir Humphrey Davy, by submitting these compounds to the analysis of the voltaic pile, justified Lavoisier's prediction. By the decomposing action of the electric fluid, he separated the metal and the oxygen which had constituted, by their union, the alkalies and the earths. Treating potash and soda thus, he isolated their radical metals, potassium and sodium; and, shortly afterwards, by operating on barytes, strontian, and lime, he obtained from those earths their radical metals. But, in consequence of the feeble conducting power of the terreous compounds,

other earthly bases defied him to reduce them; and, amongst them, alumina.

Davy's startling discovery of the strange stores which he found hidden in odd corners of Nature's cupboard, are well remembered; and it required no marvellous acuteness to surmise that one short-lived man had not entirely completed the examination of the stock in hand. That many of his new metals were unstable equilibriums under the ordinary influence of the air and the weather, is nothing; the properties and affinities of no one metal are any rule for what shall be the properties and affinities of another. One modern metal, platina, has proved eminently and usefully stable. Since Davy's time, however, the crop of planets overhead has been more plentiful than that of metals underground. Many chemists—amongst others Berzelius and Oersted—failed to extend their conquests in the same direction; and, for twenty years, these substances could only be considered as metallic oxides, in a theoretical light founded on analogy. It was not till eighteen hundred and twenty-seven that a German chemist, Wöhler, succeeded in reducing them.

But within the course of the last two years, in consequence of that first step, a treasure has been divined, unearthed, and brought to light, which it is as hard to believe in as a prosaic fact, as it is to feel assured that by descending through a trap-door in a ruined vault, you will enter an Arabian Nights' garden, wherein the leaves are emeralds and the fruits on every tree are rubies, amethysts, topazes, and carbuncles. What do you think of a metal as white as silver, as unalterable as gold, as easily melted as copper, as tough as iron; which is malleable, ductile, and with the singular quality of being lighter than glass? Such a metal does exist, and that in considerable quantities on the surface of the globe. "Where? From what distant region does it come?" There is no occasion to hunt far and wide; it is to



be found everywhere, and consequently in the locality which you honor with your residence. More than that, you do not want for it within doors at home; you touch it (not exactly by direct and simple contact) several times in the day. The poorest of men tramples it under his feet, and is possessed of at least a few samples of it. The metal, in fact, in the form of an oxide, is one of the main component elements of clay; and as clays enter into the composition of arable land, and are the material on which the potter exerts his skill, every farmer is a sort of miner or placer, and every broken potsherd is an ingot in its way. Our new-found metal is ALUMINIUM, (of which alumina is the oxide,) originally discovered by the German chemist Wöhler.

Wöhler was inspired with the happy thought of substituting a powerful chemical effect to the action of the voltaic pile as a means of extracting the earthy metals. Potassium and sodium, the radical metals of potash and soda, are of all metals those which offer the most energetic chemical affinities. It might, therefore, be fairly expected that, by submitting to the action of potassium or sodium one of the earthy compounds which it was desired to reduce to its elements, the potassium would destroy the combination, and would set free the new metal which was being sought in its isolated state. The experiment justified the expectation. In order to obtain metallic aluminium, M. Wöhler employed the compound which results from the union of that metal with chlorine; that is to say, chloride of aluminium. At the bottom of a porcelain crucible he placed several fragments of potassium, and upon them, a nearly equal volume of chloride of aluminium. The crucible was placed over a spirit-of-wine lamp, and was continued there, until the action in the crucible was quite complete. Under these conditions, the chloride of aluminium was entirely decomposed; in consequence of its superior affinity, the potassium drove the aluminium from its combination with the chlorine, and laid hold of the latter substance, to form chloride of potassium, leaving the aluminium free in a metallic state. As chloride of potassium is a salt which is soluble in water, it suffices to plunge the crucible in water; the aluminium then appears in a state of liberty. The metal thus isolated presented itself as a gray powder, capable of assuming

metallic brightness under friction; but, according to M. Wöhler, it refused to melt even at the highest temperature, and was essentially oxidizable. Other earthy metals were similarly obtained; all general surmises respecting their properties proved deceptive; the only point they possessed in common was, to have hitherto remained unknown.

It is not surprising that Wöhler, when he had got his aluminium, did not conceive a full or exact idea of what sort of creature he had caught in his toils. The actual presence and existence, and the remarkable properties of the metal extracted from clay, have been known for more than a twelvemonth past; but the minds of the public, and even of learned men, have been filled with uncertainties and doubts as to the reality of the assertion and promises that have been made respecting this curious and novel production. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four M. Deville, professor of chemistry at the Ecole Normale, at Paris, having attentively studied the aluminium of which M. Wöhler had only offered a transitory glimpse, found to his surprise that the metallic stranger displayed very different qualifications to those which its discoverer attributed to it. Its real attributes are so remarkable as to encourage a very high idea of the future prospects in store for it.

When M. Dumas presented to the Academy of Arts the specimens of aluminium obtained by M. Deville, he called attention to the sonority of the metal, which rivalled that of the most sonorous brasses—that of bell-metal, for instance. This quality has not been hitherto found in any metal in its pure state, and is another singularity in the history of clay-metal. Aluminium prepared by Messieurs Ch. and Al. Tessier, according to the conditions prescribed by M. Deville, was put into the hands of workmen in the employment of Messrs. Christophe and Co. The men report the new metal to be at least as easy to work as silver; they even state that there is no absolute necessity to remelt it a second time. Hitherto, the means of soldering aluminium had not been found, simply on the Messrs. Tessier's authority, because alloys of the metal had not been tried. They declare that the desired result is the easiest possible. By alloying aluminium with zinc, tin, or silver, solders are obtained, whose point of fusion

is much lower than that of aluminium itself, allowing the operation to be performed with a simple spirit-of-wine lamp, and even without any previous scraping or cleaning, exactly as if they were soldering silver. The Minister of Commerce was applied to, to open a competition for the manufacture of aluminium, and that the produce of such rivalry should furnish the material for the medals awarded at the close of the Universal Exposition of 'Fifty-five.

Aluminium is contained in clay in the proportion of from twenty to five-and-twenty per cent. Greenland cryolite consists of aluminium thirteen per cent, sodium nearly thirty-three per cent, and fluorine fifty-four per cent. It is of a bright and shining white; intermediate between the color of silver and that of platina. It is lighter than glass; its tenacity is considerable; it is worked by the hammer with the greatest facility, and it may be drawn into wire of extreme fineness; it melts at a temperature lower than the point of fusion of silver. Here is a list of characteristics sufficient to entitle this simple body to take rank with the metals of daily use in the arts; but its chemical properties render it still more valuable. Aluminium is a metal completely inalterable by the atmosphere; it may be exposed without tarnishing, both to dry air and to moist air. Whilst our usual metals—such as tin, lead, and zinc—when recently cut, soon lose their brightness if exposed to damp air—aluminium, under the same circumstances, remains as brilliant as gold, platina, or silver; it is even superior to the last of those metals as to resistance to the action of the atmosphere; in fact, silver, when exposed to sulphurated hydrogen gas, is attacked by it, and turns speedily black; and, consequently, silver articles, after a long exposure to atmospheric air, are dulled at last by the small quantities of sulphurated hydrogen which are accidentally combined with the air. Aluminium, on the contrary, offers a perfect resistance to the action of sulphurated hydrogen, and in this respect claims a notable superiority over silver. Again, aluminium decidedly resists the action of acids; azotic and sulphuric acids, applied cold, produce no effect whatever. Thin plates of aluminium may be kept immersed in azotic or sulphuric acid without suffering dissolution or even injury. Chlorhydric acid alone attacks

and dissolves it. The advantages to be derived from a metal endowed with such qualities are easy to be understood. Its future place as a raw material in all sorts of industrial applications is undoubted, and we may expect soon to see it, in some shape or other, in the hands of the civilized world at large.

Nevertheless, its destiny may have been in some measure mistaken. It can not replace gold or silver in precious alloys, in coin, and jewelry. The great value and merit of gold and silver as precious metals lies in the ease with which they are withdrawn from the combinations in which they have been made to enter. By very simple chemical processes, gold and silver are with facility separated from the compounds which contain them. Aluminium, unfortunately, is devoid of that property; it can not be eliminated in its metallic state like gold and silver from its different compounds. Instead of aluminium you get alumina—that is to say, the base of clay—a worthless substance. Nor can a metal, whose origin is so widely diffused as clay is, ever hope to be accepted, in any case, as the representative of wealth.

Aluminium, therefore, will be exclusively reserved for manufacturing requirements. It will be applied to the fabrication of vessels and instruments of all kinds in which resistance to the action of the air and to chemical agents is indispensable. Surgeons, for instance, are hoping that it will render services of the highest class. For the decoration of interiors, where silver turns black, aluminium will shine transcendently. In proportion as the cheap production of aluminium becomes more and more an established fact, the more we shall find it entering into household uses—for travelling purposes, for instance, for which its lightness is no small merit. It may probably send tin to the right-about-face, drive copper saucepans into penal servitude, and blow up German-silver sky-high into nothing. Henceforward, respectable babies will be born with aluminium spoons in their mouths.

Such anticipations would be open to the charge of exaggeration, if aluminium were now to be produced only by the original expensive method; but potassium is entirely dispensed with. Aluminium is obtained by treating its chloride with sodium—a substance whose chemical affinities are very energetic, and which sets the aluminium free by forming chloride of sodium.

Accordingly, the manufacture consists of two operations, First, the preparation of chloride of aluminium; secondly, the decomposition of chloride of alumina by sodium.

This is not the place for further details; but it may be noted that sodium, which was formerly dear, is now to be had at a reasonable price. It is no exaggeration to insist, for instance, on the extreme innocuousness of the metal, and its suitability for many purposes where tin is objectionable from the extreme facility with which it is dissolved by organic acids; there is no mistake about its superiority to silver in resisting solutions of salt, and to other kitchen utensils on which mixtures of salt and vinegar have a corroding effect.

M. Deville claims for aluminium no more than an intermediate rank between the precious metals and the oxidizable metals, such as tin and copper; but he feels assured that, even in that subordinate office, it will be found a most useful minister to human wants. The French Minister of Public Instruction has recognized the importance of the discovery, by recommending the promotion of the Messrs. Wöhler and Deville to be officers of the Legion of Honor; urging that the merit of the metallurgic chemists ought to be thus acknowledged, because, in his opinion, the moment had arrived when Science had already fulfilled her part, and it was the turn of manufacturing Art to begin. It is true that aluminium, in spite of its extreme profusion, and of the matters employed in its extraction, can not yet compete in lowness of price with copper and tin, or practically even with silver. Long industrial practice alone will attain that object; but Science has nobly fulfilled her

duty. She has discovered the metal, specified its properties, and organized the means of extracting it on a large scale. Scientific men have invented all, both apparatus and manipulations, and have made over to commercial manufacturers the fruit of their industry with rare disinterestedness.

The latest news is, that aluminium is now made in quantities, in various Parisian laboratories, though not very cheaply. What more ought we reasonably to expect from a chickling metal, that was only hatched the other day, and which has yet to attain its full growth and powers of flight?

A final word. If aluminium is hoping to replace either gold and silver, or copper and tin, or to take its own place without replacing any thing, it may do so in the Arts and manufactures; but it never can in literature or popular speech, unless it be fitted with a new and better name. Aluminium, or, as some write it, Aluminum, is neither French nor English; but a fossilized part of Latin speech, about as suited to the mouths of the populace as an ichthyosaurus cutlet or a dinornis marrow-bone. It must adopt some short and vernacular title. There would be no harm in clay-tin, while we call iron-ware tin; loam-silver might plead quicksilver, as a precedent; glebe-gold would be at least as historically true as mosaic gold. A skillful word-coiner might strike something good out of the Greek and Latin roots—argil, though a Saxon etymology is far preferable. But something in the dictionary line must be attempted. I should like to know what will become of poor "Aluminium" when it gets into the mouths of travelling tinkers or of Hebrew dealers in marine stores?

## WONDERS OF THE WEST-INDIES.

THE West-Indies are full of wonders. Nature has been prodigal of fertility and beauty. Sea, land, and sky, all assume their brightest aspect, the birds and flowers their most brilliant hues, and the forests their densest shade. The Gulf

Stream traverses the ocean for four thousand miles, like a mighty river, from one to two hundred miles wide; the sea and land breezes, the former fresh and bracing, the latter laden with delightful fragrance, daily afford an agreeable variety; the tro-

pical dews, resting like heavy rain on the morning world, borrow from the sunrise a magical brightness, while the sky seems more blue and clear, and the moon and stars nearer, than in our misty north. Then the magnificent groups of almost innumerable islands are characterized by remarkable physical peculiarities and varieties of size, form, and fertility. There is Cuba, eight hundred miles long, abounding in valleys and savannahs of inexhaustible fertility, and traversed, throughout its length, by a chain of lofty mountains girdled by almost virgin forests—Porto Rico, with its rich lowlands, and hill slopes cultivated in terraces, rising one above the other to the very summits, presenting to the eye a pleasing succession of variegated green—Hayti, with mountain ranges clustered together, in the centre of the island, into the mighty mass of the Cibao, yet boasting of broad valleys, crystal streams, and lakes fringed with thick foliage—beautiful Jamaica, (the land of springs,) sheltered by the other Antilles from the desolating force of the hurricane, with its invigorating breezes, the morning gifts of the ocean, and the balmy evening air borne on the lofty summits of the Blue Mountains, amidst whose recesses the scenery assumes a character of Alpine grandeur, and only wants the addition of snows and gla-

ciers to rival the lower ranges of Switzerland—the rocky Archipelago of the Bahamas—St. Vincent, where the massive form of the Souffrière, with its vast crater more than three miles in circumference, rears its dusky head continually veiled in clouds—Dominica, with its singular cavern, which the imaginative and superstitious negroes view with awe and reverence, its mountain sides covered with orange and lime trees, and dark woods enlivened by the snow-white blossoms of the citron—Trinidad, celebrated for its pitch lake, its rich soil, and impenetrable forests, where flourish the cedar, the mahogany, the cotton tree, the wild fig, and the palm—St. Lucia, with its still smouldering volcano, crusted over with sulphur and cinders, its mineral springs, and green bamboo trees—Barbadoes, where are numerous boiling springs, and natural baths—the charming island of Grenada, with smiling orchards, and green valleys, full of deep repose, as if the spirit of loveliness had fallen asleep amidst their whispering trees—Montserrat, the land of mountains—Nevis, so named by Columbus, because the white mists perpetually floating around its tropical summits reminded him of the snow-clad heights of Spain. All these and a hundred more are set like gems on the calm blue bosom of the Caribbean Sea.—*London Review.*

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## THE HEIR OF CROSSLEY HALL.

### CHAPTER I.

IN the garden of a villa situate on the confines of a southern county, an old man was engaged in forming the border of a bed of auriculas. Every now and then he ceased his labor for an instant, and carefully lifting the bending head of a flower, gazed upon it approvingly. Old Herbert was fond of flowers, and like

most men who retain that predilection in mature life, he was of a gentle disposition. Moreover, he was contented with his lot, and his kind, placid countenance and venerable white locks were a welcome sight to every one in the village of Mapleton, where it was deemed a high compliment to say of a friend: "That he had as little of the devil in him as old Herbert."



While the old gardener was thus congenially employed, a young man came down the garden-walk, sauntering along and occasionally stopping to examine some floral beauty of preëminent attractions, or view the wide prospect over a richly cultivated and undulating country from a favorable point. Arthur Hughes, who now approached, was a young man of the middle height, neatly but quietly dressed, with almost too great an avoidance of ornament. His countenance, however, enabled him to dispense with adventitious aid, and was perhaps set off to advantage by the extreme plainness of his apparel. A dark complexion was shaded with black hair, which fell in natural ringlets upon a wide and lofty forehead. The thin lips would have given the mouth too severe an expression, had it not been for the half-smile that usually sat upon them; but the predominant features were the black flashing eyes which illumined the whole of Arthur's countenance with a kind of spiritual light. "Good morning, Herbert," said he as he reached the spot where the old gardener was working—"the garden begins to look capital—those peonies yonder are very fine—and these auriculas too do great credit to your care." "Ay, you are fond of flowers, Mr. Hughes," returned the old man. "Very—I have loved them from infancy," replied Arthur. "Ah! well, that's what I like, Mr. Hughes," said old Herbert; "I know you are very book-learned and that sort of thing, but if you didn't like flowers, I shouldn't envy you."

"And I should regret to lose my affection for nature's gems," returned the youth, caressing one of the old man's favorite flowers. "I believe you, Mr. Arthur," returned the old gardener leaning on the rake with which he had just been levelling the surface of the bed; "now there's the young squire as we call him, doesn't care a bit about gardening, although he does put a flower in his button-hole sometimes—he fancies he 'dorns the flower, not the flower him. For my part, I wish he did like them pretty things, for I have my misgivings about him."

"Oh! you know Edward Moreton is young, handsome, and petted, and you must make allowance for him, good Herbert; besides, he is heir to a nice estate." "More's the pity, say I, Mr. Hughes, that he isn't a different sort of young man, for they do say down in the

village that there's a match making up 'tween him and our Miss Agnes." Arthur Hughes colored deeply, and in order to cover his confusion busied himself with some carnations that required supporting. "Mr. Roland is Moreton's guardian, and of course Moreton is often up at the Rookery, perhaps that is what the gossips found their story on," said he. "Well, however that may be," rejoined old Herbert, "if the village folks could have their will, Miss Agnes would have another sweet-heart, and I know who."

"But if the young lady is pleased, surely the villagers will be satisfied," remarked Arthur Hughes, and he applied himself still more busily to the drooping plants. "Well now, Mr. Hughes," resumed the gardener after a pause, "I think it's only fair to tell you what I heard Mr. Moreton saying to Mr. Roland, when I was by. 'Mr. Roland,' says he, 'still waters flow deep; what do you think of Mr. Hughes gallivanting old dame Johnson's daughter?' and he went on to tell Mr. Roland how he had seen you and her walking together, and caught you several times coming out of the old dame's cottage late of an evening. Squire Moreton talked in a joking way like, but I saw mischief in his eye, and I know you're a good-principled young gentlemen, Mr. Hughes, and wouldn't do a wrong thing to Mary Johnson—I just mention the matter, sir, that you may be on your guard, for Mr. Roland perhaps didn't know it was a lie as I do." "It is true, Herbert, but I can explain the circumstance, and be assured I have done and shall do nothing to forfeit your good opinion," replied Hughes earnestly. "I believe you, sir," returned the old man; "there's wheels within wheels as they say, and no doubt you've got good reasons for what you do, but Moreton's no friend of yours, and he has got the ear of Mr. Roland, for all that Daddie Brown says, 'If folks had their own, Neddy Moreton wouldn't hold his head so high;' but here he comes; the young squire is always in such high spirits they don't seem natural." "Ah! how are you, friend Herbert, if the lilies toil not, you toil for them; doesn't it make your back ache?" cried Moreton addressing Herbert, as he came up. "And you, most grave and reverend signor, how are you meditating on the sublime and beautiful, eh?" he continued extending two fore-fingers of his right

hand to Arthur in a patronising way. Hughes received his greeting with a somewhat constrained civility. "Well, Hughes," continued Moreton, "don't you find this sort of life deuced slow—come and have a touch at billiards." "I don't play." "There's a fellow. Why, how do you get through your days; you haven't above four hours' work at the Rookery; a man might make himself jolly in your place. Upon my life, I think you're in love—who is the chosen one? Miss Fairweather, the village belle, is a fine lass, and I hear you and she are very good friends." "It is time for me to see about Henry Roland's Latin lesson, so I wish you good morning, Mr. Moreton, good morning, Herbert," and Arthur turned back and walked towards the house. "I say, Herbert," said Moreton as soon as Arthur was out of ear-shot, "a queer cove, that—well-meaning fellow enough, and he has something here," he continued, touching his head—"but he's confoundedly stupid in some things. I do believe he casts sheep's glances at Miss Roland—which is very absurd of him." "Is it?" said old Herbert doubtfully. "I don't understand such matters—but he's young and she's young, you know, Squire." "Very true," replied Moreton, "but he's poor, and she's a beauty—besides, he is a nobody's son." "A what?" "What you call a chance child, no fault of his, but still put this and that together, and he has got no great chance. Mr. Roland too has other views for the young lady." "Well, I don't understand such matters," said the old gardener, and he went on trimming his border of double jasmine and sweet william, while Mr. Edward Moreton took his way to the billiard-room of the "Mapleton Arms."

## CHAPTER II.

Mr. Roland of the Rookery, Mapleton, was a man of reputed substance who had raised himself from small beginnings by rare mercantile talents and unwearying perseverance. He was a stern proud man of the world, intolerant of what he called romantic notions, and deeply impressed with the importance of that which he had ever labored to attain, wealth. Having achieved his own elevation, Mr. Roland indulged a praiseworthy desire to give his children those educational advantages of which his own youth had been deprived,

and thus to enable his family to take the position in society to which his wealth had raised them without any humiliating sense of inferiority in point of mental culture and accomplishments. With this view he had sought a tutor for his sons Henry and Robert, and had accepted the services of Arthur Hughes in that capacity, on the strong recommendation of the head master of the public school in which Arahur had been educated.

Besides his two sons, the family of Mr. Roland consisted of his wife, a good-natured lady, to whom, however, prosperity had imparted an air of patronising superiority towards persons who lacked the smile of fortune, and a daughter Agnes, of whom mention has been made. Richard Moreton, the father of the young squire, was a life tenant of the neighboring Crossley Hall estate which was entailed on his eldest son. Upon his death-bed, he left his son to the guardianship of his friend Mr. Roland, in whose integrity he had great confidence, and it was found that the same gentlemen was appointed Edward's legal guardian under his father's will. As this young gentleman was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Moreton, he would become entitled to the Crossley estate on attaining twenty-one. During the five years necessary to bring about that auspicious event he became the ward of Mr. Roland, who was too prudent to be displeased at the partiality Edward Moreton showed towards his daughter, and considered a union between them as not only a probable but very desirable "wind up" of his guardianship. At the time Arthur Hughes became a "dependent" of the Rookery family, Agnes was a well-grown blonde of seventeen. There was an airiness of manner about her, betokening to a superficial observer the newly emancipated school-girl, but beneath there lay deep in her heart strong and earnest feeling. On all points of principle Agnes had a determined will of her own, and without being by any means a sentimental young lady, she scorned those petty meannesses which obtained a vicious currency under the style of prudential motives. It is not to be wondered at, that the young tutor quickly became sensible of the power of the lively beauty. Her kind and sunny temper in the first instance attracted him, and the impression was rendered deep and permanent by a growing sense of her moral strength and

unselfish instincts. On the other hand Agnes was not uninterested in the young student. She could not fail to appreciate his high sense of honor, while his cultivated intellect and warm imagination threw a charm over his conversation which was wanting in that of more dashing young gentlemen. Often Arthur was encouraged by the sympathy of his fair young friend, to reveal to her those bright visions of future literary eminence which would have been laughed at by most of his acquaintances, but which she regarded as no unworthy aspirations. Probably neither the young tutor nor the young lady were fully conscious of the relation in which they stood to one another; for it often happens that a friendship arising between two young people of opposite sexes, frequently thrown into companionship, long continues without creating a suspicion of a more tender reality, until the inevitable moment arrives when it is to be cut short by the same hand of destiny that gave it origin. So it was with Arthur. Until his conversation with old Herbert he had never questioned himself as to his feelings toward Agnes; or if a daring dream had flashed across his mind, it was instantly annihilated by the recollection of his own doubtful history and humble fortunes.

Now when he was compelled to analyze his feelings, he found with intense agony of mind, that he loved Agnes with all the ardor of a sensitive and earnest heart. The disappointment of that love was a foregone conclusion. His duty to the young lady and himself called for decisive action, and he determined without delay to give up his situation and quit the Rookery forever. In less than a week after Arthur had come to this decision, his arrangements were completed, his adieus paid, and the "Highflyer" was conveying him and his fortunes to the Metropolis. He carried with him a precious memento, a little volume containing Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" and having the name of Agnes inscribed on the title-page with her own hand—perhaps, too, his heart cherished in secret the remembrance of the look of sympathy and words of encouragement which accompanied that parting gift. If Arthur might not hope, neither would he surrender himself to despair—were there not other duties still to be performed? To them he would devote his energies.

Edward Moreton congratulated himself on his triumph. He had long been stealth-

ily but steadily undermining Arthur's position. A little scandal repeated "in a joking way like," as old Herbert said, a mysterious hint, at more than was spoken, an hypothetical ascription of the meanest motives, a sly sneer at penniless bookworms, an ironical expression of regret that illegitimacy should be a stigma on the innocent offspring of illicit love, and many another suggestion of cunning, had been brought to bear on Mr. Roland with a view to damage Arthur Hughes in his estimation; but the crowning piece of strategy was an insinuation (to which Mr. Roland however gave little heed) that his daughter was regarded in the light of a matrimonial speculation by the poverty-stricken tutor. So the young squire did not doubt that his wily policy had succeeded and chuckled over the flight of his discomfited rival. "I'm too much for the little pedant," he thought. As the young squire of Crossley Hall now had the field to himself, he determined to take speedy steps for accomplishing his intentions with regard to Miss Roland; he began to press his suit with considerable vigor, and though the young lady gave little or no encouragement, it seemed quite preposterous to suppose that she intended to exhibit any thing more than a little caprice. Not a bit daunted, therefore, Moreton carried on his operations just as if the arrangement was an understood thing and the preliminary courtship a mere form. Accordingly about three months after Arthur's departure, Moreton made a formal offer of his hand to Agnes, which was, as might be expected, firmly but civilly declined. Did he give up the prosecution of his suit? By no means. The young lady probably entertained a stronger "penchant" for the young tutor than had been made allowance for. Moreton thought he had been too hasty—he must regain his lost ground by a stratagem. Bent on this new scheme, the young squire affected to take the refusal in good part, and treated Miss Roland with a marked though reserved respect. He still maintained his footing of familiarity with the family and behaved towards Mr. Roland as a most exemplary ward, frequently consulting him on little matters and taking his advice as if he meant to follow it. "He had sown his wild oats," he said, "and as he would soon be of age and enter on his property, he had determined to be steady and prepare himself for the duties of a good landlord."



There certainly was a remarkable change in the young gentleman's habits, he ceased to frequent the billiard-room, dropped a good many sporting acquaintance, and in fact, as he wrote to a friend of his, "he did the quiet very successfully" in the village and its neighborhood. When unable to carry on the deception from sheer desperation, the young squire disappeared from the Rookery for a few days on an alleged visit, and raised his drooping spirits by indulging in a wild extravagant spree.

"Poor Hughes is dead," said Moreton one morning at breakfast looking up as he spoke from a letter he had just opened. Agnes, deadly pale, rose from her seat and retired to her room to give vent to a flood of tears. "Poor fellow—is he indeed?" said Mr. Roland spreading the butter on his dry toast; "well, he was a clever, well-behaved young man. Henry and Robert owe a great deal to him." He did not think it wise to notice his daughter's emotion; "perhaps it is an unfounded rumor," he suggested. "A friend of mine who knows Hughes, gives me an account of his death in this letter; you had better read it," said Moreton and he handed the letter to his guardian. The contents filled him with sorrow, for Mr. Roland was on the whole a sound-hearted man and really esteemed Arthur Hughes. The writer stated that he had seen with regret how Hughes had of late been led astray and become the companion of a band of dissolute characters, that Arthur's health had long been shattered and precarious, and as he became unable to obtain the necessities of life by the exercise of his talents, he became also reckless, until at length death had overtaken him and released him from a condition of degradation and misery. "I attended his funeral," continued the writer, "and was never so affected in my life as by the last obsequies of this friendless man, whose only mourners were two or three sharers of his dissipated pleasures, and myself."

It would be sacrilege to violate the privacy of Agnes' grief. Long afterwards her friends saw traces of that deep agony in her countenance and character, and were touched with a sympathetic sorrow. Old Herbert shed genuine tears in memory of poor Mr. Hughes, who was so book-learned and fond of flowers and would have made such a capital husband for "our Miss Agnes" if God had seen fit to spare him. The good man, as was his

wont, sought for consolation in pious reflection and submission to the divine will. The regret of Mrs. Roland was probably little more than that which usually accompanies the news of the death of an ordinary acquaintance; still it was sincere as far as it went. Amongst the villagers the memory of Arthur Hughes found a humbler but not less worthy shrine. He was a favorite of one and all, and sad whispers of what might have been were heard week after week as the village congregation assembled at the church doors and saw Agnes, with pensive countenance and less elastic step, approaching the house of God to join in his service. Last not least did old dame Johnson and her daughter Mary mourn Arthur Hughes, the one as her foster child, the other as her foster brother, for such was the relation in which he stood to them. This circumstance was a little secret known to them only, for Arthur had been removed from Mrs. Johnson's care many years before and taken she knew not where, until he returned and showed her the ring she had received with her infant charge and had surrendered on his removal from her custody. Meanwhile Edward Moreton appeared to be one of the most sincere of Arthur's mourners; he never failed to express his admiration of the young tutor's character, and slip in a word in praise of his tastes and even his foibles. He respected Agnes' grief with the most careful delicacy, and if, as time wore on, he ventured on some expression tending to inculcate resignation to the inevitable calamities incident to human life, the sentiment was cautiously worded and fell upon the ear so as not to grate harshly against the natural promptings of grief. In course of time, the apparently genuine sorrow of Moreton softened the heart of Agnes toward him; she could not treat otherwise than kindly one who had, since her rejection of his suit, behaved to her with unvarying friendly regard, reformed his vicious habits, and now with a generous forgetfulness of the rivalry of the living, lamented so deeply for the dead. Twelve months had now elapsed since the communication of the distressing intelligence of Arthur's death and Moreton concluded that Agnes' sorrow for her unfortunate lover had subsided. At all events, the young squire no longer had a living rival, and that was a great gain. It was extremely unlikely that a young



girl like Agnes would consecrate her whole life to one blighted passion. Moreton therefore thought the time was ripe for another trial of his fortune, and determined again to renew his suit. But he could not sound the depth of Agnes' heart. He again entreated her to accept him as a lover. Agnes seemed to awake from a dream, the hollow hypocrisy of the mean-souled man echoed through her heart, she saw through him at once, he had sought to take advantage of his rival's death by the common sympathy of mutual sorrow, real on her part, assumed on his. She drove him from her presence with bitter, scornful words. Even Moreton's heart sunk within him and he felt degraded. This second failure destroyed the last remnant of his hopes. He abandoned his suit, but he now indulged another passion, hatred. The young squire would become twenty-one in six months. Meantime he cast aside his cloak of sobriety, renounced the vows of amendment, which he uttered without sincerity, and threw himself in a vortex of dissipation both in the country and in London, whither he often went to enjoy a wider range of grovelling pleasures. At length accident gave him an opportunity of indulging in a very sweet revenge.

"Agnes," said her father, one day, on her entering the library whither he had summoned her, "I have to request your serious attention to a matter of great moment. Although I long cherished the hope that a union would take place between yourself and Mr. Moreton, I did not think it my duty to enforce your consent by the exercise of parental authority. You have twice refused his offer—upon that I make no comment. You knew the advantages to be deprived from its acceptance, and you felt or fancied that you felt them to be insufficient to overcome your repugnance. I am not going to exert my authority now. I have such confidence in my daughter's good sense and filial affection, that I do not feel such a course to be necessary. I shall merely state to you the circumstances in which I am placed and leave the matter entirely to your discretion." "You know, my dear father, how grateful I am for your kindness, a kindness which I can never repay except by honor and affection," said Agnes in tones of sorrowful earnestness, for her heart misgave her and she dreaded to hear of some overwhelming misfortune.

"Well, my dear Agnes, your affection for your parents I have never for a moment doubted, nor shall I, whatever your decision may be. I may regret an error of judgment, but a want of affection I know my Agnes is incapable of. However, I must tell my tale, painful as it may prove. I am involved, Agnes, in inextricable difficulties by the failure of a foreign house. Bankruptcy and ruin stare me in the face, and only one chance of retrieving my position exists. Moreton will be of age in six weeks; he and he alone can save me. He is willing to raise a sum of money on his property and lend it to me without interest until my affairs are reestablished, but he attaches one condition to his proposal, that I obtain your consent to become his wife. Your consent I do not command, I merely make you acquainted with my situation and ask your decision." During her father's statement, Agnes had, by a strong internal effort, resumed apparent calmness, and now she merely requested a few days for consideration of the matter, a delay which was readily granted. In all matters touching his honor as a merchant, Mr. Roland was exceedingly upright. It was not the fact of his being reduced to comparative poverty so much as the danger to his credit and reputation in the commercial world, that affected him. He looked upon bankruptcy as a disgrace to his family as well as himself, and however much we may doubt the propriety of his course, he could not justly be charged with a base sordid motive. With respect to Agnes, it is needless to describe at length her torturing misgivings, her prostration of mind and finally her apathetic submission to her doom. Filial duty seemed to lay its law upon her, and she consented to wed the heir of Crossley Hall and save her father by the sacrifice of herself.

The approaching marriage of the heir of Crossley Hall and the young lady at the Rookery was an event of intense interest to the Mapletonians. When Jenny went over to the little shop of the grocer, provision dealer and general storekeeper of the village, she devoted perhaps ten minutes to making her purchases of meal, butter, and groceries, and an hour to an interchange of ideas on the engrossing topic of the day. The matrons held lively debates on the same subject over divers tea-tables, and foreign news and domestic politics for a time lost their

supremacy in the discussions of the Mapleton Arms bar. A committee was appointed to superintend the arrangements necessary to manifest the general satisfaction in a striking manner, and the portly landlord of the Mapleton Arms found great advantage in the circumstance that the committee held its meetings underneath his roof; for the duties of the worthy members were of a dry and thirst-creating nature. Their proceedings were of course secret in some measure, but it was soon reported that festivities were contemplated of which Mapleton had never seen the like. There was to be a tall pole raised in the green, wreathed with flowers and evergreen, and at the top the initials of the happy couple would appear, E. M. in leaves of the oak and A. R. in leaves of the ivy, symbolical of the tender relation of the bride and bridegroom. At intervals along the main thoroughfare were to be erected arches of evergreens and rare flowers with stripes of silk, whereon would be inscribed, "God bless the heir of Crossley and his lady," and other expressions of similar good will on the part of the kindly villagers, and as the happy cortege passed along, the merry bells would ring their day-long peal and shouts and English hurrahs and "God speed you!" would rise from the excited throng eager to catch a glimpse of the young bridegroom and his blushing bride. Then it was whispered that an ox would be roasted whole, and a dinner would be given and a rustic ball at the Mapleton Arms. Good home-brewed ale would be plentiful and cheap as water. And the sky at night would blaze with fireworks while the decorations would be illuminated with colored lamps artistically arranged. For the day of Moreton's intended marriage was also his twenty-first birth-day, and therefore worthy of a double celebration; but daddie Brown, the Cassandra of the village with a difference of sex, repeated perhaps from habit: "That if folks had their own, Neddy Moreton wouldn't hold his head so high." There were other meetings held with closed doors in reference to the coming event, than those of the committee, whose energies were divided between the arrangement of the festivities and the consumption of the stimulating beverages of the village hostelry. Several evenings dame Johnson's cottage was lighted up later than usual with that sober-living

matron, and lengthened colloquies were held over her cheerful woodfire, in which the dame, old Herbert, and a stranger visitor took the principal part, while Mary sat at her needle, a quiet privileged listener. The stranger was a certain Robert Montgomery, with a brown, weather-beaten visage, a confident bearing and searching eyes, a middle-aged man who had of late been deemed "good company" in Mapleton by reason of his tales of kangaroo and wild-man hunting in the wilds of Australia, cherries with the stones growing outside of them, nondescript animals with the body of otters and duck's heads, and other extraordinary customs and productions of the antipodes; for Montgomery was a returned emigrant, and had been away for sixteen years and more. His pretensions to be introduced upon the scene, rest on the fact that he had formerly been valet to Mr. Moreton, and was the very same who had the honor to introduce Mr. Arthur Hughes to his foster-mother long ago, and afterwards took him away in order to undergo the discipline and instruction of Dr. Digamma, the learned head of the Donnington grammar-school. In the course of various conversations with Mrs. Johnson and old Herbert, Montgomery had made them acquainted with a singular story. In fact, it was in consequence of mysterious allusions let drop by him in unguarded moments before his emigration that daddie Brown adopted and promulgated the sentiment, "if folks had their own, Neddy Moreton wouldn't hold his head so high," but the old gentleman's knowledge seemed to stop at that point rather abruptly. According to Robert Montgomery's account, Richard Moreton had, about two years before his union with Edward's mother, contracted a marriage according to Spanish law with a young lady of that country. She died in child-birth, leaving a son. Richard Moreton, perhaps on account of his marriage having been celebrated according to a foreign form, regarded it as a sort of left-handed alliance, and consequently, when soon after the death of Isabella, he fell desperately in love with a young English lady, and found that his having an heir apparent by a previous marriage would prove an obstacle in the way of his suit, he determined to conceal the fact. In order to carry his purpose into effect, he enjoined Montgomery, his confidential servant, to take

the infant to England and place him in the charge of dame Johnson, taking care at the same time to keep her in the dark as to his real parentage. Montgomery did so, as has been before related. His master then prosecuted his suit with success, married the English lady, the mother of Edward Moreton, at the chapel of the British embassy in Paris, and continued to reside on the continent several years, in the course of which Mr. Edward Moreton first saw light. With the exception of his visit to Mapleton, for the purpose of removing Arthur to Donnington, Montgomery had until now been an exile from the land of his fathers. Richard Moreton had caused a sum of money to be placed in a London Bank for the benefit of his disinherited son, which had been duly applied. Montgomery now stated that a small box had likewise been deposited there, containing documents necessary to prove the Spanish marriage. Moreton not liking perhaps to destroy them, had made this arrangement, which after the lapse of years lost its hold on his memory and was overlooked. "Well-a-day! poor Mr. Arthur's gone where it doesn't matter who was his father or who was his mother; but he was a noble youth," said old Herbert as the conclave sat in Mrs. Johnson's little room. "Poor dear soul, I always thought he was somebody's son, and we might have known he had some foreign blood in his veins by his beautiful hair and bright black eyes," put in the old dame, wiping first one eye and then the other with a corner of her check apron. "I don't see what good there will be in making a stir about the matter now, since the poor fellow is dead and gone." "Perhaps we had better be quiet," suggested Montgomery. "It's no use doing any thing to flurry our Miss Agnes; as she's to marry Squire Moreton, perhaps it will be the best plan to let well alone, though truth will out sooner or later," said Herbert, his affection for Agnes overcoming his straightforward, truth-loving nature. "By the by, you mentioned a ring, Mrs. Johnson; have you got it?" asked Montgomery. "No, bless him, he took it with him." "Ah! I suppose so, there was a spring inside it, by pressing which the outer stone fell out, and showed the Moreton arms carved in an onyx stone; 'twould have proved the truth of my statement," said Montgomery. "Perhaps poor Arthur made a will,

and if he did, wouldn't the property be his to will away?" asked Mary diffidently. "The estate was entailed and he could not cut off the tail, so I think with Mr. Herbert here, we had better let well alone," replied Montgomery. "Yes, the 'state's in the right hand after all, and we mustn't trouble Miss Agnes, she has had trouble enough, poor thing," old Herbert said. So it was decided that nothing should be said of the little episode, at all events until after the wedding.

### CHAPTER III.

While Mapleton was all astir with bustle, preparation, and gossip, novel to the experience of the "oldest inhabitant," while the committee men were gradually assuming airs of increased importance as the time drew nigh when Mapleton was to admire and be grateful for the fruits of their labors in the private parlor of the Mapleton Arms, while the conspirators were holding secret counsel at widow Johnson's cottage touching their most prudent course—Fate was all the time hatching a plot on her own responsibility, without the slightest regard to the schemes of the Mapletonians. Time wore on, the marriage would take place in two days.—Mr. Roland sat in his library in the dusk of the evening, in gloomy meditation. A servant entered, bearing wax lights, for night had thrown her sable shade into the apartment, unobserved by the thoughtful occupant. The stern nature of Mr. Roland was bending beneath the weight of sacrifice, and he sat alone wrestling with his anguish. Poor Agnes! Could it be possible that life-long wretchedness would be the penalty of her devotion? The father struggled with the thought—it was but a fancy, a piece of romance, which a husband's kindness and tender care would soon erase from her imagination. Ah! would he be kind, tender, considerate? Away with the doubt, could he be such a demon as—— "A gentleman's waiting to speak with you, sir, if you please," said the servant. "Who is he? what is his name?" asked Mr. Roland, rather impatient at the interruption. "Please, sir, he wouldn't give his name, he seems a stranger, but I couldn't rightly see his face—'tis 'most buried in his cloak." "Show him in, John." The servant retired. Presently



hurried footsteps sounded in the hall, the door opened, and before the merchant stood — Arthur Hughes. His face was pale and haggard, his hair disheveled by the wind, and as he entered, he glanced rapidly round the room, over the book-laden shelves, massive furniture, and heavy window drapery, as if to convince himself of the reality. At length his eyes rested on Mr. Roland; the merchant started and rose quickly and nervously. "Arthur! a brother I presume, excuse me, but you are strangely like a friend of mine, a Mr. Hughes," said he, in an hesitating, embarrassed manner. "Yes, I am altered probably, I am Arthur Hughes." "Eh, what? there has been a strange mistake; we heard that you were dead, and the news of course gave great pain to us all." "My presence disproves the intelligence; but may I presume to ask Mr. Roland from whom the report proceeded?" "A friend of Mr. Moreton's wrote him, giving an account of your death, and I assure you, in considerable detail; the letter too contained other statements concerning you, I trust and believe, equally unfounded." "The occasion of my seeking this interview with you, Mr. Roland, will probably suggest the origin and motive of the deception." Arthur handed a paper to Mr. Roland. "What is this? I never signed the bill, 'tis not genuine, in short, 'tis a forgery, a gross one," cried the merchant—his hand trembled violently and his gaze was fixed on the document as if it entirely bewildered him. "I feared so," said Arthur; "you no doubt perceive that the acceptance is genuine." "Surely it can not be so, Mr. Hughes—am I waking?" "It is too true, sir, and I felt it my duty to obtain possession of the document and make you aware of its existence at the risk of being charged with an unmanly resentment." "Mr. Hughes," cried Mr. Roland, grasping his hand warmly, "you have laid me under the greatest obligation, and more than that," he added, "you have saved Agnes from a terrible destiny. She was to become the wife of Edward Moreton the day after to-morrow." "So I heard in the village, and I am glad that I arrived in time to avert such a calamity." "Well," said Mr. Roland, "that marriage will of course not take place, Agnes shall not, can not be the bride of a dishonored man, who may at any time become a convicted felon; but Mr. Hughes,

you are not aware of the full extent of my misfortunes; the marriage of Agnes would have saved me from ruin. I must now prepare to become a bankrupt, perhaps an inmate of a prison." The strong man of the world buried his face in his hands, and Arthur could see tears trickling between his stretched fingers as he sat mute and motionless. "I can not express how much I feel for you, sir; would that any sacrifice or effort of mine could relieve you, but I am poor, poorer than when I left you—alas! I fear I can not aid even with counsel, ignorant as I am of commercial matters," said Arthur, painfully affected by the anguish of his old patron. "'Tis over now, Arthur," at length said the merchant, raising his head and discovering a calm composed countenance. "'Tis over now, I thank you for your willingness to save me; I know it is sincere, but tell me how you got this," he continued pointing to the bill, "and what you have been doing since I last saw you?" "It would argue great ill taste on my part, my dear sir," said Arthur in reply to Mr. Roland's inquiries, "were I to dwell on my own personal career in the presence of matters of so much greater moment. Suffice it to say that since I left your roof, I have obtained a livelihood scanty enough, yet sufficient for my limited wants, by literary exertions. Several times during my residence in London, I have caught glimpses of Edward Moreton, emerging from a low haunt with a bevy of loose companions, or sauntering in a West-end street decked out in all the finery of a Bond-street exquisite, or in scenes of a more disgraceful character. I naturally shunned his recognition. On one occasion he detected me before I could withdraw. I was returning home along Holborn, late in the evening, when my attention was attracted by a little group apparently watching some affray. Prompted by curiosity, I stepped aside to see what was going forward. Edward Moreton was in the centre of the crowd, in a furious state of intoxication; two or three friends were endeavoring to calm him and induce him to accompany them, partly by force, partly by persuasion. My interest in Moreton led me to approach too near; he instantly recognized me, and without warning or provocation assailed me with the foulest abuse; he shrieked out in harsh husky tones that Agnes was to be his wife, and with bitter



irony and a screech of drunken laughter, invited me to the wedding. I withdrew as speedily as I could. You can picture to yourself, sir, the sad reflections excited in my mind. Could it be possible that Miss Roland knew what sort of a man she was about to intrust with her happiness, to vow to honor and obey? I walked homeward, bewildered with the images my fancy conjured up, and I saw wonder depicted on the faces of the passers-by as the glare of the gas-light fell on my agitated countenance, and broken disjointed exclamations broke unguardedly from my lips. Yet reflection told me I could not interfere. But soon it became my duty. As I was walking with a friend, a cashier of a city bank, he casually inquired whether I had not formerly been a tutor in your family, and on my replying in the affirmative, told me that his employers had that day discounted a bill drawn by you, and accepted by Moreton for £400. He mentioned the circumstance in reference to the extravagance of Moreton. It occurred to me that Edward was under age and his signature of no value, and I mentioned the fact; my friend immediately saw how matters stood; the money-lenders had induced Moreton to counterfeit your signature, as the only means they had of securing their premature advances. They calculated that to avoid exposure, disgrace, and punishment, his friends would take care to honor the paper without raising the objection of his minority. The bill is before you. I felt it my duty to obey my impulse; with the assistance of my friend, I obtained possession of the document, and came to Mapleton with all speed, luckily in time." Mr. Roland listened patiently to Arthur, and when he paused took his hand in a friendly manner, at the same time saying: "You have done well, my young friend, but there is a subject we have not touched upon. I can not let you depart without expressing my high sense of your delicacy, of your generosity in not taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by your confidential position in my family, to press an improvident suit upon my daughter."

"But, my dear sir," muttered Arthur, flushing with agitation at the sudden turn of the conversation. "Nay, you need not deny it, Arthur," continued Mr. Roland; "I am well aware now, though I was not then, of the sentiments you entertained

towards Agnes. I am sure reverse of fortune will not alter them in your honorable mind. You, too, know that Agnes was not insensible to your merits."

"Indeed, sir, I never—"

"Hear me patiently, Arthur," continued Mr. Roland, "I assure you that I feel proud that a daughter of mine should have won the esteem of so worthy and honorable a man." "Esteem!" mentally ejaculated Arthur. "You tell me that your income has hitherto been scanty; I am convinced talents like yours deserve and can command in no long period, a respectable remuneration. Well, Arthur, if you can attain a firm position corresponding to your desert, and if Agnes remains of the same mind, believe me I shall raise no obstacle to your union; I have been sufficiently humbled by my too worldly caution. In the mean time, Arthur, you must be subjected to another trial. I appeal to you whether your most generous course would not be to avoid an interview with Agnes, until you can present yourself to her as one having the means, as well as the inclination, to offer her a happy home. She is now persuaded of your death; religion has given her consolation, time has tempered her affliction; would it not be better then, more becoming your high sentiments, more calculated to promote in the fullness of time her happiness and your own, to act as I have suggested?" "It shall be as you wish, Mr. Roland," answered Arthur. "I indulged a hope—but no matter. I own the justice of what you say. I will remain dead to her until my fortunes are more favorable, and I can offer her my hand without asking her to share my poverty. My presence here is unknown. I will take care that it remains so. I shall go to Mrs. Johnson's, who is my foster-mother; she has kept that secret, and will keep this." "I expected this of you, Arthur, I can pay you no higher compliment," rejoined Mr. Roland. He seized Arthur's hand, and again held it in his firm grasp.

After a few moments' further conversation the merchant and Arthur separated, and when the hall-door of the Rookery closed upon him, Arthur felt again an outcast—no, not quite an outcast, for he directed his steps to his early humble home, widow Johnson's cottage.

## CHAPTER IV.

The morning before the day appointed for the wedding, there went a vague rumor through the village of Mapleton, stealing its way from threshold to threshold, giving contradicting accounts of its origin, but telling the startled villagers, that the marriage was postponed—for once in a way rumor did not exaggerate the fact, but put it in a mild form—the marriage was postponed. Presently the rumor became a definite report, then an authenticated piece of intelligence, traced to the fountain-head, Mr. Roland himself. Preparations were staid, the tall pole remained bare and unadorned, skeletons of arches continued in their rudimentary state, the workmen stopt their labor as if struck by a magic wand and rendered incapable of manual exertion. For a little time Mapleton was in a state of stupor, a wondering calm pervaded its main street and by-lanes, even children ceased their play to repeat the news. Then there were mysterious shakings of head amongst the knowing ones, tittering amongst the girls, ingenious suggestions from hoary wise-aces and old dames, but amongst all the hints and insinuations there was not one which reflected on the young lady; with astonishing unanimity it was decided that there was something wrong about the squire. Old daddie Brown began to gain adherents and to be considered a prophet in his own country. Hard upon this news came another tale of mistress Rumor in a half-legendary shape. Arthur Hughes, or Arthur Hughes' ghost or double, had been seen in Mapleton; a lad had passed the door of widow Johnson's dwelling, and the door being opened at the moment, he had caught a sight of lineaments not unknown to him, the countenance of Arthur gleaming ghastly and haggard before the bright wood-fire, and then the door was shut, and the youth was left in outer darkness. Another native had seen a cloaked figure in last evening's gloaming hurrying towards the Rookery, and thought it looked like Arthur's, but the idea passed away with the vision, until this new rumor gave it substance and probability, and so the village was all astir again.

At the boundary of the village grounds a strip of plantation extended containing several varieties of trees, so as to present, when the summer foliage clothed them, a beautiful contrast of hues and afford a

pleasing shade. Through this plantation a broad gravel walk reached from end to end, with here and there a garden-seat, a chair of rustic and picturesque formation. As a stroller passed along, stone satyrs and other sylvan personages of classic lineage came into view in unexpected nooks and corners, perched upon pedestals where they seemed from their weather-stained appearance to have stood sentinel for many a day. This was a favorite walk with Agnes, and after her severe trials, she found augmented pleasure in wandering there or reclining on the rustic benches in pensive solitude. To this spot she resorted on the morning after her projected marriage with the heir of Crossley Hall had been broken off. Her father had not told her who was his informant, nor entered into any details relative to the forgery. He had simply informed her that the marriage could not take place, and congratulated her on an escape from the embraces of a villain. There might be, and probably was, a feeling of relief and joy in the bosom of Agnes when she heard the announcement. But then came the reflection that ruin impended over her father, and could not be averted, since his only resource had failed him, and she communed sadly with herself as she paced the walk beneath the heavy shadows of the trees. Suddenly there was a rustling and crashing of the underwood in front of her, and immediately Arthur sprang into the path and hastened to meet her. She could only exclaim, "Arthur!" and fell senseless to the ground. Her lover rushed to her assistance, and lifted her gently from the ground, it was the first time he had clasped that precious burthen, and placed her on a neighboring bench. It seemed an age before life returned to her sweet countenance beautiful in its deathly pallor. A conflict of feelings contended in Arthur's breast; he was bewildered at the unlooked-for occurrence. Should he leave her and seek aid? How could he leave her? Should he bear her in his arms to her home? He dared not. Should he cry aloud and make the wood reëcho with his calls for assistance? Who would hear him? He applied cold leaves to her brow. At length Agnes relieved him from his perplexity by opening her eyes and fixing on him as he bent over her, a tender and tearful gaze. "Agnes, speak, Agnes, dearest Agnes!" he cried wildly. "Pardon my thoughtless abruptness, I did

not think, I dared not hope, my appearance would cause you such agitation. Agnes, say you pardon my intrusion." "Arthur," said Agnes in tones of tender reproach, "how can you speak so? My weakness alone is to blame. I am better now, but how came you here?" Before that interview was ended, Arthur and Agnes were plighted lovers. "Here is my father," exclaimed Agnes as the two walked slowly towards the Rookery. "This is the way you keep your word, Mr. Arthur Hughes?" cried the worthy gentleman raising his walking-cane with threatening gesture, but the smile on his countenance contradicted the purport of his words, for Herbert had explained to him, with the aid of Montgomery, that Arthur was no more the penniless adventurer, but the heir and owner of Crossley Hall. "Arthur," he continued more seriously, "I sincerely congratulate you and myself also, since you make my daughter happy, but let us conclude the matter after approved dramatic fashion: give me your hand." Mr. Roland took his daughter's hand and put it into Arthur's, at the same time pronouncing a blessing on his children.

"There is one thing remains for me to speak of," said Arthur.

"What Edward promised to do, I also ought to do for the same reward. The first duty of the owner of Crossley Hall shall be to retrieve the position of his greatest benefactor. With regard to Edward, he is my brother still, and I must see that he does not want."

Arthur Moreton alias Hughes established his claim to the Crossley estate so clearly that Edward was glad to make a compromise. He retired to a town in America on the frontiers of civilization where he received for many years from Arthur an annuity sufficient to maintain him in comfort if not in affluence.

A week or two afterwards the pole and skeleton arches were duly decorated, and Mapleton lost none of the anticipated fêtes. Old Herbert thought it just as well that there should be another wedding; so in default of a younger couple he made up a match with widow Johnson, and obtained into the bargain an affectionate daughter in Mary, Arthur's foster-sister. And so farewell, Mapleton.

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From the London Quarterly.

## THE PULPIT AND ITS INFLUENCE.\*

WE suppose that it is scarcely possible to overrate the public and social interests which depend upon the sacred institute of

\* 1. *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical*. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Edited by the Rev. J. WOODWARD, Vicar of Mullingar. Third Edition. Cambridge.

2. *Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical*. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A. Second Series. Edited from the Author's MSS. by JAMES A. JERIMIE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge. 1856.

preaching. So long as the people of these islands continue to be distinguished by their strict observance of the Sabbath day, so long will the educational influences of the pulpit remain paramount in Britain. Whether we consider the momentous character of the truths which are there asserted and enforced; the number of persons and variety of classes who, by any motive, are brought within their hearing; the regularity, and frequency, and power with which they are proclaimed; or the

intimate manner in which the truths themselves are calculated to affect the convictions and the lives of men, we shall find in each consideration a far more than sufficient reason for cherishing a deep concern in the right direction of this great moral power. It is much, and yet it is little, to say, that all the teaching of the schools and universities of our country exerts no influence upon the chief elements of society at all comparable to the influence of the Christian Ministry. The very basis both of national and individual character has long been formed, as it will long continue to be, by those weekly religious services which no wise man is lofty enough to despise, and no child too simple to profit by; and though the instruction is for the most part purely scriptural and moral, yet perhaps a larger amount of knowledge, intellectual enjoyment, and other elements of sound education, are imparted to a vast proportion of the community by these means than by all the other means put together. We say this advisedly, and, indeed, without fear of contradiction; for the fact itself has never been formally denied, though it is the studied part of many to ignore it, and none of us are accustomed to appreciate it to its full extent. Even those flippant writers of the day who profess to hold the Christian ministry in scorn, are not unfrequently compelled to own its power. They yield to its predominance even while they sneer at its weakness—or rather flout at the “superstition” which they affect to believe its most important ally. It is their worldly policy to magnify the press, and so promote the idolatry of science and a secular theory of life; and scarcely is their rage restrained when the more silent, constant, and efficient teaching of the pulpit rebukes the arrogance of socialist and infidel by enlisting the great majority of virtuous men in the cause of pure and scriptural religion. It seems marvellous to these writers—as, indeed, it may well seem—that mere “superstition” should so long resist the forces which they are wont to deem the peculiar glory of the age; and it never occurs to them that these forces are perhaps more active than profound, and that that which has absorbed so much of the learning, benevolence, and heroism of the nineteenth century deserves from our philosophers a better name than “superstition.” However this may be, we rejoice in the fact of that antagonism which they alternately deride

and rage against. The pulpit is the great barrier which mainly resists the influence of an active irreligious press. While no mean portion of our literature is sanctified to the highest purposes of human life, it can not be denied that a still more influential portion is imbued with a worldly and unchristian spirit. It is the pulpit which most effectually keeps the press in check, which leavens the whole mass of public opinion, which gives to order the virtue of Divine authority, and to morality the sanctions of a holy law. How many of the blessings of this great empire are due to the religious principles which—in greater or less degree—restrain, direct, and prompt its individual energies, will never be known till the great day of God; but if it be asked, by what means these religious principles have been rooted and extended in the nation, there is but one answer to be given—this is instrumentally due to the popular and habitual observance of the Christian Sabbath, to the practice of public worship, and the “foolishness of preaching.”

Of course it is easy to depreciate this influence of the pulpit, even after it is reluctantly admitted as a fact. The ingenuity of man is never so great, and never so greatly taxed, as when he is bent upon deceiving his own conscience and understanding; and this, be it remembered, is the chief business of the skeptic: when he has put up every shutter, he has yet to stop up every chink; and when he seems most earnest to confirm the unbelief of others, he is really most concerned to fortify his own. We are told accordingly, that the pulpit is mainly obstructive in its tendency, and for the rest divisive and nugatory in its operation. That it is obstructive in relation to the progress of infidelity and license, we admit; we have already made this fact the subject of high congratulation and encouragement. But there is a distinct and sufficient answer to the other portion of this charge. If the Christian ministry is at variance in matters chief and fundamental,—if an important and profound element of truth do not underlie all its minor diversities, and virtually supply a common ground to those who seem to differ most—whence is derived the antagonistic power which it exerts upon the world? Surely its strength is the strength which results from unanimity; and its unanimity is most like that of English citizens who, in times of peace,



contend for local privileges and class distinctions, till a threatening war and a common foe remind them that they live under the same grand laws, share the same unspeakable advantages of birth and heritage, are friends as well as neighbors, and brothers as well as friends. It is with Christian as with truly patriotic men—the current of their best affections, the course of their undeviating lives, is mostly silent and unseen: we observe the play upon the surface, and often it may seem an angry play; but beneath there is a vast, profound, unbroken calm. Such is the real unity of the Church of Christ. We are not disposed to make light of the differences which mar the beauty and impair the efficiency even of our Protestant faith; but these are more frequently intellectual than moral; and even when most to be deplored, they are most capable of exaggeration. The fact remains—and every consideration of the subject would lead us back to the same grand point—that Christianity is not only the professed religion of this country, but that its spirit dominates in the consciences and lives of tens of thousands, and that the Gospel so regularly proclaimed from the pulpits of the land, tends, directly or indirectly, to leaven the whole mass of public opinion.

It is certain that these great results depend upon the promulgation of Divine truth in obedience to Divine appointment. It is no less certain that they arise only by virtue of the Divine blessing. No human learning, eloquence, or art is sufficient to attain these invaluable ends. Even the word of God is barren, if God be not in His word; how powerless then, is the preacher, if he be not endued with the influence of the Spirit! Yet as there are secondary benefits flowing from the promulgation of the Gospel, so are there auxiliary means which may be brought to aid and perfect the operation of this sacred institute. The very use of human instrumentality may teach us that the efficiency, as well as the responsibility, of a preacher depends, in some measure, upon his personal faithfulness and zeal. This ministerial fidelity points chiefly to the substance of the ministry itself. The Gospel message must be plainly, fully, and impartially delivered. But no minister of Christ is entirely faithful who does not use all diligence to find out the most effective method of fulfilling his commission. He is as clearly bound to employ all his talents

in the work, as to seize upon every opportunity for their effectual exercise. In the light of this duty, even the secondary point of *style* is worthy of consideration; and especially will it serve him to inquire carefully into the nature and scope of public preaching, and its legitimate resources as a subservient art.

One fact is strikingly in proof of this extended responsibility. The wisdom of God has put the amplest and best of means within the preacher's reach; and yet these means are precisely of the kind which admits of the most fatal misuse or neglect. Take, for example, the special instrument placed in his hands by the Master of assemblies. How often do we hear "a sermon" mentioned as though it were the poorest medium of persuasion! There is scope for an advocate, for a demagogue, for a statesman; and no genius is too great, no learning too copious, to be devoted, heartily and entirely, to the limited field which each of these is content to occupy. But a pulpit is thought to be the grave of genius, and a sermon its funeral dirge. Far otherwise was it in the purpose of Christ when He sent His disciples to preach the Gospel to every creature. Apart from the truth which He charged them, apart from the audience to which He sent them, and apart from the wonderful adaptation subsisting betwixt these two, he gave to them a little human instrument; it was to challenge and fix the attention of the hearer; it was to engage, and exercise, and concentrate the faculties of the preacher; it was to be made the worthy medium of Divine truth in all its beauty, compass, and variety, and even to become the vehicle of the Holy Ghost Himself. In all but this last particular, man was to preside over this little instrument of strangely disproportioned power: he was to learn all its stops, and to master all its keys; to breathe into it what measure of genius he may have received from heaven; and draw from it alternate notes of warning and consolation in presence of the world and of the Church. If all this be not done—if this play and coördination of human faculties be not seriously attempted—an instrument of Divine invention and incomparable range is virtually despised; but none can say that such an instrument has not been given. Considered merely as a branch of art, a sermon is, perhaps, the most remarkable form of human composition. In a com-

pass the most limited, it admits the full exercise and display of faculties the most varied and exalted. Its capabilities extend to the utmost resource of oratory, and the last perfection of literary skill. Yet its unity is as distinguished as its greatest range: it may be simple without defect, and plain without a feature of unworthiness. The greatest talents and learning that the world has seen may find ample verge to expatiate in this little round, while it is not seldom occupied with equal interest and effect by the humblest of human power and a single element of truth. A silver trumpet in the hands of great divines, it is a ram's-horn lifted to the lips of exhorter and evangelist; and now it celebrates in worthy strains the year of jubilee, and anon it causes the walls of Jericho to quake and topple. True it is, the greatest of these results are due to the immediate agency of the Spirit of Truth: but it is also true that the Divine effect is mysteriously suspended upon the human means; and who can tell at what point it will please that gracious Spirit to descend into his own appointed medium, or to which of the consecrated gifts of his servant he will impart commanding power and efficacy? It may be that the blessing of God will be withheld till man has expended his little all; and the last weapon drawn from his exhausted quiver may rush with unwonted and celestial energy into a conscience previously denuded and disarmed.

We have said that the resources of the preacher are of the amplest and most varied kind; but we must not forget that this very abundance is often the source of real difficulty and danger. The practical question still remains, What is the form most proper to a sermon, and what are its most characteristic features? It admits, as we have seen, a thousand diversities of talent, and innumerable degrees of learning and accomplishment; but certain general requisites will be found to underlie them all; and what are these?

The prime characters of a genuine sermon are those which properly belong to an oral discourse. This fundamental canon distinctly limits the operation of every personal gift and requirement, and ordains the sphere within which it behoves them to be duly exercised and ordered. Nor is there any sacrifice involved in the observance of this first rule of pulpit composition. It only prescribes the key-note

which is to insure a certain consistency and power in the purpose and appeals of every minister of Christ. The one great object of sacred as of secular oratory is persuasion. Statement and reasoning are merely subservient to this end. A sermon is essentially distinguished from essay, lecture, or forensic argument: it has something of the elements of each, but it is of a nature distinct from all. It is in substance a divine message, but in form an earnest human speech. Its appeals are made to man in his character of man; and therefore to no single class, to no special faculty; to man in his radical condition, and on behalf of his moral and immortal interests. Thus it must appear that, whatever variety of means the preacher may employ, they are purely secondary and auxiliary; they are only to facilitate his approach to the heart and conscience. The moment that they are carried beyond this point—the moment that the intellect, or taste, or fancy are separately indulged—the preacher may have earned applause, but he has lost his power. Whatever does not contribute to the unity and force of his address is a source of weakness and diversion. The most exquisite of literary graces may be a pure impertinence in this connection; and the most delicate and faultless chain of ratiocination felt to be far below the grand momentous argument which shuts up a sinner to the faith of Christ.

We have insisted thus much upon the real character of preaching, because it is its primary and leading feature, and that which modifies the expression of all the rest. To keep this fact distinctly in the mind, is to avoid from the beginning a thousand sources of error and of failure. A reference to the same great practical truth will enable us to account for that which puzzles so many of our public moralists—to wit, the phenomenon of popular preaching. Upon that phenomenon we look with at least as much solicitude as admiration: its possible abuses are in some sense proportioned to its power: but it is no less expedient than just to admit the one great merit which distinguishes it. Let us say, then, that it is not the popularity of any ministry which is a proper subject of reproach. The Gospel is essentially a popular religion; and the best preachers of the Gospel—Apostles, Fathers, and Reformers—were the most popular preachers of their day. These

men were for the most part devout and faithful servants of God, whose providence disseminated by their means the seed of truth. But the immediate cause of their success was not in the truth itself; nor did that success amount to a guarantee or demonstration of the purity of their word and doctrine. The fact is, they availed themselves of an instrument devised by God himself; they turned their natural endowments into a sacred channel; and God, who has given to all the appointments of his will the force of natural law, could not withhold such measure of success as it had pleased him to connect with the means of preaching. It was not that preaching had the virtue of a sacrament; far from it: but even when it failed to be the channel of saving grace, it still approved itself as a contrivance of divine wisdom. It was not human eloquence and human art that of themselves availed for this result, stimulating and persuading men even to a total change in their lives and habits; but only these as giving form and utterance to great moral verities, and applying them to the profound necessities of human nature: for the sacred ordinance prescribed the substance of the preacher's message, the spirit of his appeals, and the homely, practical, and pointed style of his address. Hence a certain mixture of error did not always neutralize the moral power of the pulpit, though it sometimes fatally perverted it. Hence it came to pass that fanaticism had its triumphs, and asceticism its devoted slaves. And hence, in our own day, we may trace a similar perilous employment of the human element of preaching. It is the trumpet of the Lord, but not always does it give a certain sound. It attracts, and stimulates, and strikes sometimes a salutary warning to the heart; but is the proclamation faithful and complete? Is it God's embassy, or man's occasion for display? There is surely something awful in the responsibility attached to such a ministry as that which God has instituted: he has committed so much to the keeping of his servants, has given them so large a commission and so wide a discretion—associating himself with them, but putting them ever in the foreground; deigning to follow, and even to depend upon them; trusting we know not how much of the eternal interests of Mankind to the fidelity and zeal of men no stronger than the rest! We do not wonder that those who are

unenlightened by the spirit of faith should turn from the mystery of this "foolishness," and deem the evil to be a balance of the good; and it is only because we know that moral results are not to be estimated according to the human agency, but rather by the divine appointment and promise, that we are enabled to put aside every besetting doubt, and confess this ordinance to be of the wisdom as well as the mercy of God.

The mixed and imperfect character of Christian preaching must be admitted; but what then? We are not on that account warranted in doubting its divine original; for the analogy of all God's dealings in the natural and the moral world is in favor of such appointment and procedure: it is a characteristic of the Almighty's rule, both in providence and grace, to attain His infallible ends by fallible and disproportioned means. But where human agency is charged with spiritual results, it is probable that all its operations and devices will not be equally legitimate nor equally promotive of the great designs of God. The question for every minister of the truth is, How shall the human faults be eliminated, the human defects supplied, and, in respect of that wherein man may lawfully coöperate with God, how shall he most effectually make the human element subserve and forward the divine? Surely this may best be done by deriving the spirit, the subject, and the style of his ministry from the inspired Scriptures. Herein is the rule of his eloquence, his exposition, and his style. His eloquence must not be the fruit of a mere rhetorical contrivance, or even the product of a simulated zeal; it is only pure, it is only spiritually powerful, as it is re-kindled by each fresh discovery of the momentous truths of the Gospel. But eloquence is, after all, a subordinate means of persuasion; and, in respect of the regular ministrations of the pulpit, it is often of doubtful and inferior value. Not always is it necessary, and never is it able of itself, to enlighten the conscience of the natural man, or to build up believers in their most holy faith. The preacher must break to his people the bread of life; and in thus handling and distributing the word of God, he will find it multiply in his hands as the loaves in the hands of his Divine Master. As the Bible forms an infinite resource, so the intellect and moral nature of man may be the subject of an indefinite variety of



appeals. The imagination may flag, the feelings grow dull under repeated stimulus; but a new application of divine truth is light to the mind and comfort to the heart. The taste for quiet, profound, and moral beauties will grow under such genial culture! and the Christian graces flourish like plants in a benign and wholesome air. There will be small need of ingenious conceits, of rhetorical extravagances, of pictorial tableaux. There are some minds to which these devices are never acceptable; and they are

———"Such as in dreams would hardly soothe  
A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth."

However lawful they may be in certain degrees, however effective under peculiar circumstances, such figurative displays will always be of rare occurrence in genuine, heart-felt, heart-directed preaching; and there is no substitute whatever—and this least of all—for the careful, textual, and sober exposition of the manifold counsel of God.

A plausible defense for an evil practice is seldom wanting. Thus the parables of Christ are frequently adduced in justification of a highly figurative and pictorial style of preaching. Such advocates forget that a parable is no sermon at all, but something very different; it is nothing but a little allegory employed as the medium of some moral truth, while preaching consists in a full, direct, and serious exhibition of the Gospel, and so of course admits of figurative language in a very trifling and subordinate degree. If a minister were bent upon adopting a fictitious form, his true model would be, not an isolated parable of Christ, but the complete allegory of John Bunyan; and perhaps he may be safely left to decide for himself if *that* would answer the design and purpose of the Christian ministry. But otherwise regarded, the Bible does furnish him with suitable examples. It is an injunction of holy writ, *If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God*. The preacher who goes to Scripture for the model as well as the materials of his sermon, can not fail of being "thoroughly furnished." The New Testament supplies examples of every variety of pulpit ministration. For the revivalist and exhorter there is Peter's sermon in the "upper room;" for the occasional preacher there is Paul's oration on Mars' Hill; for every expound-

er of God's word, for all ministers of every order and description, there is our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. This last is a perfect and universal pattern, combining all the elements of preaching in exact proportion. The Lord's Prayer is not a more typical example of personal petition than is the Sermon on the Mount of public ministration. It is an epitome of the Gospel as well as of the ministry; a fountain and model of beautiful exegesis, as well as of practical exhortation and appeal. Yet how seldom, how inadequately, is this Divine discourse made the subject of study or the object of reverent imitation!

We believe that a factitious style of preaching is often adopted from the best of motives, which is not the less a mistaken one. To attract a worldly multitude to the house of God, and so bring them within the hearing of saving truth, does seem indeed to be a worthy object of ambition; but is it not really a delusive one? At least it may be well to consider if the preaching which best serves to attract and gratify a crowd, is that which is also most calculated to enlighten and convince the individual conscience. What dangers must attend this flattering idea of at once delighting and converting the natural man! The preacher who seeks popularity from the best of motives, must often maintain it by the most unworthy means. He puts his own gifts in competition with the simple truth of God. He is apt to rest too much on the mere appliances of the sacred function, and is in constant peril of making the sanctuary a theatre for unhallowed personal display. His "career" becomes more important than his "ministry." As an ambassador, he forgets the warning message—is caressed at a hostile court—misuses the powers while he struts in the insignia of his office. Could he but see the end from the beginning of his course! God's day, God's house, and God's ordinance turned to private ends; His immortal creatures allured and gratified, and then turned back into the world with the praise of human talents on their lips; His servant self-corrupted by the tokens of a success too manifestly his own; His very purpose diverted, if not foiled; and the vast machinery of eternal wisdom and mercy set in motion merely to afford the pastime of an hour: surely there is something dreadful in the bare contemplation of results like these. For the un-



faithful steward of such mysteries what an audit must remain, and what a punishment!

On this subject, we fear, it is only too easy to be misunderstood. This, perhaps, can not be wholly avoided; but here we may anticipate a charge of inconsistency, if only to disclaim it. We have said that Christianity is a popular religion, implying that its ministry should be also such; and we have said that the scope and exercise of pulpit talents is incomparably great. We confidently hold to both assertions. The strong exception we have taken to certain abuses and extremes, is surely not inconsistent with either one position or the other. We are only anxious to distinguish betwixt a genuine and a spurious popularity for the one part, and, for the other, to promote the preacher's best success by suggesting the considerations which should limit and subordinate all his powers to the exhibition of one grand subject—the word of God—and the attainment of one great end—the salvation of men. It is not to be denied that in sacred as in secular oratory there are meretricious as well as legitimate arts; that these are infinitely more injurious and offensive in the former than in the latter; and that even of lawful helps all are not equally appropriate and expedient. We have endeavored, in a very general way, to suggest the most useful correctives by insisting on the most practical distinctions. Thus, one element of preaching may be called in to qualify another; the element of instruction, for example, must limit and correct the purely oratorical display. Again: the great object of preaching, if kept distinctly in view, will duly warrant or discountenance the use of minor aims; and in this conviction we have rebuked what we conceive to be a most delusive principle. To convince and persuade so many as can be brought within the sound of the Gospel, is the true end of preaching; to attract a large crowd by the fame of oratorical feats, is a false and dangerous motive. We believe no truly great preacher has thought proper to employ unusual means to gather many people together, though a few eccentric ministers have done so. The evangelist must spare no pains and fear no reproach in seeking them, even in the highways and hedges; but it behoves him to use no unworthy means to draw them to the house of God, or to insure their frequent return to it. If a man fol-

low a preacher because of his neighbor's sudden reformation in connection with his simple and thankful praise, well and good, or rather better and better, till the whole neighborhood is brought under gracious influence. But we fear there is a popularity which is much less genuine, much less salutary—which makes the worldling sneer at the love of religious dissipation, and which gives too sure a warrant to his scorn. It is therefore, we would say, at the risk of tedious repetition, Let the greatest zeal and power of our pulpits result from the purest motives and the simplest aims; and there is happily this great encouragement, that the highest as well as the humblest gifts and qualifications may be most effectively employed in subservience to the one momentous object of the Christian ministry.

We are aware that general observations on the subject of this article are unsatisfactory at the best; and perhaps we have indulged in them too long. It remains for us to commend to the attention of our readers an example of pulpit excellence that may illustrate in the fullest manner, the merits most to be desired. For this purpose we have selected the sermons of the late Professor Archer Butler. We have been determined in our choice not more by admiration of the gifts of this lamented minister of Christ, than by a conviction that few preachers of the present day have united so many of the highest qualifications for that sacred office with so simple, so earnest, and so successful a devotion to its prime and practical design.

But we more especially welcome these sermons, as they powerfully rebuke one of the most fatal delusions of the present day. It has become fashionable with an important class of educated and thoughtful men to associate an intellectual ministry with a latitudinarian theology. Let a young clergyman put forth the crudest theory of inspiration, or a scholastic recluse form the vaguest speculations upon the doctrine of human redemption, and a thousand voices, echoed by a skeptical and worldly press, will hail these new divines as easily setting aside the cardinal doctrines of Christianity—doctrines which the Church catholic, in all ages, and in all its sections, has reposed on as the very basis of the Christian faith. There is no essential novelty in these views, and surely not much ability in their advocates, to be

set against the great body of theologians who have concurred for ages in withstanding them; but unbelief is too eager to neglect the advantage given; they are treated as an immense advance upon catholic orthodoxy; and that which has been prophesied a thousand times is to come true it seems at last, and "the old paths" are to be presently deserted. To aid and to expedite this result is the ingenious presumption put forth to which we have alluded. No man who thinks for himself will accept the ancient and universal creed of Christendom. Nay, (it is a curious argument,) to derive from Scripture study such views as coincide with the opinions of the greatest, holiest, and most learned divines of every age, is a proof—not of the credibility of such opinions, but—of intellectual weakness in the modern believer. To "walk by the same rule and to mind the same things" as the Evangelists and Reformers is to live by a traditional faith; and to preach the same Gospel to others is to acknowledge a wretched incompetence for better, that is, for newer things.

The ministry of the late Professor Butler, like that of many others still spared to the Christian Church, gave no countenance to this foolish and misleading notion. Though the product of a masculine intellect, and the work of an accomplished philosopher, these Sermons are eminently scriptural and practical. This is the secret of their charm and the source of their strength. Whatever be the preacher's theme—the most sacred mystery of our religion, or the humblest duty of the Christian life—the reader is reminded, (what the hearer must have intensely felt,) that the Gospel is not more signally Divine in its original than profoundly human in its character and medium. The preacher never loses himself in metaphysical abstractions. In opening up the truths of the Gospel the preacher delights to set forth their intimate connection with a life of godliness. He exhibits these truths from the scriptural point of view, which is always that most exquisitely adapted to the reason, the conscience, and the circumstances of mankind. He seems to be under no temptation to seek for his theme the aid of foreign ornament. He brings no pretty conceit to tickle the fancy of his immortal hearers; he never dreams of allegorizing the great facts of sacred history, in order to flatter their pride of

reason. He makes no further display of learning than is necessary for the clear assertion of Scripture truth; and employs no other eloquence than that which is kindled in a noble mind by the contemplation of eternal verities and the advocacy of momentous interests. And this most worthy reticence does not go unrewarded. In devoting all his powers to a faithful exposition of the doctrine of his text, he finds the subject expanding on his mind as well as burning on his lips; it seems to strengthen as well as to tax his intellectual faculties; and the effect which so many preachers vainly strive for, seems readily attained by him in the earnest prosecution of the first object of his ministry.

Both volumes of Professor Butler's Sermons have been published since his death; but we shall confine our attention to the second series, which has recently appeared. There are many passages in this volume with which we hoped to enrich and illustrate the present article. Our space, unfortunately, forbids such liberal extract; but, happily, we do not need to go beyond the first Sermon for an adequate specimen of Mr. Butler's pulpit style, and an indication of his evangelical and rich theology. *Christ the Source of all Blessings*, is the title and subject of this Sermon, which, brief as it is, will be found to contain a most able summary of that great truth. The topic itself is absolutely inexhaustible; and therefore it is that we the more admire the way in which it is opened up by the preacher, leaving his hearers to follow out for themselves the endless variety of streams into which the great fountain of blessedness immediately divides. The author bases his discourse upon these words: *Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.* The following passage needs no further introduction or remark:

"And now, before advancing farther, it is fit to mention to you (what our version very inaccurately conveys) that the first of these four important words is made to embrace the rest. The 'righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,' are the ingredients of the 'wisdom;' the exact translation of the original being, 'who is made unto us a wisdom from God,' (in contrast to the false wisdom which he had censured,) 'even righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' Christ is our wisdom in being to us these three things; that is, he is the prime

object of all true wisdom, as he is the source of all true blessedness. . . . This blessedness we see is three-fold: and one word, 'Christ,' expresses it all. I have no intention now of dilating on each of its members; we have no time now to follow the course of each of these rivers of paradise, as they flow, and shall forever flow, through the spirits of the elect of God; I pause rather by the Fountain; come and see how they issue from it. . . . I must again remind you to weigh well the force of the expression, 'is made unto us.' Let no man persuade you that this can be satisfied by any remote or indirect connection with Christ; it is intimate as life is; he himself is made to us the thing he gives. As one with him, we obtain the whole inheritance of grace and glory. The instant that we are incorporated into the mystical body of which he is the head; the instant in which we are made living stones of the temple of which he is the corner-stone; the instant that we become branches of that celestial vine—that instant we possess the seed of the entire; and all the life of the Christian, yea, all his eternity is but the less or greater development of the Christ he bears within, around, and upon him. I have spoken of a progress of blessings; it is a progress to us; but not in the gift of Jesus Christ; to receive him is to receive the germ of every blessing that is written in the book of God. One with Christ, we must have pardon: for how could God love the head and hate the members? One with Christ, we must have sanctification: for how could he that is boundlessly pure remain one with aught that is willfully unholy? One with Christ, we must have the prospective redemption of the whole man to glory: for how could he abandon to the everlasting grave a portion of his own being such as he has deigned to make us, and think his happiness complete? Thus, in blending himself with us, 'He has done *all* things well;' he has in that one unfathomable mystery accomplished all mysteries. He is—not the declarer only, or the means only, or the instrument only—he is 'made unto us'—he hath himself become—righteousness, sanctification, redemption. We have justification as we are seen in him; we have sanctification as he is seen in us; we have increasing holiness and mutual communion and ultimate redemption as both combine. 'Abide in me and I in you. . . . He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit'—there is our holiness. 'As thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be *one in Us*'—there is our bond of mutual communion. Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; when Christ who is *our life*, shall appear, then shall *ye also appear with him in glory*'—there is our ultimate redemption of body and spirit into the mansion of eternity. Christ reappears in all; for all the New Testament theology is but different perspective views of the one unchangeable object—the gift of Jesus Christ; seen in one direction it is pardon, seen in another it is holiness, seen in another it is glory. He justifies as

Christ crucified and risen without us; he sanctifies as Christ crucified and risen within us; he glorifies in virtue of both as Christ enthroned in the fullness of consummate power, and at length 'subduing *all* things unto himself.' Feel this and know this, as it ought to be felt and known, and you may leave the rest to the schools. These are days of harsh disputings—days when men are very bitter to each other for the love of God. I know not how others feel, but it seems to me as if—could a man once thoroughly realize to himself the depth of this union with the infinite purity of Christ; could he once realize the heaven that is in him when Christ is there; could he gaze, not to question and criticise, but in humble adoring joy upon the face of the risen Jesus, and there but once behold his own 'acceptance in the beloved;' all difficulties were dissolved in that blessed vision, every doubt would be forgotten in the fullness of its glory! Fix soul and spirit steadily upon the oneness of the Son of God with the forgiven and adopted sons of men, and all the littleness of proud, restless disputation will disappear from the view, consumed in the blaze of that transcendent thought, 'He is made unto us righteousness, sanctification, redemption.' What need of more? For all the practical purposes of comfort and holiness, what need of more? . . . Christ can not be ours and any grace be absent; this King can not enthrone himself in our spirit and not bring with him his whole retinue of blessings. Blessings may—they must—arise in succession to creatures that live in successive time; but the first instant that Christ is ours, the seed of every blessing is ours—a life of sanctification is hidden in that moment—nay, a long perspective of glory is there—death is conquered, Satan chained, and heaven won; for he who accomplished all these things 'is made unto us righteousness and sanctification, and redemption.'—*Second Series*, pp. 12-15.

With this our extract should break off; but we can not persuade ourselves to omit the eloquent peroration which immediately succeeds. It is highly characteristic of the style and genius of Professor Butler; and the reader will not fail to admire how beautifully Christian doctrine is blended with the language of faithful practical appeals—or rather, he will remark with pleasure how the clear assertion and pointed application of divine truth have more than the effect of florid and unchastened rhetoric:

"All this is mysterious indeed; of course it is: who is he that will believe God made one with man, and have the union wrought *without* mystery? Children of the living God! ye walk in mystery. Your spiritual birth is a mystery, your fellowship with Christ is a mystery, your daily graces are a mystery, your triumph and



death is a mystery, your resurrection to glory will be but the consummation of mystery. Mystery there must be wherever an infinite Creator and his finite creature embrace; and it is therefore your glory that you are thus robed and shrouded in mystery. Trust no one who would draw you forth from it: it is the awful shadow which eternity casts across time. Believe no one who would give you a religion without much and solemn mystery; and above all, when you think of God in Christ, of what he has done, and what he still does, and what he will do, be well assured that in all his dealings there must be much you can never expect to fathom; before which therefore you can but bow in prostrate humility of adoration; knowing—simply knowing—that all he will do he can do, such is his power; all he can rightly do he will, such is his love. . . . Go forth, then, ye ransomed ones, and remember that you bear through the world this day the image and superscription of Christ Jesus; in whatever company of men you stand, forget not that his signature is upon you; and when men, thoughtless and ungodly, would win you from his service, tell them that there is one in heaven with whom you are one, that you live as members of his spiritual frame, incorporated into him, in and by him righteous, sanctified, redeemed; and being thus not your own, but Christ's, you are resolved, whatever the dreaming world may say, in him to live, that in him you may die—in him to die, that in him you may live forever."—Pp. 15, 16.

There is no doubt that such preaching must have been effective, and even popular; but we beg attention to the fact, that its effectiveness is of the most legitimate and practical description. Here are no prepared surprises, no foreign and elaborate ornaments, no feats of accumulated and incongruous imagery. The hearer is not bewildered by a tasteless combination of sacred and profane ideas, nor is the clear substance of Divine truth overwhelmed by a profusion of illustrations drawn from the most questionable sources. The preacher displays invention, reason, and passion; but his invention is carefully limited to the discovery of God's mind and will; his reason to tracing the connection of God's holy truth; and his passion to the earnest declaration of God's love and mercy. It is on the observance of two cardinal rules that his eloquence depends: he preserves throughout the attitude and style of direct persuasive speech, and he draws all the intellectual and moral elements of his address from the sacred text before him. Hence the fullness, unity, and force which characterize this Sermon. It is richly fraught with

the language of Scripture, so pointed and appropriate; yet it is not a thing of shreds and patches; it has integrity as well as variety; and though admirably suited to its original use in the public service of the sanctuary, it may be read in the closet with the utmost pleasure and advantage, and with no suspicion that any essential feature of the truth has been sacrificed to popular effect. This latter is a severe but proper test of every pulpit exercise. Why should the most eloquent discourse shrink from the most deliberate scrutiny? If it is good to be remembered, why is it not fit to be perused? and it is surely as unworthy of the manhood as of the mission of a preacher, that he should allow himself to indulge in language intended only to excite a vague and temporary impression, and then to be utterly forgotten. The heart will not long profit by that in which the mind has no share. Of course it would be unjust to bring an extemporaneous sermon, or indeed any sermon, to a literary standard; but it is very right to demand that no audience assembled for religious edification shall be imposed upon by any language or sentiments whatever which will not bear the light of sober memory and of solitary reflection.

We are reluctant to conclude without offering one example more of sacred eloquence from the book before us. Our readers may recollect the character and style of the famous *chef-d'œuvre* of Bossuet, pronounced on the occasion of the death of Queen Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. of England. Like all the funeral orations of the great French preachers, it is highly offensive to a pure religious mind because of its extravagant eulogy, and the absence of the genuine spirit of the Gospel; but, considered even in the most favorable point of view, as a lofty flight of sacred oratory, we should still give the preference to a Sermon of the late Professor Butler, included in the volume already quoted, and entitled, *Lessons from a Monarch's Death*. It was preached on the demise of King William IV.; and though it is only when regarded as a whole that its impressiveness is fully felt, yet the following extract will show something of the author's great success:

"But I would ill do justice to the subject of our meditations of this time, if I confined your thoughts to the general subject of earthly and successive change. This, brethren, is no common change. The inheritor of the throne of a thou-



sand years has passed to his fathers. Death has been busy, reading once more his terrible lesson to living men; proving, in a new instance of power, that he is indeed 'the last enemy that shall be destroyed,' and that no control (however widely recognized on earth) shall interfere with his supremacy, save his who, *through death, destroyed him that had the power of death*. Alas! brethren, what availeth it that placed at the summit of the first social system on earth, our departed monarch saw no recognized dignity intervene between himself and the beings of a higher world? What availed it, that he stood (by the constitution of his country) *the source of all the innumerable streams of honor and distinction that separate, and, like other streams, while they separate, really unite, the divisions of society, in this vast and complicated empire?* These things vanish as a morning dream, when, from the sacred throne, where sits the Governor of all the world, is heard the sentence of the text, 'Remove the diadem, and take off the crown! Of all the tributes that his subjects paid him, he takes with him from the world but one—you pay it, brethren, in this temple! Yes! he, for whom your prayers so often have risen to the throne of heaven—he, for whose temporal and eternal welfare each Sabbath day ten thousand ministers offered the incense of their supplication—he is no more the subject of prayer; let us trust in God that he is gone to receive its fruits! . . . Sabbath after Sabbath, brethren, we preach to you of death and eternity! It is the great, the perpetual, burthen of our discourse. We can not help its monotony. The sin that brought death into the world is in fault for that! When men are holy enough to hail the death that opens the pathway to eternity, we will cease the strain—but not till then! And, with all our repetitions and variations of the one tremendous theme, how seldom we can enforce it upon men's hearts! how seldom we can fix a thought that will pass the doors of our churches! But *here*, brethren, you have circumstances themselves and history preaching to you! These terrible orators deal not in figures of rhetoric or artificial declamation. The stern reasoning of events is all they bring. Where we argue to the understanding, they address the eyes and the heart! And would to heaven, that at this hour (how much better than a world of sermons!) it were given to us to cast an eye upon the scene that now encompasses the perishing remnants of departed royalty! The dignity of the sovereign still invests the lifeless form: is it fitting that the useful distinctions of time should follow to the tomb: if they deepen the impressions of authority during life, they become still more touching instructors in death. Man, by a most just and noble instinct of respect, venerates the body for the soul and honors the temple, though the god has fled. But *there*, night after night, and during days whose gloom is more melancholy than night, the stately vigils of a king are held! The magnificent chamber, darkened to the like-

ness of a tomb, the long array of mourning watchers, (mourning in truth as well as show—for our monarch was loved by his people!) the sadness that hangs like a cloud over that majestic pile, itself a monument of buried ages; the dreary bustle of preparation for the final solemnities of a regal interment—these are things that would move, if any thing could move. And if I dare unfold the page of a deeper sorrow—if I presume to point your eyes to the venerated form of that imperial widow—the woman of many virtues, whom her subjects know but to love—if I point to that form bent by a sorrow only the more affecting because struggling to be repressed in the midst of that scene of crowded and stately woe—it is not that I would idly intrude upon griefs too sacred for public utterance, but because I would beseech you, in prayer, to ask of the Comforter of mourners to be with her in her affliction. But, God be praised! we have reason to know that she is no stranger to that path of consolation."—Pp. 110-112.

We must leave this passage incomplete, for the paragraph next succeeding is necessary to its due effect; but even in this fragmentary form, we believe the reader will find in it indications of peculiar merit. It is not, indeed, as we conceive, of the best or truest kind of religious eloquence, nor so pure a specimen as might have been adduced from other discourses of our author; but we quote it chiefly to show, that in that department of sacred oratory which the world most highly lauds, and which critics scarcely venture to arraign, the evangelical preacher has a place and an advantage of his own. Certainly there is nothing to detract from the effect of this Sermon in the same way as the theatrical and puerile absurdities of Bossuet which deform and injure his great masterpiece.

Of the theology of these Sermons we have not yet spoken; nor shall we at present do so, except in the most general way. In the main, it is such as we heartily concur with, evincing the fullest confidence in the plain declarations of Scripture, attempting no refinements, and accepting no "rational" compromises. The doctrine of *The Trinity*, and the lessons of *The Ascension*, are severally treated in an original but faithful manner, and *The Word of God* is the subject of a beautiful, profound, and eloquent discourse. The volume closes, solemnly but worthily, with a Sermon on the doctrine of *Eternal Punishment*. The argument is nobly sustained on the affirmative and scriptural side; and, except in one point—where

the preacher seems to assert *the increasing guilt* of the damned to be one reason of their hopeless and eternal punishment, without reflecting that the end of probation has determined the measure of the sinner's guilt, and left him to fulfill its penalty—we do not anywhere know a more weighty and convincing answer to the lawless speculations of the age on this momentous theme.

## H U M B O L D T   A T   H O M E .

[HAVING recently embellished the ECLECTIC with a portrait of this illustrious man and renowned traveller, (*vide* August No., 1856,) it seems fitting here to record the following sketch of an interview with him at Berlin, November 25, 1856, by Bayard Taylor, the very intelligent correspondent of the *New-York Tribune*, who seems inclined to become a second Humboldt, or universal traveller.—EDITOR.]

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT is the world's greatest living man. At present, with his great age and his universal renown, regarded as a throned monarch in the world of science, his friends have been obliged, perforce, to protect him from the exhaustive homage of his thousands of subjects, and, for his own sake, to make difficult the ways of access to him. The friend and familiar companion of the King, he may be said, equally, to hold his own court, with the privilege, however, of at any time breaking through the formalities which only self-defence has rendered necessary. Some of my works, I knew, had found their way into his hands: I was at the beginning of a journey which would probably lead me through regions which his feet had traversed and his genius illustrated, and it was not merely a natural curiosity which attracted me toward him. I followed the advice of some German friends, and made use of no mediatory influence, but simply dispatched a note to him, stating my name and object, and asking for an interview.

Three days afterward I received through the city post a reply in his own hand, stating that, although he was suffering from a cold which had followed his removal from Potsdam to the capital, he

would willingly receive me, and appointed 1 o'clock to-day for the visit. I was punctual to the minute, and reached his residence, in the Oranienburger-strasse, as the clock struck.

A stout, square-faced man of about fifty, whom I at once recognized as Seifert, opened the door for me. "Are you Herr Taylor?" he asked; and added, on receiving my reply: "His Excellency is ready to receive you." He ushered me into a room filled with stuffed birds and other objects of natural history; then into a large library, which apparently contained the gifts of authors, artists, and men of science. I walked between two long tables heaped with sumptuous folios, to the further door, which opened into the study. Those who have seen the admirable colored lithograph of Hildebrand's picture know precisely how the room looks. There was the plain-table, the writing-desk covered with letters and manuscripts, the little green sofa, and the same maps and pictures on the drab-colored walls.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether

we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English."

As I looked at the majestic old man, the line of Tennyson, describing Wellington, came into my mind: "O good gray head! which all men know." The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven Winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, is still abundant, his step slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room,

now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my Winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the Winter?" he asked. "Your experiences will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen," I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic, without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object in travel must lead you to seek such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know, from your own experience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous; fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very grand. From his window in one of the Siberian towns he had counted eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the few races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a monastic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotions in the encampments, inside of a sacred circle marked out by spears. 'He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic Church.

Humboldt's recollections of the Altai Mountains naturally led him to speak of the Andes. "You have travelled in Mex-

ico," said he; "do you not agree with me in the opinion that the finest mountains in the world are those single cones of perpetual snow rising out of the splendid vegetation of the tropics? The Himalayas, although loftier, can scarcely make an equal impression; they lie further to the north, without the belt of tropical growths, and their sides are dreary and sterile in comparison. You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his "Minor Writings," turned over the leaves and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked as he closed the book, "that Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

He also spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr. Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New-York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but as young as ever." "Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while travelling in South America."

I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon, and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he has the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort. I should compare his brain to the Fountain of Vaucluse

—a still, deep and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired.

Seifert at length reappeared and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar, "It is time," and I took my leave.

"You have travelled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Forster, the companion of Capt. Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the Marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Gay-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatepetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tartar steppes and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the ripest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin indeed! No: a human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE MANOR OF WITCHERLEY.

How to account for this strange adventure, or what explanation to put upon it, I can not tell, but it began after a very prosaic fashion—rather more commonplace even than the circumstances under which the Laureate meditated his *Legend of Godiva*. After a long drive to a little country station, I found to my dismay, that I had missed the train.

Missed the train! There was not another till twelve o'clock at noon of the next day, and it was then the afternoon between two and three o'clock; for the place in which I was so fortunate as to find myself, was one of the smallest of country stations on a "branch line." It seems extremely odd, looking back upon it, that there should have been such an unreasonable time to wait; but it did not puzzle, it only discomfited me at the time.

And there was not even a single house, save the half-built little railway house itself, where dwelt the station-master, at this inhospitable station; so I had to be directed by that functionary, and by his solitary porter, how to get to Witcherley village, which lay a mile and a half off across the fields. It was a summer, but there had been a great deal of rain, and the roads, as I knew by my morning's experience, were "heavy," yet I set off with singular equanimity on my journey across the fields. Altogether I took the business very coolly, and made up my mind to it. It is astonishing how easily one can manage this in a certain frame of mind.

It was rather a pretty country—especially when the sun came glancing down over it, finding out all the rain upon the leaves—when it was only *I* that found them out instead of the sun. When pushing down a deep lane, my hat caught the great overhanging bough of a hawthorn, and shook over me a sparkling shower of water-drops, big and cool like so many diamonds. I can not say that I entirely enjoyed the impromptu baptism,

and the wet matted brambles underfoot was full of treacherous surprises, and the damp path under that magnificent seam of red-brown earth, which had caught my eye half a mile off, caught my foot now with unexampled tenacity. Notwithstanding, the road was pretty; a busy little husbandman of a breeze began to rustle out the young corn, and raise the feeble stalks which had been "laid" by the rain; and every thing grew lustily in the refreshed and sweetened atmosphere, through which the birds raised their universal twitter. There appeared white gable-ends, bits of orchard closely planted, a church-spire rising through the trees, and over the next stile I leaped into the extreme end of the little village street of Witcherley—a very rural little village indeed, lying, though within a mile and a half of a railway station, secure and quiet among the old Arcadian fields.

Facing me was a great iron gate extremely ornamental, as things were made a hundred years ago, with a minute porter's lodge shut up, plainly intimating that few carriages rolled up that twilight avenue, to which entrance was given by a little postern-door at the side. The avenue was narrow, but the trees were great and old, and hid all appearance of the house to which they led. Then came three thatched cottages flanking at a little distance the moss-grown wall which extended down the road from the manor-house gates; and then the path made a sharp turn round the abrupt corner of a gable which projected into it, the gray wall of which was lightened by one homely bow-window in the upper story, but nothing more. This being the Witcherley Arms, I went no further, though some distant cottages, gray, silent, and rude, caught my eye a little way on. The Witcherley Arms, indeed, *was* the hamlet of Witcherley—it was something between an inn and a farm-house, with long low rooms, small windows, and an irregu-

lar and rambling extent of building, which it was hard to assign any use for, and which seemed principally filled up with long passages leading to closets and cupboards and laundries in a prodigal and strange profusion. A few rude steps led to the door, within which, on one side, was a little bar, and on the other the common room of the inn. Just in front of the house, surrounded by a little plot of grass, stood a large old elm-tree, with the sign swung high among its branches; opposite was the gate of a farm-yard, and the dull walls of a half square of barns and offices; behind, the country seemed to swell into a bit of rising ground, covered with the woods of the manor-house; but the prospect before was of a rude district broken up by solitary roads, crossing the moorland, and apparently leading nowhere. One leisurely country-cart stood near the door, the horse standing still with dull patience, and that indescribable quiet consciousness that it matters nothing to any one how long the bumpkin stays inside, or the peaceable brute without, which is only to be found in the extreme and undisturbed seclusion of very rural districts. I confess I entered the Witcherley Arms with a little dismay, and no great expectations of its comfort or good cheer. The public room was large enough, lighted with two casement windows, with a low unequal ceiling and a sanded floor. Two small tables in the windows, and one long one placed across the room behind, with a bristly supply of hard high-backed wooden chairs, were all the furniture. A slow country fellow in a smock frock, the driver of the cart, drank his beer sullenly at one of the smaller tables. The landlord loitered about between the open outer door and the "coffee-room," and I took my seat at the head of the big table, and suggested dinner to the open-eyed country maid.

She was more startled than I expected by the idea. Dinner! there was boiled bacon in the house she knew, and ham and eggs were practicable. I was not disposed to be fastidious under present circumstances, so the cloth was spread, and the boiled bacon set before me, preparatory to the production of the more savory dish. To have a better look at me, the landlord came in and established himself beside the bumpkin in the window. These worthies were not at all of the ruffian kind, but, on

the contrary, perfectly honest-looking, obtuse, and leisurely: their dialect was strange to my ear, and their voices confused; but I could make out that what they did talk about was the "Squire."

Of course, the most natural topic in the world in a place so primitive; and I, examining my bacon, which was not inviting, paid little attention to them. By and by, however, the landlord loitered out again to the door; and there my attention was attracted at once by a voice without, as different as possible from their mumbling rural voices. This was followed immediately by a quick alert footstep, and then entered the room an old gentleman, little, carefully dressed, precise and particular, in a blue coat, with gilt buttons, a spotless white cravat, Hessian boots, and hair of which I could not say with certainty whether it was gray or powdered. He came in as a monarch comes into a humble corner of his dominions. There could be no doubt about his identity—this was the Squire.

Hodge at the window pulled his forelock reverentially; the old gentleman nodded to him, but turned his quick eye upon me—strangers were somewhat unusual at the Witcherley Arms—and then my boiled bacon, which I still only looked at! The Squire drew near with suave and compassionating courtesy: I told him my story—I had missed the train. The train was entirely a new institution in this primitive corner of the country. The old gentleman evidently did not half approve of it, and treated my detention something in the light of a piece of retributive justice. "Ah! haste, haste! nothing else will please us nowadays," he said, shaking his head with dignity; "the good old coach, now, would have carried you comfortably, without the risk of a day's waiting or a broken limb; but novelty carries the day."

I did not say that the railway was, after all, not so extreme a novelty in other parts of the world as in Witcherley, and I was rewarded for my forbearance. "If you do not mind waiting half an hour, and walking half a mile," added the Squire immediately, "I think I can promise you a better dinner than any thing you have here—a plain country table, sir, nothing more, and a house of the old style; but better than honest Giles's bacon, to which I see you don't take very kindly. He will give you a good bed,

though—a clean, comfortable bed. I have slept myself, sir, on occasion, at the Witcherley Arms.”

When he said this, some recollection or consciousness came for an instant across the old gentleman’s countenance; and the landlord, who stood behind him, and who was also an old man, uttered what seemed to me a kind of suppressed groan. The Squire heard it, and turned round upon him quickly.

“If your gable-room is not otherwise occupied to-night,” said the old gentleman—“mind, I do not say it will, or is likely to be—put the gentleman into it, Giles.”

The landlord groaned again a singular affirmative, which roused my curiosity at once. Was it haunted? or what could there be of tragical or mysterious connected with the gable-room?

However, I had only to make my acknowledgments, and accept with thanks the Squire’s proposal, and we set out immediately for the manor-house. My companion looked hale, active, and light of foot—scarcely sixty—a comely, well-preserved old gentleman, with a clear frosty complexion, blue eyes without a cloud, features somewhat high and delicate, and altogether, in his refined and particular way, looked like the head of a long-lived patriarchal race, who might live a hundred years. He paused, however, when we got to the corner, to look to the north over the broken country on which the sunshine slanted as the day began to wane. It was a wild solitary prospect, as different as possible from the softer scenes through which I had come to Witcherley. Those broken bits of road, rough cart-tracks over the moor, with heaps of stones piled here and there, the intention of which one could not decide upon; fir-trees, all alone, and by themselves, growing singly at the angles of the road—sometimes the long horizontal gleam of water in a deep cutting—sometimes a green bit of moss, prophetic of pitfall and quagmire—and no visible moving thing upon the whole scene. The picture to me was somewhat desolate. My new friend, however, gazed upon it with a lingering eye, sighed, did not say any thing—but, turning round with a little vehemence, took some highly-flavored snuff from a small gold box, and seemed under cover of this innocent stimulant, to shake off some emotion. As he did so, looking

back I saw the inmates of the Witcherley Arms at the door, in a little crowd gazing at *him*. The landscape must have been as familiar to him as he was to these good people. I began to grow very curious. Was any thing going to happen to the old Squire?

The old Squire, however, was of the class of men who enjoy conversation, and relish a good listener. He led me down through the noiseless road, past the three cottages, to the manorial gates, with a pleasant little stream of remark and explanation, a little jaunty wit, a little caustic observation, great natural shrewdness, and some little knowledge of the world. Entering in by that little side-door to the avenue, was like coming out of daylight into sudden night. The road was narrow—the trees tall, old, and of luxuriant growth. I did not wonder that his worship was proud of them, but, for myself, should have preferred something less gloomy. The line was long, too, and wound upwards by an irregular ascent; and the thick dark foliage concealed, till we had almost reached it, the manor-house, which turned its turreted gable-end towards us, by no means unlike the Witcherley Arms.

It was a house of no particular date or character—old, irregular, and somewhat picturesque—built of the gray limestone of the district, spotted over with lichens, and covering here and there the angle of a wall with an old growth of exuberant ivy—ivy so old, thick, and luxuriant, that there was no longer any shapeliness or distinctive character in the big, blunt, glossy leaves. A small lawn before the door, graced with one clipped yew-tree, was the only glimpse of air or daylight, so far as I could see, about the house; for the trees closed in on every side, as if to shut it out entirely from all chance of seeing or being seen. The big hall-door opened from without, and I followed the Squire with no small curiosity into the noiseless house, in which I could not hear a single domestic sound. Perhaps drawing-rooms were not in common use at Witcherley—at all events, we went at once to the dining-room, a large long apartment, with an ample fire-place at the upper end—three long windows on one side, and a curious embayed alcove in the corner, projecting from the room like an after-thought of the builder. To this pretty recess you descended by a single step

from the level of the dining-room, and it was lighted by a broad, Elizabethan oriel window, with a cushioned seat all round, fastened to the wall. We went here, naturally passing by the long dining-table, which occupied the almost entire mid-space of the apartment. These three long dining-room windows looked out upon the lawn and the clipped yew-tree—the oriel looked upon nothing, but was closely overshadowed by a group of lime-trees casting down a tender, cold, green light through their delicate wavering leaves. There were old panel portraits on the walls, old crimson hangings, a carpet, of which all the colors were blended and indistinguishable with old age. The chairs in the recess were covered with embroidery as faded as the carpet; every thing bore the same tone of antiquity. At the same time, every thing appeared in the most exemplary order, well preserved and graceful, without a trace of wealth, and with many traces of frugality, yet undebased by any touch of shabbiness. And as the Squire placed himself in the stiff elbow-chair in this pleasant little alcove, and cast his eye with becoming dignity down the long line of the room, I could not but recognize a pleasant and suitable congeniality between my host and his house.

Presently a grave, middle-aged manservant entered the room, and busied himself very quietly spreading the table—the Squire in the mean time entering upon a polite and good-humored catechetical examination of myself; but pausing now and then to address a word to Joseph, which Joseph answered with extreme brevity and great respectfulness. There was nothing inquisitive or disagreeable in the Squire's inquiries; on the contrary, they were pleasant indications of the kindly interest which an old man often shows in a young one unexpectedly thrown into his path. I was by no means uninterested, meanwhile, in the slowly-completed arrangements of the dinner-table, all accomplished so quietly. When Joseph had nearly finished his operations, a tall young fellow in a shooting-coat, sullen, loutish, and down-looking, lounged into the room, and threw himself into an easy-chair. He did not bear a single feature of resemblance to the courtly old beau beside me, yet was his son notwithstanding beyond all controversy—the heir of the house. Then came the earlier installments of the

dinner; and simultaneously with the silver tureen appeared an old lady, who dropped me a noiseless courtesy, and took her seat at the head of the table, without a word. I could make nothing whatever of this mistress of the house. She was dressed in some faded rich brocaded dress, entirely harmonizing with the carpets and the embroidered chairs, and wore a large faint brooch at her neck, with a half-obliterated miniature, set round with dull yellow pearls. She sent me soup, and carved the dishes placed before her in a noiseless, seemingly motionless way, which there was no comprehending; and was either the most mechanical automaton in existence, or a person stunned and petrified. The young Squire sat opposite myself, one person only at the long vacant side of the table, with his back to the three windows. An uneasy air of shame, sullenness, and half-resentment hung about him, and he, too, never spoke. In spite, however, of this uncomfortable companionship, the Squire, in his place at the foot of the table, kept up his pleasant, lively, vivacious stream of conversation without the slightest damp or restraint—gave forth his old-fashioned formal witticisms—his maxims of the old world, his dignified country-gentleman reflections upon the errors of the new. Silent sat the presiding shadow at the head—silent the lout in the middle. The old servant, grave, solemn, and almost awe-stricken, moved silently about behind; yet, little assisted by my own discomposed and embarrassed responses, there was quite a lively sound of conversation at the table, kept up by the brave old Squire.

With the conclusion of the dinner, and with another little noiseless courtesy, the old lady disappeared as she came. I had not heard the faintest whisper of her voice during the whole time, nor observed her looking at any one; and it was almost a relief to hear her dress rustle softly as she glided out of the room. It seemed to me, however, that our attendant took an unnecessarily long time in arranging the few plates of fruit and placing the wine upon the table; and lingered with visible anxiety, casting stealthy looks of mingled awe and sympathy at his master, and exercising a watchful and jealous observation of the young Squire. The old Squire, however, took no notice, for his part, of the sullenness of his heir, or the watch of Joseph, but pared his apple briskly, and



went on with his description of a celebrated old house in the neighborhood, which, if I had another day to spare, I would find it very much worth my while to see. "At another time," said the old gentleman, "I might have offered you my own services as guide and cicerone; but present circumstances make that impracticable; however, I advise you sincerely, go yourself and see."

As he said these words, there seemed a simultaneous start of consciousness on the part of the young man and of the servant. Joseph's napkin fell out of his hands, and he hurried from the room without picking it up; while the young Squire, with an evidently irrestrainable motion, pushed back his chair from the table, grew violently red, drank half-a-dozen glasses of wine in rapid succession, and cast a furtive and rapid glance at his father, who, perfectly lively and at his ease, talked on without a moment's discomposure. Then the young man rose up suddenly, walked away from the table, tossed the fallen napkin into the fireplace with his foot, came back again, grasped the back of his chair, cleared his throat, and, turning his flushed face towards his father without lifting his eyes, seemed trying in vain to invent words for something which he had to say.

Whatever it was, it would not bear words. The young Hercules, a fine, manly, full-grown figure, stood exactly opposite me, with his down-looking eyes; but all that he seemed able to articulate was a beginning—"I say, father; father, I say."

"No occasion for saying another word about the matter, my boy," said the old gentleman. "I understand you perfectly—come back as early as you please to-morrow, and you'll find all right, and every thing prepared for you. You may rely upon me."

Not another word was exchanged between them; the lout plunged his hands into his pockets, and left the room as resentful, sullen, and ashamed as ever, yet with an air of relief. The Squire leaned back in his chair for an instant, and sighed—but whether it was over a household mystery, or the excellence of the wine which he held up to the light, it was impossible to tell, for he resumed what he was saying immediately, and rounded off a handsome little sentence about the advantages of travel to young men.

At this point Joseph entered once more,

with looks still more awe-stricken and anxious, on pretense of finding his napkin. "And now that we are alone," said the Squire, calling him, "we may as well be comfortable. Take the wine, Joseph, into the oriel. We call it the oriel, though the word is a misnomer; but family customs, sir, family customs, grow strong and flourish in an old house. It has been named so since my earliest recollection, and for generations before that."

"And for generations after, no doubt," said I. "Your grandchildren—"

"*My* grandchildren!" exclaimed the old man with a look of dismay; "but my good sir, you are perfectly excusable—perfectly excusable," he continued, recovering himself; "you are not aware of my family history, and the traditions of the house. But I observe that you have shown some surprise at various little incidents—understand me, I beg—shown surprise in the most decorous and natural manner consistent with perfect good-breeding. I should be uneasy did you suppose I implied any thing more. The fact is, you have come among us at a family crisis. Be seated—and to understand it, you ought to know the history of the house."

I took my seat immediately, with haste and a little excitement. The Squire's elbow-chair had already been placed by Joseph on the other side of the small carved oak table—the wine with its dull ruby glow, and the old-fashioned tall glasses, small goblets, long-stalked and ornamented, stood between us; and overhead a morsel of inquisitive blue sky, looked into through the close interlacing of those tremulous delicate lime-tree leaves.

The Squire took his seat, paused again, sighed; and then turning round towards the dining-room proper, which began to grow dim as twilight came on, cast a look somewhat melancholy, yet full of dignified satisfaction, upon the array of family portraits, and began his tale.

"We are an old family," said the old gentleman: "I do not need to say to any one acquainted with this district, or with the untitled gentry of the North of England, how long and how unbroken has been our lineal succession. Witcherley Manor-house has descended for centuries, without a single lapse, from father to son; and you will observe, sir, one of the distinguishing peculiarities of our race, and the reason of my amazement when you

spoke unguardedly of grandchildren, the offspring of every marriage in this house is one son."

The words were said so solemnly that I started—"One son!"

"One son," continued the Squire with dignity, "enough to carry on the race and preserve its honors—nothing to divide or encumber. In fact, I feel that the existence of the family depends on this wise and benevolent arrangement of nature. If I have a regret," said the old man mildly, with a natural sigh, "regarding the approaching marriage of my boy, it is because he has chosen his wife, contrary to the usage of our house, out of a neighboring and very large family—yet I ought to have more confidence in the fortunes of the race."

Being somewhat surprised, not to say dumbfounded, by these reflections, I thought it better to make no remark upon them, and prudently held my peace.

"We were once rich, sir," continued the Squire with a smile, "but that is a period beyond the memory of man. Three centuries ago, an ancestor of mine, a man of curious erudition, a disciple of the Rosy Cross, lost a large amount of the gold he had, in search of the mysterious power of making the baser metals into gold. There he hangs, sir, looking down upon us, a most remarkable man. I would call him the founder of our race, but that such a statement would be untrue, and would abridge our ascertained genealogy by many generations; he was, however, the founder of every thing remarkable in our history. In the pursuit of science he was so unfortunate as to risk and lose a large portion of his family inheritance—every thing, in short, but the Manor-house and lands of Witcherley—I am not ashamed to say a *small* estate."

I bent my head to the old man with involuntary respect, as he bowed to me over his wine in his stately old pride and truthfulness; but I made no other interruption, and he immediately resumed his tale.

"In the ordinary course of nature, as people call it, with younger children to be provided for, and daughters to be portioned, the house of Witcherley, sir, must long ago have come to a conclusion. But my ancestor was a wise man; he had purchased his wisdom at no small cost, and knew how to make use of it, and he left to us who came after him the most solemn

heirloom of the house, a family vow—a vow which each successive father among us is pledged to administer to his son, and which, I am proud to say, has never been broken in the entire known history of the race."

"I beg your pardon. I should be grieved to make any impertinent inquiries," said I—for the Squire came to a sudden pause, and my curiosity was strongly excited—"but might I ask what that was?"

The old gentleman filled his glass and sipped it slowly. The daylight had gradually faded through the soft green lime-leaves; but still the waning rays were cooled and tinted by the verdant medium through which they came. I thought there was a tinge of pallor on my companion's face; but he sat opposite, in his elbow-chair, with the most perfect calmness, sipping his wine.

"It depends entirely," he said with deliberation, "upon the providential natural arrangement of succession, which I have already told you of. The family vow is no longer binding upon that Squire of Witcherley who has more than one child—one son.

"And that contingency, has it never happened?" cried I, with eagerness.

"It threatened to happen, sir, on one occasion," said the Squire. "My own grandfather married a wife with some fortune, who brought him a daughter. I am grieved to say of so near a relation that his mind was degenerate. Instead of showing any disappointment, he made an exhibition of unseemly satisfaction at the thought of escaping the fate of his race. He took down the old gate-way, sir, and erected the piece of foolishness in iron which disfigures my avenue. But it was short-lived—short-lived. Providence stepped in, and withdrew from him both wife and child; and it was only by a second marriage late in life that he escaped the terrible calamity of being the last of his line. No, I am proud to say that contingency has never occurred, nor that vow been broken, for three hundred years."

"And the vow?" I grew quite excited, and leaned over the little table to listen, with a thrill of expectation. The Squire cleared his throat, kept his eyes fixed upon the table, and answered me slowly. It was not nervousness, but pure solemnity; and it impressed me accordingly.

"Sir," he said, at last raising his head,

"the lands of Witcherly are insufficient to support two households. When the heir is of age, and is disposed to marry, according to the regulation of the family the father ceases; one generation passes away, and another begins. Sir, my son is on the eve of marriage; *he* will be Squire of Witcherley to-morrow."

I started to my feet in sudden alarm; then seated myself again, half-subdued, half-appalled by the composure of the old man. "I beg your pardon," I said, faltering; "I have misunderstood you, of course. You give up a portion of your authority—a share of your throne. Oh! by no means unusual, I understand."

"You do not understand *me*," said the Squire, "nor the ways of this house. I spoke nothing of share or portion; there is no such thing possible at Witcherley. I said, simply, the father ceased and the son succeeded. These were my words. On these lands there can be but one Squire."

I could not listen in quietness. I rose from my chair again in dismay and apprehension. "You mean to withdraw—to leave the house—to abdicate?" I gasped, scarcely knowing what I said.

"Sir," said the Squire, looking up with authority, "I mean to *cease*."

It is impossible to give the smallest idea of the horror of these words, spoken in this strange silent house in the dark room, with its line of long dull windows letting in a colorless ghostly twilight, and the tremulous lines quivering at the oriel. I cried aloud, yet it was only in a whisper: "Why—what—how is this! Murder—suicide! Good heaven, what do you mean?"

"Be seated, sir," said my companion, authoritatively. "I trust I speak to a gentleman, and a man of honor. Do I betray any unseemly agitation? The means are our secret—the fact is as I tell you. To-morrow, sir, my son will be Squire of Witcherley, and I shall have fulfilled the vow and the destiny of my race."

How I managed to sit down quietly again in this ghastly half-light at the domestic table of a man who had just made a statement so astounding, and under a roof where the implements of murder might be waiting, or the draught of the suicide prepared, I can not tell: yet I did so, overawed by the quietness of my companion, in presence of whom, though my

head throbbed and my veins swelled, it seemed impossible to say a word. I sat looking at him in silence, revolving a hundred wild schemes of rescue. In England, and the nineteenth century! It was not possible; yet I could not help the shuddering sense of reality which crept upon me. "And your son?" I exclaimed, abruptly, with a renewed sense of horror—the son's sullen and guilty shame returning in strong confirmation before my eyes.

"My son," said the Squire, with again a natural sigh—"yes. I confess it has hitherto been the father who has taken the initiative in this matter; but my boy knew his rights. I was perhaps dilatory. Yes—yes, it is all perfectly right, and I have not the smallest reason to complain."

"But what—what?—for heaven's sake, tell me! You are not about to do any thing?—what are you about to do?" cried I.

"Sir, you are excited," said the Squire. "I am about to do nothing which I am not quite prepared for. Pardon me for reminding you. You are a stranger—you are in the country—and in this quiet district we keep early hours. Do me the favor to ring for lights; the bell is close to your hand; and as our avenue is of the darkest, Joseph will guide to the postern."

I rang the bell, as I was desired, with passive obedience. I was struck dumb with amaze and bewilderment, half-angry at this sudden dismissal, and half-disposed to remain in spite of it; but I was a stranger, indebted to my companion's courtesy for my introduction here, and without the slightest claim upon him. Lights appeared, as if by magic, in an instant, and Joseph lingered waiting for orders. "Take your lantern and light the gentleman to the end of the avenue," said the Squire, coming briskly out of the recess, and arranging for himself a chair and a newspaper at the table. Then he held out his hand to me, shook mine heartily, and dismissed me with the condescending but authoritative bow of a monarch. I muttered something about remaining—about service and assistance—but the old gentleman took no further notice of me, and sat down to his newspaper with dignified impenetrability. Having no resource but to follow Joseph, I went out with no small amount of dis-

composure. And looking back to the placid old figure at the table, with his lamp and his paper, and struck with the overwhelming incongruity of ideas, the mysterious horror of the story, and the composed serenity of the scene, went out after my guide in perfect bewilderment, ready to believe that my senses had deceived me—that my host labored under some extraordinary delusion—any thing rather than that this was true.

The avenue was black as midnight; darkness was no description of the pitchy gloom of this narrow path, with its crowd of overshadowing trees; and not even the wavering light of Joseph's lantern, cast upon the ground at my feet, secured me from frequent collisions with the big boles of those gigantic elms. The wind too, unlike a summer breeze, came chill and ghostly up the confined road, and rain was beginning to fall. I presume the old servant scarcely heard my questions, amid the universal rustle of the leaves and patter of the rain. He did not answer, at all events, except by directions and injunctions to take care. I caught him by the arm at last, when we came to the door. "Do you know of any thing that is about to happen—quick—tell me!" I cried, my excitement coming to a climax. The lantern almost fell from Joseph's hand, but I could not see his face.

"A many things happen nowadays," said Joseph, "but I reckon master wants me more nor you, sir, if that be all."

"Your master! it is your master I am concerned about," cried I. "You look like an old servant—do you know what all this means? Is the old man safe? If there's any danger, tell me, and I'll go back with you and watch all night."

"Danger! the Squire's in his own house," said Joseph, "and not a servant in it but's been there for twenty years. Thank you all the same; but mind your own business, young gentleman, and ride betimes in the morning, and never think on't again, whate'er ye may have heard to-night."

Saying which, Joseph closed abruptly in my face the postern-door, at which we had been standing, and through the open ironwork of the closed gates I saw his light gleam hastily, as he hurried up the avenue. His manner and words excited instead of subduing my agitated curiosity. I stood irresolute in the rain and the

darkness, gazing through the iron gate, which now I could distinguish only by touch, and could not see, though I was close to it. What was to be done? What could I do? Just then I heard a horse's hoofs upon the road, and turned round eagerly, with the intention of addressing the passenger, whoever it might be. Raising my eyes, though it was impossible to see any thing, I cried, "Hold—wait—let me speak to you!" when, with an effect, like a suddenly displayed lantern, the moon broke out through the clouds. My eyes had been straining, in the darkness, to the unseen face; now, when this fitful illumination revealed it, I started back in confusion. It was the same ashamed, sullen, resentful face which had lowered upon me at the Squire's table—his son—and instead of pausing when he perceived me, the young man touched his horse smartly with his whip, and plunged away, at a heavy gallop into the night. I think this last incident filled up the measure of my confused and bewildering excitement. I turned from the gate at once, and pushed back towards the Witcherley Arms.

Reaching them, I went in with the full intention of rousing the country, and returning in force, to gain an entrance to the manor-house, and save the old man in his own despite. But when I went into the dull public room, with its two flaring melancholy candles, its well-worn country paper, which one clown was spelling over, and another listening to—when, in my haste and heat, I came within this cheerless, lifeless atmosphere, heard the fall of the monotonous slow voices, and saw the universal stagnation of life, my excitement relaxed in spite of myself. In this scene, so coldly, dully common-place—in this ordinary, unvaried stream of existence, it was impossible: there was no room for mysteries and horrors here.

Yet within the little bar on the other side of the passage, the landlord and his wife were peering out at me with a half-scared curiosity, and holding consultations together in an excited and uneasy restlessness, something like my own. Stimulated once more by seeing this, I hastened up to them, and though they both retreated before me, and made vain attempts to conceal their curiosity and eagerness, my own mind was too much roused to be easily deceived. I asked hastily if there was any constabulary force



in the neighborhood—soldiers, county police, protectors of the peace.

The woman uttered a faint exclamation of terror; but the landlord, with a certain stupid adroitness, which I could not help remarking, took up my question. "Pollis! Lord a' mercy! the gentleman's been robbed. I'se a constable mysel'."

"I have not been robbed; but I suspect you know more than I do," cried I, impatiently. "Your old Squire is in some mysterious danger. If you're a constable, rouse half-a-dozen men in the neighborhood, and come up with me to the manor-house—if you're a constable! I should say, if you're a man, make haste and follow me. Do you hear? At this very moment the old man may be in peril of his life."

"What's wrong, sir? what's wrong? It can not be rubbers, for rubbers could ne'er reach to the manor-house," said the wife, interposing. "Bless and preserve us! is't the Russians or the French, or the pitmen, or what's wrong? and if he's off and away to the manor, who'll mind his own house?"

"I am sure you know what I mean," cried I. "Your old master is in danger. I can not tell you what danger. You know better than I do. Can you look on quietly, and see the Squire lose his life?"

"I know naught about the Squire's life," said Giles sullenly, after a pause; "and no more do you, sir, that's a stranger to Witcherley ways. The Squire's got his own about him that won't see wrong to him. It's no ado o' mine, and it's no ado o' yours; and I'm not agoing on a fool's errand for any man, let alone a strange gentleman I never set eyes on afore. Do you think I'd go and anger the Squire in his own house, because summat skeared a traveller? I'm not agoing to do no such foolishness. If the Squire takes notions, what's that to a stranger like you, that'll may be never see him again?"

"Takes notions?" I caught at this new idea with infinite relief. "What do you mean? Does the Squire take notions? It's all a delusion of his? Is that what you mean?"

"Sir, it's in the family; they're queer, that's what they are," said the woman, answering me eagerly, while her husband hung back, and made no response. "It comes strange to the likes of you; for it takes a deal of studyin' to larn Witcherley ways."

"Witcherley ways—in the family—a delusion—a monomania," said I to myself. Certainly this looked the most reasonable explanation. Yes, to be sure; every body had heard of such. I received the idea eagerly, and calmed down at once. After all, the wonder was, that it had never struck me before; and then the confusion of the young man—the anxiety of Joseph. No doubt, they trembled for the exhibition of this incipient madness—no doubt, they were afraid of the narrative with which the unfortunate old gentleman was sure to horrify a new listener. I became quite "easy in my mind" as I revolved all this. Monomaniacs, too, are so gravely reasonable in most cases, and have so much method in their madness. I returned to the dull public-room with restored composure, and thinking it all over, in the lifeless silence, in this place where it seemed impossible that any thing could happen, could almost have laughed at myself for my own fears. By and by the house was shut up, and I transferred my quarters to the gable room, which I was to occupy for the night. It was a well-sized apartment, somewhat bare, but very clean, and sufficiently comfortable, very much like the best bed-room of a humble country inn, which it was. The bow-window—the only window in the room—looked out into sheer darkness, a heavy visible gloom; the night was somewhat wild, and dismal with wind and rain, and, in spite of the homely comfort of my surroundings, I have seldom spent a more miserable night. Dreary old stories revived out of the oblivion of childhood; tales of the creeping stream of blood from some closed door, the appalling pistol-shot, the horror of the death-gasp and cry, forced themselves on my memory; and when I slept, it was only to see visions of the Squire, or of some one better known to me in his place, standing in ghastly solitude with the knife or the poison, struggling with assassins, or stretched upon a horrible death-bed, red with murder. Through these feverish fancies came the rounds of the night; the creeping silence, which, like the darkness, was not negative, but positive; the dismal creaking of the sign among the great boughs of the elm-tree; the rush of rain against the window; the moaning and sobbing echoes of the wind. These terrors, however, waking and sleeping, did not make me watch for and start up to meet the earliest dawn, as might have been supposed; on

the contrary, I fell into a heavy slumber as the morning broke, and slept late and long, undisturbed by the early sounds of rustical awakening. When I roused myself at last, it was ten o'clock—a pale, wet, melancholy morning, the very ghost and shadow of the more dismal night.

I can not tell whether the story of the evening was the first thing which occurred to my mind when I awoke. Indeed, I rather think not, but that a more everyday and familiar apprehension, the dread of once more losing the train, was the earliest thought which occupied me, despite all the horrors of the night. But my mind immediately rebounded with excitement and eagerness into the former channel, when I looked out from my window.

Immediately under it, in the pale drizzle of rain, stood the Squire's son, dressed as his father had been, in a blue coat with gilt buttons, but new, and of the latest fashion, and with a white favor on the breast. His face was flushed with rude half-concealed exultation; his manner seemed arrogant and authoritative, but still he had not lost the down-looking, sullen, resentful shame of the previous night. He was putting money in the hand of Giles, who stood by with a scowl upon his face, and touched his hat with a still more sullen unwillingness. Several other men, a heaving little rustic crowd, lingered around eyeing the young man askance with looks of scared and unfriendly curiosity. "Let them drink our health, and see that the bells are rung." I heard only these words distinctly, and the young Squire strode away towards the manor-house. When he was out of sight, my phlegmatic landlord threw his money vehemently on the ground with an expression of disgust, and shook his clenched hand after the disappearing figure; but thinking better of it by and by, and relenting towards the honest coin, picked it up deliberately, piece by piece, and hastily disappeared within the house. My toilette did not occupy me much after this incident, and as soon as I had hastily completed it, I hurried down stairs. Giles was in the passage, giving directions, intermixed with a low growl of half-spoken curses. When he saw me, he suddenly stopped, and retreated within his little bar. I followed him anxiously. "What has happened?—what of the Squire?"

"The Squire?—it's none o' my business—nor yours neither. Mind your breakfast and your train, young gentleman, and

don't you bother about Witcherley—Missus, you're wanted!—I've enow on my own hands."

Saying which Giles fled, and left me unanswered and unsatisfied. Turning to his wife, who appeared immediately with my breakfast, I found her equally impracticable. She, poor woman, seemed able for nothing but to wring her hands, wipe her eyes with an apron, and answer to my eager inquiries: "Don't you meddle in it—don't you then! O Lord! it's Witcherley ways."

It was impossible to bear this tantalizing bewilderment. I took my hat, and rushed out, equally indifferent to train and breakfast. The same bumpkins stood still loitering in the high road, in the rain; and, scared and awe-stricken as they seemed, were still able to divert the main subject of their slow thoughts, with some dull observation of myself, as I rushed past. I did not pause, however, to ask any fruitless questions of this mazed chorus of spectators, but hurried along the road to the little postern-gate. To my surprise, I found the great gates open, and another little circle of bystanders, children and women, standing by. I hastened up the dark avenue, when the rain pattered and the leaves rustled in the pallid daylight, as they had done in the blank night. Every thing remained exactly as it was yesterday, when I passed up this same tortuous road with the Squire. I rushed on with growing excitement, unable to restrain myself. The hall-door stood slightly ajar. I pushed it open, and entered with a hasty step, which echoed upon the paved hall as though the house were vacant. Roused from a corner by the sound, Joseph rose and came forward to meet me. The poor fellow looked very grave and solemn, and had been sitting in forlorn solitude, reading in this chilly uninhabited hall. But at sight of me the cautiousness of suspicion seemed to inspire Joseph. He quickened his pace, and came forward resolutely, keeping himself between me and the dining-room door.

"I want to see your master—your master—beg him to see me for a moment; I will not detain him," said I.

"My master?" Joseph paused and looked at me earnestly, as if to ascertain how much or how little I knew.

"My master, sir, was married this morning. I couldn't make so bold as to disturb him; perhaps you could call another day."

"Married! Now, Joseph," said I, trying what an appeal would do, "you know it is in vain to attempt deceiving me; your master's son is married, but I do not want *him*: I want to see the old Squire."

"There's no old Squire, sir," said Joseph, with a husky voice; "there ain't. I tell you true; you're dreaming. My master's a young gentleman, and married this morning. It's no good coming here," cried the old servant, growing excited, "to make trouble, and disturb a quiet house. My master's a young gentleman—younger than yourself; there can be but one Squire."

"Joseph, what do you mean?" cried I. "Do you forget what I saw and heard—do you forget that I was here and dined with your old master last night? Where is he? What have you done with him? I'll rouse the country. I'll have you all indicted for murder, every soul in the house. Where is the old Squire?"

He laid his hand upon my shoulder fiercely, trembling himself, however, as he did so, with the tremor of weakness. "Will you hold your tongue—will you be quiet—will you leave this house?"

"No," cried I, raising my voice, and shaking the old man off—"No, I'll ascertain the truth before I move a step. I will not leave the house. Here, go call your new master; I'll wait for him where I sate with his father yesterday. His father, poor old man, what have you done with him? I will not move a step till I search this mystery out."

I pushed my way as I spoke into the dining-room, Joseph following and opposing me feebly. The appearance of the silent untenanted room moved me with a new and mysterious thrill of horror. There it lay unaltered, undisturbed, in the very same formal arrangement as when I left it last night; the portraits looking darkly from the walls, the tender lime-leaves flickering round the oriel, the long vacant dining-table shining dully in the subdued light. Every chair stood as it had stood yesterday—the very newspaper lay upon the table. But where was the old Squire?

I turned round upon Joseph suddenly. "He sat there, just there, last night. You are as conscious of it as I am. I want to know where he is now."

A kind of hysteric sob of terror escaped from the old servant's breast. He retreated hastily, covering his eyes with his hand,

yet casting looks of horror at the vacant elbow-chair. "I'll go, sir—I'll go—I'll call my master," he said, with a cracked, unsteady voice; and he went out of the room, not daring, as I fancied, to turn his back upon the ghostly empty seat. I, in my excitement, paced up and down the room, with all my private sense of wrong and horror, and all my public sentiment of justice, giving authority to my step. It did not occur to me that I had no right to enter another man's house after this fashion, or that I ran any risk in doing so. I was excited beyond the reach of all personal consideration. I thought of nothing but the old Squire; here only last night I had sat at his table, joined him in conversation, and listened to his story, and where—where—ghastly confirmation to that tale of horror—where was he now?

I had heard Joseph's step, timid and yet hasty, shuffle up the great echoing staircase; but as I stood still to listen, now the silence crept and stagnated around me without a human sound to break it. Nothing but the rain outside, the wet leaves against the window, not even the familiar pulse of a clock to soften the painful stillness. My thoughts were of the blackest. I concluded no better than that murder, cowardly and base, was in this house, which I, alone and unsupported, had come to beard, accuse, and defy in its own stronghold. But fired with excitement, I feared nothing—thought of nothing but a possible spectacle of horror concealed within one of these unknown rooms, and of the question perpetually on my lips, where is the Squire?

At length, as I listened, a foot sounded upon the stair, heavy, sometimes rapid, sometimes hesitating, the true step of guilt. I felt assured it was the son, the parricide! My heart beat with choking rapidity, a cold dew rose upon my forehead, and I turned to the door to face the new-comer with the fervor and zeal of an avenger. Now for the solution of this horrible mystery! And now a suspicious uncertain hand tries the door doubtfully—now it creaks upon its hinges—now—

My dearest friend! you can not be half or a hundredth part so much disappointed as I was; for as the door creaked, and the guilty step advanced, and my heart beat with wild expectation, I awoke—

I am ashamed to confess the humiliating truth—awoke to find myself in my own crimson easy-chair, after dinner, with the

fire glowing into the cosy twilight, and no dark avenue or lonely manor-house within a score of miles. Under the circumstances, I am grieved to add that the deepest mystery, a gloom which I fear I may never be able to penetrate, still hangs darkly over the ways of Witcherley and the fate of the old Squire.

Had Joseph's young master come only five minutes sooner—but fate is inexorable; and though I have made investigations through a primitive nook of country, and missed a train with resignation in the pursuit of knowledge, I have never fallen upon that rainy pathway across the field, nor come to the Witcherley Arms again.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## A T R I P T O S C O T L A N D .

I HAVE travelled a good deal in my day, and seen as much as most people of the glories of Continental landscape. For instance, I have stood at an upper window of the Schweitzer Hof on the lake of Lucerne, some ten minutes before sunrise on an August morning, and beheld a view of such bewildering beauty and wonder that I positively feared to look at it. I turned away, "dazzled and drunk with beauty;" and when I summoned courage to look again, it was gone—the sunrise had robbed the scene of some three parts of its beauty, leaving, however, a fourth part with charms enough to go mad about, if one had not seen the other three. A hundred other favorite haunts of the "tourist" within the scope of Murray's *Handbook*, and many without it, have I seen; and great as my enjoyment has been—rapturous as my homage—I declare that I would far rather travel in my own country; and this not from any morbid patriotism, but because I like the scenery better, and should do so were it in Timbuctoo. If I am asked why I like it better, I can only say that foreign scenery is apt to overpower me and that I miss the calm, loving tone that mellows the quieter pictures of home. There is Mont Blanc and Chamouni. Amidst the crowd of devout pilgrims who flock every summer to adore the monarch of mountains, are there

none for whose nerves his Majesty has been too much? On arrival at Chamouni you are crammed into a tight-fitting apartment, with one small window, which you no sooner open than you are struck dumb by the extraordinary apparition of the giant mountain, which appears quite close to you, and in such a foreshortened attitude that all his grace, though none of his terror, is lost by the jumbling together of his head, shoulders, and limbs. Then your eyes are quite blinded by the glare of the sunlit snow, which, though it is miles distant, seems as if you could almost touch it, and even—horrible reflection!—as if it was coming nearer and nearer to you, and would finally overwhelm you. Then the glaciers, the "aiguilles," the chamois-haunted fissures, the strange unearthly sound of the avalanches deep in the heart of those wildernesses of ice and rock—how terrible is their delight! Perhaps I am wrong, but on the top of Ben Lomond or Cader Idris I have felt more love of mountain country than in the midst of the high Alps; and if the reader of this paper were to consult me as to the choice of the direction in which, having a little spare time and money, he should shape his course, I would say to Scotland, to the English lake district, or to Wales. Suppose we say to Scotland. In a few days—but when once



in Scotland you should travel slowly—you may see some of the choicest treasures of that northern Paradise, Perthshire. Betake yourself, then, to the Euston-square or to the King's-cross station—I would say rather to the former; for though the Great Northern line will show you York, and between Newcastle and Edinburgh will whisk you along by the side of the blue German Ocean over a country of rare though gentle beauty, and full of the poetry of the old Border days, yet by the North-Western and Caledonian lines you will pass the English Lake district; and to see that, even from the railway, is a great privilege. Look well at that group of mountains—they are on your left soon after you pass Lancaster—and yield to their soothing and purifying influence, as the distant shadows float over their calm purple sides; and if when you left London there was any wild passion stirring at your heart, the chances are it will leave you here. After threading the desolate beauty of the sheep-pastured Border hills, with their lonely glens and wonderful grace of undulating line, (I know no “curves” like these,) we will suppose you arrived at Glasgow. Well, stay there as short a time as you can, and then direct your course—it is a matter of two or three hours now—to Balloch, at the southern end of Loch Lomond. Put up at the inn there for the night, and stroll for the rest of the afternoon along the lake, keeping as close to the water as you can, for there you will get the best views—far better than from the deck of the steamer. What a calm, gentle, melancholy lake it is—from the little bay that comes rippling up with a quiet *plaffing* sound—so quiet as to be unheard at first—against the strip of silver sand that binds the oaken thickets through which you wind your way, to the expanse of blue water seen as you double some headland, with that long island in front shaped something like a beautiful human foot, and almost bare of foliage, but covered with a soft velvety turf; and farther up the lake the slopes of numberless heath-clad hills coming gradually down to the water's edge; and on the right Ben Lomond with his double summit, clothed with mossy verdure to the very top; and he also, proud as he is, sloping gradually down, for the lake is here (as I have said) a quiet, melancholy lake, and will suffer no sharp contrasts—no abrupt embraces of intrusive mountains—to ruffle

the grace of its serene repose. Wander on, I say, and let twilight still find you there; so that when you return to your inn you may have thoroughly tasted and made your own the sweet, sad beauty of that enchanting scene. I think it is Mr. Ruskin who says that Walter Scott's is the “saddest” poetry he knows. This is a paradox, but it contains some truth; and the reason, I believe, is, that the country which Scott describes, though of an exquisite is of a rather sorrowful beauty. “Was never scene so sad and fair,” is the feeling, I think, of all right-minded tourists in regard not only to moonlit Melrose but to all that can be called beautiful in Scottish landscape.

But you are off next morning by steamer up the lake; and the morning view, as you twist about among the thirty islands, and see the light dancing in diamond showers on the blue laughing waves, and watch the cloud-shadows floating over the mountain sides as they simmer in the hot mist of the glowing noon-tide sun, has scarce a shade of melancholy in it. And now you are at Rowardennan, about half-way up the lake, at the very foot of the majestic Ben. Here is the favorite place for ascending him; and if it is a fine, clear day, you had better go straight to the inn, put your wife (if she is with you, as of course she is, and I ought to have mentioned her before) on one of the lumbering ponies kept there for the purpose, and start at once for the summit. It is before you the whole way, and beckons you on over rock and sward, over moss and moor, as you slowly climb your long, but not toilsome, and infinitely beautiful road. Throughout there is neither difficulty nor danger. Winding at first among gray rocks fringed with purple heath and bedded in waving fern, over gigantic knolls looking down into deep grassy glades, in which here and there a rill glides stealthily down its rocky bed curtained with dwarf birch and alder—then out on a wide moorland—and then the path becomes steeper, and you are really working your way up a good honest mountain side. And now—look back. What a change since half an hour ago! Far down beneath those heathery rocks and grassy knolls lies the laughing lake, at least half of its thirty miles in length spread out before you, dotted with islands of every variety of shape and size; and beyond the hills on the further shore,

which seemed, when you were on level ground, to form its only framework, strange mountain-forms have started up, and made a triple barrier; and, peeping out behind them, here and there, grotesque-looking shapes, the heads and shoulders of unknown mountains, yet beyond. Higher yet, and suddenly the view on the other side of the Ben opens before you—lakes, mountains, a far-winding river, and a boundless plain. Now you are engrossed with the greater steepness of the ascent, and in your anxiety to reach the top you get but a general idea of the increasing glories of the landscape. One more short pull at an angle of 45°, and you are on the summit. Now, if you were an ordinary tourist, your first proceeding would probably be to give what is called a “hearty British cheer,” and your next a pull at the brandy-flask; but as you are not, and as you have had a light luncheon half-way up the mountain, at a spring of the purest water in Scotland, you do no such thing; but, throwing yourself on the grass, you give yourself up for a few minutes to that delight so rarely felt by man—the profound, awful, yet most soothing silence—the peace of peace—the rest of rest—the “sabbath of the mountain-top!” And now by degrees you begin to analyze the wonderful panorama at your feet. To the north, the view is of a strange and awful beauty. Beginning almost from where you stand, and stretching far away, some fifty miles as the crow flies, a dark expanse of tumbling waves—yes, waves; but the sea is petrified, and *every billow is a mountain crest*. The effect upon the mind is indescribable. In the whole space between you and Ben Nevis, whose snowy summit (the only snow you see) is faintly visible in the utmost distance, not an inch of flat ground—not the faintest indication or semblance of a valley; but far as the eye can reach, the whole wide landscape is one dark, stern, motionless multitude of thickly-congregated summits. Look till your vision becomes bewildered in that inextricable maze of mountain majesty, and your brain somewhat troubled with the wild fantasies of that wondrous scene; and then turn to the eastward, and refresh yourself with the full delight of the contrast. Here, and to the south, all is soft, smiling, and serene. You are standing at the edge of a sheer precipice of some two thousand feet, and peeping over it, you see the infant Forth rising just below, and

can track his wanderings through many a mile of sunny plain. But you do not follow him far, for a little beyond him, and right opposite to you among those heathery hills, lies a lake notable for its calm and desolate beauty, and for the silvery blue of its water. Not a tree to be seen on its banks; but it is of an exquisite, though simple workmanship, and girt with a never-failing strip of the whitest sand. Its name? To your astonishment, Loch Katrine. But where, then, are the Tro-sachs? where the maze of birch and heather—the haunts of the “wild rose, eglantine, and broom”? Hidden, all hidden, by that bold, sweeping side of the merciless Benvenue; and what you see is in fact only that which (second-rate) artists would call the “uninteresting” part of Loch Katrine. And now when you look closely, just where the mountain outline cuts across the lake, you can discern what seems a thick brushwood creeping up the steep sides of the opposite shore; and that is just enough to give you an idea that trees may grow there, but not of the wilderness of sylvan beauty that lies hidden from your gaze. Southward are other lakes, and one of special attractions, deep buried in close clustering woods, the reflections of which in the water are clearly seen, even at this distance. That is “Loch Ard”—“far Loch Ard and Aberfoyle,” where the stag, at gaze on the crest of Uam-Var, first “pondered refuge.” These lakes are guarded round by beautiful but scattered mountain-forms; and this is the country traversed, in the *Lady of the Lake*, by young Angus with the Fiery Cross, when

“Ben Ledi saw the cross of fire;  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire;”

Strath-Ire, there before you, over the hills beyond Loch Katrine; and Ben Ledi, that proud soaring summit which dominates all the country round. More to the south, the mountains cease, and a wide, rich plain melts off into hazy distance and possible Edinburgh. We have said nothing yet of the view to the west, with Loch Lomond for foreground, and mountains as strange but not so close-lying as those to the north, leading the eye over them till it rests upon a streak of silver sea, and you find that the further mountains are islands; and beyond them in the utmost distance an appearance which may or may not be land,

but which you are told is the coast of Ireland; and in the south-west, far over the majestic Clyde, the blue Border mountains, and even Skiddaw himself—the pride of Cumberland.

We have kept you some time on the summit—though not longer than you like, if you are of the right sort—so we will say but little of the descent, and suppose you landed safely on the shore of the lake, which has welcomed you with an enchanting smile from the moment you began to descend. Now cast one look back at the task you have performed, and then launch yourself in a boat with two stout rowers for Tarbet. You are now in a more secluded part of the lake, which you have hitherto only known in the character of a calm, wide, isle-be-sprinkled mere. Now there are hill-sides steep down to the water's edge, and clothed with thick forests of oak, birch, hazel, and alder. Promontories of dark gray rock, crowned with purple heath, and tufted with a birch or two, whose grace of attitude is consummate, stretch ever and anon out into the clear brown water; and above, wherever you look, wild mountain forms are closing round, and gradually the lake is narrowing, till the dark green points of those two wooded knolls before you seem almost to meet upon the water. But before you reach them you are at Tarbet, where you will be quite comfortable for the night, and where you will dream, with "tender dread," like Tennyson's lunatic lover, of the beauties you have seen and are yet to see.

Morning on Loch Lomond! there are few sights equal to it; and of course you look with wondering delight at the blue lake seen through the arches of the ash trees, and the beautiful mystery of the mountain-side beyond; but they hardly affect you as much as they deserve, for to-day you are to see Loch Katrine. For myself, I almost wish I had never seen it, for the sake of that thrill of anticipation. Scott's poem had made Loch Katrine a first love with me. It is strange—for Scott does not describe it with any thing like accuracy—but yet, in some way or other—I think by giving here and there with great truth a feature peculiar to the scene, by the affectionate mention of all the places in it which bear names, and not a little by the gentle cadence of his fair-flowing line—he does manage to bring before the mind some degree of likeness.

In his very first mention of the place—

"But nearer was the copsewood gray  
That waved and wept on Loch Achray:"

there is a sound—a sweet, sad, far-off melody—that to my mind at once recalls the peculiar beauty of the Trosachs. But you shall judge for yourself. Go on board the steamer for Inversnaid, higher up the lake, whence a drive of five miles will take you to Loch Katrine. Your steam voyage is short; but a more beautiful one it would be rare to see: for the lake here is buried deep in the mountains, reflecting on all sides the rich woods and heath-clad rocks, and is more like a broad river—like some parts of the Rhine, indeed—only that the mountain shores are infinitely richer and more varied; and its northern end is guarded by tier behind tier of bold mountain forms, backed by one (Benmore I believe) towering far above the rest, and giving a magnificent finish to the scene. And now you are at Inversnaid; and I would have you mount the coach which starts at once for Loch Katrine—for though a coach is not poetical, I think (if you are *not obliged to answer* them) it is always pleasant to hear the remarks of other people on the first sight of what is best in nature. A long ascent, skirted by a foaming torrent of dark brown water, and of which every step you rise makes the lake you are leaving more beautiful, brings you on a level road and a wild mountain moorland. Every trace of vegetation (except that here, as everywhere, after long search you may see a little birch tree or two nestling fondly in the bed of a mountain stream) has disappeared; and the narrow road winds over a wild moor, bounded at no great distance by heathery hills scantily dotted with sheep; and on you fare, till a small lake, its shores utterly bare, save that at one end there is a fantastic little island close to the land, and on which are some dwarf trees; and then the road begins to descend, and at last a strip of silver-blue water, with a setting of white sand between it and the shore, appears among the low undulating hills—and "there is Loch Katrine." At first you are disappointed—or rather your fellow-passengers are—for *you* knew that you would come upon Loch Katrine at its "uninteresting" end; but soon this feeling gives way to general delight at the masterpiece of simple and exquisite beauty



before you. The lake has opened out now, and still there are no trees, except on that small island to the right, which is crowded thick with them; but as far as you can yet see, it is a lake whose sides are flat moorland or gently sloping heath-clad hill, except indeed, that deep recess to the left, which you had hardly observed before, and which seems to have been one of nature's playful after-thoughts, (for the lake certainly meant to have ended where you are standing,) but which is adorned with a regular succession of wooded knolls stretching out into the water. But it is time to start on your voyage up the lake; and here you should avoid the little hissing steamer, which is the regular vehicle, and take a boat. As you glide along, each stroke of the oars presents you with a new combination of mountain, moor, and lake, all wild and desolate, and of a somewhat mournful beauty; and, so far as you have yet gone, Loch Katrine is still "uninteresting." But there are striking points, too; for the bald head of Ben An stands out high and bold at the further end, and, after a time, peering between the gentle curves of the hills on your left which open to reveal him, the double summit of Ben Lomond gazes with serene approval on the peaceful lake. Suddenly you sweep round a promontory; and then—what a change! An instant ago all was barren, almost dreary. Now look round. You can hardly believe your eyes. It is a scene of most gorgeous and yet most graceful beauty. Everywhere the lake, which is here much narrower, is closely hemmed in by gigantic masses of rock, backed by precipitous mountain sides; and on every rock, and half up the mountain sides, rich mazes of tangled wood—of birch, hazel, alder, of broom, and oak, and pine, showing at occasional intervals a glimpse of the carpet of purple heath on which they grow; and the lake is half filled up with islands and peninsulas—among which it wanders and loses itself—each consisting of rock, thickly carpeted with heather, and crowned with luxuriant trees—the foliage on every side rather over-hanging the rocky basement, so that these islands have been likened to "baskets of flowers." Such profusion of varied coloring in so small a space, is, I suppose, hardly anywhere else to be seen: the gray rock—the purple heath, checkered by the gleaming white stems of the delicate birch trees as they climb every height in skirmishing order,

and meet on the summit in one harmonious aggregate of clustering beauty—the infinite variety of other trees, set off here and there by a fir of soft, dark, velvet green—the small space of bright blue sky seen above the narrow gorge—and all these hues reflected faithfully in the crystal water. Note also the wondrous seclusion of the scene. From the top of Ben Ledi, or any commanding eminence in the whole region round, no bird's-eye view would give the slightest idea of the existence of this most elaborate little Paradise; for all the country round is wild and bare; and Loch Katrine is as deep hidden in its beautiful retreat as ever was diamond in a mine. As I said before, Scott has not described the lake with any thing like accuracy: for example, he has said but little of the birch trees, which pervade more or less the whole scene, and do much to form its peculiar character; but in the very grace of his story there is a harmony with the ground on which it is laid, and affection for the lake in every mention that he made of it; and it is impossible to look round you here, and think without a sigh that his eyes can look no more on this scene that has been made so famous by the adoration of one large loving heart.

The lake contracts so much at the end, and is so shut in by rocky heights piled one upon the other, and covered thick with tangled vegetation, that coming upon it here—which is the place where Fitz-James first saw it—you would believe it, as he did, to be only

"A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;"

and would not dream that what you saw was part of a lake six miles long. But in the wooded rocks that inclose it here with a strict and jealous embrace, there is a small, a very small opening; and that is the opening of the Trosachs—the only pass hereabouts into the Scotch Lowlands. With a sense of strange, mysterious delight, you enter the defile. Deep winding among dark thickets at first, through which you have ever and anon glimpses of tall fantastic rocks, with their freight of heather and birch and ash and oak, the road steals on by huge mounds (not "pyramids," as Scott says; they are too fantastically irregular for that) of mighty rock, each crested with its quivering mul-



titude of clustering birch trees; and then the scene opens out a little, and here and there appears a level tract of purple heather, in which you may wade literally waist-deep, and set off as before by the white birch-stems embedded in it. Still further, and the ground is yet more open; and as you look back the steep gray side of the giant Benvenue, and a huge birch-crowned ridge, over which the beams of the setting sun come streaming in a long level line, shedding a glory on the heads of the topmost birches, but leaving all dark and shadowy below,\* have shut out completely from your view all the beauties which you have passed. And now on your left there is a deep vast glade, backed by tier above tier of precipitous cliff, mounting up to the very shoulder of Ben An, who rears his bare head above them; and "far over" this "unfathomable glade," a wilderness of tangled wood; and up the sides of these cliffs innumerable birch-trees running, jostling one another as if in head-long race; and here and there one, in the impetuous dash of its joyous career, actually crowning the highest ridge of almost barren rock, and shivering there triumphantly in the summer breeze. Here the road is darkened again with rocks, and when it emerges it is to skirt the "margin of Achray," of which in Scott's time it could well be said:

"Where wilt thou find in foreign land  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

But now this could not be said, for close down upon Loch Achray a huge and hideous structure, in style something between a mosque and a workhouse, the monstrous

fruit of a union between speculation and bad taste, has been erected "for the accommodation of tourists;" and there you must take up your quarters for the night, and for my part I rather envy you your dreams.

Next morning (I am supposing that you have but a few days to spare) you are off for Callander, the road to which lies at first still "along the margin of Achray," and under "Benledi's living side," where, at the whistle of Roderick, the fern and heath became suddenly alive with bonnet, plume, and tartan. It is a noble mountain, that Benledi, ("the mountain of God," I believe it means;) and it looks down on a noble lake—Vennachar—some seven or eight miles long, by the side of which you are now journeying; and as you can not yet see the steep parts of Benledi, the view here consists of the lake with its broad sheet of silver and low heathery hills. As you approach Callander, Benledi rises in all his majesty; and from the end of the lake the swift Teith rushes forth, and by his side lies your route nearly all the way to Stirling; and as it is much the same as that of Fitz-James in his fiery ride from Coilantogle ford, near where you now are, to Stirling Castle, I shall leave it to Sir Walter to describe, only requesting you to look back now and then in your onward progress at the noble background formed by Benledi and "Benvenue's gray summit wild." From Stirling you may be in a few hours in London; and though your time has been short and your expenses small, I venture to say that you will go back to your chambers or your counting-house, a happier and a better man.

THE *Bibliotheca Sacra* states that Professor Guyot, of Cambridge, intends to publish an exposition of the creation of the universe, upon the basis of the nebular hypothesis, embracing the internal-fire theory [eternal-fire theory the papers all have it] as one that can be sustained. It is not contended that the evidence in fa-

vor of the centre of the earth being a mass of fire, is of a positive nature, as in that case the reasoning would cease to be hypothetical. But the evidence for the affirmative is regarded as accumulative, and to such a degree, that it has been considered by a vast majority of the scientific world as almost conclusive. Even admitting what is alleged as to the cause of the high temperature of springs and mines, it is argued that by no means follows that to the same origin may be traced the source of the fire poured from the bowels of the earth.

\* "The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;

But not a setting beam could glow  
Upon the dark ravine below."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## T H E   S E C O N D   C O N G R E S S .

PERSONNEL OF BARON DE BOURQUENEY—LORD COWLEY—BARON VON HUBNER—COUNT MAXIMILIAN VON HATZFELDT—BARON BRUNNOW—MARQUIS DE VILLA MARINA—MEHEMET DJEMIL BEY.

THE conduct of Russia, since the patching up of the peace, has produced the sincerest regret among the few friends still left her, who trusted that, with the coronation of Alexander, a new era of policy would be inaugurated. Unfortunately, such has not been the case, and we find Russia pursuing the same dangerous system of equivocation and combined audacity that led to the outbreak of the last deplorable war. The systematic manner in which she has sought to evade the lenient conditions of the peace—granted merely to satisfy her pride, and not from any motive of advantage accruing to the Allies—the false statements about the two Bolgrads, and the impudent attempts to obtain compensation for an alleged injury, all prove the mistaken clemency of England and France. Rumors are falling again, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, that Russia is preparing to assist the Persians in their impending war with England; and it seems as if she wished to obtain in the East revenge for the punishment inflicted upon her only too lightly in the West. The Allies have behaved with their usual candor: they have consented to the reöpening of a Congress, in which the Powers will be represented by the second deputies—in their consciousness that the questions at issue are so patent that they will not allow a moment's discussion. While we are writing, the meeting of the plenipotentiaries is only delayed for the arrival of the Turkish envoy, who is announced, telegraphically, as being *en route*. It will not be for us to prophesy the result of the meeting, or whether Russia will be prepared to defer to the solution obtained, but we must bestow our unqualified praise on the Allies for the readiness with which they have anticipated the wishes of Russia, and thus stripped her of her last subterfuge.

Meanwhile, and *pendente lite*, it may interest our readers if we throw together a few biographical sketches of the second delegates, who, though not assembling with the same pomp and prestige as their predecessors, will require an equal amount of patience and perseverance. That Russia is prepared for a desperate war of words is evidenced by the fact of Baron Brunnow having demanded permission to avail himself of the assistance of Count Kissilof, which, however, has been politely declined, probably under the flattering notion that Baron Brunnow is quite sufficiently capable to defend the cause of his country. It has been hitherto urged that the Congress will only discuss the points of litigation between Russia and the Allies; but we shall feel surprised if the Russian envoy do not contrive to drag the Austrian occupation and Neapolitan intervention on to the *tapis*. We can only confide in the sagacity of the other diplomatists to escape the snare. The place of honor at the conference having been assigned to France, we will commence our sketches with the representative of that country.

Baron FRANÇOIS ADOLPHE DE BOURQUENEY was born in the Franche-Comté, and educated at the Lycée Bonaparte, in Paris. He took up the trade of diplomacy immediately on leaving college. He was attached to the French legation in the United States, then appointed third secretary in London under M. de Chateaubriand, who had a great affection for him, and Secretary of Legation in Switzerland. He occupied the latter position when Chateaubriand was hurled from power in 1824. The young diplomatist, much affected by this disgrace, did not consider himself justified in retaining his position with the new ministry, and he thus gave up a career voluntarily, in

which he had already attracted attention, and went upon the *Journal des Débats*, of which he soon became one of the most distinguished writers.

M. de Bourqueney did not give up his position in the press until the ministry of M. de la Ferronnays was established. He returned to the diplomatic career as first secretary, and his personal qualities, ripened by experience and the struggle he had carried on, assured him rapid promotion. M. de Bourqueney was sent to London in 1831 with the title of *Chargé d'Affaires*. In this character he played an assiduous part in the laborious and delicate negotiations which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland. In 1841, M. de Bourqueney returned to London, but this time in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary, and had the honor, in this capacity, of signing the convention of the Straits, which restored France to the European family. This important act in M. de Bourqueney's public life had a great influence on the remainder of his diplomatic career. No one could better watch over the execution of the convention for the interests of France than the man who had represented France at its signature. M. de Bourqueney was, therefore, sent as Ambassador to Constantinople in 1843, where he remained until the fall of Louis Philippe.

The revolution of 1848 again interrupted the diplomatic career of the Baron, who gave in his resignation and retired to the country, where he spent five years, unruffled by the storm of parties. The new policy inaugurated by the Bordeaux speech could alone tear him from his books and meditations. In March, 1853, M. de Bourqueney, whose character and merits were fully appreciated by the Emperor Napoleon, was sent to Vienna as Minister Plenipotentiary of France.

The part which M. de Bourqueney took in the complicated negotiations which terminated in the treaty of the 2d of December, 1854, is most meritorious. In his contest against inveterate prejudices, intimate alliances, and real interests which he had to humor while contending against them, he displayed a firmness of language and a degree of good faith and perseverance, which had a great effect in dispelling the last scruples of Austria. The ideas of the Emperor Napoleon could not be more faithfully or skillfully interpreted. The French government expected much

from M. de Bourqueney, and its confidence was not deceived. The facts are there to prove what may be effected by intelligence when united to a firm will.

M. de Bourqueney possesses all the earnest qualities of a diplomatist; he is a faithful, zealous, and intelligent servant, possessing in the most eminent degree the difficult art of serving successfully without ever compromising his employers. But M. de Bourqueney is, before all, the servant of a rigid conscience. It was this which in 1824 made him join the press, and in 1848 commanded his retirement. When a man is capable of making such sacrifices twice in his life, and at an interval of twenty-five years, we must allow that he is of no common stamp, and we can only applaud his nomination.

The representative of England at the second Congress is Baron COWLEY, who was born in 1804. His father, brother of the Duke of Wellington, represented England during the wars of the Empire at several of the principal European courts. His antecedents determined at an early date the vocation of young Wellesley. He selected the diplomatic career, which he has never since quitted. In 1824 he was appointed to the embassy at Vienna, whence he proceeded, in 1829, to the Hague. In January, 1832, we find him Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart; in the month of October, 1838, he went to Constantinople, as Secretary to the Embassy.

A new complication was at that period arising on the Eastern question, which for the last century has demanded the attention of all serious thinkers, and disquieted Europe. Mr. Wellesley was enabled to study, close at hand, this dangerous question, in the solution of which events have rendered him a participator. In the absence of Sir Stratford Canning, he frequently managed the affairs of the British embassy at Constantinople.

In 1848, during the commotions which agitated the states of Europe, he was Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland, under the name of Lord Cowley, to which he succeeded by the death of his father. The circumstances of the day were extremely difficult. The Helvetic Republic, so near a neighbor of France, menaced in many ways the tranquillity of the adjoining states. While Germany was revolutionized, Lord Cowley's position demanded a rare display of prudence.

He went on a special mission to Frankfort, the seat of the Constituent Assembly; and on various occasions he displayed as much energy as skill. Thus, when the Germanic Diet was re-integrated, Lord Cowley received the title of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Confederation, and his sensible counsel was of the greatest possible service in restoring regular order to Germany.

England had assumed, for a moment, a doubtful position to France, after the events of the Deux Décembre; but when the Empire was established, all sensible men understood that the alliance between the two great Western nations was the security of the present and guarantee of the future. Among those who entertained this conviction most fully, we must rank Lord Cowley. Thus, Lord Derby, anxious to draw more closely the bonds of intimacy between England and France, thought he could choose no better person than Lord Cowley to accomplish this task. In 1852, Lord Normanby was recalled, and Lord Cowley appointed in his stead, as ambassador to Paris. We have no hesitation in stating that he has powerfully contributed by his character, and his great intelligence, in consolidating the alliance of the two courts, and even in facilitating between the sovereigns those personal and sympathetic relations expressed by the visit of the Emperor to London and of the Queen to Paris. In addition, we are bound to add that Lord Cowley fully comprehends the duties of an ambassador towards his own countrymen; and many a poor Englishman can bless the day when he hit on the idea of visiting his nation's representative at Paris, and asking for that succor which is never denied by Lord Cowley to the deserving. In fact, we can only employ one expression to signify his good qualities—that his purse is open as his heart. That he may long live to represent us so worthily in France is our earnest prayer, to which we feel confident that all our readers who have formed his acquaintance will gladly and cordially respond.

Baron VON HÜBNER, the second representative of Austria at the Congress, is one of those men, with far-sighted notions, whom Prince Schwarzenberg summoned round him, to insure the triumph of the new Austrian policy. He it was who, during the memorable Ollmütz expedition, directed the political correspond-

ence of Prince Schwarzenberg. The majority of the public acts, proclamations, and manifestoes, more especially that announcing the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and Archduke Franz Carl in favor of Franz Joseph, the present Emperor, were drawn up by Baron Hübner. His career in diplomacy commenced in 1833, when, scarcely one-and-twenty years of age, he was attached to the cabinet of Prince Metternich, a post which he retained till 1840, with the exception of two years, during which he was attached to Count Appony, Austrian Ambassador at Paris. He then became, in turn, Secretary of Legation at Lisbon in 1841; then, in 1844, Austrian Chargé d'Affaires at Anhalt, and Consul-General at Leipzig.

Baron Hübner was in Italy when the events of 1848 broke out. He directed the diplomatic correspondence of Archduke Regnier, viceroy of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom. During the Milanese insurrection he was kept prisoner at Milan as hostage, and suffered a captivity lasting several months before he was exchanged. He arrived in Vienna at the moment when revolt was drenching the streets of the Austrian capital with blood. In these disastrous circumstances he was noticed as the constant shadow of Prince Schwarzenberg, and courageously braving the greatest dangers, while accomplishing various important missions. At a later date, as we have already stated, he accompanied the imperial family to Ollmütz, where he remained till the month of March, 1849. His devotion and his labors had caused the eminent qualities which distinguish him to be appreciated in their proper light. A short time after the journey to Ollmütz he was appointed to a duty worthy of his qualities, and intrusted with an extraordinary mission to Paris.

The mission was of extreme delicacy, both in reason of the internal circumstances in which France found herself situated, as well as her external complications. Baron Hübner proved himself skillful and far-sighted in the accomplishment of his critical task; and thus he remained definitively at Paris as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

His personal qualities in these high duties have contributed not a little to cement the alliance between Austria and France, and smooth down the difficulties which might have proved obstacles to the union, whence the peace of Europe would



result. Since the treaty of Paris, Baron Hübner's title has been changed from that of Minister Plenipotentiary to Ambassador.

Baron Hübner's latest diplomatic feat was his attempt to soften the obstinacy of the King of Naples; but all his skill proved ineffectual. His bombastic Majesty, relying on his troops, and deriding the effect of the Landorian ninety-five pounds, opposed the allied broadsides with his own head, and, strange to say, has hitherto proved that it is tougher than the best heart of oak.

The second representative of Prussia, Count MAXIMILIAN VON HATZFELDT, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of Prussia, Privy Councillor, etc., was born in 1813. The Hatzfeldt family recognizes as its ancestor Richard von Hatzfeldt, who was present in 968 at the tournament of Merseburg. From the tenth to the seventeenth century we find the name of Hatzfeldt mixed up in all the important affairs referring to the history of Germany, and in 1641 we find the elder representative of the family adding to his secular title that of Count von Gleichen, and taking his place at the Imperial Diet as sovereign count. One hundred years later, in 1741, a Count von Hatzfeldt received the title of Prince of the Kingdom of Prussia, and in 1748 the dignity of Prince of the Holy Empire was conferred on him. After this refreshing quotation from the *Almanac de Gotha*, which will be quite sufficient for our readers, we will come to the present object of our memoir, although we must not forget mentioning that the Hatzfeldt family is excessively proud of a certain Count Melchior, field-marshal of the empire, who rendered the most eminent services to the Emperor of Germany during the thirty years' war.

For more than a century the title of prince was borne by the elder representative of the Hatzfeldt family, and the father of Count Maximilian was that Prince of Hatzfeldt who governed Berlin in 1806. From that period, till 1813, we find the Prince honored both by the confidence of his sovereign and the esteem of the Emperor Napoleon I., occupying at Paris several confidential missions, to the entire satisfaction of both courts. It was the Prince von Hatzfeldt who, in 1811, was selected to convey to the Emperor Napoleon the compliments of Prussia on the

birth of the King of Rome, and by a curious coincidence, it was the son of the Prince of Hatzfeldt who was chosen, in the month of March, 1856, to express to the Emperor Napoleon III. the congratulations of King Frederick William on the occasion of the birth of the imperial infant.

Count von Hatzfeldt commenced his diplomatic career at Paris in 1838, and has remained there since that period. The French author, to whom we are indebted for preserving these flies in amber, grows quite eloquent on the subject of the Count. "At twenty-five years of age, that is, at the period of his arrival among us, the young diplomatist was already a distinguished man, in whom all the qualities of the prince his father could be found. That experience and practice in business, which dry up (*dessèchent*) vulgar hearts, have not changed Count Hatzfeldt, and we find to-day, in the Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of Prussia, that uprightness and loyalty, fortified and not diminished by experience, which have made the young attaché, and later the first Secretary to the Embassy"—(does M. Gourdon mean two idiosyncracies, or are they two single gentlemen rolled into one?)—"beloved, and his society sought. Long before the revolution of 1848, these qualities had opened all the Parisian salons to Count Maximilian von Hatzfeldt. In politics he was found to possess a sure judgment; in literature, serious knowledge. Count Hatzfeldt is a thinker; but he is at the same time a man of the world, of our world, to which he almost belongs, and where he has chosen his female companion"—(we trust M. Gourdon means a wife)—"in Mademoiselle de Castellane, daughter of the Marshal."

When the revolution of February broke out, Count Hatzfeldt was first Secretary of the Prussian Embassy. In March, 1848, he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires. He displayed, in the difficult circumstances of this period, qualities which the king his master hastened to recompense by raising him the next year to the high dignity of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, functions which the Prussian government had never before conferred on any but gray-haired diplomats. The new minister was only two-and-thirty years of age. This rapid elevation was universally approved at

Berlin. At Paris it was regarded as a fair and well-merited reward.

The difficult diplomatic campaign which terminated in the treaty of Paris, gave Count Hatzfeldt more than one occasion to employ the peculiar merits by which he is distinguished. Prussia, we believe, could not have been better represented than by Hatzfeldt, though we must not forget a gentleman of the name of Mantouff, who also played a far from unimportant part at the first Congress. But Prussian diplomacy has been proved a fallacy, for the representatives of that country strive at too much. They try to unite Anglican straightforwardness with Russian evasion, not omitting a slight *souçon* of Austrian narrow-headedness, and the result is generally badly cooked, the oleaginous particles being far too apparent on the surface of the political cauldron. We are willing to concede to Count Hatzfeldt very considerable merit, and we only hope that he will not bely our anticipations by rampantly thrusting the Neufchâtel question on the bothered ears of the members of the second Congress.

The turn now arrives to give a biographical sketch of a very superior man to those whom we have already described—namely, the representative of Russia, and one of the cleverest men of the day. From Baron BRUNNOW we anticipate an intellectual exercise of no slight merit; and if he can contrive to outwit the men to whom he will be, unaided, opposed, it will be only a further confirmation of the high reputation he already enjoys in diplomatic circles. In point of fact, Brunnow was badly treated in the last Congress: the place which was his of right, as representative of Russia for so many years at Western courts, was arbitrarily given to Count Orloff, because he had managed to outwit the Porte in the treaty of Unkiar Skelessy, and showed himself a very clever negotiator in the Belgian question. Orloff indubitably possesses an exaggerated talent for silence, and baffled the plenipotentiaries at the last Congress by stating that any dangerous question was beyond his powers, and depended on the telegraph. He also was frank to the extreme—the worst qualification which a Russian can assume; but we feel confident that, had Brunnow been appointed first minister at the past Congress, a man so intimately acquainted with England

would have at once accepted the situation, and honorably fulfilled those conditions which would have rendered a second meeting of the Congress unnecessary.

Baron von Brunnow is descended from a noble family of Courland, and was born at Dresden on the 31st of August, 1797. He completed his studies at the University of Leipzig, and in 1818 entered the cabinet of Count Nesselrode, where he soon rendered himself distinguished. Soon afterwards, on being attached to the department of Councillor Stourds, one of his protectors, he drew up, under his directions, the civil code intended for Bessarabia, which province the peace of Bucharest had incorporated with Russia. After this long and tedious labor, Baron Brunnow accompanied Count Nesselrode to the Conferences of Troppau and the Congress of Laybach. He was then attached, in the capacity of secretary, to the Russian embassy in London, then called to participate in the labors of the Congress of Verona, and afterwards appointed, in a higher position, to the ministry of foreign affairs.

In 1827 we find him attached to the person of Count Woronzoff, Governor-General of Odessa. The next year he assisted Count Orloff in the negotiations which preceded and followed the peace of Adrianople. His rare qualities and his zeal soon assured him the friendship of the Count, whom he accompanied, in the first instance, to Constantinople with the title of Councillor of the Embassy, and afterwards on the extraordinary missions which Count Orloff filled at London and the Hague.

After 1830, Baron Brunnow was nominated Councillor of State and director of political affairs to the foreign minister—duties of trust which he fulfilled for eight years in immediate contact with Prince Nesselrode, and which initiated him in all the secrets of Russian diplomacy. He commenced his career as Minister Plenipotentiary at the courts of Stuttgart and Hesse-Darmstadt, and was intrusted, at the close of 1839, with a confidential mission to England. This mission, occasioned by the eventualities of the Eastern crisis, was intended to draw more closely the bonds between England and Russia. Russia thus forged the first link of the chain which was destined to be broken fifteen years later, despite all the efforts and care of the Emperor Nicholas.

The programme proposed ran as follows:

“Action of England and France on the coasts of Syria, to constrain the Viceroy of Egypt, and presence of a Russian fleet at Constantinople, during the operations on the Syrian coast.”

We have seen the same idea reproduced in the conversations of the Czar with Sir H. Seymour. The policy of Russia in the East was already clearly traced. Lord Palmerston saw the danger, in spite of the apparent compensation offered to the two great Western powers, and he hastened to reply, “that never should a foreign squadron appear before Constantinople without an English one showing itself at the same time.” Baron Brunnow had, consequently, failed; like a wise man, he said nothing, but returned to Germany. But a few weeks later he was back in London, and handed a new project to Lord Palmerston. The moment was favorable. The French Chambers had been discussing the address to the king, and this discussion had revealed certain points of disagreement between England and France touching the policy to be followed in the East. The new Russian scheme authorized the two Western Powers each to send three vessels into the Sea of Marmora, while the Russian fleet anchored before Constantinople. England, on this occasion, showed a disposition to support the scheme, and expressed her opinion in that view. The French cabinet, however, displayed great firmness and foresight in rejecting the Anglo-Russian proposition, basing its refusal on the very evident circumstance that the combination only tended to confirm the protectorate of Russia, which it was their object to destroy. The consequence was that the treaty of the 15th of July was signed, and France left in a state of isolation. Baron Brunnow displayed a great degree of skill in the negotiations that preceded this event. He deceived Guizot even, who was at that time ambassador in London. He persuaded him, by one of those subterfuges which are all fair in war, and therefore in diplomacy, that he was awaiting new instructions from St. Petersburg, and while the vigilance of the French Ambassador was lulled to sleep by this assurance, Baron Brunnow signed the treaty.

The Baron soon received his reward for this high diplomatic feat: his government

accredited him definitively as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the English court. This victory once gained, Baron Brunnow employed all his energies to persuade the English people that the tendencies of the Russian government were perfectly pacific and innocent. “Did Russia desire war?” he said, in a most confident tone, at a banquet given by the Russian company in 1841. “Has Russia spread her armaments and her troops over the East? No; not a single Russian soldier has crossed our frontier—not a single Russian ship of war has quitted our ports!”

The visit paid by the Emperor Nicholas to London in 1841—his attempts to form a secret union with England—the confidential correspondence of Sir H. Seymour on the curious overtures made to him, are well remembered by our readers. They all have a common origin, the insatiable desire of Russia, and a sole object, the possession of Constantinople.

The mission of Prince Menchikoff, however, was regarded by Baron Brunnow as a mistake. He had been brought up in a school which trusts more to the resources of the mind than to the arguments of the bully. The sword is for the general, the tongue is for the diplomatist, and the art of persuading does not consist in speaking and brandishing a whip the while. These old measures, which remind us too much of barbarous days long past, should be consigned to that limbo where old arms, no longer useful, are kept.

The court of St. Petersburg, which, up to the death of Nicholas, had been angry with Baron Brunnow for the judgment he had passed on Menchikoff's mission, and had been forbidden to appear at St. Petersburg after his departure from London, ended by comprehending that it was not its advantage to be longer deprived of the assistance and advice of a man so devoted and so useful. The choice of selecting the second Plenipotentiary to Paris was left to Count Nesselrode, and he immediately nominated Baron Brunnow. This choice honored the man who was the object of it, and the power which acquiesced in it.

Sardinia will be represented by the Marquis DE VILLA MARINA, who belongs to one of the highest families in Piedmont. His father served in the French army; and afterwards, as Minister of Charles Albert, he promoted the majority of those



great measures which distinguished the reign of that chivalrous monarch. His son received an education both military and political. The traditions of his family offered him a prospect of either branch of the public service. His first years were devoted to the study of the liberal sciences, and in 1830 he received his diploma as D.C.L. from the University of Turin. He thus appeared destined to the peaceful labors of civil life; but a certain attraction, and possibly a conviction of the part which the army might be called upon to perform in the policy of Sardinia, decided him on entering the army.

This conviction was, in fact, justified by the hopes then inspiring the court of Turin. No attempt was made to conceal the idea of liberating Italy, or at least a portion of Italy, from the foreign protectorate which appears for so long a period the condition of its tranquillity, and even of its existence. Dreams were formed of the Italian Union, under the influence, if not the sceptre, of the King of Sardinia; and above a hope was entertained of having from Austria, sooner or later, the fair provinces from Upper Italy. In all these combinations and bold hypotheses the first rank was evidently the property of the army; and hence, the sons of the great Piedmontese families embraced the military cause, as offering them brighter and more glorious chances.

M. Pès de Villa Marina soon distinguished himself, and obtained a step speedily. He was colonel of cavalry in 1844, when a high favor drew him from the army, and carried him over to the political world. The King Charles Albert appointed him Secretary of the Council of Ministers, which met weekly under the royal presidency. It was a very onerous and important post. M. de Villa Marina displayed great intelligence in business, and qualities which speedily attracted his sovereign's attention. This post also initiated him in the politics of his country, and the important questions which might arise at home or abroad concerning it. He had entered the council as a soldier; he quitted it an experienced diplomatist.

In 1848, Villa Marina was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary in Tuscany. The situation at that period was excessively grave; the whole of Europe was suffering from the effects of the revolution which had broken out in France; while Italy was at a white heat. The task of the

diplomatic agents of Sardinia became remarkably difficult. The court of Turin, in fact, fancied the moment propitious to reorganize Italy in the direction and interest of her traditional policy; but, on the other hand, it clearly saw that it must avoid trusting too much to the revolutionary elements, at the risk of compromising its present institutions and future hopes. It was, above all, necessary that apprehensions of this nature, justly entertained by the other Italian powers, should be dissipated. The mission of the Sardinian diplomatists was consequently very difficult; it required great tact and prudence. M. de Villa Marina creditably fulfilled the duties which had been intrusted to him.

The Grand Cross of St. Maurice, in 1852, was the reward of his eminent services. In the month of October of the same year he was sent to France, as representative of the Court of Turin. A short time later, the Eastern question broke out, with its menaces and complications. M. de Villa Marina soon understood the glorious part which his country might play in the European contest which was about to commence. He enlightened the Sardinian government on the true condition of affairs, and the attitude which its interests and honor counselled to it. As soon as the alliance was concluded between the two great Western powers, the adherence of Piedmont and her speedy union were gained for the cause of European justice. M. de Villa Marina was the most active negotiator of the alliance thenceforth resolved on between England, France, and Turin, and which was ratified by the treaty of the 26th of January, 1855.

M. de Villa Marina received from the Emperor Napoleon III., on the signature of this treaty, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

At this period a very grave ministerial crisis took place in Piedmont. The monastic law had entailed very dangerous complications between the court of Turin and the Pope; the ministry itself was divided; the Chamber and the Senate hesitated long; the country was excited and agitated; the cabinet over which Count de Cavour presided had just resigned. M. de Villa Marina was summoned to Turin to give the government the benefit of his devotion and his counsel, and he was intrusted with the formation of a new ministry, in agreement with



General Durando. Thanks to his compliant and moderate temper, the perils of the situation were avoided, and the crisis passed over without any fresh disagreement. This delicate task accomplished, M. de Villa Marina returned to take up his post at Paris, where he acquired great credit during the sitting of the first Congress. We have full belief that he will watch the interests of his country with equal jealousy, now that he is intrusted with a more independent position, and deprived of the able assistance of Count Cavour.

Various rumors have been spread relative to the minister whom the Porte would honor with the flattering post of envoy to the second Congress. For a time it was supposed that Aali Pacha would return, but the latest telegraphic dispatches have decided the question in favor of MEHEMET DJEMIL BEY, the present Turkish envoy to Paris. He is the son of Reschid Pacha, and has accompanied that distinguished statesman on his numerous European missions. We should, therefore, not feel any surprise at finding that Djemil Bey grew conversant at an early date with that European civilization which has so much influence at present on the destiny of Turkey. He was attached to the embassy of Reschid Pacha in 1841, when that diplomatist came, for the second time, to Paris as ambassador. In 1845, when Reschid was appointed Grand Vizier, he placed his son in the office of Foreign Affairs of the

Sublime Porte. Thence Djemil Bey was called to occupy the position of second secretary to the Sultan. This post of great confidence was the stepping-stone to the Paris embassy.

Mehemet Djemil Bey is scarcely thirty years of age. He combines distinguished manners with great affability of character. The residence he has enjoyed at the various courts of Europe has inspired him with a marked sympathy for European manners and customs.

Having thus briefly sketched the past career of the diplomatists who will so speedily assemble and do their best to check once for all the pretentious demands of Russia, let us wish them success in their task, and trust that the festivities of Christmas may have their peculiar effect. And even supposing that Russia prove obstinate at first, let them not forget that the Russian Christmas is carried over into our new year, and that a few days more or less are of little importance if these questions, apparently so trivial, are prevented from embroiling the future peace of Europe. The last Christmas season was passed in England with despondency, for none could say whether the war might not be protracted; and as for the residence in the Crimea, we did not pass that on a bed of roses. Let us, therefore, join in one hearty wish, that the efforts of the diplomatists may meet with the anticipated success, and that we have heard for the last time the ominous name of Bolgrad.

MR. BESSEMER'S INVENTION.—We had the satisfaction of witnessing yesterday, among a crowd of the scientific and the curious, one of this ingenious inventor's experiments on the manufacture of malleable iron. From the tapping of the blast furnace to the production of an ingot of the malleable metal, weighing about a quarter of a ton, half an hour only transpired; whereas, by the old process the same operation would have taken six hours, producing an inferior article, with a large expenditure of fuel. The experiment is highly imposing, and, considered in the mere light of a pyrotechnic exhibition, well worth seeing. The heat produced in the molten mass by the combustion of the carbon chemically combined in

the cast iron is immense, and is accompanied by the discharge of a coruscation of sparks composed of carbonic acid gas along with slag. And towards the termination of the process, a mass of all the impurities of the iron is vomited from the furnace in the shape of slag. We may add that before the performance of the experiment, Mr. Bessemer delivered a lecture, explaining the rationale of his invention, which for unaffected clearness, modesty, and simplicity, reminded us of a lecture of Faraday. It gives us pleasure to state that the privilege of using the invention has been already disposed of to the extent of the annual production of a hundred and sixty thousand tons of iron or steel.—*Examiner*, Oct. 18.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## T U S C A N P R O V E R B S . \*

Se tutti si potessero raccogliere e sotto certi capi ordinare i Proverbi italiani, i Proverbi d'ogni popolo, d'ogni età, colle varianti di voci, d'immaginazioni e di concetti; questo dopo la Bibbia sarebbe il libro più gravido di pensieri.—TOMMASÉO.

THIS collection contains above six thousand proverbs, either now or recently current among the Tuscan people—six thousand pithy utterances of their large experience, of their wisdom, shrewdness, and humor, of their imagination and fancy, their passions and moral sentiment; of their ways of regarding life and death, God and the devil. How thoroughly should we know a man were we made acquainted with six thousand expressions of his permanent convictions on these subjects. And though it is doubtless more difficult to judge of a people than of an individual, on the other hand the evidence whereon we form our judgment in the latter case is seldom, if ever, perfectly reliable; while as regards the former, the productions of the brain and heart of a people—but especially their proverbs—are all genuine, all of necessity true to the spirit of those on whose lips they have become faithful sayings; all, therefore, worthy of being taken into consideration when forming an opinion of the people by whom they were generated or adopted.

As to the general merits of these Tuscan adages, we are inclined to put them very high—as high, indeed, except in point of humor, as the Spanish *refranes*, doubtless the best proverbs extant. We traverse Isaac Disraeli's assertion, "that every tenth proverb in an Italian collection is some cynical or some selfish maxim—a book of the world for worldlings." Were this the case it would be hard to account for the familiarity with them displayed by men like Jeremy Taylor and

George Herbert, as well as for the fact that the first printed collection of Italian proverbs appeared in London twelve years before the close of Elizabeth's reign, when England had so recently attained to her plenitude of national nobleness. Thomas Fuller, too, was a student of the Italian proverb-literature, and some of his wittiest sayings seem little but translations of Tuscan soothsaws. That remark of his, at all events, on the intellectual deficiencies of very tall men, "that oftentimes such as are built four stories high are observed to have little in their cock-loft," is strangely like *Le case grandi dal mezzo in su non s'abitano*. Sir Henry Wotton, also, sends young Milton off on his travels with *I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto*, ("close thoughts and open face,") another Tuscan proverb, sounding in his ears. And on the Continent, besides the eminent Italians who like Berni, Pulci, Ariosto, and Benvenuto Cellini, have shown in their writings a love for and knowledge of their national popular sayings we find the great Chancellor Oxenstjern drawing from a Tuscan source, (*Con poco cervello si governa il mondo*,) the *mot* by which he is now chiefly held in remembrance. We of course allude to *Videbis, fili mi, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*, (Thou wilt see, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.)

We may first touch on the adages illustrative of the superstitions, mode of life, form of religion, and situation of the Tuscans. The popular superstitions on which some of their proverbs rest, are interesting to the comparative mythologist. That involved in *Per un peccatore perisce una nave*, (Through one sinner a ship is lost,) seems to have been credited by the

\* *Raccolta di Proverbi Toscani, etc.* A Collection of Tuscan Proverbs, with Elucidations. Drawn from the MSS. of Giuseppe Giusti, and now enlarged and arranged. Florence. 1853.

mariners of Joppa in the time of Jonah, as well as by the sailors in the Danish ballad of *Jon Rimaardsøns Skriftemaal*. And the first of the ideas expressed in *Il piangere puzza a' morti e fa male a' vivi*, appears in another old Danish ballad—much more nobly expressed, however—where the ghost of a dead knight says to her who had been his lady:

"Every time thou art joyful  
And happy in thy mind,  
The coffin-boards about me  
With rose-leaves all are lined.  
Every time thou grievest,  
Sorrowing in thy mood,  
Then all within my coffin  
Seems full of clotted blood.

Note these also: "Blest is the corpse that has died on a Saturday;" "A man's spittle subdues every serpent;" and "When there are sunshine and rain together, the devil is taking a wife."\*

With regard to the mode of life indicated by these proverbs, a few must have been born in cities—"Every one can't have his house on the piazza," for instance; but "Every house sees the sun," and this, "Courtiers are shod with water-melon rind," their footing not being peculiarly secure. So, too, "Arno swelleth not without becoming turbid," (whereby the paræmiast would convey to us, that sudden increase of fortune is seldom unattended by fraud,) probably originated on the quays of Florence. But with the ancient Italian's taste for farming, the modern Tuscan seems to have inherited his tendency to produce proverbs relating to or suggested by agricultural pursuits. In protected Tuscany, as in free-trade England, "No one says that his granary's full;" "He that sows on the highway wearies the oxen and loses the seed;"† "The leafy vine yields few grapes;" "One thread of kindness draws more than one hundred yoke of oxen;" "There's no ploughman so expert as never to make a crooked furrow;" "A sack of green intentions doesn't weigh a pound of dry ones;" and "When God gives us flour, the devil takes away

the sack"—the applications of all these are obvious: this is used, we believe, to suggest the danger of over-taxation, "Whoso milks overmuch draws blood:" the Latins said with less delicacy, *Qui nimium emungit fortiter, elicit sanguinem*.

*Une religion qui meurt*, says Ampère, *laisse toujours après elle son phantôme*, and the ghost of old Roman paganism, has, it is well known, continued to haunt Italy to the present day. Among the Tuscan adages, however, we only note one—"In prosperity no altars smoke"—which bears a trace of the ancient heathenism. But we might fill a page with proverbs suggested by the doctrines, practices, or institutions of the Roman Church. For example: "To every saint his candle;" "Mad is the priest who blasphemes his own relics;" "Foolish is the sheep that confesses to the wolf;" "Blasphemies are like processions," (returning, as they do, to whence they set forth, in obedience to the law of God's retaliations;) this proverbial simile, "To run like the devil from holy water;" and this excellent saying, "When scoundrels go in procession the devil carries the cross;" when the wicked have their own way "the foremost in badness is foremost also in such honor as is going." This is Dean Trench's gloss; but in proverbs, as in all close-packed thought, ambiguity is the result of concentrated utterance, and we would suggest that the last-quoted adage rather implies that when hypocritical scoundrels perform a religious act, the devil delightedly places himself at their head, and relieves them of the onerous part of their exhibition.\* One rule of the monastic orders has given rise to "A misfortune and a friar are seldom alone;" and this, "If you wish to have always something to do, buy a watch, marry a wife, or beat a friar," may here be quoted, as probably suggested by that tendency of those orders, when attacked, to make common cause with one another, which Dean Trench has illustrated in his *Lessons on Proverbs*, so often already referred to.

The following (which need no comment) are illustrative of local features: "Every fire-fly is not a fire;" "The scor-

\* In Flanders, if the sun shine during rain, they say either that the witches are baking cakes, or that there is a fair in hell. See Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, vol. III. pp. 330, 331.

† Compare with these two the mediæval leonines, "Non est in mundo dives qui dicit, Abundo," and "Non colit arva bene, qui semen mandat arenæ."

\* That carrying the crucifix in a procession is deemed a troublesome undertaking, appears from this—*Il Cristo è il lanternai, toccan sempre ai più mischicconi*.

pion sleeps under every flat stone;" and "One flea does not spoil your sleep," but thousands do, as many a traveller in Northern Italy has mentally exclaimed on finding his bed effervescent with these industrious but sanguinary insects.

Having thus, however slightly, noticed the proverbs illustrative of the surface of things in Tuscany, we may now proceed to consider those that are respectively the outcome of the imagination and fancy, the sense of humor, the practical wisdom, and the moral sentiment of the Tuscan people. Before doing so, however, we are bound to admit the painful suspiciousness and cynicism, the bitter hostility to things as they are, by which some few of their sayings are characterized. For instance—"God protect me from my friends; I will protect myself from my enemies;" "Speak to your friend as if he were to become your enemy"—though, *grazie a Dio*, says the editor, we find this also: "Think that thine enemy may become thy friend."\* Note, too, this expression of utter disbelief in the existence of probity—"An honest man hath a hairy palm." More justifiable is the suspiciousness of these: *Chi ti loda in presenza ti biasima in assenza*, and *La lingua unge e il dente punge*, (*Melle litus gladius*.) But how the popular jealousy of wealth speaks out in these—"To be rich one must have friends in the devil's house;" "All waters go to the sea;" "The poor do penance for the rich man's sins," (*Canis peccatum sus dependit*. The pig pays for the dog's fault;) "To grow wealthy one requires three r's—*o redare, o rubare, o redire*, (to inherit, to rob, or to repeat like a spy or informer.) And what distrust of the upper classes lives in these—"The poor murder one another and the lords embrace." "It's bad to eat cherries with lords," lest our eyes, in the words of one of our own proverbs, be *sprinted* out with the stones. "Laws," we are also told, "are like spiders' webs," the harmless flies are caught, the hornets break through the meshes. "Who wears a good cape, shall easily 'scape," is another of this class of premises, from which the Tuscan Ofelli have drawn a pair of sensible conclusions, "Who hath not strength should have his skin thick," and "He that

hath a head of wax should not walk in the sun"—consoling themselves, too, by observing that a little wood was enough for a little oven; big ships, they say also, must have deep water; and *Chi a molti dà terrore, di molti abbia timore*, and rags heal wounds; and they have at all events, as good a chance of getting to heaven as any of the *signori*, for one doesn't go there in a carriage, and a hammer of gold won't break heaven's gate.

The bitterness of some of the foregoing must in great measure have arisen from the social inequalities and unhappy political condition of the country, for a naturally light-hearted and kindly spirit seems to live in the following—"Laughter does good to the blood," so that, as Autolycus sings:

"The merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

"Every time you laugh," we are further told, "you take a nail from your coffin;" "God helps merry fellows," (*gente allegra*,) as a popular Piedmontese song hath it:

"Cheur gioios il ciel l'agiuta,  
L'è'n proverbi ben antich;  
Sta rason chi la disputa  
L'è una testa d'arabich!"

With natures so genial, with a country so beautiful, and a soil and climate that do not enforce that cruel struggle for life which, among the peasantry of less favored regions, renders a cultivation of the imaginative faculty difficult, if not impossible, we may well expect to find poetry in the sayings of these Tuscans. And to some extent our expectation will not be disappointed. Although that striking one, "Time is an inaudible file," is not found in the present collection, Signor Giusti gives us the lovely but untranslatable proverb on vainglory—*La gloria vana fiorisce e non grana*. "Which," says Dean Trench, speaking of its parallel in Spanish, "would express this truth—namely, that vainglory can shoot up into stalk and ear, but can never attain to the full grain in the ear." And what grace and music are in this, on a special providence—*Non si muove foglia che Dio non voglia*, (No leaf moves but God wills it.) How bold is the imagery of these—"Age in love, winter in flower;" "War begun, Hell unchained;" "Hope is the bread of

\* These two are combined in the Greek *Λεὶ φιλεῖν ὅσπερ μισήσονται, μισεῖν δὲ ὥσπερ φιλήσονται*. *Ama tanquam oculus, odoris tanquam amator.*



the unhappy;" and "Fraud squats (*cova*) under a good bargain," the right *word* in the right place, is surely as true in poetry as Mr. Layard's tautologous aphorism is in politics. What pathos is in these: "To a shattered ship every wind is foul," and "Summer is the mother of the poor;" the *mother* of the poor—is there no tenderness in that? What delight in external nature is evidenced by this—"Better be bird of the wood than bird of the cage;" and this so like the celebrated saying of the Douglasses—"Better hear the nightingale sing than the rat gnaw." And how vividly this—"Under the white ash lives the burning coal," brings before us the fierce Italian, pale with suppressed passion, and meditating that revenge which, at the end of an hundred years, shall still (to use his own words) have its sucking-teeth, (*lattaiuolo*.)

And here we may note the singular fertility of fancy displayed by the Tuscan proverb-makers. For example, by our solitary "One swallow does not make summer," they can place not only *una rondine non fa primavera*; but these also, "One flower does not make a garland;" "One ear does not make a sheaf;" "One basket of grapes does not make a vintage;" and finally, "One devil does not make hell." But the point on which these proverbs testify with greatest force to the poetic nature of the Italian, is the frequent use of the concrete (which "smacks of the perennial") in preference to the abstract. Where we, for instance, are contented with the mere statement of a fact in moral or intellectual life, such as, "Well begun is half done," the Tuscans say, "A beard washed is half shaven." Where we use a common-place personification, like "Covetousness brings nothing home," they say, vigorously, *Chi troppo abbraccia nullo string*, (who embraces too much grasps nothing.) And so, where we are satisfied with saying, "A burnt child dreads the fire," the same thing from which it has suffered, the imaginative Italian, with a deeper insight into the nature of fear, and its tendency to become exaggerated, observes that "A scalded dog dreads cold water," or that "He who has met with snakes fears lizards."

The poetical proverbs of the Tuscans are, however, inferior, both in number and quality, to their humorous and satirical sayings. This may possibly be accounted for by the facilities enjoyed by

Italians of clothing any poetical thought in harmonious metrical language; possibly by their sensitiveness to such scoffs as *Poeti, pittori, strologi e musici fanno una gabbia, di matti*, (Poets, painters, astrologers, and musicians, make up a cage of madmen.) What quiet humor lurks in this, "Does thy neighbor annoy thee, lend him a zechin"—a saying which may recall the lovable simpletonism of Goldsmith's Vicar, and his artful method of getting rid of a disagreeable visitor. What quaint grotesqueness there is in this—"Pence stand cap in hand," ready to bid good by to us; and in this, on the necessity of assimilating ourselves somewhat to those with whom we have to associate: "With awls one must be a bodkin." How delicately satirical is this on "cheap humilities"—"One may go a-foot when one has a good horse in one's stable;" and how deserved, unhappily, is the sarcasm of the following: "When a tree has fallen, all run to make logs;"\* "At a ruined altar no candles are lighted;" "The favor gained, the saint derided;" and "He who has property has relations." Showers of satiric arrows are aimed at national peculiarities, the German, be sure, not escaping. We shall only quote this good-humored allusion to Teutonic bibulousness: "To drink wine like a German—in the morning, *neat*; at dinner, without water; at supper, as it comes from the bottle." The Italian cities, also, are, to use a word of Isaac Disraeli's, *pelleted* with sarcastic proverbs. Our readers will remember the *Cremaschi brusa-Cristi*. At home, the clergy especially come in for hard knocks. Doctors of the law, (whose robes, it is said, are lined with the obstinacy of clients,) physicians, advocates, attorneys, fools, and millers, ("the last to die of famine,") are all lashed with impartial severity. Women, too, are treated with much want of gallantry—these proverbial philosophers availing themselves of the fact, that in their tongue *moglie* rhymes to *doglie*, and endeavoring to establish the reasonableness of bringing the two words together. One of the scoffs at females has, however, much truth in it, "Wise on a sudden, fools on reflection," arising, as it does, from one main difference between the sexes in their respective modes of considering a question of right or wrong, a woman being more

\* *Arbore dejecta quivis ligna colligit.*

likely to be right by clinging to her intuitions than by acting on the result of any subsequent exercise of her reflective powers. And there is some humor in the suggestion of a man's despair at the impossibility of understanding a woman, when it is her interest to conceal her true character: "In buying horses and taking a wife, shut thine eyes and commend thyself to God." The satire of proverbs does not even spare those who produced them. How many mournful Italian patriots will now admit the truth contained in these sayings, "Who serves the commons, serves no one," and "Whoso builds on the people, builds on the sand."\*

In considering the wisdom of these proverbs, we should note that, besides a host of shrewd saws and homely apophthegms, such as those of which most national collections consist, this Tuscan *raccolta* is rich in some sayings of a startling depth and, beauty. Consider only these two: *A chi veglia tutto si rivela*, and *Chi vuol sapere la verità lo domandi alla purità*, and how they set forth the necessary connection between moral purity and the intellectual labor to which God grants success, the final uplifting of the veil to all that watch in faith. What truth and manifold applicability lie in this: *Chi non arde non incende*, ("Who doth not burn, doth not inflame.") What grand Goethean tolerance is here, *Chi più intende più perdona*—so long, at least, as the saying is not distorted into an approval of the counterfeit humility that shrinks from all judging of moral evil.† And what love of knowledge must live in a people with sayings like these upon their lips: *E meglio*

\* Before leaving this head we should notice a few proverbs which, though humorous or satirical enough, are yet so coarsely apparelled in their national costume as to render Roman tunics desirable. In the construction of these we have aimed at closeness of fit rather than classicality of form. The first girds at our tendency to find excuse for the vilest acts of those who have once become our favorites: the others require no comment. 1. Bonam consequere existimationem: comminge lectum: dicetur te sūdasse. 2. Egeni superbiam nates sibi detergit Sathanas. 3. Qui adverso vento mingit subuculam madefacit. 4. In rationem cacat vis. 5. In canem senescentem mingunt lupi.

† On which see some wise words in Mr. Henry Taylor's *Notes from Life*, fourth edition, p. 33. There are two Tuscan proverbs connected with this subject, "Who pardons the sinner wrongs the saint," and "To a wicked dog a short rope," which we commend to all who doubt that "in loosing the rope of the gallows we should simply be lengthening the tether of the ruffian."

*esser mendicante che ignorante*, and "Blessed is the city whose prince is learned."

Turning now to the hints these proverbs supply for our guidance in practical life, we may mention those on silence. We are all familiar with, "Talkers sow, the silent reap," setting forth as it does the profitableness of quiet listening, as well as with that other on the safety of silence: *Il tacere non fu mai scritto*, (Silence was never written.) Here, however, are four others, not unworthy of a place beside them: "Silent tongue, speaking deeds;" "A long tongue, a short arm;" "Words are female, deeds male;" and "The worst wheel is that which creaks." Excellent, too, is the preaching of contentment and resignation in these: "Better an ass that carries you than a horse that throws you;" "He that holds the ladle helps the soup as he likes;" and "He that embarks with the devil must put up with his company." This last is also suggestive of the necessity of caution, and on this point we meet with numerous *dicta*: "If you are in a hurry, sit down;" "Think much, speak little, write less;" "Mouths shut, eyes open;" and "When the fox is preaching, hens beware." But that over-caution which defeats its own ends is blamed in "He that looks at every cloud never makes the journey," and others; and the evils of that tendency to subtlety of speculation which results in indecision are well suggested in these: "Who thins himself overmuch, breaks;" "Who does not end thinking does not begin doing."\*

Such words as these last might perhaps be thought to come more fitly under our next head—the morality of the Tuscan proverbs; inasmuch as the misuse of our mental gifts may well be regarded as savoring of injustice to our fellow-man, for whose sake they were all bestowed upon us. As touching, then, the ethical value of these sayings, we may first note some on selfishness, that commonest of all offenses against morality. Of these, we find many, such as *Mal commune mezzo gaudio*,† which puzzle one to determine whether they are sincerely selfish, or

\* The Servians have a good proverb on this mental tendency, so characteristic of Hamlet and Coleridge: "Whilst the wise men ponder, the fools take the fortress."

† The Greeks said, *Kοινὸν ναυάγιον τοῖς πᾶσι*—*σῶσι*, (common shipwreck, consolation for all.)

only (to use Dean Trench's words) detecting selfishness and laying it bare. Some, however, such as "Foolish is he that torments himself to solace another," and "When there is a fire in the neighborhood, bring water to thine own house," are avowed preachments of a hard-hearted self-love. That some such unworthy sayings should occur in a large collection like the present is of course to be expected; every log has its worm, every grain its bran. But they are inconsiderable in number, and well counter-weighed by many noble words on charity and friendship. "No man," say the Tuscans, "ever became poor through giving alms." "Better a pain in the pocket than the heart." "God is treasurer to a charitable man"—for has he not laid up for himself treasures in heaven? Note, too, *L'avere è non solamente di chi l'ha*, (Havings are not only his that has,) with its suggestion of the duties as well as the rights of property. And how senseless the vice of avarice is made to appear by these words, "Our last garment is made without pockets," and "The miser does good only when he dies."

Let it not be thought, however, that such reproofs of parsimony are inconsistent with the condemnation of extravagance or the praise of an honorable frugality. On the contrary, we are told that "He who flings gold away with his hands seeks it with his feet"—wandering forth in beggary or exile. Again, *Lo sparango è il primo guadagno*, "One must sow with the hand and not with the sack," and so on in a strain of simple wisdom with which Poor Richard would have been delighted. And other work-a-day virtues, such as constancy, energy, and perseverance, are well recommended. Thus, "The tree often transplanted is never laden with fruit;" "The tree does not fall at the first stroke;" "Work in jest, want in earnest;" and "Only they that fight are crowned," a word that yields its higher meaning when applied to the struggles of spiritual life. What manful self-reliance speaks out in this: "A good anvil does not fear the hammer." How this—"A good knight is never at loss for a lance"—suggests the wealth of resource in every valiant heart; and how noble is this identification of the dictates of honor with the will of God: *Chi sprezza l'onore, sprezza Dio*, (Who slighteth honor, slighteth

God.)\* Men with such brave thoughts in them would naturally scorn the cowardice of concealment or lying. "One should speak," they say, "with heart in hand." *Chi teme di dire non è degno di fare*, (Who fears to speak is unworthy to do.) "Truth," again, "is the daughter of Time;" "Truth and oil come to the top;" "Truth may droop but never perish"—for is she not *hija de Dios*, God's daughter, as the Spaniards say? But, as to lies—lies have short legs; lies are lame; lies never grow old. Such are the expressions of the Tuscans' faith in the shameful fall and early death of falsehood.

Constant, brave, truthful, and self-respecting as must be the bulk of the people with whom such sayings are household words, we may well believe that friendship would attain to a noble development among them. And that such is the case may, we think, fairly be inferred from their proverbs on this subject. On the choice of a friend we are warned that, "He is a bad friend that is a foe to himself," and that *Duro con duro non fa buon muro*, (Hard with hard makes no good wall,) indicating as this does the desirableness of a certain dissimilarity between those who would cleave together in firmest friendship, as the wise singer chants to a kindred spirit:

"And so my wealth resembles thine,  
But he was rich where I was poor,  
And he supplied my want the more  
As his unlikeness fitted mine."

Then, on one natural result of community in sorrow, "Friendships are made in prison," so always that the prisoners are capable of friendship, as is surely the case with many in the jails of Austrian Italy and Naples at the present day. To preserve our friend's affection we are enjoined to "Respect him in his presence, praise him in his absence, help him in his need." Then, on the inestimable value of true friendship, when thus preserved, we find many words, such as, "One friend is

\* The gracious tact and dignity which we should naturally expect to find among men with such a saying appear in the following: *E meglio esser cortese morto che villan vivo*, (Better be a courteous corpse than a living boor;) *Una cortesia è un fiore*, (A courtesy is a flower;) *Donare è onore, pregare è dolore*, (To give is honor, to entreat is grief;) and we are told *non nominare la fune in casa dell' impiccato*, (not to mention the halter in the house of him that was hanged,) and even "not to remind the devil of the cross."



worth a hundred relations," or, in another form, "Heart is worth more than blood;" and this beautiful one, "Friends have their purses tied with a spider's thread," suggesting, as it does, like the Greek, τὰ τῶν φίλων κοινὰ, complete freedom of participation, not alone in material wealth, but in all treasured thoughts and aspirations. From such recognition of the worth and happiness of friendship grew not only that belief in the essential sociality of man which gave rise to the old Greek, "One man, no man," "One God, many friends," and our Tuscan, *Compagnia d'uno, compagnia di niuno; compagnia di due, compagnia di Dio*, etc., but also the sonnet addressed by the greatest of the Tuscans to his poet-friend, Guido Cavalcanti, of which the following is an inadequate translation:

"Guido, I wish that Lappo, thou and I  
Were borne away by some sweet wizardrie,  
And set on board a barque that o'er the sea  
In any wind at our free-will should fly!  
Then no mischance, nor any churlish weather,  
Should wield the power to impede our way;  
But longings not to part would grow and stay  
Through always living in one mind together.  
And might the gracious wizard bring us there  
Thy Vanna, Bice and our Lappo's queen,  
Whose number on my roll is twice fifteen!\*

Then, ever rapt in love-discourses rare,  
Each of the damosels would feel content,  
As we should, I am very confident."

Fine as were some of the sayings of the ancient Latins on friendship, for want of Christianity and northern reverence for woman they could never have produced such proverbs on Love as we find in any modern Italian collection. Besides that well-known one, "He who has love in his heart has spurs in his sides," we find, in this book of Giusti's, "Love knows no measure;" "Love warms more than a thousand fires;" "Who would be loved must love," (with which may be compared Dante's *Amor chi a nullo amato amar perdona*), and "Love is neither bought nor sold, but love is given to guerdon love," setting forth the energy of a loving heart, the unpurchasableness of love and its measureless faith and devotion. And how pure and chivalrous is the chime of this, *Di bu-*

*one armi è armato chi da buona donna è amato*—words that the Red-cross Knight might have sung when parting with Una.

It may well be imagined that men with such high views of their relations to their fellow-creatures will not be found backward in confessing the goodness and wisdom of the ways of God. What faith in the divine all-mercifulness is here—*Gesù piglia tutti*—Christ lays hold of all; or as Dante sings:

Labontà divina ha sì gran braccia,  
Che prende ciò che si rivolge a lei,

though truly the proverb may suggest righteous retribution as well as ultimate forgiveness. What reliance on God's wisdom is manifested in this assertion of the necessity of identifying our wills with His: *Bisogna volere quel che Dio vuole*. And how vividly the consequences of warring with His will are suggested by this: "He that flings stones at God aims them at his own head." The Greek proverb, of which this reminds one—ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν τοξεύεις (Thou shootest thine arrows at heaven)—merely indicates the folly of a theomachos, without alluding to the swift retribution he is sure to meet with. And this, "Who has God for a friend has the saints in his pocket," though a familiar, is not an irreverent expression of the uselessness of intervention between man and his Creator. What humble acknowledgment is here of our deficiency in autoplastic power: "We are all clay, and God is the potter." Humble too are the confessions that "Whoso knows without Christ knows nothing," (involving as this does an acknowledgment of the nullity of instruction as the means of education when unpervaded by a spirit of faith and righteousness,) and that *Chi ha ad aver bene, dormendo gli viene*—as the Psalmist says, It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow, for this He giveth His beloved during sleep.

But let it not be deemed that either bodily or spiritual inactivity is lauded by these Tuscan proverbs: "A lazy man," we find, "is the devil's bolster"—for the sluggard may well be represented as yielding rest to one who knows so well the spontaneity and constancy of the up-growth of sin in the souls of the indolent. And hardly shall we find a dehortation from sloth of either kind stronger than this: "Labor as if thou wert to live alway, but pray as

\* Dante alludes to a list which he had made of the most beautiful ladies in Florence. Bice is his loving word for Beatrice.



if thou wert to die this day," which proverb is quoted by Jeremy Taylor in his *Holy Living*, and seems to have roused him to surpass it in vigor:

"Do all the parts of your duty as earnestly as if the salvation of all the world, and the whole glory of God, and the confusion of all devils, and all that you hope or desire, did depend upon every one action."

This may well be compared with the exhortation delivered seven hundred years ago by the Rabbi Jehudah Ben Samuel Hallevi:

How long in lap of childhood wilt thou sleep?

Remember youth, like chaff, has flown  
away.

Does Life's spring last forever? Rise and  
reap!

Lo Eld, foreboding draweth nigh to-day.

*Shake off the world as birds astir at dawn*

*Shake from their wings the drenching dews of  
night;*

Oh! flee and seek from sin deliverance,

From earthly vanities that with the might

Of waves surround thee from the Rock with-  
drawn.

Among the righteous souls to Him advance

Who spareth not to pour His stream of Love  
and Light.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WORD was brought to the Danish King

*(Hurry!)*

That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;

*(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)*

Better he loves each golden curl  
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,  
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:  
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;

*(Hurry!)*

Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of need;

*(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)*

Spurs were struck in foaming flank—  
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank—  
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst—  
But ride as they would, the King rode first,  
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one,

*(Hurry!)*

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward  
gone;

His little fair page now follows alone—

For strength and for courage trying!

The King looked back at that faithful child;

Wan was the face that answering smiled;

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,  
Then he dropped; and only the King rode in

Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn;

*(Silence!)*

No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold gray morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;

None welcomed the King from that weary ride;

For dead, in the light of the dawning day,

The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,

Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,

Stood weary!

The King returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sobs choking in his breast,

And, that dumb companion eyeing—

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check,

He bowed his head on his charger's neck—

"O steed! that every nerve didst strain,

Dear Steed, our ride hath been in vain

To the halls where my love lay dying!"

From the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

## M A C A U L A Y O N J O H N S O N .

MR. MACAULAY has not renewed his attack on Mr. Croker, and those lovers of sport who may have looked for the appearance of his Memoir with the eagerness displayed by children for the practical jokes of the Christmas pantomimes, will miss from its pages the strong spice of personal animosity. Mr. Macaulay has not, indeed, mentioned the name of his ancient rival in the House of Commons and in the quarterly Reviews; nor has he once referred to the celebrated edition of Boswell. The biography gains by the silence or the good humor of the biographer. It is grave, earnest, and powerful—a miniature life, well shaped and well written, worthy of the historian, not unworthy of the moralist. Can we bestow higher praise?

Of course, the facts of Johnson's life are known to every one. Mr. Macaulay has added nothing to the store; but he has told the old story affectionately and warmly, seizing with the eye and marking with the hand of a master those minute traits and angles which individualize character. As we close his page, although we know that we have acquired no fresh information about Johnson, yet we have somehow acquired a firmer impression of the man. We have seen our old friend once more. We have looked into his eyes and touched his side. No new line in the face, no new pulse of the heart, has broken the long and tender recollection; but we come away with our knowledge of the man freshly and firmly renewed as from a personal interview.

Mr. Macaulay presents Johnson at that middle period of his career when his struggle was most fearful and his rewards most scanty:

“The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body, and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochon-

driac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner-table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing-room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town-clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves, or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium: they reached him refracted, dulled and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and

though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him."

Years of privation—often of hunger—soured a man naturally jovial, and embittered a heart naturally kind:

"His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. Even to the end of his life, and even at the tables of the great, the sight of food affected him as it affects wild beasts and birds of prey. His taste in cookery, formed in subterranean ordinaries and *alamode* beef-shops, was far from delicate. Whenever he was so fortunate as to have near him a hare that had been kept too long, or a meat-pie made with rancid butter, he gorged himself with such violence that his veins swelled, and the moisture broke out on his forehead. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity. Unhappily the insolence which, while it was defensive, was pardonable, and in some sense, respectable, accompanied him into societies where he was treated with courtesy and kindness. He was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him. All the sufferers, however, were wise enough to abstain from talking about their beatings, except Osborne, the most rapacious and brutal of booksellers, who proclaimed everywhere that he had been knocked down by the huge fellow whom he had hired to puff the Harleian Library."

Mr. Macaulay dwells with satisfaction on the fact that Pope was kind to Johnson, though it is not known that the two men ever saw each other—and the contrast between the old poet and the young poet gives him an opportunity to scratch in, with his etching-needle, a group of the companions of Johnson's poverty and struggles:

"Among Johnson's associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in his blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last

run over by a hackney coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sat cross-legged; and the penitent impostor, George Psalmanazar, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the folios of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an alehouse in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted, was Richard Savage, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, who had seen life in all its forms, who had feasted among blue ribbons in St. James's Square, and had lain with fifty pounds weight of iron on his legs, in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man, had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty, and the ungrateful insolence with which he received their advice.

"He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and champagne whenever he had been so fortunate as to borrow a guinea. If his questing had been unsuccessful, he appeased the rage of hunger with some scraps of broken meat, and lay down to rest under the piazza of Covent Garden in warm weather, and, in cold weather, as near as he could get to the furnace of a glass-house. Yet, in his misery, he was still an agreeable companion. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes about that gay and brilliant world from which he was now an outcast. He had observed the great men of both parties in hours of careless relaxation, had seen the leaders of opposition without the mask of patriotism, and had heard the prime minister roar with laughter and tell stories not over decent. During some months Savage lived in the closest familiarity with Johnson; and then the friends parted, not without tears. Johnson remained in London to drudge for Cave. Savage went to the West of England, lived as he had lived everywhere, and in 1743 died, penniless and heart-broken, in Bristol Jail. Soon after his death, while the public curiosity was strongly excited about his extraordinary character, and his not less extraordinary adventures, a life of him appeared widely different from the catchpenny lives of emi-

nent men which were then a staple article of manufacture in Grub Street. The style was indeed deficient in ease and variety; and the writer was evidently too partial to the Latin element of our language. But the little work with all its faults, was a master-piece. No finer specimen of literary biography existed in any language, living or dead; and a discerning critic might have confidently predicted that the author was destined to be the founder of a new school of English eloquence."

Against this picture we will hang another sketched with equal ease and care—a picture often painted, in words and in colors, and never better than by Mr. Macaulay:

"To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on any body who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach, or on the person who sate at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the Arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist of the age. Garrick brought to the meetings his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits;

Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's Club."

Mr. Macaulay very freely criticises Johnson's writings, praising warmly and abusing warmly, as his manner is. Of this literary criticism we present a specimen from the remarks on Johnson's edition of Shakspeare:

"This publication saved Johnson's character for honesty, but added nothing to the fame of his abilities and learning. The preface, though it contains some good passages, is not in his best manner. The most valuable notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The best specimen is the note on the character of Polonius. Nothing so good is to be found even in Wilhelm Meister's admirable examination of "Hamlet." But here praise must end. It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic. The reader may turn over play after play without finding one happy conjectural emendation, or one ingenious and satisfactory explanation of a passage which had baffled preceding commentators. Johnson had, in his prospectus, told the world that he was peculiarly fitted for the task which he had undertaken, because he had, as a lexicographer, been under the necessity of taking a wider view of the English language than any of his predecessors. That his knowledge of our literature was extensive is indisputable. But unfortunately, he had altogether neglected that very part of our literature with which it is especially desirable that an editor of Shakspeare should be conversant. It is dangerous to assert a negative. Yet little will be risked by the assertion, that in the two folio



volumes of the English Dictionary there is not a single passage quoted from any dramatist of the Elizabethan age, except Shakspeare and Ben. Even from Ben the quotations are few. Johnson might easily, in a few months, have made himself well acquainted with every old play that was extant. But it never seems to have occurred to him that this was a necessary preparation for the work which he had undertaken. He would doubtless have admitted that it would be the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of *Æschylus* and *Euripides* to publish an edition of *Sophocles*. Yet he ventured to publish an edition of

Shakspeare, without having ever in his life, so far as can be discovered, read a single scene of Massinger, Ford, Decker, Webster, Marlow, Beaumont or Fletcher. His detractors were noisy and scurrilous. Those who most loved and honored him had little to say in praise of the manner in which he had discharged the duty of a commentator."

Poor Boswell fares indifferently at the hands of his old assailant. Indeed, in our opinion, Mr. Macaulay is as much too harsh as Mr. Carlyle is too lenient in his treatment of the weak and garrulous, but reverential and devoted Boswell.

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From the London Examiner.

## THE AFRICAN DISCOVERIES OF DR. LIVINGSTON.

OUR brave traveller is not a man of great bulk, but for boldness, perseverance, and enterprise, a very Hercules. During his long and weary peregrinations, he has travelled over 11,000 miles of Southern Africa, the greater part of which journey was never before trodden by the foot of European. His first expedition extended from the extreme southern point of the African continent to Loando in the tenth degree of south latitude on its western coast, over twenty-four degrees of latitude and nine of longitude, mostly on his own feet, with the occasional help of those of an ox, the dainty vehicle of South-Africa. His second, last, and greatest journey took him across the whole continent of Africa, from the tenth degree of south latitude on the western shore to the eighteenth degree on the eastern, that is, from the coast of the Atlantic to that of the Indian Ocean; and he is the only

European who ever accomplished this perilous undertaking.

Dr. Livingston's additions to our knowledge of Southern Africa are chiefly confined to departments of geography, geology, and zoölogy. Up to the twentieth degree of south latitude, the country retains the same character of waterless aridity which belongs to the British possessions at its extremity; but north of this lies a valley plateau, temperate in climate, salubrious, fertile, and irrigated by copious perennial streams. As described by Dr. Livingston, it would seem a great oasis extending northward none knew how far. The highest mountains he encountered did not exceed the elevation of 5000 or 6000 feet, and the peaks covered with eternal snow, reported by former travellers, and which in the latitude of twenty degrees would have indicated an Alpine elevation, turned out to be only

peaks of white quartz. The principal river on the track is the Zambesi, which falls into the Indian Ocean in the strait which divides Madagascar from the main land. This is in some places, in the interior, a thousand yards broad, with a sufficient depth; but then it is as disappointing as an Australian stream, for it is obstructed by rapids, by spreading into shallow marshes, and by disemboguing in many mouths, all obstructed by impassable sand-bars. In short, it is not navigable, except here and there by boats.

In geology, the discoveries of Dr. Livingston are important, comprising coal, some seams of which were fifty-seven inches broad, ores of iron and of copper, with extensive fossilized animal and vegetable remains. The fauna is even more abundant than in any hitherto visited parts of Southern Africa, making the country almost one den of wild beasts. The larger animals consisted of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, some half dozen of the horse family, but not the noble animal himself, the Cape ox, the lion and his favorite prey, the bounding antelope of numerous species, from the size of a hare to that of a heifer. Dr. Livingston had the good fortune to add three new species to the number already known.

The teeming frequency of savage animals points but too clearly at the paucity of the human race. The pleasant plateau is occupied by pure negroes, but the country immediately south of it by Cafres. Of the actual condition of society among the many tribes visited by our adventurous traveller, the information he has as yet furnished is but scant. Among some of them the women are stated to have a paramount authority, rather difficult to reconcile with the fact asserted at the same time, of one man having often five of them to his own share. They have domesticated the ox, but seemingly no other animal. They have acquired the art of making malleable iron, and turn it to the fabrication of their assegais or javelins, but whether they apply it to any worthier use Dr. Livingston did not say. They cultivate maize, but whether with the help of a wooden spud and hand-broom, or with plough and harrow, was not stated. Altogether the inhabitants of Central Southern Africa would seem to be in a far lower state of society than even those of the western coast further north.

Dr. Livingston enumerated the commodities of Central Southern Africa, which he judged adapted to foreign commerce; they were the following: cotton, the fibres of certain textile plants, which he did not name; indigo, the medicinal cinchona or Jesuit's bark, the medicinal smilax or sarsaparilla, bees' wax, ivory, coal, and ores of iron and copper, with gold, the washings of the sands of rivers. We are inclined to believe that the learned traveller is not a little mistaken with respect to some of these articles, with respect, indeed, to all of them, in so far as commerce is practically concerned. Thus, he states that he saw whole fields of wild indigo in the neighborhood of the Portuguese settlement of Tate, from which he jumps to the conclusion, that indigo is to become at once an export. There are 150 species of the genus of plants to which those yielding indigo belong, and of these but five which yield the drug, indeed, but two that are considered worth cultivating. All those that yield indigo are natives of India and America, and not one of Africa. What our traveller saw was no doubt one of the 145 species that yield no indigo, but if it had been a true indigo of which he saw whole fields, that would not have much mended the matter when there is neither skill nor capital to conduct the rather difficult process of extracting the drug. Neither Mexicans, Peruvians, or Hindoos, so greatly superior to any Africans, ever of themselves produced a marketable indigo. European skill, and European capital to the amount of millions, would be necessary for its production.

Then Dr. Livingston described himself as having seen whole forests of cinchona or Peruvian bark, and a profusion of sarsaparilla; but as the true medicinal cinchona and medicinal smilax or sarsaparilla are natives of America, and neither of Asia or of Africa, the probability is, that he mistook one species of cinchona for another, and one species of smilax for another, which is very much as if one were to mistake a nightshade for a potato, or a charlock for a cabbage. As to the cotton, and metallic ores and coal, it would be a delusion to expect any thing from them, existing as they do among a rude people, and some hundreds of miles in the interior of a country without roads or navigable rivers. One fact incidentally mentioned by Dr. Livingston is conclusive

of the uncommercial character of the people of Central Southern Africa. The industrious bee is as busy there as in other tropical countries, but the inhabitants eat the honey, and throw away the most valuable part of the comb, the wax, and they are perhaps the only rude people of Asia, Africa, or America, who are so stupid as to do so.

If the enumerated commodities were all real, and some of them unquestionably belong to the realm of fancy, their value for all useful purposes would be much like that of gems in "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean," or of flowers "born to blush unseen." Generations must pass away, and the whole frame of African

society undergo a surprising revolution, before they can be elaborated into utility. The South-Africans of the ingenious Dr. Livingston are less industrious, less polished, less civilized, than were the Britons of Julius Cæsar; but twenty centuries may do much for them, as they have done for ourselves. Then, indeed, they may possibly perform the voyage from Melinda to Calicut by steam in five days, which it took Vasco Di Gama three and twenty days' sail to accomplish, with the monsoon at his poop. They may even go further, and we may fancy them, after a sufficient lapse of ages, spanning the Mozambique channel and the Indian Ocean with an electric cable.

**SOURCES OF THE NILE.**—The Expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, which the Viceroy of Egypt has initiated, and which has occupied for the past six months the attention of the learned of Europe, after delays inevitable to the development of such matters, has started. The Count d'Escayrac de L'Auture, to whom the command has been intrusted, after having obtained, on the 20th of last July, the Viceroy's approbation of the plan, came to Europe to procure the necessary adjuncts for the execution of his enterprise. Authorized to select twelve assistants, he sought in Austria officers of topographical celebrity; in Prussia, a well-informed engineer; in France, naturalists; in England, nautical assistance; and America has furnished him with an excellent photographer, so necessary on such an exploration. He has selected, in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, the necessary instruments for observations of the greatest variety, and nothing has been neglected that could by any possibility interest the scientific world. Magnetic observations will not be neglected. The Infusoria invisible to the eye will be studied according to the custom of the most perfect naturalists. Geography will rest on astronomical observations. Ethnography, so full of interest in that part of the world, will be the object of the constant attention and particular efforts of men whose knowledge has been already proved. Photography will lend to science the most valuable assistance. It will thus bring be-

fore the eyes of learned men the new world, and the people of Europe will be able to see all the Expedition will have encountered most interesting and remarkable. This Expedition, which has for its aim the discovery of portions of Africa where the foot of the white man has never trod, promises to make us better acquainted with these unknown countries than we are even with some parts of Europe. The expenses of the Expedition will be considerable, as the Viceroy has provided it with everything that can forward its success, and a sufficient escort will protect these missionaries of civilization during their perilous expedition. Numerous boats with steamers will transport them up the Nile as far as the last point where the river is navigable. The Expedition has everything in its favor in the great experience of its commander and the generous ardor of those who take part in it. The Count d'Escayrac does not deceive himself as to the difficulties which attend him; but whatever obstacles he may encounter, he is prepared to meet and to conquer. The Count started on the 3d of this month for Trieste, and was to leave on the 18th. His companions join him at Cairo in the beginning of October, and the Expedition will then begin to ascend the Nile. We shall expect its return in two years, which will prove an event in the scientific world; for whatever happens, the prolonged stay of twelve learned Europeans in the most unknown part of the world can not fail to create interest.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**GRAHAM LECTURES: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN SOUL.** Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, New-York. By RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D. New-York: Carter & Brothers. 530 Broadway: 1857. Pp. 338.

THESE Lectures were delivered before the Brooklyn Institute, which was founded by the late Augustus Graham, Esq., by a liberal donation in his lifetime, and by a legacy in his will of the noble sum amounting in all to nearly \$70,000. It is a monument to the memory of his benevolence, genial in its fruits and more enduring than marble. The lecturer, Dr. Storrs, holds the gifted pen of a ready writer. His mental vision soars over a wide field gathering up the richest gems of truth, and exhibiting them in gorgeous language of thought and expression, alike attractive and instructive. These lectures now given to the public by the author, and published by the Institute, will add to the well-earned reputation of Dr. Storrs as a lecturer, preacher, and divine. A volume like this, composing these lectures rich in the treasures of thought, suited and adapted to the nature and wants of the soul, which is its theme, entering into its inner chamber, and discoursing upon its varied and ever-changing phenomena, is worth a host of ephemeral and confectionary volumes which occupy the time, fire the imagination, without improving the mind or mending the heart. We commend it to all who love to feast on the luxuries of sound and instructive literature, and the science of the soul.

**THE THREE GARDENS: EDEN, GETHSEMANE, AND PARADISE; OR, MAN'S RUIN, REDEMPTION, AND RESTORATION.** By WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., Pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New-York. Charles Scribner, 377 Broadway, Publisher. Pp. 284.

THE instructive pastor, preacher, and eloquent author of this good book, comprising fifteen chapters or "Pastorly Addresses," embodying "the principal facts of the Christian system," conducted his large church and congregation of intelligent minds, step by step, Sabbath after Sabbath, along the avenues and walks and groves of these most interesting gardens; inhaling the healthful fragrance, admiring the blossoms, plucking the flowers, inviting them all to partake of the fruits which are found on every tree, and which have ripened in the genial beams of the great central "Sun of Righteousness." From whatever point they started in their Sabbath morning walks in the circular paths of these celestial gardens of truth, "each radius" led them back to the "focal centre—the life and mediation of Jesus Christ." This volume is given to the public that others may read and follow in their footsteps through the gardens, linger under the trees with great delight, and eat the fruit thereof, and live forever.

**ELEMENTS OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, ANALYTICAL, SYNTHETICAL, AND PRACTICAL.** By HUBBARD WINSLOW, Author of *Intellectual Philosophy*. 1 vol. 12mo. Pp. 480. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 Broadway.

THIS is a book of eminent merit. The author has devoted much time and made careful investigation, and from long experience in teaching, is well qualified for the important duty of preparing such a treatise on Moral Philosophy. A very competent judge of its merits says: "This treatise on Moral Philosophy commends itself by its clear arrangement of the topics, its perspicuity of language, and its constant practical bearings. I have been particularly pleased with the views of Conscience, as not a single primitive faculty, but including in the phenomena of the mind that have respect to moral distinctions, and with the discussion of the Natural Principles of Morality, making them to converge in religion. The frequent and pertinent illustrations which are presented of the principles of the treatise, and the Scriptural character of the explanation of the particular duties, will make the work both attractive and valuable, as a text-book, imparting instruction upon this critical part of philosophy."

**MEMORIES OF BETHANY.** By the author of *MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES*. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. Pp. 268.

THE Christian pilgrim who would love a visit to Bethany and its hallowed scenes and cherished associations and to walk in the footsteps of the Son of God on his memorable errand of sympathy and affection, will find in this neat and charming book a rich repast for a hungry mind. The children of bereavement will find in it elements of consolation to cheer their sadness and dry up the springs of sorrow.

**HANDEL.** — The Sacred Harmonic Society has issued a circular respecting the Handel Commemoration at the Crystal Palace in May next. Applications more than sufficient to fill the orchestra have reached the committee, and plans are now being arranged for a selection of the most efficient vocalists prior to commencing a series of metropolitan choral rehearsals. A large force of men are employed at Messrs. Gray and Davisson's factory, in the New Road, upon the organ which is to be used at the festival. It will occupy a space fifty feet wide by twenty-five feet in depth, besides the platforms required for the bellows and the sixteen wind reservoirs—a total of square feet exceeding that provided for the orchestra at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall. Some of the large pipes already completed were tested a few days since with marked success. The Society also gratefully acknowledges the liberality of M. Victor Schœlcher in having placed at their disposal for the purposes of the Commemoration the



invaluable collection of MSS. used by Handel in conducting his own works which have lately come into his possession.—The names of the English committee in aid of the Halle Commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Handel's death have been published.

**ALEXANDER DUMAS AND HIS PUBLISHERS.**—Alexander Dumas commenced some months ago a suit against his publishers, Messrs. Michel Levy and Brothers and the journal *Le Siècle*, which may well be classed among the curious. According to the details of the trial as published by the journals, it appears that the *Siècle* and the publishing house of Michel Levy have brought out in five years 265 volumes of the works of M. Dumas. Two hundred and sixty-five volumes! Voltaire is eclipsed, and M. Dumas is still writing! He reclaims the price of ninety volumes on the two hundred and sixty-five, or a sum of 736,345 francs.

But in this enormous parade of volumes, it must be recollected that M. Dumas' diluted style leaves more white paper than black, that his paragraphs are single lines, his single lines are exclamations, and his exclamations monosyllables. As he grows older he puts more and more white paper on his pages, and it is a curious but perhaps not a remarkable coincidence, that his ideas, also, are undergoing the same process of increasing transparency. The utter and deplorable failure of his two last dramatic efforts shows this exhaustion of intellect.

A REPORT of the Russian Minister of Public Instruction shows that, in 1855, 1148 original works, and 91 translations were published. The imports into Russia, in 1855, amount to 1,191,745 volumes, that is, 305,230 more than in 1854; 22,608 works, numbering in all 71,908 volumes, were imported into Poland.

THE *American Publishers' Circular and Literary Gazette* is published every week at \$2 per annum, payable in advance; and claims the favorable consideration of all individuals, companies, and associations, who take an interest in the making, selling, buying, or reading of books.

Every number contains the title of books issued during the week, with their SIZE, PRICE, NUMBER OF PAGES, and PUBLISHER. Appleton's Buildings, New-York.

A MANUSCRIPT of about one hundred pages, written by the philosopher Kant, and which has hitherto remained unknown, has just been discovered in Berlin. Attempts are about to be made in the Royal Library of that city to photograph old manuscripts.

PROFESSOR FRANCESCO ORIOLI, who recently died in Rome, at the ripe age of seventy-five, was a man of vast scientific knowledge, but he had principally devoted himself to political economy, archæology, and the history of the Middle Ages. He was for many years Professor of Physical Science at the University of Bologna, and has written in the course of his long life an immense number of reviews, pamphlets, and books on various subjects.

LONGFELLOW's poem "Hiawatha" has attained the honors of translation into German at the hands of the well-known poet, F. FREILIGRATH. It will appear shortly, with a frontispiece designed by LEUTZE of Dusseldorf.

WHILST J. MICHELET's charming work on the "Life of the Birds" is making the round of the Continent in the form of translations, and is winning golden opinions everywhere, no English publisher appears as yet to have placed it on his list. We would not exchange those agreeable pages for many a ponderous tome on ornithology, and invite to it the earliest attention of the purveyors for our literature, who would no doubt find a grateful public for it among the ladies.

THE important MSS. of XAVIER HOMMAIRE DE HELL, who died at Ispahan in 1848, are now being printed at Paris, and the great album illustrating his travels, and containing upwards of one hundred plates, is in course of publication.

DERBY & JACKSON issue "The Merchant's and Banker's Register, for 1857," edited by J. Smith Homans. It contains a great variety of important information concerning Banks and Banking; articles on matters pertaining to commerce, and much valuable matter to all who are engaged in mercantile pursuits.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.—The monument to the memory of the daughter of Charles I., which the Queen of England commissioned Baron Marochetti to execute, has been erected in St. Thomas Church, Newport, Isle of Wight, where the princess, who died in captivity at Carisbrook Castle, lies buried. The monument represents the figure of a youthful female reclining in a recess, resembling the cell of a prison. The pillow on which the head of the figure rests is an open Bible, in which can be seen the following words: "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The following inscription is on the monument: To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of King Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, Sept. 8, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church. This monument is erected as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her sufferings, by Victoria R. 1856.

CHARLES V. AND HIS TABLE.—"A Venetian envoy at this court, in the latter part of Charles's reign, tells us that, before rising in the morning, potted capon was usually served to him, prepared with sugar, milk, and spices; after which he would turn to sleep again. At noon he dined on a variety of dishes. Soon after vespers he took another meal, and later in the evening supped heartily on anchovies, or some other gross and savory food, of which he was particularly fond. The invention of his cooks was sorely puzzled how to devise rich and high-seasoned dishes to suit his palate; and his *maitre d'hôtel*, much perplexed, told his discontented master one day, knowing his passion for time-pieces, that 'he really did not know what he could do, unless it were to serve up his majesty a fricasse of watches.' The reply had the effect of provoking a hearty laugh from the Emperor—a circumstance of rare occurrence in the latter days of his reign."—*Prescott*.

ENGLAND. — A Parliamentary paper just issued, gives an account of the national income and expenditure during the two years of the late war, namely, from March 31st, 1854, to March 31st, 1856. In 1854-5, the income from all sources was 64,091,000*l.*, and the expenditure 70,236,000*l.* In the following year, the income, by means of the increased property

tax, was increased to 70,552,000*l.*, and the expenditure rose to 93,149,000*l.*, being on both years a gross excess of expenditure of 22,597,000*l.*, which was mainly provided for by loans. Among the items of increased expenditure, comparing the latter with the former of the years specified, we find charges of collecting the Revenue increased from 2,724,000*l.* to 2,863,000*l.*, which is rather less than the proportionate increase of the sums collected; the interest on debt increased from 27,864,000*l.* to 28,112,000*l.*; but the great items of increase were of course for War Services, in which we find, in the two years respectively, the army expenses set down as 3,330,000*l.* and 17,395,000*l.*; the navy, 14,490,000*l.* and 19,654,000*l.*; and the Ordnance, 5,450,000*l.* and 10,411,000*l.*

**SIR SNOW HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.**—A dispatch has reached the Admiralty from Rear Admiral Bruce, commanding the squadron in the Pacific, stating that on the evening of the 22d October last, in lat. 18 23 N., lon. 105 24 W., his flag ship the *Monarch*, was struck by lightning. The ship is fitted with Sir Snow Harris's system of electrical conductor. The electrical discharge fell on the spindle of the main royal mast, and passing down the conductor went clear into the sea with a tremendous crash, without any damage being sustained. Such was the excited state of the air, and so numerous and vivid were the electrical sparks all around, that the ship at first was thought to be on fire. There is little doubt but that her Majesty's ship has been saved from partial destruction, and the lives of many men preserved, through the instrumentality of the capacious electrical conductor permanently fixed in the masts and hull of the vessel.—*London paper.*

A LETTER from Widdin says: "We have this morning heard a sound which the people of Bulgaria have not heard for ages—the sound of a bell calling the Christians to church, in order to thank God that the Sultan has been pleased to restore us our liberty of worship." Widdin is the first Bulgarian town that has received a bell. The Turks have complained to the Pasha about it, but he has referred them to the Sultan. We ask whether an appeal like this could equally be referred to the Queen of Spain or the Pope, in favor of the Protestants, or any non-Catholics?

MR. WILLIAM BROWN, the distinguished member of Parliament for South-Lancashire, has undertaken at his own expense, to erect an edifice for the Free Public Library of Liverpool. A sum of \$150,000, it is thought, will be sufficient for the purpose.

PARIS at present possesses 35 large libraries. Some are public; others only partly so; and the greater number are exclusively devoted to certain establishments. The public libraries are: The Bibliothèque Impériale, with 1,400,000 printed volumes, about 300,000 pamphlets, and 80,000 manuscripts; the Arsenal, 220,000 volumes and 6000 manuscripts; Sainte Geneviève, 150,000 volumes, 4000 manuscripts; Mazarin, about 120,000 volumes, 5000 manuscripts; the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes; the City of Paris, 65,000 volumes, 300 manuscripts; the Ecole de Médecine, 40,000 volumes; the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes, 35,000 volumes; the Invalides, 30,000 volumes; the Con-

servatoire des Arts-et-Métiers, 20,000 volumes; and the Conservatoire de Musique, 8000 volumes.

**LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.**—There are in the United States 123 colleges, with more than 1000 professors, and having more than 12,000 students. They have extensive laboratories and astronomical instruments, and libraries containing more than a million of volumes. There are about 40 medical schools, with about 350 professors, and 5000 students. There are 44 theological schools, with 127 professors, and between 1300 and 1400 students. There are 16 law-schools, and about 600 students.

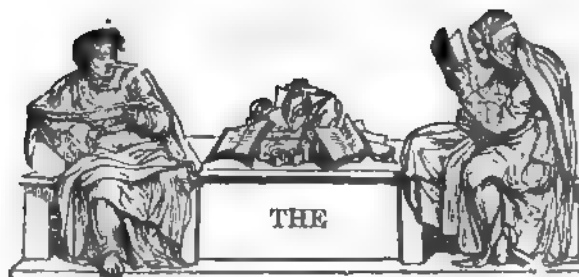
ONE of the earliest proceedings of the next session of the British Parliament will be to ask the country for a sum of money for the outfit of the Princess Royal, and something handsome in the shape of a dowry. The Prince of Prussia, for the present, has nothing more than the fortune which his father settles upon him, although he must naturally inherit the throne, and the vast wealth of the king, ere many years are over. The Prince of Wales will, early next year, enter into possession of Marlborough House, and have his separate household, though that will not be very large at present, and mainly consist of his masters and tutors; and he will, to a great extent, be still under the care of his august parents. The experiment with Prince Alfred at the Home Park seems to have answered very well. After the duties of the day are over, he rambles about alone, and is well known and much liked by the people of Datchet and Windsor. He is a manly, frank, open-faced lad, and a great hand at cricket, at which he joins the young Esquimaux. The Prince of Wales will, of course, not entail any expense on the country in his new establishment, his revenue being ample for a young gentleman in his teens, though not equal to what is generally supposed, as, after the deduction of the expenses for the management and control of the Prince's estates, mines, fisheries, &c., about £45,000 remains.

M. TOLJENS, the great national poet of Holland, died at Ryswick, on the 27th ult., aged seventy-seven. His poetry enjoys extraordinary popularity among all classes of his countrymen, and is remarkable for its ardent patriotism. One of his most admired works bears the title of "The Dutch at Nova Zembla," and his popular song, "Wiens Heerlands Bloed," will, in the opinion of the Dutch, last as long as their language.

AMONG the notabilities at the Mozart Festival, held at Salzburg, was an old silver-haired man, called Karl Mozart, son of the immortal composer, and last of the name. He was the greatest living object of interest present. He had gone all the way from Milan to enjoy the *fête*; and, although things were not cheap, there was not the slightest danger of his lacking a dinner or champagne, although his father might have wanted both. The only fear was that the poor old fellow would be killed with kindness.

THE valuable collection of classical antiquities formed by the late Sir Wm. Temple, during a long residence in Naples, has been left by the deceased to the British Museum.

THE "Investigator," Captain Cook's discovery ship, Thames Police ship, lying off Somerset House, has been broken up.



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APRIL, 1857.

From the North British Review.

## DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.\*

THERE is no brighter page in the annals of civilization than that which records the history of Arctic discovery. England may well be proud of the sacrifices she has made in such enterprizes of danger, and may justly boast of the valuable results which, in the interests of science, she has achieved. While new and extensive regions have been explored, and added to the map of the world, and new forms of humanity studied in their subterranean retreats, new depths of science have been sounded, and new laws developed, which promise to connect the physics of our globe with agencies, in daily operation, throughout the planetary system to which we belong. In these researches, which the philosophers of all countries have warmly appreciated, our friends in America have, in some respects, been our rivals as well as our associates. In the Antarctic zone, Commodore Wilkes carried the flag of the United States along its ice-bound continent; and under an impulse more noble

even than the love of science or the ambition of discovery, a few American philanthropists have equipped two expeditions in search of the noble Captain and his devoted companions, who may yet be living prisoners within the crystal strongholds which they scaled.

An account of the last of these expeditions, under the command of Dr. Kane, has been recently published, and though, as in that which preceded it, its main object has not been accomplished, yet from the dangers which it braved, the scenes through which it passed, the events which befell it, and the additions which it has made to our knowledge of the nomadic tribes which it encountered, our readers cannot fail to be interested in a popular extract of its more important details. Dr. Kane's work "is not," as he himself tells us, "a record of scientific investigations." His sole object has been "to connect together the passages of his Journal that could have interest for the general reader, and to publish them, as a narrative of the adventures of his party."

After the return of the first Grinnell expedition, under Lieutenant De Haven, to which Dr. Kane had been attached as sur-

\* *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, 1854, 1855.* By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N., Illustrated by upwards of 300 Engravings, from Sketches by the Author. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1856, pp. 921.

geon, Lady Franklin is said to have urged him to undertake a new search for her husband. Having been led, like many others, both from theory and observation, to infer the existence of an open polar sea communicating with Baffin's Bay, Dr. Kane readily consented, and "occupied himself for some months in maturing the scheme of a renewed effort, either to rescue the missing party, or at least to resolve the mystery of their fate." As sanguine in temperament as he was intrepid in spirit, "his mind never realized the complete catastrophe, the destruction of all Franklin's crews. He pictured them to himself broken into detachments, and his mind fixed itself on one little group of some thirty, who had found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, had set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale. I think of them," he adds, "ever with hope. I sicken not to be able to reach them." Such a man was preëminently fitted for the task which he undertook, and the American Government, as well as the generous individuals, who were to furnish the means for equipping the expedition, gratefully accepted of his services.

Mr. Grinnell placed at Dr. Kane's disposal the *Advance*—the ship in which he had previously sailed; and Mr. Peabody of London, "the generous representative of many American sympathies, proffered his aid largely towards her outfit." The Geographical Society of New York, the Smithsonian Institution, the American Philosophical Society, and a number of scientific associations and private friends, made valuable contributions to the expedition, and Dr. Kane was thus enabled "to secure a better outfit for purposes of observation, than would otherwise have been possible to a party so limited in numbers, and absorbed in other objects."

Although Mr. Kennedy, at the head of the naval department, gave a formal sanction to the expedition, and desired to have reports of its progress and results, yet the Government did nothing more than contribute *ten* out of the *eighteen* volunteers who embarked with Dr. Kane, the rest being "engaged by private liberality, at salaries entirely disproportioned to their services." In an expedition thus constituted, the rules for the government of nautical ships were not enjoined; but regulations,

well considered and announced beforehand, were agreed to by the crew, and rigorously adhered to through all the vicissitudes of the expedition. In these regulations there was no room for ambiguity, and neither a judge nor a jury were required to administer them. Absolute subordination to the officer in command, or his delegate—abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and the habitual disuse of profane language, constituted the brief code which bound, in fraternal unity, the heroic band that courted dangers more calamitous than those of war.

The "*Advance*," though built for carrying heavy castings from an iron-foundry, had been afterwards strengthened with much skill and at great expense. She was a good sailer, and easily managed, and had been thoroughly tried in many encounters with the Arctic ice. With five boats, one of them a metallic life-boat, the gift of Mr. Francis the maker—several carefully-built sledges, some of them on models furnished by the kindness of the British Admiralty—the usual stores of provisions, woollen dresses, and a full supply of knives, needles, books, and instruments, the "*Advance*" left New York on the 30th May 1853, escorted by several noble steamers, and saluted by the cheers and adieus of all around them. In eighteen days, Dr. Kane reached St. John's, Newfoundland, where Governor Hamilton presented him with a noble team of Newfoundland dogs, the essential instruments of Arctic research, and without which he could neither have reached his destination nor returned to his country.

After a run of twelve days, the expedition reached Fiskernaes in South-Greenland on the 5th of July, and by means of special facilities from the Danish Government, they were supplied with abundance of fresh-dried codfish, the staple commodity of the place. Mr. Lassen, the superintendent of the Danish company, entertained them as his guests, and "hospitably proffered them everything for their accommodation." Through his influence Dr. Kane obtained an Esquimaux hunter, of the name of Hans Christian, a boy of nineteen, who was peculiarly expert with the kayak and javelin, and who had previously exhibited his prowess by spearing a bird on the wing. This "fat and good-natured youth," who performs an important part in the history of the expedition, stipulated, in addition to his moderate wages, that a



couple of barrels of bread and fifty-two pounds of pork should be left with his mother; and when presented with a rifle and a new kayak, his services were not only invaluable as a caterer of food for the dogs, but as a purveyor, on many trying occasions, for the table of the expedition. After half-a-year's service, when dangers had been encountered and overcome, and Arctic darkness brooded over the ship, poor Hans became homesick, took his rifle and bundled up his clothes, to bid good-by to his friends, yearning for a meeting with one of the softer sex whom he had left behind at Fiskernaes. Dr. Kane, however, with his usual tact, cured his nostalgia with promotion and a dose of salts. Thus honored and purged, the lover forgot his mistress, and strutted in official and corpulent dignity as the harnesser of Dr. Kane's dogs, the builder of his traps, and the companion of his ice travels. Like other swains, however, raised above the level of their birth, he forgot his humble Delia at Fiskernaes, and left the expedition, in the hour of its adversity, in the wake of a prettier bride whom he had encountered in his excursions.

While beating out of the fiord of Fiskernaes, Dr. Kane visited Lichtenfels, the ancient seat of the Greenland congregation, and now one of the three Moravian settlements in South Greenland;\* and after being baffled with calms for nine days, he reached Sukkertop, Sugar-loaf, a wild isolated peak, 3000 feet high, shielding at its base a little colony "occupying a rocky gorge, so narrow and broken that a stairway connects the detached groups of huts, and the tide, as it rises, converts a part of the ground plot into a temporary island." This picturesque settlement is the principal depot for rein-deer skins, so valuable for their lightness and warmth, that they form the ordinary upper clothing of both sexes. The skins of the largest males, called *bennesoak*, are used as the sleeping-bags in Arctic journeys, and those of the younger animals, called *nokkak*, are prized for children's clothing.

In navigating the Greenland coast in his whale-boat, Dr. Kane made many purchases of dogs from the natives at the different settlements, and having made up his full complement, he arrived at Upper-

navik in North-Greenland, on the 24th July. After an hospitable reception by Governor Flaischer, he stood to the westward, and endeavored to double Melville Bay by an outside passage. On the 29th he entered the ice, and "having a besetment," he succeeded in "fastening to an iceberg;" but before they had time to breathe, they were startled with loud crackling sounds above them. Fragments of ice like walnuts fell into the sea, and they had hardly time to cast off from the iceberg before it "fell in ruins, crashing like near artillery." Driven to the shelter of a lower berg of gigantic size, it drifted with them like a moving breakwater, but in its wake of black water they got under weigh, and bored "in excellent style through the floes." In lat.  $75^{\circ}27'$  a spectacle, gorgeous even in the excitement of danger, arrested their attention. The midnight sun emerged from the northern crest of one great berg, "kindling various-colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around them one great resplendency of gem work, blazing carbuncles, and rubies, and molten gold."

After "crunching through all this jewelry," and cutting their way with the saw and the chisel, Dr. Kane successfully accomplished the passage of Melville Bay, a process not hitherto adopted, avoiding entanglements among the broken icefields, and attaching the ship to large icebergs, while the surface floes were pressing by them to the south. By the aid of a fortunate north-wester, which opened a passage through the pack, they reached the *North*, or *Cape York Water*, passed the crimson cliffs of Sir John Ross on the 5th—the spire of Gneiss at Hakluyt Point, 600 feet high, and sighted Capes Alexander and Isabella, the headlands of Smith's Sound, on the 6th August—an array of cliffs, some of which are 800 feet high, "until now the Arctic Pillars of Hercules" frowned upon the ship passing through their gloomy shadows. Littleton Island and Cape Hatherton, "the latest of Captain Inglefield's positively-determined headlands," next presented themselves, and the expedition was now "fairly inside of Smith's Sound," the scene of their future labors and disappointments.

As the expedition was too far to the south to enable Dr. Kane to carry out his plan of search by boats and sledges, he determined to force his way to the north, as far as the elements would allow him.

\* The other two are New Herrnhut and Friedrichsthal. All the other missions are Lutheran, and administered by a Government Board.

In case of disaster, therefore, he resolved to secure a place of retreat, and with this view, he buried Francis's metallic boat, with a supply of beef, pork, and bread, at the north-east cape of Littleton Island, and he erected a beacon on its western cape, where he deposited official despatches, and their private letters of farewell.

In these operations, they found that they were not the first human beings who had found shelter in that desolate spot. Ruined walls indicated the seat of a rude settlement; and in digging the cavern for their stores, they found the mortal remains of its former inhabitants. These memorials of extinct life had to them a sad interest—the presage of a fate that might be their own. Without any mother-earth to cover their dead, the Esquimaux place them as sitting in the attitude of repose, with the knees drawn close to the body, and enclose them in a sack of skins. The implements of the living man are grouped around him. A rude cupola of stones covers the body, and a cairn piled above is the simple memorial, which generation after generation never venture to disturb.

After a hopeless conflict with the ice, the "Advance" escaped on the 8th August into "Refuge Harbor," a beautiful cove, landlocked from east to west, and accessible only from the north. Among the miseries which here beset them, not the least was the condition and temper of their dogs, upon whose health and strength depended the progress and success of the expedition. Out of their pack of fifty, a majority had the character of "ravening wolves." The difficulty of feeding them was perplexing. The rifles contributed little to the canine larder. Two bears lasted the cormorants only eight days. They would not touch corn-meal and beans, on which Captain Penny's dogs fed, and salt junk would have killed them. In this emergency fifty walrus made their appearance, but the rifle balls reverberated from their hides, and they could not get within harpoon distance of them. Luckily, however, a dead narwhal, or sea-unicorn, fourteen feet long, supplied them with six hundred pounds of "good fetid wholesome flesh." This difficulty of feeding the dogs occurred on several occasions. Even when food was not scarce, their voracity was so great, that an Esquimaux skull, a bear's paw, a basket of moss, or any specimen of natural history, could not be left for a moment without their making a rush at it, and

swallowing it at a gulp. On one occasion they even attempted a whole feather bed, and on another, one of them devoured two entire bird's nests—"feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss—a peckful at the least." When they reach a floe or temporary harbor, they start out in a body in search of food, unrestrained by voice or lash, and are sometimes traced with difficulty to some fetid carcass. Had these animals not been recovered, they would have doubtless relapsed into the savage state, like those on an island near the Holsteinberg Fiords, where such dogs hunt the deer in packs, and are habitually shot by the natives. Yet notwithstanding this tendency, they have, in Dr. Kane's opinion, a decided affection for the society of man. When a comfortable dog-house was made for them away from the ship, they could not be induced to sleep in it, preferring the bare snow, where they could couch within the sound of voices, to a warm kennel among the rocks. This choice of residence, we think, was probably made from another motive—a love of cheeses, bird's nests, and bear's paws, which were to be found only in the vicinity of man. When not well supplied with food, they were fed upon their dead brothers, boiled into a bloody soup, and dealt out to them twice a-day. The Esquimaux dogs are "ravenous of everything below the human grade," being taught from their earliest days to respect children. They never scruple, however, to devour their own pups; and on one occasion, when there was a copious litter, Dr. Kane "refreshed the mother with a daily morning puppy," reserving for his own eating the two last of the family, who, he hoped, would then be tolerably milk-fed!\* So well, indeed, had Dr. Kane "educated" himself for the contingencies of Arctic travel, that on setting out in search of fresh food, his diet was a stock of meat biscuit, and "a few rats chopped up and frozen into the tallow balls."

Although hydrophobia was unknown north of 79°, yet something like it occurred in the latitude of 79°, in the mother of two healthy white pups. She had either avoided water, or drank it "with spasm and aversion." At last, with her mouth froth-

\* Although the dogs of the Esquimaux are their main reliance for the hunt, and for escaping to new camping-grounds, yet they often devour their dogs. In March 1854, only four remained out of a team of thirty, which they had eaten.

ing and tumid, she snapped at Peterson and Hans, and exhibited such manifest symptoms of insanity that it was found necessary to shoot her. Dr. Kane observed, that the darkness of the long winter nights had a fatal influence upon his dogs. A disease, which he considered clearly mental, affected in such a degree the mouse-colored leaders of his Newfoundland team, that for a fortnight they were doctored and "nursed like babies." They ate and slept well, and were strong; but an epileptic attack was followed by true lunacy. They barked frenziedly at nothing, walked anxiously in curved lines, at one time in moody silence, at another starting off howling, as if pursued, and running up and down for hours. They generally died with symptoms resembling locked-jaw, in less than thirty-six hours. *Three* splendid Newfoundlanders, and *thirty-five* Esquimaux dogs thus perished, and only *six* of the whole pack survived. At a future time, one of Dr. Kane's best dogs was seized with a similar disease, and in the delirium which followed his seizure, "he ran into the water and drowned himself, like a sailor with the horrors."

Dr Kane has recorded many interesting facts respecting the mode of using dogs, and the feats which they accomplished. Six make a powerful travelling team, and *four* could carry Dr. Kane with his instruments a short journey. The Esquimaux dog is generally driven by a single trace,—a long thin thong of seal or walrus hide, which passes from his chest over his haunches to the sledge. The team is always driven abreast, and the traces are consequently tangling and twisting themselves up incessantly as the terrified brutes bound right or left from their allotted places. The seven, nine, or fourteen lines get often so singularly knotted, that it is frequently necessary, especially in severe frost, to cut and re-attach them. In 1854, the entanglement was such that the leader of the party was obliged to patch up his mutilated dog-lines by appropriating an undue share of his seal-skin breeches.

Great proficiency is necessary in driving a dog equipage. The indispensable whip of seal-hide must be *eighteen feet* long, with a handle of only *sixteen inches*, and the driver must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but must accompany his stroke with a resounding crack, a result loudly signalized by a howl from the sufferer. If the lash gets

entangled among the dogs or lines, or entwined round lumps of ice, the driver becomes the victim, and may congratulate himself if he is not dragged head over heels into the snow. One of the facts of a good team is to leap wide cracks and chasms in the ice, and on several occasions dogs and sledge have been precipitated into the water, or have tumbled into the bottom of a crevice sixteen feet deep. When the chasm is about four feet wide, and so alarms the dogs that they refuse to take the leap, the party bridge it over by chopping down the nearest large hummock of ice with their axes, and rolling the heaviest pieces they can move into the fissure. When these are well wedged in, and the interspaces filled up with smaller pieces of ice, a rough sort of bridge is formed, over which the dogs are coaxed to pass. A fissure of this kind, with water at the bottom, takes about an hour and a half to fill up and cross. When the ice is weak and rotten, the dogs instinctively begin to tremble, and if they have got unawares upon tender ice, they will turn, and by a safer circuit reach the shore. Sometimes they are brought to go on by changing the locality a little, calling them coaxingly by their name, and inducing them to advance, crawling on their bellies. On reaching the land ice from the floe, they sometimes encounter a wall eight or nine feet high. They are then obliged to unload, toss up the packages of provisions, and climb up with the aid of the sledge converted into a ladder. The dogs are then pulled up by the lines fastened to their bodies, and the sledge drawn up upon the ice. On one occasion, in a gale, the dogs were literally blown from their harness; the travellers fell on their faces to avoid being swept away, and then availed themselves of a lull to rally round the affrighted animals. On good ice the sledges often travel six, eight, and even twelve miles an hour.

From Refuge Harbor, where we left the expedition in fifty-five fathoms of water, they were induced to start on the 13th August, lest the rapidly advancing cold should prevent them from penetrating farther. Confiding in the strength of their vessel they resolved to follow the coast line, enter the partial openings close upon the land, and warp along them from one lump of grounded ice to another. The coast itself, consisting of metamorphic rock, rose into precipitous cliffs of basaltic green-



stone, from eight to twelve hundred feet high. A permanent belt of ice from three to forty yards in width, and with a mean summer thickness of eighteen feet, ran along the base of three mural cliffs, and clung to them with such extreme tenacity as to resist all the thawing influences of summer. The seaward face of this prominent belt, unlike similar formations on the south, was worn by the tidal currents\* into a gnarled mural escarpment, against which the floes broke with tremendous force, but its upper surface remained comparatively level, and fitted in many parts to be a highway to the north. Outside of this belt the drifting ice or pack was utterly impenetrable; bergs recently discharged were driving backward and forward with the tides, compressing the ice of the floes and raising them into hills sixty or seventy feet high. In carrying out his plan of penetrating ice of this description, Dr. Kane encountered the usual dangers. After being thrown upon the rocks by a gale, the brig took shelter at an iceberg. The wind, however, died away, and the ice closed so steadily around them, that they lost all hope of escaping from their position, unless Providence sent a smart shattering breeze to open a passage to the norward.

A strong breeze from the south, freshening into a gale, sprung up on the 17th, and on the 20th rose to a perfect hurricane, the ice driving more wildly than Dr. Kane had ever seen it. The sharp twanging snap of a cord roused him from his bed. His six-inch hawser had parted, and the brig was swinging by the two others,—the gale roaring like a lion to the southward. A second report followed in half a minute, and by the shrillness of the ring he knew it was the whale line. Their ten-inch Manilla cable, however, still held on,—“its deep *Æolian* chant swelling through all the rattle of the running gear, and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death song! The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun, and in the smoke that followed their recoil, they were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy.” After steadying and getting a good bed in the rushing drift, the brig was allowed to scud under a reefed topsail. When close upon the piling masses, their heaviest anchor was dropped, in the desperate hope of

winding the ship, but it was impossible to withstand the ice torrent that pursued them. They had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her ship, “and thus went their best bower!” Dr. Kane had seen such ice but once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upheaved mass rose above their gunwale, smashing the bulwarks, and depositing a half-ton lump of ice upon the deck. Through this wild adventure the stanch little brig bore herself as if she had a charmed life; but a group of icebergs now threatened her existence. Planting an anchor on the slope of a low berg, and holding on to it by a whale line, this noble tow-horse hauled them bravely on, “the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice, as if in scorn.” The group of bergs advanced, and though the channel narrowed to the breadth of the vessel, they passed clear, and found themselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead, thus mercifully delivered from a wretched death. From this shelter a floe drove them, and when carried by the gale to the end of the lead they were again entangled in the ice. After breaking their jib-boom, and losing their barricade stanchions, they suffered a series of nippings of the most dangerous kind. In one of these the brig was driven up the inclined face of an iceberg, “as if some great steam screw power had been forcing her into a dry dock.” Dr. Kane expected to see her carried bodily up its face, and tumbled over on her side. The suspense of the crew was oppressive. She rose slowly, as if with convulsive efforts, along the sloping wall. Shock after shock from the accumulating blocks of ice jarred her to her very centre. She mounted steadily on her precarious cradle, and but for the groaning of her timbers, and the heavy sough of the floes, the dropping of a pin might have been heard. By one of those “mysterious relaxations,” which Dr. Kane calls the pulses of the ice, the brig settled down again into her old position, and quietly took her place among the broken rubbish. During this fearful trial of thirty-six hours, the parting of the hawsers, the loss of their anchors, the crushing of their stoven bulwarks, and the deposit of ice upon their decks, would have tried the nerves of the most experienced ice-men. Many narrow escapes were made by the men. One avoided being crushed by leaping upon a float-

\* The mean rise and fall of the tide was *twelve* feet, and its velocity  $2\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour.



ing fragment, and four were carried down by the drift, and were recovered only when the gale was over.

From the 22d of August till the 26th, the ship advanced slowly; but the indications of winter, and the little progress which they were making, induced an excellent member of the party to suggest the idea of returning southward, and abandoning the attempt to winter. In a formal council assembled by Dr. Kane this idea was adopted by all but Mr. Brooks, the first officer of the ship. Dr. Kane, however, decided otherwise, and his comrades in the most gratifying manner yielded to his decision.

The warping had no sooner begun than the ship grounded under the walls of the ice-foot, and heeled over so abruptly that they were all tumbled out of their berths; the stove of the cabin, charged with burning anthracite, was thrown down; the deck blazed smartly for a while, but by the help of a pilot-cloth coat, the flames were choked till water was procured to extinguish them. After being grounded five times in three days, Dr Kane resolved upon an expedition to discover a proper wintering spot from which they could start on their future travel, and enter at once on the search which they had undertaken. The command of the "Advance" was therefore given to Mr. Ohlsen, with orders to haul her into a safe berth; and on the 29th of August Dr. Kane started with a detachment of seven of his best hands, taking along with him a whale-boat and a sledge, with the necessary outfit of clothing and provisions. After being out about twenty-four hours they were beset by pack-ice in front and on one side of them, while on the other the impracticable ice-belt, a wall of ten feet, rose above their heads. Their boat being now useless, they were obliged to leave it, and push forward in their sledge along this singular and untrodden path. This shelf of ice, clinging to the base of the rocks that overlooked the sea, was itself overhung with cliffs of magnesian limestone, above a thousand feet high; huge angular blocks of stone, tons in weight, were scattered over its surface; long tongues of worn-down rock now and then stretched across their path, and deep, steep-sided watercourses, across which they were obliged to wade and carry their sledge, greatly embarrassed them. Their night halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks, and on one occasion the tide

overflowed their tent, and forced them to save their buffalo sleeping-gear by holding it up till the water subsided. The walls of limestone at length terminated, and they reached a low fiord, across which a glacier blocked up their way. A succession of terraces of limestone-shingle, rising symmetrically, lost themselves in the distance in long parallel lines, and in "a pasty silt," where these terraced faces abutted upon the sea, Dr. Kane found seven skeletons, and numerous skulls of the musk ox, which abound in the table land and ravines of that coast.

Our travellers experienced much difficulty in crossing the glacier which stopped them. Its deep sides terminated in the sea; but by using cords, and lying at full length upon the ice, they got safely over it. A passage of three miles brought them again to the seaboard, with its frowning cliffs and rock-covered icebelt. On the 5th September their progress was arrested by a large bay—forming a grand sheet of perfectly open water, the embouchure of a noble and tumultuous river, rolling with the violence of a snow torrent over a broken bed of rocks. This river, the largest yet known in North Greenland, is about three-quarters of a mile wide at its mouth, and admitting the tide for about three miles. It issues from a glacier in numerous streams which unite into a single current about forty miles from its mouth.\* After fording this river up to the middle, and advancing seven miles, they reached, in lat.  $78^{\circ} 52'$ , a large cape, now known as Cape Jefferson. Beyond this, sixteen miles, they came to the headland Cape Thackeray; and eight miles more brought them to Cape Hawks, from which Dr. Kane mounted a headland eleven hundred feet high, and saw beyond the great glacier of Humboldt, and the land now called Washington, as far as  $80^{\circ}$ , with a solid sea of ice between. Having found no place for a winter harbor more appropriate than that in which the "Advance" lay, the party returned, and placed their little brig in Rensselaer Harbor, "which they were fated never to leave together."

Near this harbor, now to be their winter home, there was a group of rocky

\* To this river Dr. Kane gave the name of *Mary Minturn*, the sister of Mrs. Henry Grinnell, a species of nomenclature which merits reprobation. What would we think of an astronomer who should give to a new planet the name of his nurse or his grandmother!

islets, fringed with hummocks, on one of which, about a hundred yards from the ship, called *Fern Rock*, they established their observatory. They had here facilities for procuring water and daily exercise, and were sufficiently within the influence of the tides to give them a hope of liberation in the spring. As no previous expedition had wintered in so high a latitude, the probable excess of cold, and the longer prevalence of darkness, rendered it necessary to have a warm and well-ventilated house. The deck was therefore fitted up with boards, and caulked with oakum. The cooking, ice-melting, and washing arrangements were carefully attended to; and their domestic system was organized with special reference to cleanliness, recreation, and particularly fixed routine. On Sunday they had their morning and evening prayers, and, except on trying occasions, it was observed as a day of rest.

In order to facilitate their progress northward in winter and spring, it was necessary to deposit along the coast of Greenland depots of provisions, principally pemmican, before the darkness set in about the middle of October. A party of seven men left the brig on the 20th September; each had a buffalo robe to lie upon, a bag of Mackinaw blanket to crawl into at night, and an India-rubber cloth to defend him from the snow beneath. A sledge, thirteen feet long, carried the provisions, a light India-rubber boat, and a canvas tent. This "travelling gear" was more liberal than they could afterwards afford. It was found essential to the actual comfort of future parties to reduce their "sledging outfit" till they reached the Esquimaux simplicity of *raw meat and a fur bag!*

Among the disasters of an Arctic winter, our travellers could hardly have anticipated a calamity which, at this time, befell three of their party. Having been greatly annoyed with rats, and failed in smoking them out by a compound of brimstone, arsenic, and burnt leather, they proceeded to destroy them with carbonic acid gas. Charcoal was therefore burnt, the hatches shut down, and every fissure closed. Ignorant of what was doing, or reckless of the consequences, Shubert, the French cook, went below to season a soup. Morton saw him staggering under the influence of the gas, and seizing him with great difficulty as he fell, he was himself unable to escape. They were both hauled

up in the end, the cook wholly insensible, and Morton with his strength almost gone. Dr. Kane had given orders to inspect the fires for generating the gas, but the accident to the cook had put the watch off his guard, and made him forget to open the hatches. Upon lowering a lantern, Dr. Kane observed that the light was instantly extinguished, and he felt the smell of burning wood. Upon descending he found all right about the fires; but upon returning, near the door of the bulkhead, the gas began to affect him. His lantern went out as if quenched with water, and as he ran past the bulk-head door, he saw the deck near it a mass of glowing fire, about three feet in diameter. He became insensible at the foot of the ladder, and would have sunk had not Mr. Brooks seen him and hauled him out. Having quickly recovered, he intrusted the fearful secret to the few men around him, shut the doors of the galley to confine the rest of the crew, and in less than ten minutes succeeded in extinguishing the fire by buckets of water handed by Brooks to Dr. Kane and Ohlsen, who rushed unto the burning deck. The noxious gas at first greatly oppressed them, but the steam from the first bucketful of water that was dashed on the burning coal gave them instant relief. The fire had arisen from a barrel of charcoal, but how it had been ignited they never discovered. The exclusion of atmospheric air, and the dense carbonic acid gas round the fire, saved the ship.

Anxious about the depot party, who had been absent twenty days, and whose stock of provisions must have been low, Dr. Kane, accompanied by Mr. Blake, set out on the 10th October with a sledge and four Newfoundlands, laden with supplies. Repeated fissures in the broken-up ice interrupted their progress. The dogs began to flag. Three times the hinder ones tumbled into fissures; and the two travellers, who had trotted along the sledge for sixteen miles, were as tired as the dogs. They therefore made for the old ice to seaward; but just as they were nearing it, the dogs failed in leaping a chasm, and sledge, dogs, and men, tumbled into the water. The traces were cut, the dogs hauled out, and the sledge, floated by the air, confined in the India rubber coverings of the cooking apparatus, was after many fruitless struggles carried forward by the dogs. After a journey of five days, in which they averaged twenty miles a day,

and slept in the same tent with their dogs to keep them warm, they saw afar off a dark object in the snow, which turned out to be their friends. Though they were upon the whole in good condition, every one of them had been injured by the cold; but though noses, fingers, and toes had suffered, the hot soup, coffee, and beef, which their friends had brought, speedily restored them.

During this *dépôt* journey, the party discovered the remains of five Esquimaux huts, of a larger and better kind than they had previously seen; and they encountered the usual difficulties of crossing fissures, wading through broken ice, and surmounting bergs, and the usual hardships of cold, hunger, thirst, and want of sleep. At one time their sledge went down through the weak ice, at another, they were obliged to divide the load, and transport half of it at a time. Now, it had to be dug out of the drifted snow; and then, with their stockings frozen to the soles of their feet, and their legs cramped, and their fingers pinched with cold, they could hardly draw it over the increasing obstructions of the way. On the evening of the 5th October they had encamped under the lee of some large icebergs, and within hearing of the grand artillery of the great glacier of Humboldt, which they had approached ten days before. The floe on which they had pitched their tent consisted of recent ice, and the party, who were too tired to seek a safer resting-place, had hardly gone to sleep, when, with a crack like that of a gigantic whip, the ice opened directly beneath them. Thus roused, in intense darkness and biting cold, they gathered together their tent and sleeping-furs, lashed them upon a sledge, and rushed from the rocking platform which bore them, amid the repeated detonations of the bursting ice. Selecting a flat piece of ice, they placed their sledge upon it, and with the help of tent-poles and cooking-utensils, they paddled to the old and firm ice which clung to the bases of the nearest icebergs. On an island, bearing the name of M'Gary, the second officer of the expedition, the party buried 670 lbs. of pemmican, and 140 lbs. of Borden's meat-biscuits, indicating the site by a cairn, thirty paces off.

In a winter of 140 sunless days, and threatening to be one of unusual severity, it became necessary to devise schemes for beguiling its "monotonous solitude." A

fancy ball, and an Arctic newspaper, called "The Iceblink," with the motto, *IN TENEBRIS SERVARE FIDEM*, and a vignette, representing a ship in full sail between two black and sunless shores, were among their measures of occupation and amusement. The articles in the "Iceblink" were composed by authors of every "nautical grade," and some of the best from the fore-castle.\* A more healthful sport, in the form of a fox-chase, was invented by Dr. Kane. He offered a Guernsey shirt to the man who should make the longest run as "fox," performing a given circuit between galley and capstan, all hands pursuing him, and a halt being called to blow every four minutes. Each of the crew performed the part of "fox;" but William Godfrey, who maintained the chase for fourteen minutes carried off the prize. We have mentioned this little incident as one in the career of Godfrey, whom our readers will meet again in a very different character.

The last vestige of mid-day twilight had disappeared on the 15th December. They could hardly see print, or even paper, and the fingers could not be counted a foot from the eye. Noonday and midnight were alike, and a vague glimmer along the outline of the southern hills was the only indication that the universe had a sun. The influence of this long and intense darkness was depressing to the crew; and even the dogs, though born within the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it. When Dr. Kane stumbled upon them in the dark, they would put their cold noses upon his hand, and "commence the most exuberant antics of satisfaction." They howled at any accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon; and since neither instinct nor sensation could give them any knowledge of the passing hour, or any explanation of the long-lost light, Dr. Kane believed that the strange disease, to which we have already referred, was a mental affection originating in darkness, and therefore benevolently resolved to let them see the lanterns more frequently.

In the observatory—which was an ice-house of the coldest description—neither fires, nor buffalo robes, nor investing sail-cloth could raise its temperature to the

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\* Dr. Kane tells us that he has transferred a few of them to his Appendix, but none of them have been given.



freezing-point, and there was no snow to surround it as a non-conductor. About the middle of January the cold became very intense. On the 17th it was  $49^{\circ}$ , and on the 20th from  $64^{\circ}$  to  $67^{\circ}$ , at the observatory. On the 5th of February, the thermometer stood at from  $60^{\circ}$  to  $75^{\circ}$ , and on the taffrail of the ship, a "reliable instrument" indicated  $65^{\circ}$ . The reduced mean of their best standard spirit thermometers was  $67^{\circ}$ , or  $99^{\circ}$  below the freezing-point of water. At such low temperatures chloric ether became solid, and chloroform was covered with a granular pellicle. Spirit of naphtha froze at  $54^{\circ}$ , oil of sassafras at  $49^{\circ}$ , and oil of wintergreen at  $64^{\circ}$ . The exposed or partially-clad parts of the body were invested with a wreath of vapor exhaled from the skin. The inspired air was pungent, though breathed with compressed lips; but the painful sensation mentioned by Siberian travellers was not experienced. Among the other productions of the intense cold, was the new condition of the "ice-foot" or ice-belt, which Dr. Kane describes as "the most wonderful and unique characteristic of their high northern position." When he formerly saw it, it was an investing zone of ice coping the margin of the floe; but the diurnal accumulations by tides thirteen feet high, and by severe frosts, had turned it into a bristling wall, nearly twenty-one feet high. Thus rising and falling daily, its fragments have been tossed in every possible direction, "rearing up, in fantastic equilibrium, surging in long inclined planes, dipping into dark valleys, and piling into contorted hills, often high above the ice-foot." When the daylight enabled them to see the result of these changes, they found the ice-belt sixty-five feet in mean width, twenty-four feet in solid thickness; the second, or appended ice, thirty-eight feet and the third, thirty-four feet wide—all these three ridges consisting of immense ice-tables, "serried like the granite blocks of a rampart, and investing the rocks with a triple circumvallation."

On the 21st of February the sun had returned. Dr. Kane started off to be first to enjoy the sight. On the summits of a projecting crag "he nestled" in his beams, as if "bathing in perfumed water." On the last day of February the sun gilded their deck, and the month of March brought them back perpetual day. The great object of the expedition now

occupied Dr. Kane's attention, and preparations were made for their northern journey. An advance party set off on the 19th March to deposit a relief cargo of provisions at the distance of ten days' journey from the brig. They had been out ten days, and the cold had been so severe (averaging  $27^{\circ}$ ) that their return was expected with some anxiety. On the 31st, towards midnight, the noise of steps was heard, and instantly Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen, entered the cabin, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. They had left four of their companions on the ice, lying frozen and disabled in order to bring back the news. A heavy gale from the north had broken upon the party, and the snow was drifting heavily around them. Tom Hicky, an Irishman, generously remained to feed and attend them. In this emergency Dr. Kane saw that every moment was precious, and, with his usual energy, set off with a relief party of nine, taking with him the almost dying Ohlsen, as the only person who could guide them to the locality of the sufferers. He was sewed up in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog skins, and strapped on a small sledge, which they dragged after them. As soon as they began to move, Ohlsen, who had been fifty hours without rest, fell asleep, and awoke with unequivocal symptoms of mental alienation. He had lost the bearings of the icebergs, and there was no longer any hope of local landmarks. The sledge was therefore abandoned, and the parties dispersed in search of foot-prints. The fear of separation, however, brought them back into groups, and whether from shattered nerves, or the action of the cold, the men were singularly affected. Two of the strongest were seized with trembling fits and short breath, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Having been nearly eighteen hours without food or water, the appearance of a sledge track raised their hopes. Footprints at last appeared, and brought them in view of a small American flag fluttering on a hummock; it marked the camp of their disabled companions. Dr. Kane crawled into the tent almost covered with snow, and "coming upon the darkness heard the burst of welcome gladness from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs." . . . "They had expected me: they were sure I would come."

The thermometer stood at  $75^{\circ}$  below .



the freezing point. They were now fifteen souls, and with a tent which could hold only eight, one half kept themselves from freezing by walking outside, while the other half slept within. After each had got two hours sleep, they prepared for a journey of fifty hours. The sick were carefully sewed up in rein-deer skins, and placed in a half-reclining posture, on a bed of doubled-up buffalo bags. Thus embaled among skins and blankets, they were lashed to the sledge by frost-bitten fingers, and repeating a brief prayer, the party set out on their retreat. Nowwithstanding its weight of 1100 lbs., and the rough paths it had to traverse, the sledge performed its part well, and the men dragged it nobly along, till they were within nine miles of the tent which they had left the day before. At this time they were all suddenly seized with an alarming failure of their energies. Two of the stoutest begged permission to sleep; another was nearly stiff under a drift; a third stood bolt upright, with his eyes closed, and hardly able to articulate; a fourth threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. None of them complained of cold. It was in vain that Dr. Kane "wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded." It became necessary to halt. The tent was pitched: their hands could not strike a fire. Their whisky had frozen beneath all the men's coverings, and they were obliged to dispense with food or water. In this emergency the sick, and as many as it would hold, were crammed into the tent, and Dr. Kane with William Godfrey, who volunteered to accompany him, set off to the half-way tent to thaw some ice and pemmican before the rest arrived on foot. They kept themselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; but neither of them was in his right senses, though they both remembered seeing a bear treating very unceremoniously their tent, and what it contained. On reaching it, they found their buffalo robes and pemmican in the snow; crept into the rein-deer sleeping-bags without speaking, and had an intense sleep of three hours. When Dr. Kane awoke, a mass of his beard was frozen to the buffalo skin, and Godfrey was obliged to cut him out with his jack-knife. The rest of the party having arrived, and received such refreshments as could be given, they again set out on their dreary journey.

Their strength again failed them. Obligated to eat snow, their mouths swelled, and were unable to articulate. An involuntary sleep again overtook them; they fell half sleeping on the snow. Dr. Kane made Riley wake him at the end of every three minutes, and he felt such benefit from the experiment that he timed the men in the same way. Seated on the runners of the sledge, they fell asleep instantly, and were forced awake when the three minutes were expired. Invigorated by brandy, served out in table-spoonfulls, and dragging the wounded men instinctively behind them, they reached the ship in a state of debility and delirium. A generous diet, however, morphine and friction, restored several of the party. One was afflicted with blindness; two others had part of their feet amputated; and two valuable lives, those of Jefferson Baker and Peter Schubert, were sacrificed in this disastrous journey; the one from locked-jaw, and the other from erisypelas around his amputated stump.

On the 7th of April, when they were watching the death-bed of Baker, a large party of Esquimaux, with fifty-six fine dogs, visited the ship. They carried knives in their boots; but having left their lances lashed to the sledges, it was obvious that they came with pacific intentions. Dr. Kane treated them with hospitality, and kept them all night on board, eating and sleeping, and sleeping and eating, till they were satisfied. With needles, and beads, and cask staves, Dr. Kane purchased their spare walrus meat, and four of their best dogs. After they had left the ship, axes, saws, and knives were missed. They had even broken into the storehouse at Butler Island, and one of the most venerable of the party contrived to cut to pieces the India-rubber boat, and carry off every particle of the wood.

The month of April being about to close, Dr. Kane made preparations for the "crowning expedition of the campaign,"—to follow the icebelt to the great glacier of Humboldt,—to attain the Ultima Thule of the Greenland shore, and search "round the farthest circle of the ice for an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond." An advance party under M'Gary set out on the 25th April, with a few stores; and on the 27th, Dr. Kane and Godfrey followed, and overtook them. With some difficulty they nearly reached the foot of the great Humboldt

glacier, but unexpected calamities here befell them. The winter's scurvy reappeared. The fatigue of working through an excessive snow deposit brought on dropsical swellings. Snow-blindness attacked three of the party, and other two were pronounced unfit for service. The bears had lifted the strong blocks which covered their pemmican, and broke into chips the iron casks which contained it, as well as the cask which contained their alcohol. To crown these disasters, Dr. Kane was attacked with a combination of scurvy and typhoid fever, which threatened his life, and compelled him to return.

As soon as Dr. Kane was able, he matured an expedition across Smith's Straits, to the north and east of the Cape Sabine of Captain Inglefield. Dr. Hayes and William Godfrey accordingly set off on the 20th May, with a good sledge, and the dogs in excellent condition, to fix the position of the Cape, and connect it with the newly-discovered coast-line to the north and east. After encountering the usual hardships, they crossed the Sound, but had great difficulty in reaching the land. Dr. Hayes was attacked with snow-blindness on the 22d. Seven days' provisions out of ten were exhausted. The harness lines of the dogs were continually breaking, and to replace them they had to resort to strips cut from the waistbands and legs of their seal-skin pantaloons; and in addition to these calamities, Godfrey was seized with cramp. They surmounted, however, these difficulties, and added about two hundred miles of new coast-line to the chart north of Cape Sabine. They returned on the 1st of June, after twelve days' absence, the dogs having travelled no less than 400 miles. When the food for the dogs was exhausted, Dr. Hayes cut a pair of old Esquimaux boots into strips, and mixing them with a little of the lard for his lamp, obtained for them a hearty meal.

Dr. Kane now proceeded to organize his main expedition—"his last throw"—about the success of which he was intensely anxious. Morton, with M'Gary and Bonsall, who were to conduct it, set out on the 4th of June, and they were joined on the 16th by Hans, with the dog-sledge. Messrs. M'Gary and Bonsall were to explore the eastern coast of Smith's Sound, and the great glacier which terminates it; and Morton was to examine the coast to the north of it, when joined by Hans.

Upon arriving at the final cache, where provisions had been deposited, and on which Dr. Kane had relied so much, M'Gary and Bonsall found that the bears had appropriated them all, devouring the flag even to the staff, and tying up into hard knots the India-rubber cloth which they were unable to masticate. They found the bear-tracks numerous and recent; and one night when asleep in their tent, they were suddenly surprised by a visit from a bear. M'Gary, awakened by the scratching of snow near his head, aroused his friends; but there was not a gun within reach. Walking leisurely round the tent, the bear at last thrust his head inside, and though assailed with burning matches, he refused to withdraw. M'Gary rushed out through a hole which he cut in the tent, struck him on the nose with a boat-hook, and got hold of a rifle, with which he was shot. With blistered faces, and half blind with the snow, the party reached the great glacier on the 16th of June; but though provided with apparatus, they found it impossible to scale this stupendous mass. Ice bergs, and berg ice, and hummocks, prevented their approach to it, and they could only examine it from an island which was about 250 feet high—as high as the perpendicular face of the glacier. From this point of view a sheet of ice, about twenty or thirty feet thick, seems to have covered the land in a succession of ridges and knolls. Above its vertical face it is split into parallel cracks and corresponding indentations, forming a series of steps, sometimes horizontal, but generally following the inclinations of the ground, and extending back to where the glacier becomes almost level, having only an ascent of a few feet in the mile, until it attains an apparent altitude of 600 or 700 feet. The descending motion of the general mass is indicated by deep muttered sounds, and crashes resembling distant cannon or sharp thunder. In descending, it pushes forward long flakes, till their weight overcomes the tenacity of the ice, and precipitates them to its base, from which they are forced forwards by succeeding masses, till reaching a depth of water sufficient to float them, they are carried off by currents into the sea. Having executed their commission, our travellers returned on the 18th June, and reached the brig on the 26th, M'Gary being entirely blind from the snow.

Morton, who had, according to his in-

structions, husbanded his strength while with M'Gary and Bonsall, left them on the 18th, and, along with Hans in the dog-sledge, travelled in a line parallel with the glacier, and at a distance from it of five or six miles. On the 21st they found themselves travelling on weak and rotten ice, and in the neighborhood of open water, and on the same day they reached Cape Andrew Jackson, and saw at the same time Cape Barrow on the opposite shore of the Sound. Beyond the Cape a low country opened to them, and enabled them to travel at the rate of six miles an hour. The ice was here entirely broken up; the channel was navigable for vessels of any size, and everywhere they found flocks of geese, eider duck, and dovebies. During their journey of fifty miles on the 22d, the opposite or western shore ran apparently in a straight line, interrupted only by two bays. The channel seemed to be about thirty-five miles wide, the coast high, and the mountains in the form of a sugar-loaf, extending far back into the interior, and set together in ranges like piles of stacked cannon-balls.

After a sharp battle with a bear, who fought nobly, but in vain, with her cub in her arms, and finding the runner of an Esquimaux sledge, skillfully worked in whale-bone, they tried to reach a cape which they had seen the day before, having on the north side of it a bay, and an island opposite to it. This, however, he found to be impossible. Perpendicular cliffs, 2000 feet high, rising from the sea, prevented him from advancing a single step; and he contented himself with ascending a knob 500 feet high, from which he saw an open sea, as far as he could discern. He could not imagine what became of the ice. He observed only narrow stripes, with open spaces of water between them, from ten to fifteen miles wide, and he concluded that the ice must either dissolve, or go to an open space in the north. The bay which he saw on the 23d, was called by Dr. Kane Lafayette's Bay. To the opposite island, which turned out to be two, he gave the names of Franklin and Crozier; and to the cape which terminated his view, he gave the name of Cape Constitution, situated in latitude  $81^{\circ} 22'$ . From the summit of the rocky knob he traced the opposite coast for about fifty miles, and he remarked in the farthest distance a peak, truncated at its top, like the cliffs of Magdalena Bay. It was bare at its summit, but striated

vertically, with protruding ridges. Its height was estimated at between 2500 and 3000 feet. To this peak—the most distant northern land yet seen upon the globe—he gave the name of Parry, as “the great pioneer of Arctic travel.” The range of mountains with which this peak was connected was considered by Mr. Morton to be much higher than any on the Greenland side of the bay. Dr. Kane has called them the Victoria and Albert Mountains, and to the country around them, he has given the name of Grinnell Land.

Thus terminated the northern search of the second Grinnell expedition. Mr. Morton returned on the 25th June, and reached the brig on the 5th of July. He found Dr. Kane deeply occupied with schemes of relief. The time was already past when travelling on the ice was considered practicable, and the party had neither fuel nor provisions for another Arctic winter. The dishonour of abandoning his vessel, and the difficulty of carrying along with him his sick and newly-amputated men to Upernavik or Beechy Island, their only seats of refuge, induced him to remain at his post. He resolved, however, to examine the ice-field himself, and after a sixty miles' journey for this purpose, he was convinced of the impossibility of escaping in open boats at this season of the year. In this emergency he resolved to attempt a journey to Beechy Island, where he might find Sir Edward Belcher, or reach the stores of the “North Star” at Wolstenholme Islands, or meet some passing vessel that might relieve them. His officers approved of the scheme, and on the 13th, along with five picked men, he set off in his boat, “The Forlorn Hope.” In this hazardous adventure they encountered a storm of unusual severity, and were repeatedly raised out of the water by nips from the accumulating ice. At Hakluyt Island they were obliged to rest and renew their stock of provisions, and again spreading their canvas, they were arrested by the pack at the south point of Northumberland Island. They still persevered, however, but when they were within ten miles of Cape Parry, they encountered a solid mass of ice, stretching to the farthest horizon, and seeing no chance of accomplishing his object, Dr. Kane reluctantly gave orders for their return to the brig.

Upon reaching the brig on the 6th of



August, and rejoining their shipmates, the repeated examination of the state of the ice became an interesting occupation. Hopes of liberating the ship and escaping southward were daily cherished and daily disappointed. Dr. Kane announced to his comrades his own resolution to remain another winter; but he at the same time offered to give permission to those who desired it to leave the vessel and hazard a journey to the south. Eight of the seventeen survivors resolved to remain, and the other eight, with Petersen and Godfrey at their head, supplied with one half of their stores and means of travelling, left the ship on the 28th of August. One of them, George Riley, returned in a few days, but the rest were not heard of for many weary months.

The preparations for a second winter now occupied Dr. Kane's attention. He resolved to imitate the Esquimaux in the form of their habitations, and in the peculiarities of their diet. A single apartment was "bulk-headed off amidships," as a dormitory and sitting-room for the entire party, and surrounded with an envelope of moss cut from the frozen cliffs. The deck was covered with a similar casing, and a small moss-lined tunnelled passage with curtains (the *tossut* of the Esquimaux) was constructed as an entrance from below. They burned lamps for heat, dressed in fox-skin clothing, and obtained their scanty supplies of food by means of regular hunting parties.

During Dr. Kane's attempted visit to Beechy Island, his shipmates had frequent intercourse with the Esquimaux, whose nearest winter settlement was about seventy-five miles by dog journey from the brig, but he himself had never seen them, till at the time of Petersen's departure, three of them appeared as if to examine their condition and resources. Though rather over-bearing, Dr. Kane treated them kindly, but they repaid his liberality by stealing not only the copper lamp, boiler, and cooking basin which had been lent to them to cook their meal, but also one of his best dogs; and it was afterwards found that they had appropriated the buffalo robes and India rubber cloth which had been left at the ice-foot. Morton and Riley were dispatched to Anatook in search of the thieves. They found the buffalo robes already tailored into kapetahs on the backs of the women, and upon searching the huts at Etah, they

recovered the cooking utensils, and many articles of greater or less value which had not been missed. The woman were instantly stripped and tied, and after being laden with the stolen goods, and as much walrus beef from their own stores as would pay for their board, they were marched thirty miles to the brig. Within twenty-four hours from the time they left the brig with their plunder, they were prisoners in its hold, with a white man as their jailor. Myouk was dispatched to their headman, Metek, with a message, calling upon him to negotiate the ransom of the prisoners, who remained five long days sighing, and crying, and eating voraciously. Metek at last appeared with another chief Ootuniah, and bringing a sledge-load of knives, tin-cups, etc., pieces of wood, and scraps of iron, which their people had succeeded in purloining. A treaty of peace was proposed and agreed to. The Esquimaux pledged themselves to steal no more, to bring fresh meat, to sell or lend dogs, and to assist in hunting. The white men promised to visit the Esquimaux neither with death nor sorcery, to welcome them on shipboard, and to give them needles, pins, knives, awls, sewing thread, pieces of wood, and fat, in exchange for walrus and fresh meat. This treaty was never broken. A common interest united the parties: they visited each other, hunted together, and on many occasions were mutual benefactors. The departure of the white men was even mourned, and Dr. Kane tells us that he was satisfied of this when he heard from his brother John, who came to Etah with the Rescue Expedition, of his meeting with Myouk, Metek, and Ootuniah, and of the affectionate confidence with which the maimed and sick invited his professional aid as the representative of the elder "Docto Kayen."

The principal occupations of our travelers during the winter were those which were necessary to supply them with food, and the four last chapters of Dr. Kane's first volume are occupied principally with notices of the Esquimaux, accounts of bear and walrus hunts, and of the various disasters and sufferings which these occupations entailed. An event, however, of a higher interest occurred on the 7th of December; the news of five Esquimaux sledges, with teams of six dogs each, summoned Dr. Kane to the deck. They were the bearers of Petersen and Bonsall, two



of the eight that had quitted the brig on the 28th of August. They had left the other five 200 miles off, without provisions, dispirited, and divided in their counsels. Supplies were immediately dispatched to them by the Esquimaux escort, and little Myouk was left as a hostage to ensure the delivery of the packages. On the 12th December the cry of "Esquimaux again," roused Dr. Kane at three in the morning. Upon reaching the deck, he saw a group of human figures in the hooded jumpers of the natives; one of them grasped his hand; it was Dr. Hayes with the rest of his party.

They had travelled 350 miles, and their last seventy miles from the bay near Etah was through hummocks at the appalling temperature of  $-50^{\circ}$ . For more than two months they had subsisted on frozen seal and walrus meat. The Esquimaux had driven them at flying speed. Every hut welcomed them as they halted, and the women spontaneously dried and chafed their cold and exhausted guests.

In performing this act of humanity the Esquimaux had another object in view. Some of the foot-worn absentees, while resting at Kalutunah's tent, had appropriated certain fox-skins, boots, and sledges, which their condition seemed to require. The Esquimaux complained of the theft, and Dr. Kane, after a careful inquiry into the case, decided in their favor. He gave to each five needles, a file, and a stick of wood, and knives and other extras to Kalutunah and Shanghu, and after regaling them with a hearty supper, he returned the stolen goods, and tried to make them believe that his people did not steal, but *only took the articles to save their lives!* In imitation of this Arctic morality, the natives, on their departure, carried off a few knives and forks, which they deemed as essential to their happiness as the fox-dresses were to the white men.

After an alarming fire on the 23d December, which had nearly destroyed the brig and everything it contained, and after a Christmas as merry as pork and beans could make it, Dr. Kane and Petersen set out next day on an expedition to the Esquimaux, to obtain food for themselves and the dogs, which had been dying in great numbers. The severe cold, after three days' exposure, baffled them in this attempt, and we have mentioned it only to record a remarkable optical pheno-

menon which they observed. Being desirous of obtaining a light when it was intensely dark, Dr. Kane directed Petersen to strike fire with a pocket pistol. Some delay taking place, Dr. Kane groped for the pistol himself, and in doing this touched Petersen's hand. "At that instant the pistol became distinctly visible! A pale bluish light, slightly tremulous, but not broken, covered the metallic parts of it, the barrel, lock, and trigger. The stock, too, was clearly discernible, as if by the reflected light, and to the amazement of both of us, then the thumb and two fingers with which Petersen was holding it, the creases, wrinkles, and circuit of the nails clearly defined upon the skin. The phosphorescence was not unlike the infectual fire of the glow-worm. As I took the pistol, my hand became illuminated also, and so did the powder-rubbed paper, when I raised it against the muzzle. Our fur clothing and the state of the atmosphere may refer this phenomenon plausibly to our electrical condition."

The winter of 1855 had now arrived in all its darkness and severity. Expeditions were sent out in different directions to procure food, but they were generally unsuccessful. Two rabbits, which yielded them a pint of raw blood, was all that they could obtain even before the first week of February. They had only one bottle of brandy left, and their store of pitch-pine was so nearly exhausted, that they were obliged to use for fuel their tar-laid hemp hawsers. Disease, the offspring of cold, fatigue, and unwholesome food, added itself to their misfortunes, and towards the close of February, "the sickness of a single additional man would have left them without fire." The returning sun, however, to them almost an object of worship, brought with it both food and resignation. A noble reindeer was the unexpected guest, but it furnished them only with one meal, having on the second day become uneatable from putrefaction.\* In the second week of March, Hans returned from the Esquimaux at Etah with supplies of fresh walrus, but

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\* This change is very remarkable at a temperature of thirty-five degrees below zero. The Greenlanders consider extreme cold as favorable to putrefaction. The Esquimaux withdraw the viscera immediately after death, and fill the cavity with stones. Dr. Kane was told that the musk ox is sometimes tainted after five minutes' exposure to great cold.

although it promised a few meals to the sick, it was but a temporary relief, which left them cheerless and despairing. They had consumed their last Manilla hawsers, and had begun to burn the outside casing of their ship. Dr. Kane and Bonsall were now the only able men to perform the various duties of doctor, nurse, cook, scullion, and wood-cutter.

In this emergency an event occurred of so serious a nature, that if in one of its results it threatened evil to the expedition, in another it might have justly withdrawn from it that high protection which they daily sought. On Sunday the 18th of March, it is recorded in Dr. Kane's journal that he has on board "a couple of men (William Godfrey and John Blake) whose former history he would like to know—bad fellows, both of them, but daring, energetic and strong." He had reason to think that they contemplated desertion and escape to the Esquimaux—an act doubtless of trivial delinquency, when we consider that these two men and six others were formerly allowed to withdraw with half the stores of the expedition, and that Dr. Kane took credit for receiving them back again, though an encumbrance to his party. Dr. Kane, however, viewed the act through the eyes of his imagination. He conjectured that the intention of the deserters was "to rob Hans of his sledge and dogs, and proceed southward." The men were watched, handcuffed, and after protestations of better behaviour they returned to their duties. An hour after, Godfrey escaped, and Blake remained true to his post.

Hans had now been many weeks absent, and Dr. Kane, anxious for his return, set out in search of him. Hans is found. Godfrey had urged him to drive off with him to the south, "and so to leave the expedition sledgeless;" but upon Hans's refusal, Godfrey consented to take a sledge-load of fresh meat to the brig! On the morning of the 2d April, Bonsall "reported a man about a mile from the brig, apparently lurking at the ice-foot." Dr. Kane and Bonsall went forward, and discovered their dog-sledge with a cargo of walrus meat, which was brought by Godfrey, and was "such a godsend," that Dr. Kane declares, "one may forgive the man in consideration of the good which he has done them all." Godfrey advanced to meet Dr. Kane, and told him that he had resolved to spend the rest of his life

with the Esquimaux, and that neither persuasion nor force would prevent him. After forcing him back to the gangway of the brig, by presenting a pistol, and leaving him under Bonsall's charge, Dr. Kane went on board for irons, but he had hardly reached the deck when Godfrey "turned to run." Bonsall discharged his pistol at him, which "failed at the cap." Dr. Kane "jumped at once to the gun-stand;" his first rifle went off in the act of cocking, and the second, aimed in haste at a long *but practicable* distance, missed the fugitive. "He made good his escape before we could lay hold of another weapon."

This attempt to take the life of William Godfrey, which no law, human or divine, can justify, was, fortunately for Dr. Kane, over-ruled. When, in a former Arctic expedition, its leader shot a ferocious Indian of his party, the world viewed it as an act of stern necessity and personal safety; but Godfrey was neither a madman nor an enemy. He approached the brig to intimate his resolution to live with the Esquimaux; as if to claim a friendly acquiescence, he brought with him a load of food, without which his shipmates might have perished. Were we disposed to argue this question at the bar of our readers, we would say that the previous permission, which was offered and accepted, to withdraw with half the crew, had dissolved the original obligation; but no argument is required. Dr. Kane tells us, "that the daily work went on better in Godfrey's absence, and that the ship seemed better when purged by his desertion; but thinking the example diastrous, he resolved, cost what it might, to have him back." A month had nearly elapsed, when a report arose that Godfrey was at Etah with the Esquimaux; and the moment Dr. Kane heard it, he resolved "that he should return to the ship." He accordingly set off to Etah, caught him by a stratagem, and brought him "a prisoner to the brig." A prisoner, indeed! Dr. Kane had been without food in his man-hunt of *eighty* miles; and when the filth of the walrus steaks, offered him by an Esquimaux, "rendered it impossible for him to eat them," William Godfrey, who must then have been at large, administered to his wants by "bringing to him a handful of frozen liver-nuts." This "strong and healthy man," too, neither hand-cuffed, nor foot-cuffed, ran peace-

ably by his captor's chariot, and during the future toils and trials of the expedition, we find him placed in situations of trust, and performing all the duties of his place.

We have presented this singular story fully to our readers. It is pregnant with instruction; and if it is not fitted to "adorn our tale," we may use it to "point a moral," touching a theme of duty which, however deeply engraven on the tables of Christianity, has not yet been apprehended by the Christian community. The chief of an expedition, apprehensive of inconvenience to his party from the desertion of an individual, demands the forfeit of his life. His rifles miss their victim, and the poor fugitive returns, the future benefactor and friend of his shipmates! Is not this the true type of what the Christian tolerates as defensive war—a type instructive in its individuality, and more instructive still in its results. A monarch, like an expedition chief, takes offense at an act of real or supposed aggression. He assumes that the safety of his throne demands retaliation. His armies march into the field, and his ships quit their moorings. His subjects become pirates; and passion and self-interest, under the guise of patriotism, rush with their fiery cross into peaceful and happy communities, and hurry into eternity millions of souls unshriven, and unfit to die.

Is it not strange that the problem of settling without blood the quarrels of nations, is to be the last which human genius can solve? That proud reason, which has conquered space, and explored the depths of earth and heaven—has it declared the problem to be indeterminate? The time is but brief since slavery and the duel were pronounced necessary and incurable. England has trampled both under foot; and were Governments to offer a premium for the abolition of war, and Bishops, with spiritual gifts, to preach its necessity, and holy priests to urge it in their daily homilies, they would pluck from the penal settlements of another world the million brands who are the counsellors of war, and the tens of thousands who are its victims.

The last week of April, 1854, were spent in hunting-parties in search of food, and in visits to the Esquimaux, whose manners and customs Dr. Kane had excellent opportunities of studying. Etah, their

settlement, consisted of two huts and four families, marked by two black spots upon a snow-drift inclined about 45° to the horizon. Their habits are so filthy, that Dr. Kane cannot transfer to his pages the details which he observed. Previous to the arrival of the Lutheran and Moravian missionaries, murder, incest, infanticide, and the burial of the living were not counted as crimes; but the labors of these good men have been so far successful, that almost all the Esquimaux are professed Christians, and the influence of sacred truth has been exhibited in a higher morality. Hospitality is universal, and the humble meal of the hunter is ever at the service of his guest. At a distance from missionary stations, the dark art is still practised by the Angekoks, the dispensers of good, and the Issiutok, or evil men, who deal in injurious spells and enchantments; and the traditionary superstitions of former times are still maintained. Justice is administered by the Angekoks, who summon the public to a court called an Innapok, and when both parties have been heard, the question is decided.

After making preparations for their escape, converting the wood of the brig into sledges, and getting their boats ready, Dr. Kane conceived the idea of examining the shores beyond Kennedy Channel, accompanied by a party of Esquimaux. He had only four dogs, whereas the Esquimaux had thirty, sixteen of which were picketed on the ice near the brig. He accordingly set out on the 24th, with Kalutunah, Shanghu, and Tatterat, with their three sledges, accompanied by Hans and his Marston rifle. After making some progress, they were stopped by a number of bears, which dogs and drivers irresistibly pursued; but they reached the neighborhood of the great glacier of Humboldt, which Dr. Kane examined from a high berg. He observed, and has given a drawing of, its escalated structure. The height of the ice-wall which abutted against the sea, was about 300 feet, and its frozen masses were similar in structure to the Alpine and Norwegian ice growths, indicating the motion and descent of a viscous mass, as maintained by Professor Forbes. To the Cape which flanks it on the south, he gave the name of Aggassiz, and to the Cape at its northern extremity that of Forbes. On the return of the party from what was



more a series of bear-hunts than a journey of discovery, the landed at the lofty headland of Cape Kent, and visited in Dallas Bay a group of five Esquimaux huts, standing high upon a set of shingle-terraces. Bone-knives were found in the graves which were farther up the fiord, and also bones of the seal, walrus, and whale.

Although the time had arrived when the expedition ought to leave the brig and trust their fortune to the floes, yet Dr. Kane determined to make another attempt to visit the farther shores of the channel. Morton and he accordingly set out with the light sledge, and two borrowed dogs to their team. The course that they prepared to take was by the middle ice, through which they struggled manfully to force their way. The only result, however, of the trip, was a series of observations, which served to verify and complete the charts. After days and nights of adventurous exposure and recurring disasters, they returned to the brig, Morton broken down, and Dr. Kane just adequate to the duty of superintending his final departure.

After laborious and very complete preparations for their escape, the details of which occupy a whole chapter, the party quitted the brig on the 20th of May, with thirty-six days' provisions for the sixteen men who composed it. The sick was obliged to rest at Anoatok, where they improved greatly in health, while Dr. Kane brought them supplies more than once from the brig. They were gradually brought down to the boats, as some of them got well enough to be useful. Although Dr. Kane had carried his collections of natural history to Anoatok, yet he was obliged to abandon them, as well as his library, and many valuable instruments, being able to preserve only the documents of the expedition.

In the first eight days, they had travelled only fifteen miles from the ship; and even when their difficulties had diminished, their real progress never exceeded seven and a half miles a day, though to accomplish this, they had travelled a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. In their progress southward, they neared Littleton Island, where they lost acting carpenter Ohlsen, whom they buried on the island opposite a cape which bears his name. From this stage of their journey till they reached open water, near Cape Alexander, they

enjoyed the friendly assistance of the Etah Esquimaux, who brought them daily supplies of birds, assisted them in carrying their provisions and stores, and in the kindest manner, and with the most perfect honesty, ministered to all their necessities. The expedition parted with their friends on the 18th June, after having transported their boats over eighty-one miles of unbroken ice, and walked 316 miles in thirty-one days. The men, women, and children of Etah, had also travelled over the ice to bid them good-by, and the parting on both sides was not without emotion. After a day's sail in open water, to a point ten miles northwest of Hakluyt Island, they continued their journey by alternate movements over ice and water, a process so arduous, that from the 20th of June to the 6th of July they had advanced only 100 miles.

In their progress southward, they relied principally on their guns for food, sometimes suffering from the want of game, and sometimes copiously supplied with it. At Dalrymple Island, they found abundance of eggs of the eider duck; and when their stock of provisions were nearly exhausted at Cape Dudley Digges, they found the cliffs teeming with animal life. They therefore dried upon the rocks as much (about 200 lbs.) of the fowl which they found there, as served them, during their transit of Melville Bay, till they reached Cape York on the 21st July. The coast which they had just passed seemed to Dr. Kane to have been a favorite residence of the natives—a sort of Esquimaux Eden. Wherever they encamped, they found ruins overgrown with lichens. In one of these, in lat.  $75^{\circ} 20'$ , which must have been an extensive village, cairns for holding their meat were arranged in long lines, six or eight to a group, and the huts constructed with large rocks, faced each other as if disposed in a street.

As far north as Upernavik, Dr. Kane had observed proofs of the depression of the Greenland coast, and he considered it as going on here. Some of the huts were washed by the sea, or torn away by the ice that descended with the tides. The turf, too, he remarks, a representative of very ancient growth, was cut off even with the water's edge, giving sections two feet thick, and indicating unmistakeably the depression of this coast. He had observed its converse elevation to the north



of Wolstenholme Sound; and he supposes that the axis of oscillation must be somewhere near the latitude of 77°.

After traversing Melville Bay, along the margin of the land ice, and following the open drift as the quickest, though most hazardous course, they reached the north coast of Greenland, near Horse's Head, on the 3d of August, and following from thence the inside passage, they arrived at Upernavik on the 6th, eighty-three days after leaving the "Advance." The European news, of more than two years' growth, at once gratified and startled them. The details of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, the fate of Dr. Kane's gallant friend and comrade, M. Bellot, and the traces of the dead nearly a thousand miles south of where they were searching for them, had a peculiar interest. The intelligence of a steamer and a barque having passed up Baffin's Bay, a fortnight before, to search for themselves, was more affecting still; and when Dr. Kane heard of the Crimean War, "he thought it a sort of blunder that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church."

The Danish authorities at Upernavik received the expedition with their usual kindness. A loft was fitted up for their reception, and though personally inconvenient to themselves, owing to their own supplies coming to them annually, the Danes shared their stores with them in the most liberal manner. On the 6th, they left Upernavik, on board the Danish brig "Marianne," Captain Ammansden, who promised to land them at the Shetland Isles, on his way to Copenhagen, but having occasion to touch for a few days at Disco, they were met by the vessels under Captain Harstene,\* that had been sent out

\* Captain Harstene has just left England, after delivering to the Queen, as a present from the American Government, the ship "Resolute," which they had purchased with this view from Captain Buddington.

This ship which formed one of Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic squadron, was dispatched in May, 1853, in search of Sir John Franklin. Frozen among the icebergs in north lat. 77°, she was abandoned in May, 1854, by her officers and crew, who were obliged to leave all their effects on board. After a rest of sixteen months in the ice, a thaw detached the portion of it in which she was imbedded, and at the mercy of the winds and waves she drifted 1200 miles from her winter home. Captain Buddington, the commander of an American whaler, found her in north lat. 66° 30', and west long. 64°, took possession of her, and remained on board till the ice

to their rescue. "Presently," says Dr. Kane, "we were alongside. An officer, Captain Harstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel shirt; 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes!' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented."

When Dr. Kane's friends had despaired of his return, the American Government equipped an expedition for rescuing, or affording relief to him, and with instructions to give every assistance in their power to Sir John Franklin, should they fall in with his party. The barque "Release," with a crew of twenty-five in number, and commanded by Lieutenant Harstene, and the steam-brig "Arctic," with a crew of twenty-two men, commanded by Lieutenant Simons, and having on board as assistant-surgeon a brother of

began to soften, when he shaped his course to New-London, Connecticut, where he arrived in December 1855. The ship was removed to New York, and purchased for 400,000 dollars by the Government, for the purpose of presenting her to the Queen of England.

When Captain Buddington entered the ship, there was not a living creature on board. "The ropes were as hard and inflexible as chains. The rigging was stiff, and crackled at the touch. The tanks in the hold had burst. The iron-work was rusted. The paint was discoloured with bilge-water, and the top-mast and top-gallant mast were shattered, but the hull was uninjured, and the ship was sound in every vital part. There were three or four feet of water in the hold, but she had not sprung a leak. The cordage was coiled in neat little circles on the deck, after the English fashion; and the sails were so stiffly frozen as to resemble sheets of tin. Several thousand pounds of gunpowder, somewhat deteriorated in quality, were found on board. Some of the scientific instruments were rusted, but others were in good condition.

"In order to restore the ship to the Queen in as complete a state as that in which she was abandoned, everything found on board has been carefully preserved—the books in the captain's library, the pictures in his cabin, and musical instruments belonging to other officers. British flags were substituted for those which had rotted. The ship has been repainted from stem to stern; her sails and much of her rigging are entirely new; and her muskets, swords, telescopes, and nautical instruments, have been put in perfect order.

"When the Queen visited the ship on the 16th December, she saw the captain's cabin in the very state in which it was left, the logs of the different officers in their respective recesses in the bookshelves, and the very tea-kettle standing cold and silent on a fireless stove."

We trust our countrymen will appreciate the good feeling and the good taste of the American Government, in presenting this interesting gift to her Majesty.

Dr. Kane's, left New York early in June, and after a boisterous passage, and collisions with icebergs, they reached Disco Island, on the 5th of July, and Upernavik on the 16th. At Cape Alexander, and Sutherland Island, they searched in vain for traces of their friends, but at Pelham Point Dr. J. Kane and a party found beneath a few stones a vial, with the letter K. on the cork, and a rifle ball with "Dr. Kane 1853," scratched upon it. At Cape Hatherton, and Littleton Island, their search was unsuccessful; but after taking refuge at a projecting point fifteen miles north-west of Cape Alexander, they were startled by human voices, and were afterwards conducted by two Esquimaux to their settlement in a finely sheltered bay, where thirty of them were encamped in seven canvass tents. They found here abundance of articles that belonged to Dr. Kane, and learned that he and Petersen, and seventeen others, with two boats and a sledge, had been there a week after leaving their vessel in the ice, and had gone southward to Upernavik. Notwithstanding the distinctness of this information, Captain Harstene stood over to the entrance of Lancaster Sound, and attempted to reach Beechy Island, but having been beset in the field-ice, and having made nearly the whole circuit of the northern part of Baffin's Bay, he proceeded to Upernavik, and encountered, as we have already seen, Dr. Kane and his party at Disco Island. After coaling, watering, and preparing to accommodate their increased numbers, they set sail on the 18th September, and reached New York on the 11th October, 1855.

In taking a general view of this Expedition and its results, we cannot but admire the activity, energy, and skill displayed by Dr. Kane in the trying circumstances under which he was so frequently placed. With the single exception which we have found it our duty to notice, his attention and kindness to his people and to the Esquimaux, and his cheerful discharge of the most menial duties, when they could not be performed by others, deserve the highest praise. As the leader of an expedition of discovery, his merits were equally conspicuous. His devotion to the cause in which he was embarked, his promptitude of action in availing himself of every opportunity of advancing northward, and his patient endurance of unexampled hardships—of cold, and hunger, and disease,

and fatigue, have not been surpassed in the annals of Arctic discovery.

As the expedition was not fitted out with any special organization for the purposes of scientific research, we are not entitled to expect any results of remarkable novelty or interest. The discovery of the great Humboldt glacier, extending in a meridional direction over nearly a whole degree of latitude—the extension of the East coast of Baffin's Bay to within  $8^{\circ} 38'$ , and of the West coast to within  $7^{\circ} 30'$  of the Pole, cannot fail to be regarded as important additions to the Geography of the Arctic Regions. With regard, however, to the survey of the West coast, we have not been able to discover in Dr. Kane's work how it was made. Dr. Hayes examined it only from Cape Sabine to Cape John Fraser, in latitude  $79^{\circ} 43'$ , and we presume that the long line of the West coast to the north of this, as far as Mount Edward Parry, has been seen only from the east side of the sound, and determined by triangulations or intersecting bearings.

The meteorological observations possess considerable interest. They were made in Rensselaer Harbor in north latitude  $78^{\circ} 37'$ , and longitude  $70^{\circ} 40'$  west of Greenwich, in the last seven months of 1853, the whole of 1854, and the first four months of 1855. The maximum temperature was  $53^{\circ} \cdot 9$ , and occurred on the 4th of July 1854. The minimum temperature was  $68^{\circ} \cdot 0$ , and occurred on the 5th of February 1854. On the 7th of January 1855, it was  $69^{\circ} \cdot 2$ . The mean temperature of the year 1856 was  $-5^{\circ} \cdot 01$ . By taking the mean of the temperatures of the last seven months of 1853 and those of 1854, and the mean of the first four months of 1855, and the same months in 1854, the following table of mean monthly temperatures was obtained:—

Months.	Temperature of the Air.
January, . . .	$-29^{\circ} \cdot 42$
February, . . .	$-27^{\circ} \cdot 40$
March, . . .	$-36^{\circ} \cdot 08$
April, . . .	$-11^{\circ} \cdot 80$
May, . . .	$+12^{\circ} \cdot 89$
June, . . .	$+20^{\circ} \cdot 28$
July, . . .	$+38^{\circ} \cdot 40$
August, . . .	$+31^{\circ} \cdot 85$
September, . . .	$+18^{\circ} \cdot 48$
October, . . .	$-5^{\circ} \cdot 00$
November, . . .	$-23^{\circ} \cdot 02$
December, . . .	$-31^{\circ} \cdot 86$
Year,	$-8^{\circ} \cdot 22$

Spring, . . .	-11° 48
Autumn, . . .	- 4 85
Summer, . . .	+32 99
Winter, . . .	-29 56

Mr. Schott of the United States Coast Survey has contributed a map of the isothermal lines for each month of the year from Dr. Kane's observations, and those made at other places, based on Dove's isothermal charts. He ought to have given, what would have been more instructive, the annual-curves.

Although Rensselaer Harbor, where the observations were made, is nearly four degrees farther north than Melville Island, yet its distance from the cold meridian ought to have given it a greater mean temperature. The concavity of the isothermal curves of more southern localities in the same meridian justify us in expecting such a result, and we have no doubt that some sufficient cause, arising either from the spirit-of-wine thermometers, or the method of observing them, may yet be found to account for the high temperature of Rensselaer Harbor. This suspicion is confirmed by the anomalous low temperature of the month of March, 1854, namely -38°, which in the preceeding table is reduced to -38° 03, in consequence of using for the mean temperature -38° 97 of the same month for 1855. In almost every latitude, and in that of Prince Patrick and Melville Islands, March is the first month of spring, and warmer than February, whereas in Dr. Kane's table it is the last and the coldest month of winter, a fact which we can hardly admit, in opposition to the general character of the isothermal curves.

The magnetical observations were made with an unifilar magnetometer belonging to the United States Survey, and a dip circle received from Professor Henry through the kindness of General Sabine. The following observations were made on the variation and dip of the needle :

## Variation.

June 16th, 1854, 108° 21.5' west.

## Dip.

Mean dip at New York,	72° 57'
" Fisker-naes,	80 41
" Sukkertoppen,	80 50
" Force Bay,	85 8
" Marshall Bay,	85 26
" Winter Harbor,	84 48

The most important and interesting result of the expedition is the discovery of an open sea at the northern extremity of Smith's Sound, a phenomenon which had long before been rendered probable by the form of the isothermal lines, and by the law of temperature in the meridian which passes through the west of Europe. In Mr. Morton's northern journey, after he had been travelling over a solid area, choked with bergs and frozen fields, he was startled by the growing weakness of the ice. It became so rotten at its surface, and the snow so wet and pulpy, that his dogs, seized with terror, refused to advance. Upon landing on a new coast, and continuing his journey, he found himself on the shores of a channel so open that a fleet of frigates might have navigated it. As he travelled southward it expanded into an "iceless area," the extent of which he estimated at upwards of 4000 square miles. Animal life burst upon them as they went. Flocks of the Brent goose, the eider, the king-duck, and the swallow, indicated a new climate, and as he advanced, the Arctic petrel made its appearance. At Cape Constitution, the termination of his journey, he could not see "a speck of ice," and from an altitude of 480 feet, which commanded a horizon of nearly 40 miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of resounding waves, and of a surf dashing over the rocks at his feet and staying his further progress. "This mysterious fluidity," as Dr. Kane observes, "in the midst (or rather at the end) of vast plains of solid ice, was well culculated to arouse emotions of the highest order, and there was not a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters."

The discovery of the traces of Sir John Franklin and his party by Dr. Rae have led to a general belief that the whole of them have perished. Such a conclusion is certainly not justified by the facts in our possession, and we are disposed to adopt the more sanguine views of Dr. Kane. "Of the one hundred and thirty-six picked men," he remarks, "of Sir John Franklin in 1846, northern Orkneymen, Greenland whalers, so many young and hardy constitutions, with so much intelligent experience to guide them, I cannot realize that some may not yet be alive, that some small squad or squads, aided or not aided by the

Esquimaux of the expedition, may not have found a hunting-ground, and laid up from summer to summer enough of fuel and food and seal-skins to brave *three or even four more* winters in succession. . . .

My mind never realizes the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crew. I picture them to myself broken into detachments, and my mind fixes itself on one little group of some thirty who have found the open spot of some tidal eddy, and, under the teaching of an Esquimaux, or perhaps one of their own Greenland whalers, have set bravely to work, and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, and walrus, and whale."

But even if these views are extravagant, it is the duty of a great commercial nation like ours to cling to the slightest hope of rescue, and to ascertain the mysterious fate of men who have nobly perished in the service of their country. Science adds her voice to that of humanity, and calls

upon the maritime powers of Europe, and France, in particular, to imitate the noble example of the United States—if not to search for the lost, at least to explore those remarkable regions which have hitherto defied the approach of man. The science of England will never rest till she places her foot on each Pole of the globe, and has established the laws of those physical agencies which have a peculiar development in the Arctic and Antarctic zones.

The Hudson's Bay Company, already distinguished above all other commercial institutions by their exertions in the interests of science and humanity, have equipped an expedition, to start from the Great Slave Lake, in order to visit the locality where Dr. Rae found the relics of Sir John Franklin's party; and we trust that the earnest application of the distinguished members of the Geographical and Royal Societies will induce our own Government to embark in the same noble cause.

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## THE GREAT OYER OF POISONING.\*

THE recent trial of Palmer for murder by poisoning, and the suspicion which attaches to him of having, by the same means, caused the death of several other persons, recalls to mind the wholesale poisonings which, during the latter part of the seven-

teenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, prevailed to such a fearful extent in France and Italy. Not that these wholesale crimes were then first known; for Beckmann shows that they were practiced by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Carthaginians; but only that they were, at the above-mentioned periods, become so notorious, as to have attained for their authors the infamous celebrity which has since attached to them in the annals of crime.

In Italy poisoning had become a trade. Tofana at Palermo and Naples,\* and Hironima Spara at Rome,† supplied, "for a

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\* 1. *The great Oyer of Poisoning; the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London, and various matters connected therewith, from contemporary MSS.* By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. London: Bentley. 1846.

2. *A complete Collection of the State Trials and Proceedings for High Treason, and other Crimes and Misdemeanors.* Fourth Edition. By F. HARGRAVE, Esq. London: 1776.

3. *The Queen v. Palmer. Verbatim Report of the Trial of William Palmer.* London: J. Allen; and Cockshaw and Yates. 1856.

\* In the first half of the eighteenth century.

† In 1659.



consideration," the deadly potions by which Italian ladies got rid of disagreeable husbands. Tofana confessed, previous to her execution, to having caused the death of six hundred persons.\* The number of Spara's victims is not mentioned. She, with many of her associates, suffered death for these crimes.

From Italy, the dreadful secret of preparing the poisons travelled into France, where one Exili, a prisoner in the Bastille, communicated it to Saint-Croix, who had made himself remarkable in Paris by his amour with the Marquise de Brinvilliers, a married woman. After a year's imprisonment, Saint-Croix and Exili were both set at liberty. Saint-Croix having perfected himself in this black art, separated from Exili, and initiated the Marquise into its mysteries. This abandoned woman proved an apt scholar, and, under the semblance of charity, and the garb of a nun, she tried, with barbarous coolness, the effects of the poisons by mixing them in the food of the sick whom she nursed at the Hotel-Dieu. Beckmann repeats a satirical saying that was then current in Paris, namely, that "no young physician, in introducing himself into practice, had ever so speedily filled a churchyard as Brinvilliers." Her own father and brother were among her victims; and, if her sister escaped, she was indebted for her life, not to the affection of the Marquise, but to her own caution and suspicions.

Saint-Croix perished accidentally from the fumes of a poison which he was preparing,† and his death led to the discovery of the guilt of the Marquise. In his laboratory was found a small box, to which was attached a written request, dated May 25th, 1672, that the box might be delivered to the Marquise Brinvilliers, or in case of her death, that it should be burned unopened. This writing operated only as a stimulus to curiosity. The box was opened, and found to contain poisons of various kinds, properly labelled, and registers of their effects.‡ Brinvilliers, after an ineffectual attempt to obtain possession of the box, fled from Paris, but was arrested in a convent at Liège, whither

she had been pursued from England. She was convicted, and after confessing her guilt, was beheaded, and then burnt.

A few years later, two women, named respectively Le Vigoureux and Le Voisin, were detected in supplying persons with poisons after the Italian fashion, and were put to death. The frequency of the crime in France led to the institution of a court whose office it was to detect and punish crimes of this nature; but the proceedings of this court became so inquisitorial, that after being in activity about a year it was finally closed.

In all the cases above mentioned, poisoning was carried on systematically; in all of them the actors were principally women; in all but the case of Brinvilliers the infernal trade was carried on from sordid motives, without any personal animosity towards the numerous victims, or even without personal knowledge of them. They supplied poisons with the same indifference as a chemist would make up a prescription for an unknown person. There is yet another point which we cannot contemplate without surprise, namely, the number of persons that, in the cases of Tofana, Spara, Le Vigoureux, and Le Voisin, must have been cognizant of their crimes, and the secrecy which was observed respecting them.

There is a fashion in crime, as in more harmless affairs. One murder by the knife is sure to be followed by several; if a man beat his wife to death, or shoot at his sovereign, others follow his example; one crime, like one wedding, is the precursor of many. At present, poisoning seems to be the favorite mode of disposing of obnoxious individuals. Amid the excitement occasioned by the discovery of Palmer's crimes, Dove availed himself of the information made public regarding strychnine to poison his wife with this powerful drug. And while his trial was still pending, we heard of antimony sold in doses under the expressive name of "quietness," to the laboring women of Bolton, who use it as a quietus for drunken husbands! Has there been a Tofana, a Le Vigoureux, or Le Voisin among the women of Bolton, stimulating them to the commission of these foul acts? It used to be our boast that poisoning was an un-English crime; alas! it can be said so no longer!

Although the criminal annals of England in former times have produced nothing so atrocious as the poisoning systems of Italy

\* Beckmann's *History of Inventions*. Title, "Secret Poisoning."

† The glass mask he wore on these occasions falling off, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory.

‡ The poisons were corrosive sublimate, opium, regulus of antimony, and vitriol.

and France, yet there is one dark spot in our history, one mysterious crime in which there were many actors—two of them women—and but one ostensible victim, around which still hangs a veil of obscurity, which the researches of the historian and the archæologist have not yet been able to penetrate. This crime which, in some points of view, partakes of a political aspect, while in others it appears to originate in the private motives and malice of individuals of exalted station, was the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London by poison. “In the annals of crime,” says Lord Campbell, “there is not a murder more atrocious for premeditation, treachery, ingratitude, and remorselessness than the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury by the Somersets.” The ramifications of the crime, coupled with its manifest connection with state secrets that have never yet been revealed, are so intricate—the parties implicated so numerous, and some of them so exalted in station, that the crime against the individual acquires the character of a plot or conspiracy, which derives additional interest from the mystery in which it is still involved.

Robert Carr, afterwards created Lord Rochester, and subsequently Earl of Somerset, who preceded George Villiers in the affections of James I., was introduced accidentally to the notice of the King about the year 1608 or 1609. He was then in his eighteenth or nineteenth year. The circumstances attending his introduction were sufficiently romantic to make an impression upon the susceptible heart of the King. While officiating at a tournament as the esquire of a Scotch nobleman, Carr was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg, almost at the feet of James. The compassion which the good-natured monarch felt for his accident warmed into a more genial sentiment as he gazed on the handsome countenance and well-developed form of the young Scotchman. He ordered Carr to be taken to the palace, and visited him frequently. Every day the King became more attached to him. At last, Carr's presence became indispensable to the King's happiness; and the penniless Scotch youth, in spite of his defective education, which the King was not slow to discover, rose rapidly to rank, honors, and wealth. Although James himself condescended to give to his favorite lessons in the Latin grammar, Carr proved but a

dull scholar; and whenever his pursuits or employments required literary exertion, he was glad to avail himself of the competent assistance of his friend Sir Thomas Overbury. The friendship between Carr and Overbury subsisted of many years, and their mutual confidence was such that Overbury was admitted by Carr to the most important secrets of the King; he became possessed of the key to the ciphers in which the most confidential communications were written; he opened, read, and took copies of all private despatches belonging to the King; and was employed by Carr to write his love-letters for him. Overbury's assistance was probably of the greatest service to Carr, who, besides his want of education, had the additional defect of speaking broad Scotch.

There was great diversity of temper and disposition in the two friends. Carr, although dull and somewhat obtuse in intellect, was naturally gentle and noble in his disposition; so that, if he had not been led astray by others he might, in the opinion of his contemporaries, have been a good man. Overbury, on the contrary, was a man of talent and energy; he had cultivated literature successfully, as some of his prose compositions, still extant, testify. His worst enemies do not charge him with any vice, or even with leading an irregular life. Sir Francis Bacon, with the duplicity which forms so odious a part in his conduct, as regards the case of Overbury, has given two characters of him. In his speech before the Star Chamber on the trials of Lumsden, Wentworth, and Hollis, where he wished to throw the odium of the murder upon Carr, (then Earl of Somerset,) he says: “The greatest fault that I ever heard of him was that he made his friend his idol”\*. When, on the contrary, he wished to furnish the King with an excuse for saving Somerset, he thus writes to James: “Overbury was a man that always carried himself insolently both towards the Queen and towards the late Prince; he was a man that carried Somerset on in courses separate and opposite to Privy Council; he was a man of a nature fit to be an incendiary of a state; full of bitterness and wildness of speech and project; he was thought also lately to govern Somerset, insomuch that in his own letters he vaunted that from him pro-

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\* *State Trials*, 334.

ceeded Somerset's fortune, credit, and understanding."\*

The reigning beauty of the Court at this time was Frances Howard, daughter of the intriguing Countess of Suffolk, who, when only thirteen years of age, had been betrothed to the young Earl of Essex,† her senior by two years only. The young bridegroom was sent abroad after the ceremony for four years. On his return he had the mortification to find that his beautiful bride received him with marked coldness. Frances Howard, although so young, was a woman of strong and unbridled passions; and her residence under the same roof as her mother was not calculated to give her any accurate notions of moral duties and obligations. While still a girl in years, she had become notorious for her irregular and vicious conduct, and prompted, perhaps, by ambition, as well as by inclination, she conceived a criminal passion for the handsome favorite of the King. Carr was at first insensible to her charms. In order to secure his affection, the Countess employed one Mrs. Turner, her *confidante*, a woman of great beauty but dissolute manners, to procure love-philtres and charms from a Dr. Forman. Her wishes were at last crowned with success; Carr was taken in her toils. Overbury was the writer of the letters sent by Carr to the Countess of Essex. The guilty pair resolved upon marriage; but for this it was necessary that the Countess should obtain a divorce from her husband. Overbury was strongly opposed to this scheme. He expressed his disapprobation of it with warmth, and even violence. A coolness between Carr and Overbury was the consequence. The coolness increased to positive animosity, and on the part of the Countess, to hatred against Overbury. A plan was contrived to effect his ruin. The Countess sent for Sir David Wood, who had been heard to threaten to bastinado Sir Thomas Overbury for some offensive words he had addressed to him. She urged him to revenge his wrongs, adding that she also had been grievously injured by Overbury. She concluded by offering him £1000, and

protection from his enemies, if he would murder Overbury as he returned from Sir Charles Wilmot's late at night. But Sir David declined, telling her, bluntly, "He would be loth to go to Tyburn upon a woman's word." In the meantime, Carr and his friends had formed a plot, which was more successful, for removing Overbury. By the representation of Carr, the King was persuaded to nominate Overbury as ambassador to Russia. Sir Thomas was at first willing to accept the office, but, on the artful recommendation of Carr, he was induced to decline it. The King, who is described as "bearing a rooted hatred to Overbury," irritated at his refusal, and, perhaps, at some stinging sarcasms which he is said to have vented on the Court, committed him, as Carr had foreseen, a close prisoner to the Tower for contempt. This occurred on the 23d of April, 1613.

Shortly after Overbury became an inmate of the Tower, Sir William Wade, the Lieutenant, was removed, and Sir Gervas Helwysse\* was appointed in his stead, through the instrumentality of the Earl of Northampton, Carr, and Sir Thomas Monson. Sir Gervas, according to the venal spirit of the times, paid £1400, for his place. He was reputed to be one of the "unco" godly, the rigidly righteous, who assumed the appearance of wisdom and honesty, if he did not really deserve the appellation which he attained of "the wise Sir Gervas Helwysse."

As the Earl of Northampton will be frequently mentioned in this article, it may be as well to give a slight sketch of this nobleman.

The Earl of Northampton, the second son of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the uncle of the Countess. He was a man of talent and learning. It was said of him, that "he was the wisest among the noble, and the noblest among the wise." Honors and riches were showered upon him under King James. As to his character, opinions are divided: there is, however, reason to believe that he connived at the intimacy of Carr (then Lord Rochester) with the Countess, and that he was deeply implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Northamp-

\* *Memorial touching the course to be had in my Lord of Somerset's Arraignment, addressed to the King by Sir Francis Bacon.*—See Bacon's Works.

† He was the son of Robert Devereux, first Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the reign of Elizabeth. The second Earl afterwards became the leader of the Parliamentary army.

\* In the State Trials this name is written Sir Gervas Elves. We have adopted the form used by the Lieutenant himself.

ton's death in 1614, previous to the discovery of the crime, prevented his being brought to trial.

To resume the narrative. In order to carry out the nefarious designs against Overbury, it was not enough to appoint a new Lieutenant of the Tower, who was in the interest of the enemies of the prisoner; the sub-keeper was also changed, and his place was supplied by one Richard Weston, a creature of the Countess, and formerly servant to Dr. Turner, the husband of the Countess's *confidante*.

On the morning of the 9th of May, Weston received a message from Mrs. Turner, desiring him to come immediately to Whitehall. There he saw the Countess, who told him that "a water" would be sent to him, which he was to give to his prisoner. At the same time, she significantly told him not to drink of it himself. That same evening, Weston's son William, an apprentice to the Countess's haberdasher, brought him a curious little phial, only two inches long, filled with a liquor of bluish color when held in the hand, but of a sickly greenish yellow when held up to the light. He was then just going to give Sir Thomas his supper. On his way he met Sir Gervas, of whom he asked, "whether he would give him that he had or no?" The Lieutenant, neither affecting ignorance nor surprise, induced Weston to explain himself; then, having obtained the information he desired, he "terrified Weston with God's eternal judgment, and did so strike him, as with his hands holden up, he blessed the time that ever he did know 'him,' with other words to that effect."\* Sir Gervas, touched with Weston's remorse, held out his hand to him, spoke to him kindly—even drank to him; but strange to say, still left him in charge of Overbury. The next day Weston broke the little flask to pieces, and threw away the deadly liquor which it contained.

To the surprise of the Countess the victim still lived. She sent for Weston, and questioned him. He maintained that he had given the poison. She put into his hand £20, and promised him more when Overbury should be dead. As soon as he was gone she set about devising new schemes.

Soon after, the Countess sent a servant to the Tower with a present to Overbury of some tarts and wine. The following mysterious letter, addressed to Helwysse, accompanied them:

"I was bid to bid you say that these tarts came not from me. I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts, *because there be letters in them*; and, therefore, neither give your wife nor children of them, but of the wine you may, for there are not letters in it; Sir Thomas Monson will come from Court this day, and then we shall have other news."

The Lieutenant, true to his timorous policy, did not give the tarts to Overbury; he carefully put them by, and the black and livid appearance they assumed in a few days made it too manifest what those deadly letters were.

After this, other tarts of the same kind were given to Weston by Mrs. Turner, accompanied by a verbal caveat; Weston promised to give them, and every time he saw Mrs. Turner, asseverated that he had done so. In truth, however, he delivered them regularly to Helwysse, who as regularly caused them to be thrown away.

Sir Thomas Overbury's imprisonment, although only for contempt, was so strict, that neither his father, mother, nor his most intimate friends were permitted to see him; neither were his own servants allowed to remain and wait on him, although one of them offered to be shut up with him. Overbury was not even permitted to view his friends from a window, lest he should communicate with them. Once, indeed, his sister's husband, Sir John Lidcote, had access to him, but the interview was jealously watched by the Lieutenant.

Overbury being thus prevented from opposing her wishes, the Countess instituted against her husband, the Earl of Essex, one of the most disgraceful suits which ever appeared in the legal annals of any country. The King sided with the Countess, and wrote a dissertation in her behalf; Abbott, the good Archbishop of Canterbury, was the only one of the ecclesiastical judges who had the courage to oppose cancelling the marriage. The Countess gained her suit, and was pronounced\* free to marry whom she would.

In the meantime, Overbury, whose health was declining, wrote repeatedly

\* See Helwysse's letter to the King, in the State Paper Office, published by Mr. Amos, *Trial*, &c., p. 186.

\* In June, 1612.



from his prison in the Tower to Rochester, requesting him to obtain his liberty, and requesting also that his friends might be allowed to see him. Rochester continued to correspond with him, giving him hopes that he might be set at liberty. The father of Overbury, hearing of his son's illness, petitioned the King that his son might have medical advice. By James's orders, Rochester wrote to Dr. Craig, the King's physician, saying that it was his Majesty's pleasure that he should attend Overbury as long as he required his services. Whether Dr. Craig visited Overbury or not does not appear. It is, however, certain that other physicians of the King namely, Dr. Micham and Sir Théodore de Mayerne,\* attended the prisoner. The latter visited him for a considerable time, for his prescriptions, which were subsequently handed to Sir Edward Coke by Pawle de Lobell, the apothecary employed by Mayerne, filled twenty-eight leaves or pieces of paper. Lobell was a Frenchman, who resided in Lime Street near the Tower. His attendance commenced previous to June 25th, and continued probably up to the decease of Overbury, since he saw the body after death, and testified to its emaciated and ulcerated state. Towards the end of August, the doctors in attendance and the Lieutenant of the Tower signed a bulletin in which they stated that their patient was "past all recovery." Was this really so, or was it only a stratagem to prepare men's minds for the death which was so soon to follow? If Overbury was so near his end, why, being only confined for contempt, were not his family permitted to see him.

On the 14th of September, the apothecary, Lobell, was in attendance, and on this occasion a *mendicament* was administered to him by the apothecary's man. Overbury was very ill all night, so much so that Weston remained with him, and removed him to another bed during the night. His servant, Lawrence Davies, is also represented to have passed the night in the room. Early in the morning, Weston went out, as he says, to procure some beer to assuage the burning thirst of the invalid, and when he returned at

seven o'clock he found Overbury dead. Whether Davies was with him or not, does not appear.

The welcome intelligence of the death of Overbury was immediately communicated to Helwysse by Northampton. The manner in which it was received may be guessed by the following letter from the Earl:

"NOBLE LIEUTENANT:

"If the knave's body be foul, bury it presently. I'll stand between you and harm; but if it will abide the view, send for Lidcote, and let him see it, to satisfy the damned crew. When you come to me, bring me this letter again yourself with you, or else burn it.

"NORTHAMPTON."\*

Shortly after the death of Overbury, Rochester wrote to the mother of Overbury a letter, in which he blamed himself as the cause of her son's death, since it was on his account that Sir Thomas had fallen into disgrace. "I wish," he writes, "I could redeem him with any ransom; I wish I knew how to repay his faith, and give all you who in him have lost so much satisfaction. You shall find how much I loved your son by my effects, being more willing to do all of you good for his sake than whilst he lived. I will shortly devise with you concerning your son in France, whose expenses I will defray, and ease you of that burthen, and at his return take further time to provide for him; but I think it best that he remain till this tempest is settled."

The apothecary's boy who administered the medicament was quietly sent abroad by Lobell, to prevent disclosures.

Three months passed away; the death of Overbury was forgotten in the preparations then making at the Court for the celebration fêtes, which were to rival those that in the spring had graced the marriage of the Elector of Bohemia with the Princess Elizabeth. On St. Stephen's day, (the 26th of December,) 1613, a magnificent ceremony took place in the Royal Chapel of Whitehall. Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester, now created Earl of Somerset, the King's powerful favorite, led to the altar the beautiful Lady Frances Howard, who, on the anniversary of the same saint, just ten years before, had been given away by the King in marriage

\* Mayerne had been physician to Henry the Fourth of France, and after his death, was invited to England by James, who appointed him one of his physicians.

\* British Museum, Cotton MSS., Titus, c. vii. for 107 back. See Amos, p. 173.

to Robert Devereux, second of that name, the unhappy young Earl of Essex—a girl of thirteen married to a boy of fifteen. Contemporary historians have remarked that the Countess had the effrontery to appear at the altar in the habit of a virgin, with her beautiful hair hanging loose over her shoulders. The courtly Bishop of Bath and Wells read the beautiful service for the holy ordinance of matrimony. Ten years before he had pronounced over the same bride, as she stood with her hand in that of Essex, the solemn words, "Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder;" and now, while Essex was still living, he was called upon to bless the union of the Countess with Somerset.

A sumptuous banquet succeeded; and a masque, written expressly for the occasion, in which the principal ladies of the Court took part, concluded the day. The King defrayed the expense, which had been profuse. He was even so much interested in the festivities, that, in order to direct them, he broke through his custom of "going to bed in the afternoon."

But the festivities did not end here. The courtiers vied with each other in doing honor to the newly-wedded pair. Valuable presents were offered for their acceptance. Even the Chief Justice Coke did not withhold this mark of adulation to the man whom the King delighted to honor. The City of London entertained the Earl and his bride at a splendid banquet; and those who were old enough to enjoy the pageants which followed each other in rapid succession, long remembered the magnificent wedding of the Earl of Somerset with the beautiful Frances Howard.

The marriage of Somerset was the culminating point in his prosperity. It had originated in crime, and might lead to destruction. Somerset knew that it might do so. His spirits sank, his eye lost its brightness, his step its elasticity; he became grave, thoughtful and silent. In the words of a contemporary, "Pensiveness and fulnesse doe possesse the Earle; his wonted mirth forsakes him, his countenance is cast downe; he takes not that felicitie in companie as he was wont to do: *but still something troubles him.*"

The king soon began to grow weary of the company of a man who ceased to entertain him. Yet the influence of Somerset was not observed to decline, and the

King as yet did not make any efforts to emancipate himself from his control, or to break with his imperious favorite. But the courtiers had no such hesitation; they had no dark secrets to conceal at any price; they saw that the King had conceived a distaste to the society of Somerset, and they determined to supplant him. With this view they cast about for a handsome youth, who should captivate James's affections—now, for the first time since he had set eyes on Carr, disengaged. An opportunity soon offered of accomplishing their purpose.

George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, a youth of one-and-twenty, had returned at this time from the continent, bringing with him the polished and engaging manners which our rude ancestors found occasion to admire in all who visited them from foreign parts. Nature had given him a figure remarkable for symmetry and manly vigor, and he took care to set it off by the most elegant and fashionable apparel. His actions were remarkable for their perfect grace, and his countenance possessed that extraordinary beauty which, from a supposed resemblance in its sweet expression to the portraits of the saint and martyr Stephen, afterwards induced his doting master to call him Steenie.

Villiers was speedily thrown in the way of the King. James no sooner saw him than he felt for him an attachment.

The impression made by Villiers on the King was soon perceived by the courtiers, who were anxiously watching the success of their experiment. They immediately began to ingratiate themselves with the new favorite. On the 23d of April, exactly two years after Overbury was committed to the Tower, Villiers was knighted by the King; a pension of 1000*l.* a-year was granted to him, and he was appointed a gentleman of the bedchamber. ~~The~~ new favorite soon attained that place ~~in~~ the monarch's affections which Robert Carr had once enjoyed, but now had lost for ever.

Somerset perceived, with deep mortification, the success of his rival, and the decline of his own influence in the King's affections, although he still retained a power over the weak mind of his sovereign. His proud spirit could ill brook a rival, and in spite of the conciliatory behavior of Villiers, Somerset did not attempt to conceal the hatred which he

felt towards the new favorite. He rejected with contempt the overtures made by Villiers to serve him, and on one occasion sharply answered him: "I will none of your service, nor shall you have any of my favor. I will, if I can, break your neck, and of that be confident." This haughty answer sealed the fate of Somerset.

At this juncture, Sir Robert Cotton,\* the confidential friend of Somerset, perceiving that he had lost the King's affections, and apprehensive of the consequences, prevailed on his friend to secure his safety by obtaining from James a pardon for all offences which he could or might have committed. A pardon sufficiently extensive to cover treason and murder, was actually signed by the King in favor of Somerset, but it was intercepted by his enemies before the seal was affixed, and was thus rendered nugatory.

Towards the middle of July, 1615, it began to be whispered about that Overbury had met with foul play—that he had been poisoned in the Tower. The rumor spread, and at last came to the ears of the King. We have more than one account of the way in which the murder became known at Court. Weldon's narrative, which is confirmed as to the main facts by Wilson, the friend of Essex, and by other writers, harmonizes best with the events connected with this remarkable crime. It is to the following effect.

One day Secretary Wynwood brought to the King a letter, which he had received from Sir Wm. Thrumbull, the resident of Brussels, requesting permission to return, as he had to communicate a most important affair, which had recently come to his knowledge. The Secretary wrote, by the King's direction, to say that the agent could not be spared from his post, and to desire him to send over an express with the news which he had to communicate. Thrumbull declined to adopt this course, stating that it was a matter of such importance and delicacy, that he did not dare commit it to paper. Upon this, James "being," as Sir Anthony Weldon tells us, "of a longing disposition," rather than not know what it was, sent him permission to return. Thrumbull soon came over, and then he informed the

King that one of his servants had told him that an English lad, named Reeve, who had been an apothecary's boy in London, had told them that Sir Thomas Overbury did not, as was commonly supposed, die of a disease, but that he had been poisoned by a medicament, which the boy, under his master's direction, had administered to him. Thrumbull had immediately sent for the boy, whom he examined very closely, and at length induced him to confess the whole truth, in the course of which, things came out which appeared deeply to implicate some personages of exalted rank, one of them being the great Earl of Somerset himself. The King immediately sent off a messenger for Sir Edward Coke, the Lord Chief Justice.

When Coke, or, as Weldon says, all the judges, arrived at Royston, the King flung himself on his knees, and telling them that he had just heard of the murder of Overbury, charged them in the most solemn terms, to investigate the matter without favor, affection, or partiality, concluding thus: "If you shall spare any guilty of this crime, God's curse light on you and your posterity; and if I spare any that are found guilty, God's curse light on me and my posterity for ever!"\*

Such of the facts as suited the Court were then laid before Coke, who undertook to sift the matter to the bottom. He was not only gratified at receiving any mark of the King's confidence, but he felt a real pleasure in investigating a subject of intricacy and mystery, and one which promised to afford a field for the display of the acuteness and sagacity for which he was then, and is still so celebrated. He at once commenced operations, following the hints he had received; he examined many witnesses, whose statements soon satisfied him that there had been foul play with Sir Thomas Overbury.

Coke was at one time in some doubt about the instruments of the murder, and he was originally inclined to suspect a person whom he was subsequently led to acquit. This was no other than our old acquaintance, Paul de Lobell. A gentleman named Edward Rider swore that about the commencement of the term, when rumors of the Chief Justice's inquiries began to circulate, he had met Lobell, who assured him that the report that

\* Sir Robert Cotton, the celebrated antiquary, was the collector of the valuable library bearing his name, and so rich in MSS., which now forms part of the treasures of the British Museum.

\* Weldon.

Overbury had been murdered was untrue, that he had died of a consumption. As to the medicament with which it had been alleged he been poisoned, *that* had been prescribed by Mayerne, the King's doctor, and this Mayerne was the best doctor in England. To this Rider replied that he had heard otherwise in Paris, that he was indeed a braver courtier than a doctor. Rider probably hinted at the State poisonings in France, in which Mayerne is thought to have been implicated. About a week after, he again met Lobell, who was then walking with his wife; he stopped and talked to him. He told him it was too manifest now Overbury was poisoned, and added, that he heard it was done by an apothecary's boy, in Lime-street, who had since run away; upon which his wife, turning to her husband, exclaimed in French: "Oh! *mon mari*, that was William you sent into France." Whereupon the old man, looking upon his wife, his teeth did chatter as if he trembled, "and then Rider asked him if he did send the boy away; he answered it was true he sent the boy to Paris, but the cause of his leaving was that his master (Lobell's son) treated him badly." Notwithstanding these strange circumstances of suspicion, which indeed operated so forcibly on the mind of Coke himself that he would not allow Lobell's examination to be taken on oath, no proceedings were taken against Lobell. Whether Coke was duped by his astute rival, Sir Francis Bacon, who was certainly at the bottom of this dark business, or whether he had received a positive injunction against following that clue, can not now be known. Certain it is that Lobell was allowed to escape unaccused, and nothing which might criminate him was allowed to be made public. The remarkable deposition of Rider was entirely suppressed, and has only been recently discovered in the archives of the State Paper Office.

The Chief Justice was soon satisfied, or professed to be satisfied, as to the instruments of the murder, Weston and Franklin; but when he endeavored to go higher and detect the principals and real authors of the crime, he found himself lost and perplexed. At length, however, by dint of repeated examinations, of threats, and of objurgations, he learnt with amazement and alarm that no less a personage than the Earl of Somerset, the King's favorite, was deeply implicated. The inquiry was now assum-

ing a very dangerous turn, and he determined not to take the responsibility alone. He therefore posted off to the King, and acquainting him with what he had learned, desired that some other persons might be joined in his commission. The King, delighted with the course of the transaction, immediately assented, and nominated the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Steward, and Lord Zouch, for that purpose. With this accession to his dignity, and diminution of individual responsibility, the Chief Justice was quite content, and plunged into the affair with an increased ardor.

Somerset was then at Royston with the King. He was induced to leave him and go up to London. The King parted from him with the most extravagant demonstrations of affection — disgusting in themselves, doubly disgusting when we know, as we do, that they were entirely false and insincere. Sir Anthony Weldon graphically describes the strange scene; he tells us, that when the Earl kissed the King's hand, the King hung about his neck, slobbering his cheeks, saying: "For God's sake, when shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep till you come again!" The Earl answered that he would return next Monday (this being Friday.) "For God's sake let me see thee then!" returned the monarch; then, as if unable to contain his raptures, exclaimed joyfully: "Shall—shall I indeed?" Then, clasping the Earl in his arms, he lolled about his neck, saying: "For God's sake give thy lady this kiss for me!" He repeated these endearments at the top of the stairs, and, accompanying the Earl down, also at their foot. The Earl was scarcely seated in his coach before the royal hypocrite turned round to his attendants and said: "I shall never see his face more."

It is impossible to describe the ferment excited in the public mind by the disclosures which were necessarily made, and the rumors which were afloat. The excitement occasioned by the discovery of Palmer's crimes is still fresh in our recollection, although the attendant circumstances are by no means parallel. In the one case the criminal was a person in the middle ranks of life, and of very questionable character; in the other, the principal person accused was a nobleman, who was generally supposed to enjoy the unlimited confidence of his sovereign, and an almost absolute power over the kingdom. It was believed



that he was not alone in his guilt ; that he had accomplices in all ranks of life. His young Countess, the most beautiful woman in James's Court, and with whose infamy the whole country had rung a few years before, was a participator in his crime. He was associated in iniquity with Court-milliners, apothecaries, discarded medicine-boys. The mode, too, of perpetration of the crime was of a nature that had always been peculiarly hateful to the English people. They hated it because they thought it was a foreign practice—they hated it because they feared it above all other kinds of attack. For if a man were assaulted in the street, he might at least defend himself; and if he were seized on his bed by the midnight assassin, he might still struggle with his murderer. But to be assailed in so insidious and fearful a manner—to take in death with the daily bread necessary for their sustenance—to drink it in a pleasant cup of sack—to be poisoned by a pair of gloves, or by a saddle, or by smelling to a bouquet, was a dreadful idea, which made the stoutest men shudder; which filled their minds with uneasiness and suspicion, and almost made them loathe their repasts. For this reason the English had always regarded "empoisonment" with peculiar abhorrence; it had been declared by Act of Parliament a species of treason, and a singularly painful and lingering death had been provided for its punishment; there were many whose fathers had seen poisoners, men and women, publicly boiled to death in Smithfield, being gradually immersed from their toes, in order to protract their agony. There were circumstances besides, attendant on this affair, of a most mysterious nature; so that, besides envy and alarm, the love of the marvellous and the "curiosity" of the people were stimulated. Moreover, recollections of strange passages within the last few years recurred; the story of the mysterious death of Prince Henry,\* the

"sweet babe," as he was called, "who was only shown to this nation, as the land of Canaan was to Moses, to look on, not to enjoy," was revived, together with all the alarming rumors with which it had been connected. The attention of the public took a dangerous and suspicious turn. The public appetite, which, lately so harmless, gloated on tales of Court scandal, now fixed on dark and alarming topics; it recurred to the subject of Popery; it ran over in terror the list of Popish crimes; it reflected on the Gunpowder Plot, and on the murder of Henry IV.; it muttered with horror the names of Ravallac and Catherine de Medici.

While the public mind was in this state of feverish excitement, several important events occurred, which converted the popular alarm into a downright panic. On the 27th of September, the Lady Arabella Stuart, so long and so barbarously confined in the Tower, died. Her death was at once ascribed to poison. Great men had an obvious interest in her death, and the people were now in a temper to believe great men capable of any enormity. On the day of her death, Richard Weston had been first examined. The next day he was interrogated again, and it was rumored that he had then admitted having made an attempt to poison Sir Thomas Overbury. Other arrests now took place. Mrs. Turner, the inventor of yellow starch, which had gained her no favor with some of our Puritan ancestors, was taken up. James Franklin was also committed to custody. They were examined, and made revelations implicating others. A great many persons were now sent for and examined. The Chief Justice was observed to work with tremendous energy; and, indeed, what he had to do was enough to occupy all his time, and to put to the test all his acuteness. For, besides the various and extraordinary statements of the accused, other information poured in upon him from all sides; volunteers came forward, offering all manner of tales to him, raking up numberless half-forgotten circumstances of suspicion, and filling up their half-obliterated outlines with the wild inventions which the prevailing panic had aroused; for the minds of men were not now sufficiently cool to discriminate between reminiscences of facts and the fancies of the imagination, always so vivid in a time of popular excitement.

And now there was a pause; the Chief

\* The death of Prince Henry was attributed to poison. There was a post-mortem examination of the body. It seems to be the general opinion that the prince died of a contagious fever; on which account the King and Queen were prevented from seeing him in his last illness. Mayerne attended him; and this physician was in the habit of inserting into his book of prescriptions minute descriptions of the temperament of his patients. One of these books is preserved in the British Museum; and it is a suspicious circumstance, that all the prescriptions relating to Prince Henry have been torn out, yet the same book contains prescriptions for the King, and for the Queen's horse.

Justice ceased his examinations, and went down to Royston to see the King. But the interval was far from being a calm. Information had ceased to transpire. The popular curiosity was no longer satisfied, and therefore grew more stimulated. The silence of Truth left the field open for Rumor. Then it was that the stories about great personages, which at first had only been loose surmises, grew to giant proportions, and prepared the people for the most astounding revelations. At length, on the 18th of October, the populace learned with amazement that Robert Carr, the great and proud Earl of Somerset, had been committed to the custody of the Dean of Westminster. This event wound the public alarm up almost to a frenzy. Weston's trial was fixed for the next day. The interval was a period of anxious excitement. Very few eyes closed that night in London. The citizens mounted guard with great watchfulness, they patrolled the streets, and examined every suspicious object; they set persons to watch the movements of the Papists, who were believed to be at the bottom of the plot. It was commonly reported that Northampton (himself a Papist) and Somerset had conspired with the Spaniard to deliver up the navy, and that part of their scheme was to have poisoned the King and all the Protestants at the christening of the Countess of Somerset's child, of which she was expected shortly to be delivered. The Londoners were alive and vigilant all the night, and in the morning they poured into the Guildhall, where Weston was to be tried.

The Judges took their seats—the Lord Mayor in his robes—the Lord Chief Justice and the other Judges in their scarlet and ermine. As soon as the commission had been read and the grand jury sworn, the Lord Chief Justice addressed them in that solemn and dignified tone for which he was noted. His speech, though disfigured by the quaint affectations of the age, was deeply impressive—at times almost rising into a severe eloquence. It was listened to with breathless attention. Every word was caught up with eagerness. They listened while the Chief Justice—rightly revered as the oracle of English law—told how, of all felonies, murder is the most horrible; of all murders, poisoning the most detestable; and of all poisoning, the *lingering* poisoning. He told them it was an un-English crime, and his audience turned pale when he told

them of the hideous perfection to which that diabolical art had been brought; how there were those who could give a poison which should reserve its deadly influence for one, or two, or three months, or longer—according to the ingredients of which it was composed—and that irresistible and insidious foe might be administered in odors, or transmitted by mere contact. The grand jury, consisting of fourteen persons, then withdrew. In about an hour they returned and delivered in the bill of indictment endorsed *billis vera*. Immediately all eyes were turned to the bar, where the wretched prisoner was brought up. He was a man of about sixty years of age. His forehead was wrinkled with age, his hair sprinkled with gray. His countenance, though not wanting in a certain degree of comeliness, had a stern and grim expression, and was now distorted with terror. His face was deadly pale, his lips quivered, and his knees tottered as he stood at the bar while the indictment was read. It charged him with having murdered Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower of London by administering various poisons—rosalgar,\* white arsenic, and mercury sublimate—on four different occasions. The prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he was guilty of the murder, yea, or no. The poor wretch, instead of answering, became agitated, and in his distress screamed several times, "Lord have mercy on me, Lord have mercy on me." At length he stammered out, "Not guilty." But when asked how he would be tried, instead of answering in the usual form, "By God and my country," he exclaimed that he referred himself to God—he would be tried by God alone. And though the Chief Justice spent an hour in persuading him to put himself upon his country, he could get no other answer out of him than that he referred himself to God. And now his patience was exhausted, so he proceeded to terrify the prisoner with a description of the lingering death which the law punished those who refused to put themselves upon the trial of the law. He repeated all the harrowing details of that dreadful punishment; that he was to be stripped naked and stretched out on the bare ground; that heavy iron weights were to be laid

\* Realgar, red orpiment, a compound of arsenic and sulphur.

upon him and gradually increased; that he was to receive no food but a morsel of coarse bread one day, and a draught of water from the nearest sink or puddle the next; and so to linger on as long as nature could linger out, adding that men had been known to live on in this torment for eight or nine days. Still the prisoner, to the mortification of the Judge and the rage of the populace, resolutely refused to put himself upon the country.

Coke knew well very well that until the principal had been convicted, the accessories could not be tried. He began, therefore, to fear that his prey would escape him, and all his industry and labor prove useless. The audience, too, began to tremble lest their curiosity and love of blood should be unsatisfied by the long-expected disclosures, and their fury broke forth in a low cry of rage and disappointment when Coke told them that, until the principal had been convicted, the accessories could not be put upon their trial. The Chief Justice, therefore, determined to try the effect of a bold, a new, and an illegal proceeding. He said plainly that he knew the prisoner had been tampered with by some great ones—accessories to the fact, friends of the Howards, and then, amid the indecent cheers of his auditors, declared that their curiosity should, nevertheless, be satisfied, and commanded the Queen's Attorney (General?) Sir Lawrence Hyde, to state the case—reading the depositions of the witnesses and the confessions of the prisoner. Sir Lawrence Hyde at once obeyed. He unhesitatingly charged the Earl and Countess of Somerset with being “the principal movers into this unhappy conclusion,” and the audience aghast at his boldness when, raising his voice, he called the Countess a rotten branch, which being lopped off, the noble tree of the Howards would flourish better. Then he proceeded with an orderly narrative of the case—ascribing the motive of the crime to the resentment of the Earl and Countess against Sir Thomas for his opposition to “that adulterate marriage” betwen them. He described the machinations by which the King had been worked upon to commit Sir Thomas to the Tower—how the prisoner at the bar (who had formerly been the Countess's pander) was now promoted to the office of bravo, and Sir Thomas was kept so close that he scarce had the comfort of the day's brightness, neither was any suffered to visit him,

father, brother, his best friends, were strangers to him from the beginning of his imprisonment unto the end. He then detailed the several attempts made to poison the victim—he moved the audience to tears by reading his sorrowful letters to Somerset entreating his liberty and expostulating with the Earl for allowing his old friend to be thus immured—he told how in his despair he fell sick—how the wicked Countess sent to offer him any delicacies he might fancy—how the sick man answered that he longed for luscious meals—tarts and jellies—which the Countess and Mrs Turner poisoned and sent to him—how at length they gave him that fatal clyster which “caused his soul to leave his poisoned body”—and how his body was denied Christian burial, was then irreverently thrown into a pit dugged in a very mean place within the precincts of the Tower. He was followed by Mr. Warre, who had been a fellow-student with Sir Thomas at the Temple, and described with all the warmth of youthful friendship his amiable manners, his wit, and his virtuous conversation and life, concluding with this bold saying: *Pereat unus, ne pereant omnes; pereat peccans, ne pereat respublica*. Then Mr. Fenshaw read the depositions of all the witnesses, after which the Court adjourned until the Monday following.

In spite of his endeavors to satisfy the curiosity of the people, the unconstitutional proceeding of Coke did not altogether give satisfaction; and one Mr. Lumsden had the boldness to write a letter, which he sent by a gentleman of the bedchamber, to be delivered to the King. In this letter he censured freely the conduct of the Chief Justice at the arraignment of Weston. The only result of this letter was his own arrest and subsequent trial and punishment.

On Monday, the 23d of October, Weston was again brought up, when, having been well plied in the interval, he put himself upon his country in due form, and was speedily convicted. Then the Chief Justice delivered another great speech magnifying the horrible nature of the crime—pointing out how marvellously the finger of God had brought the foul matter to light after it had slept two years—and, alluding to the magnitude of the cause, he desired it might hereafter be known as THE GREAT OYER OF POYSONYNG; after which he passed upon the



prisoner the usual sentence of death. The Court then rose, and the auditory dispersed with loud cheers for the watchful Chief Justice, and loud acclamations of joy for the approaching punishment of the King's tyrannous minions.

They sent the joyful tidings all through the country, and the bells of the City rang merry peals, as if they had heard of a great victory.

It appears that Somerset had deposited the letters written to him by Northampton, Overbury, and others in a cabinet, which he had left in the care of Sir Robert Cotton. Alarmed at the conviction of Weston, Sir Robert knew the nature of his trust, and fearing searches, delivered the cabinet to a friend of his, one Mrs. Farneforth, or Hornford, who deposited it for safety with a merchant of Cheapside, in whose house she had formerly lodged. On some alarm, Sir Robert sent to Mrs. Farneforth, and desired her to return the cabinet immediately. The merchant was so surprised at the suddenness of her application, (for it was on a Sunday, during service-time, that she went for the cabinet, on the pretence that it contained papers relating to her jointure,) that, he knowing the rumors that were about, refused to give it up to her unless she would open it in his presence, and satisfy him that there was nothing else there. She would not comply with his wishes. Then said he, "It is a troublesome time; I will go to my Lord Chief Justice, and if he find no other writings than such as concern you, you shall have them again." He went accordingly to Coke's chambers, but Coke was at church. He then went to Lord Zouch's, one of the Commissioners, who would not take upon himself to open the cabinet, but went to St. Paul's, where Coke was gone to hear the sermon; and calling him out, they together opened the cabinet, and found the letters. Neither Northampton, Overbury, nor Somerset were accustomed to date their letters; and the fact that Somerset had been persuaded by Cotton to allow him to place such dates on these papers as might be to the advantage of Somerset, added greatly to the suspicions against the Earl.

Two days after his trial, Weston was taken to Tyburn, there to suffer execution of the sentence pronounced against him. While the hangman was preparing to do his office, several gentlemen, among whom were Sir John Wentworth, Sir

John Hollis, and Lidcote, rode up to him on horseback, and addressed him. They wished him to discharge his conscience and satisfy the world, "whether he did poison Overbury or not?" Weston's reply was: "I die not unworthily; my Lord Chief Justice has my mind under my hand, and he is an honorable and just judge." Sir John Hollis, Wentworth, and Lidcote were, in consequence of this proceeding, placed under arrest. It is remarkable that although so many of Weston's examinations have been preserved, this confession of his guilt is not to be found.

The next trial which took place (on the 7th of November) was that of Anne Turner, who was indicted for aiding and assisting Weston in the murder of Overbury. Mrs. Turner was the widow of a physician, and a woman of great beauty, but indifferent character. She appeared in court with her hat on. But Sir Edward Coke, telling her women must be covered in church, but not when they are arraigned, ordered her to remove it; she then covered her hair with her handkerchief. Since the death of her husband she had been living under the protection of Sir Arthur Manwaring, by whom she had two children. She was the servant of the Countess, to whom she was much attached, and the *confidante* of her guilty passion for Somerset. These two women—the one desirous of gaining the affection of the Earl, the other of preserving that of the father of her children—were in frequent communication with Dr. Forman, who sold love philtres and potions, and who was reported to practice magic arts to inspire persons with love or hatred, according to the wishes of his employers. On the death of Dr. Forman, his widow found letters, by which much was discovered relative to his connexion with the Countess and Mrs. Turner. The anxiety of the Countess that Mrs. Forman should burn these letters, raised suspicion in the mind of the latter. She destroyed some of the letters, but others, addressed to her "sweet father," by his "affectionate, loving daughter, Frances Essex," were privately preserved. These were afterwards produced in court.

Mrs. Turner had been in prison some time before her trial, and did not know that Weston had been executed. When, during the trial, she became aware of this fact, she was greatly depressed. The evidence was read over before the trem-



bling woman, and when it was closed, the Lord Chief Justice, addressing the prisoner, told her she had the seven deadly sins, which he enumerated, and exhorted her to repent, and pray that these seven devils might be cast out. *After* this exhortation, the jury retired and brought in a verdict of *guilty*. She was sentenced to death, and was executed a few days after her trial. As she was carried in a cart from Newgate to Tyburn, the place of her execution, she scattered money among the people. A morbid curiosity drew crowds to see her die, and many ladies and gentlemen gazed from their own carriages on the spectacle. Mrs. Turner wore on this occasion a ruff stiffened with the yellow starch for which she was famous; from this time the fashion became obsolete. Her hands were bound with a black ribbon, and a black veil concealed her death-struggles.

The trial of Sir Gervas Helwysse took place on the 16th of November. Helwysse, it will be recollected, had been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower shortly after Overbury became a prisoner, on the immediate recommendation of Sir Thomas Monson, but, as it was asserted, by the contrivance of Somerset and Northampton. The correspondence between Northampton and Helwysse proves that the latter was in the interest of the Countess, and that he was fully aware of the plot for detaining Overbury in the Tower. He was accused of aiding and abetting Weston in the murder. His defense has been preserved. He commenced his discourse by a bold but dignified charge against Coke of having tampered with the evidence to the disadvantage of the accused.

He admitted that Weston had told him there was poison in what he was going to give to Overbury, but so far from participating in his guilt, he stated that he pointed out to Weston the heinous nature of the crime. It was urged against him that knowing what Weston intended to do, he should have discharged the man, instead of showing him greater kindness than before. Helwysse stated also that he was not aware that Overbury had actually been poisoned until after the death of the prisoner, when he heard it from Weston. He added, that if he were guilty, the Lord Treasurer, (the Earl of Suffolk, father of the Countess,) was also in the plot, as could be proved by letters—now in the possession of his wife—from Suffolk to

him. These letters were not produced, neither was Suffolk or his intriguing lady examined.

The Chief Justice suffered Helwysse to conclude his defense, when, putting his hand into his bosom, he drew from thence the confession, which he had, until this time, artfully withheld, of Franklin. The name of this man has already been mentioned. "It is not," said Coke, "your deep protestations, nor your appealing to God, that can sway a jury from their evidence, which is not yet answered unto. But to leave you without excuse, and to make the matter as clear as may be, here is the confession of Franklin, saying, this poor man, not knowing that Sir Gervas should come to his trial, this morning he came unto me at five of the clock, and it was told me that he was much troubled in his conscience, and could not rest all that night until he had made his confession; and it is such a one (these were his words) as the eye of England never saw, nor the ear of Christendom never heard." The confession of Franklin was then read. It contained a statement of the plot to murder Overbury, and asserted that Helwysse was cognizant of it. After the reading of the deposition, Helwysse exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me!" This exclamation was attributed by Coke and others to the consciousness of his own guilt, and not to the hopelessness of his situation under so unfair a trial. Upon this confession of Franklin, who was shortly to be tried as accessory to the same offense, Helwysse was convicted and sentenced to death. His execution took place on Tower-Hill, on November 20th, and Drs. Whiting and Fenton officiated at his death, and received what is called his confession. In this he stated that he was drawn into the plot by the Earl of Northampton and Sir Thomas Monson, and *none others*.

The next trial was that of James Franklin: it took place on the 27th of November. Franklin was a physician by profession. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing: he was swarthy, sallow, and crook-backed; and his moral character was such that Mrs. Turner had earnestly entreated that she might not die on the same day as so foul a villain. Coke had not a better opinion of him. He was so thoroughly convinced of his guilt, that in a letter to the King he states that his life is only spared until

he has related all he knows of this nefarious transaction.

Franklin was charged with having supplied the poisons. He was convicted principally upon his own confessions, four of which, of different dates,\* are mentioned in the State Trials. It is a remarkable fact, that neither the originals nor any authentic copies of these documents are to be found in any of the public repositories. Franklin was executed shortly after his trial. Franklin's evidence was so contradictory, and his character so bad, that little reliance can be placed on it, where it is unsupported by other evidence. It appears that he divulged that the murder of Overbury was but one of a series of murders which had been planned on a grand scale, and that several persons of high rank, besides the Earl and Countess of Somerset, and the Earl of Northampton, were concerned in the plot.† It was to the discovery of this plot that Coke alluded in his speech on the trial of Sir Thomas Monson, which we shall presently notice. No direct evidence of the existence of this plot has been made public; but it is clear, from the letters of Coke and Bacon to the King Villiers, that they believed in it.‡

The arraignment and trial of Sir Thomas Monson, for the murder of Overbury, took place on the 4th of December. Some of the circumstances attending it were peculiar. On coming to the bar, Monson had requested of the Chief Justice an answer to the questions he had asked of the Lord Treasurer, and also that Sir Robert Cotton might be present at his trial.

Previous to the trial, Coke had, as usual, maintained a close correspondence with the King. In one of his letters to the King, Coke states that he had deferred this trial, not in respect of any innocence he had found in him, but because he was persuaded that Monson could discover secrets worthy and necessary to be known, and because he might in some points prove a good witness against the Countess.

Contrary to the expectation of Coke, who thought he would stand mute, Monson pleaded *not guilty*, and put himself upon God and the country. This rather

disconcerted the plans of the Bench, who had resolved not to proceed with Monson's trial. Coke, therefore, broke up the proceedings abruptly. After praising the justice and lenity of the King, who had suffered Monson to remain in the custody of his (Monson's) own brother-in-law, he alluded to the discovery of some plot which was yet a secret, "which maketh," he said, "our deliverance as great as any that happened to the children of Israel." Then, after commenting shortly on the results of the previous trials, and the penitent deaths of those who had been hung, Coke read a brief note from the Lord Treasurer, (Suffolk,) to the effect that he could neither accuse nor excuse Monson. Some discourse then ensued between Monson and his Judges, they asserting his guilt, and accusing him of Papacy, he maintaining his innocence. Suddenly six yeomen of the guard, richly drest, stepped from a place where they had been privately stationed; advancing to the prisoner, they produced a warrant from the Lord Chancellor and Coke, and led Monson away through the gaping crowd to the Tower of London. As they slowly made their way through the streets, followed by the execrations and curses of the people, the rain fell in torrents. Monson, who was not prepared for this, and had no other protection from the weather than a handsome velvet dress, and was moreover in bad health, suffered so much from this exposed walk through the City, that he narrowly escaped with his life.

We must now return to Somerset, who, on the 18th of October, was committed to the custody of the Dean of Westminster, while the Countess remained a prisoner in her own house and apartments. On the 25th of October Somerset was examined after dinner, and again, on the 28th, before dinner, when such grave matter of suspicion was found against him that he would have been sent to the Tower if he had not still held the seals. On the 2d of November the seals were taken from him, and he was committed to the Tower.

The Countess, meanwhile, was detained in close and almost solitary confinement; no one was allowed to approach her but the servants whose attendance was necessary. Separated from the husband, to attain whose love she had sacrificed so much, and ignorant of his fate; banished from the Court where her beauty had won universal admiration; lonely and disappoint-

\* November 12th, 16th, 17th, and 22nd.

† State Paper Office, Dom. Papers, 1615, Nov. 28. No. 326. Amos, 227, 8, 9.

‡ See also Bacon's expostulation to Sir E. Coke.

ed, she passed the wearisome hours which must intervene before she became a mother, and in sad anticipation of what might be the result of the trial which was hanging over her head, and which was only suspended until her convalescence. On the 9th of December she gave birth to her only child—a daughter. One month was allowed for the recovery of her health, and on the 8th of January she was examined by the commissioners touching the part she had taken in the murder of Overbury. On the 27th of March, 1616,\* she was sent to the Tower. When she heard the place of her destination, the wretched, and, perhaps, conscience-stricken woman, passionately entreated that she might not be imprisoned in the room in which Overbury had died.

During this interval the Commissioners had not been idle. Somerset underwent several examinations. Sir Edward Coke and Sir Francis Bacon corresponded privately with the King, and some letters passed between Bacon and Villiers relative to the approaching trial, in which the King was deeply interested. Somerset had acknowledged the share he had taken in procuring the imprisonment of Overbury, but had denied any attempt on his life. He also expressed a decided disinclination to be put upon his trial. Every effort was made, but without success, to induce him to confess. He was told by Coke that four persons had already been attainted and executed for the murder of Overbury; he was also informed that his wife had voluntarily confessed her guilt, and hopes of mercy were held out to him if he would also confess his participation in the crime. Somerset expressed his sorrow that his wife was guilty of so foul a part, but continued to assert his own innocence.

Bacon was then Attorney-General, and while Coke was laboring vigorously at the discovery of the murderers, Bacon's efforts were directed towards satisfying the wishes and anxieties of the King. Like a prudent man, he took care to be on good terms with the reigning favorite—Villiers. The letters written by Bacon to the King and Villiers, on the subject of the approaching trial of Somerset, are deserving of close attention. They manifest

extreme anxiety on the part of the King lest Somerset should make disclosures which James earnestly desired should not be revealed. What was the nature of the secret which the King was solicitous to preserve does not appear. There is, however, no doubt that both Somerset and Overbury were in possession of State secrets in which the King was concerned. Overbury, indeed, had written to Somerset, threatening to reveal certain secrets if Somerset persisted in ill-treating him,\* and Somerset acknowledged that he had communicated these secrets to Overbury with the King's concurrence. It was thought that these secrets might relate to Spanish affairs, and suspicions of treasonable practices with Spain were conceived respecting Somerset. Nothing, however, could be proved against him in this direction. The knowledge of the secret had since the death of Overbury, probably been confined to the King and Somerset, unless he had since taken Villiers into his confidence.

The plan of conduct recommended by Bacon was wary and politic. Somerset was to be informed that the evidence against him was strong enough to convict him; while, at the same time, hopes were to be held out of the King's mercy, and efforts were to be made to keep him in good humor and to induce him to submit quietly to his trial—a very unnecessary precaution, one would think, in cases where the prosecutors held sufficient proofs against the accused, unless it was apprehended that he could make unpleasant disclosures in which other persons were implicated. These arrangements were to be kept so private that the sergeants engaged in the case were not to know of them; and, in order to cover them more effectually, some general heads of direction were to be sent to all employed in conducting the prosecution. A memorial was drawn up by Bacon, in which the heads of the charge against Somerset were submitted to the King's consideration. This memorial, with the King's answers, has been preserved.†

It was not enough to engage the professional services of the acute and sagacious Bacon in finding a loophole for the escape of his former favorite; James adopted other and secret means to endeavor to ob-

\* This date is assigned by Camden; and as the child was born on the 9th of December, 1615, the birth could not have taken place, as Mr. Amos supposes, in the Tower.

\* *State Trials*, p. 357.

† It is published in *Bacon's Works*, 6, p. 97; and by Amos, p. 443.



tain a confession from Somerset. Secretly, and with the utmost caution, he wrote to the Lieutenant of the Tower (Sir George More) a letter,\* which he sent by Walter James, the secretary of Somerset, desiring the Lieutenant to admit James to the presence of his prisoner "with such secrecy as none living may know of it; and after his speaking with him in private, he may be returned back again as secretly."

Not satisfied with this letter, four days† after, James again wrote confidentially to the Lieutenant. In this letter, after saying that he "cannot leave off to use all means possible to move Somerset to do that which is both most honorable for the King, and his own best," he adds, "you shall therefore give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet, before his trial, confess clearly unto the Commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it," etc.

Another, letter, without date, and to the same effect, followed this; but the King was disappointed. Somerset would not confess.

In the meantime, preparations had been making for the trial of the Earl and Countess. The Peers selected to try the cause had been summoned as far back as the 27th of April, and the day of the trial had been fixed for the 15th of May; but, on account of the Countess's indisposition, it was subsequently postponed until the 23d, and ultimately until the 24th, on which day the trial of the Countess took place.

Although nearly twelve years had elapsed since the last State trial in Westminster Hall, namely, that of the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, the ceremonial attending it was in the recollection of many persons then living. The present ceremony was expected to be still more imposing. An Earl and his Countess—the one the favorite of the King, the other a scion of one of the first families in England—were to be tried by their Peers for felony. The excitement of the people had, during the long interval that had elapsed since the trials in the autumn of the minor agents concerned in the murder of Overbury, subsided almost into a feeling of disappointment; and the notion gained

ground that those who were thought to be most culpable would be permitted to escape the punishment due to their crime. The active preparations for the trial awakened the expectations of the people, and the excitement increased as the appointed day drew near. Seats in Westminster Hall were engaged more than a week before the time; four or five pieces was the ordinary price for a seat. One man, a lawyer, gave as much as £10, for the two days, for seats for himself and his wife. The sum of £50 was paid for a corner which would contain a dozen persons. Some, anxious to secure their places, took possession of their seats as early as six o'clock in the morning of the day of trial. Every part of the vast building, except that which was destined for the accommodation of the official personages and the prisoners, was filled with spectators. Every avenue leading to the Hall was crowded with men, women, and children, eager to catch a glimpse of what was passing within, and to ascertain the result of the trial. Business was at a stand; public amusements neglected; even the law-courts were almost deserted; the people themselves being, as Lord Bacon said, more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own.

The spectacle within was solemn and imposing. At the upper end of the Hall, on an elevated chair of state, and robed in full official costume, sat the good and venerable Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who, on this occasion, officiated as Lord High Steward. Although in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Ellesmere retained so much of the remarkable personal beauty for which he had always been distinguished, that persons frequently went to the Court of Chancery to enjoy the pleasure of gazing on his handsome face; and happy, says the facetious Fuller, were they who had no other business there. On the right of the Chancellor stood the Usher with the White Rod; on the left, another Usher with the Black Rod; near him, the Garter King-at-Arms and the Seal-bearer. Eight Sergeants-at-arms stood on either side; others were placed behind the Chancellor.

The twenty-one Peers, who constituted the Court of the Lord High Steward, sat on each side, on benches placed on a gallery a little lower than the seat of the Chancellor, and approached by twelve steps. In a row behind the Peers sat the

\* Dated 9th May, 1616. Losely Papers, (see Amos, 471.) published in 1835. by A. T. Kemp, Esq.

† May 13, 1616.



Judges in their scarlet robes and collars of SS. The principal seat was occupied by the most eminent of lawyers, Sir Edward Coke, the Lord Chief Justice of England, that "spirit of a fiery exhalation, as subtle as active."\* Well-proportioned in his person, regular in feature, his presence added dignity to the Bench; while his grave and composed manner veiled the impetuosity of his temperament. At the further end sat the King's Counsel, at the head of whom was the great Sir Francis Bacon, then Attorney-General. He was easily distinguishable by his lofty, spacious, and open forehead; by the lines of thought upon his brow; and by his bright and penetrating eye. The Clerk of the Crown and his deputy stood in the midst of the court, the Sergeant-Crier beside him. Close by the Court of Common Pleas a small room or cabin had been built as a place of rest for the prisoners. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir George More, stood near.

All being silent, the Garter King-at-Arms rose and delivered the patent to the Lord High Steward, who received and kissed it, then handed it to the Clerk of the Court.

The Sergeant-Crier proclaimed silence in the name of the Lord High Steward. The commission was then read; the indictment handed in; Walter Lee, the Sergeant-at-Arms, returned the precept for summoning the Peers of Frances Countess of Somerset; the Peers answered severally to their names, each standing up as his name was read, with hat off, until the next was called. The Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to bring in his prisoner. There was a dead silence, broken only by the rustling of garments, as all the spectators turned towards the place where the prisoner was expected to appear. Sir George More led in the subdued and trembling Countess, and placed her at the bar. The usual ceremony of carrying the axe before her had been dispensed with. The Countess appeared dressed in black, with a cypress chaperon on her head; and a cobweb-lawn ruff and cuffs. Although pale from long confinement and agitation, and suffering perhaps from the painful disease which shortened her life, she was still young,† and eminent-

ly beautiful; and the spectators, while they recollected the brilliant fêtes which took place on her marriage with Somerset, and the adulation she had received from all ranks, could not help contrasting the exalted station she had once occupied with her present ignominious position. All present commiserated her unhappy condition. Among the spectators was one who, placed where he could escape observation, fixed his eye sadly tenderly upon her; it was the young Earl of Essex, the boy-husband of her youth, whose affection she had repulsed, whose name she had resigned to assume that of the now-disgraced favorite. Unseen by the Countess, Essex had come to witness the result of the trial of her whom he had so fondly loved, for the murder of her new husband's friend.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Clerk of the Court, "hold up thy hand."

She held it up until the Lieutenant told her she might put it down. The indictment was then read; and when Weston's name was mentioned, the tears ran down her cheeks, and she hid her face with her fan. When the indictment had been read, the Clerk of the Court again addressed her:

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, what sayest thou? Art thou guilty of this felony and murder? or not guilty?"

The Countess, making an obeisance to the Lord Steward, answered "with a low voice, but wonderfully fearful, "Guilty."

Sir Francis Bacon then rose. In a speech carefully prepared, he addressed the Lord High Steward, gave his own version of the discovery of the murder, panegyricized the King, and contrasting the humility and repentance of the Countess with the persistent denial of those who had been executed, he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess in terms which could scarcely be misunderstood. In fact, a disposition to extenuate was apparent throughout the proceedings of this day. The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder were then read, and commended by Sir Edward

\* Wilson, in Kennet.

† It is stated in the Proceedings for the Divorce, that the Countess was married to Essex in 1603, and

that she was then thirteen; that, in 1613, she was between twenty-two and twenty-three; she must, therefore, have been twenty-six at the time of her trial, and not twenty-one, as Mr. Amos supposes, Essex was two years older. Somerset was nearly the same age as the Countess.

Coke and by the Lord High Steward. The Attorney-General then desired that the confession might be recorded, and judgment given against the prisoner.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset," said the Clerk of the Court, "whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, and pleaded guilty, as accessory before the fact, of the willful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?"

The Countess replied, humbly, fearfully, "I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault; I desire mercy, and that the Lords will intercede for me with the King."

The voice was so low, that the Lord High Steward could not hear her, and the Attorney-General was obliged to repeat her words.

The Usher of the White Staff, bending his knee, presented it to the Lord High Steward, who pronounced sentence of death against the Countess.

The unhappy woman was reconducted by the Lieutenant to the Tower, and the Court broke up; yet, notwithstanding sentence had been passed, it was the general opinion that her life would be spared.

The trial of Somerset was to take place on the following day. The King had addressed to the Lieutenant another private letter, which showed that his anxiety on the subject of the trial was not at all diminished, and that he still apprehended opposition on the part of Somerset.

As yet, the prisoner did not know what day was fixed for the trial; it was considered time to inform him. Late at night, before retiring to rest, he was told by Sir George More to prepare himself. The Earl absolutely refused, saying, they should carry him in his bed; that the King had assured him he would not bring him to trial, neither did he dare to do so. More was so surprised, that although "he was accounted a wise man, yet he was neare at his wits end." What follows must be related in the words of Sir Anthony Weldon:—

"Yet away goes Moore to Greenwich, as late as it was (being twelve at night); bounseth at the back-stayres as if mad, to whome came Jo. Loveston, one of the grooms, out of his bed, enquires the reason of that distemper at so late a season. Moore tells him he must speak with the King. Loveston replyes, 'He is

quiet,' (which, in the Scottish dialect, is *fast asleep*). Moore says, "You must awake him." Moore was called in. (The chamber left to the King and Moore). He tells the King those passages, and desired to be directed by the King, for he was gone beyond his owne reason, to heare such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just soveraigne. The King falls into a passion of tears: "On my soule, Moore, I wot not what to do! thou art a wise man, help me in this great straight, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master," with other sad expressions. Moore leaves the King in that passion, but assures him he will prove the utmost of his wit to serve his Majesty; and was really rewarded with a suit worth to him 1500*l*. (although Annandale, his great friend, did cheat him of one-half; so was there falsehood in friendship).

"Sir George Moore returns to Somerset about three next morning of that day he was to come to trial, enters Somerset's chamber, tells him he had been with the King, found him a most affectionate master unto him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him: 'But (said he) to satisfie justice, you must appeare, although returne instantly againe, without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' With this trick of wit he allayed his fury, and got him quietly, about eight in the morning, to the Hall; yet feared his former bold language might revert againe, and being brought by this trick into the toile, might have more engaged him to fly out into the toile, might have more engaged him to fly out into some strange discovery; for prevention whereof he had two servants placed on each side of him, with a cloak on their arms, giving them withall a peremptory order, if that Somerset did any way fly out on the King, they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar, and carry him away; for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountifull reward. But the Earle, finding himself overreached, recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his tryall, where he held the company until seven at night. But who had seen the King's restless motion all that day, sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, would have easily judged all was not right, and there had been some grounds for his feares of Somerset's boldnesse; but at last one bringing him word he was condemned, and the passages all was quiet. This is the very relation from Moore's owne mouth, and this he told *verbatim*, in Wanstead Parke, to two gentlemen (of which the author was one), who were both left by him to their owne freedom, without engaging them, even in those times of high distemperatures, unto a faithful secrecie in concealing it; yet, though he failed in his wisdom, they failed not in that worth inherent in every noble spirit, never speaking of it till after the King's death."

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 25th of May, the trial of the Earl of Somerset began. The ceremonial was the same as on the previous day, except that the axe was carried before him.\* The Earl appeared in the cloak and George and other insignia of the order of the Garter. His dress was of plain black satin, laid (or trimmed) with two satin laces. His yellow hair was curled, his beard long, his face pale, his eyes sunk in his head. His manner was modest, but firm. The indictment having been read, Somerset pleaded "not guilty," and the trial went on.

The Lord High Steward addressed the prisoner, saying he might speak boldly, and urging him to confess the truth, lest his wilfulness should cause the gates of mercy to be shut upon him.

Somerset's bearing was manly and collected; eye-witnesses speak of his constancy and undaunted carriage all the time of his arraignment. At five o'clock he began his defence. He expressed his confidence in his own cause, which he was come there to defend. He acknowledged that he had consented to the imprisonment of Overbury, but denied being accessory to the murder. "Let not you, then," he said, "my noble Peers, rely upon the memorative relation of such a villain as Franklin; neither think it a hard request when I humbly desire you to weigh my protestations, my oath upon my honor and conscience, against the lewd information of so bad a miscreant."

With regard to the pardon he had obtained from the King, and in which the word *murder* was inserted, he explained that this word was included in the general words added by the lawyers, and that he had nothing to do with its insertion.

Towards evening the effect of the scene was heightened by the introduction of a number of lighted torches, rendered necessary by the declining light. The torches, added to the crowd assembled in the Hall and the warmth of the weather, rendered the heat almost unbearable. Many persons left in consequence, or were carried out fainting.

Having concluded his defence, the prisoner, after recommending his case to their Lordships, was withdrawn while the Lords conversed together. On returning to their seats, their names were severally

called by the Sergeant-Crier. Then the Lord High Steward, addressing each of the Lords by name, asked him whether Robert Earl of Somerset was guilty as accessory before the fact of the murder of Overbury, for which he had been arraigned, or not guilty. One and all replied guilty. The verdict might have been anticipated, for most of the nobles summoned belonged to the faction that would rise by the fall of Somerset.\* The prisoner was then brought up for judgment, and sentence of death was passed upon him. The edge of the axe was turned towards him. The Lord High Steward then broke his staff; the Court dissolved; and the prisoner was led back to the tower. Thus ended the great oyer of poisoning.

One incident of the trial we must not neglect to mention. The Earl of Essex, who, although present at the trial of the Countess, had kept himself out of sight, had, during the Earl's trial, placed himself in full view of his rival.

Although sentence of death had been recorded against the Earl and Countess, no steps were taken to carry it into execution. They still remained in the Tower. Within two months after the trial the liberty of the Tower was granted to the Earl, and he was seen to walk about with the Garter and George about his neck. The Countess's pardon had already received the royal signature and seal, but her release did not follow immediately.

After an imprisonment in the Tower of five years, the Earl and Countess had permission to retire to the country, but their liberty was circumscribed to the space of three miles around their residence.

In the year 1624, four months before the death of the King, James, forgetting, or at all events disregarding the curse he had denounced upon those who should spare any who were concerned in the murder of Overbury, granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset a free pardon, and settled upon the Earl £4000 a year in land.

But freedom did not bring happiness to Somerset and his Countess; hatred succeeded to love; bitter quarrels disturbed their lives, and peace and quiet were only attained by the cessation of all intercourse. The Earl and Countess lived several years in the same house without communicating with each other. The Countess died, after long and severe suffering from a cancer, in 1632.

\* When a peer was tried for felony, the axe was carried before him; when he was convicted, the edge was turned towards him.

\* Amos, 357.

In the later years of his life, when wearied with the insolence of Villiers, (then Duke of Buckingham,) from which he had not energy to emancipate himself, King James, feeling the return of his old affection for Somerset, or perhaps attracted towards him by the secret which they shared in common, entered again into confidential correspondence with his disgraced favorite. He even consulted Somerset on matters relating to his rival, Buckingham. Some years ago the fair copy, by a secretary, of a letter written by Somerset, in answer to some communication from the King, was found in a small box containing family papers at Nesbit Hall, the ancient seat of the Carr family. The part of this letter quoted by Mr. Amos proves the confidential intercourse which existed between the sovereign and the writer.

Somerset died in obscurity in 1645, a despised and disappointed man. The only child of the Earl and Countess, who was named Anne after the Queen, was married to the Duke of Bedford, and was the mother of Lord William Russell.

Thus have we brought to a close the narrative of this mysterious crime, availing ourselves of the light shed upon the story by the recent discoveries in the State Paper Office. But, notwithstanding these discoveries, the plot remains shrouded in a double veil of mystery and darkness, which it seems almost in vain to endeavor to penetrate. Foremost among the "historic doubts" which throng the subject, two questions, however, seem to stand forth: Who murdered Overbury? and why was he murdered?

We think there is strong reason to believe that the parties executed for the murder—namely, Helwysse, Weston, Franklin, and Mrs. Turner—how guilty soever in intention—and of their evil intentions there can be little doubt, did not really effect it. We entertain no doubt that the wicked Countess had plotted the prisoner's death; but consider that plot failed, probably through the intervention of Helwysse. Of this intervention she was unaware, and therefore believed herself guilty of the fact, as she certainly was in design. Hence her confession.

Taking this view of the Countess's guilt, we of course believe that Somerset was innocent. It was the opinion of his contemporaries that he was accessory to the imprisonment, but that he was innocent of the murder; that he fell, as he himself expresses it, "rather from want of well-de-

fending than by force of proofs." In this opinion we entirely concur.

Now it appears from the documents published by Mr. Amos, that the immediate cause of Overbury's death was the medication administered by the boy Reeve, under the direction of Paul de Lobell, apothecary of Sir Theodore de Mayerne, the King's French physician, who attended Overbury for some months during his imprisonment, and apparently by the King's orders.

But Lobell had no animosity against his victim. He was therefore employed by others. Who were they?

We must answer this inquiry by another. Who had cause to wish his death?

THE KING, we are told, had conceived a rooted hatred against Overbury. The cause of his hatred we can only conjecture. Overbury had insulted the Queen, but this was an offense that would hardly have stirred James's blood. Was it then, this, that the King desired to get rid of one who was privy to the dark and mysterious secret, the knowledge of which gave Somerset, a few years after, so strange a power over his royal master? We are told that Sir Edward Coke, in the trial of Monson, and in his letters to the King, threw out dark hints respecting some fearful plot of which he thought he had found the clue, "yet was rebuked, and lost his place as Chief Justice for his officiousness." Be this as it may, we think it plain that Somerset was acquainted with some secret, the revelation of which would have consigned James to infamy, as the fear that it might be revealed threw him into the agony of terror so graphically described by Weldon. If so considering the intimacy between Somerset and his Mentor,\* it may be taken for granted that Overbury knew it too. Those students of English history who believe that James contrived the destruction of the Gowries, will find no difficulty in believing that he also contrived the destruction of Overbury. It is not necessary to suppose that the King actually instructed Lobell to administer the poison; perhaps he only uttered some such significant wish as that which, uttered by Henry II., caused the murder of Becket.

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\* "Overbury was known to have great intimacy and strict friendship with my Lord of Somerset . . . he was a kind of oracle to him; . . . the time was when Overbury knew more of the secrets of State than the Council-table did." From the speech of Sir Francis Bacon on the trial of Somerset. —See the *State Trials*.



From Titan.

## PERTHES THE PUBLISHER, AND LITERARY GERMANY.\*

THERE was a talk, some fifteen or twenty years ago, that the genius of old "Faterland" was exhausted. Men, while admitting the splendid achievements of the elder Germans—of the Kants, Fichtes, Goethes, Schillers, and Richters—were in the habit of saying: "But that people are doing little or nothing now." Some spoke as if Goethe were at once the Alpha and the Omega of German literature and poesy. Such talk was partly founded on ignorance, partly on that principle in the human mind which leads men to depreciate the present and to exalt the past, and partly on sympathy with the sceptical spirit which had so strongly characterised the elder German authors. Of late years, more justice has been done in this country to the later fruits of the German mind; fruits which, if inferior to the first products of the tree in brilliancy of hue and piquancy of taste, are much superior in the qualities of solid nourishment and healthful influences.

Yet, ere introducing to our readers the great German publisher, whose shop formed that nucleus of the fine cluster of the later school—of Niebuhrs, Neanders, Krummachers, and Tholucks—we are tempted to look back for a little with deep interest and admiration to the more splendid, although more uncertain and dangerous, lustre of the constellation which preceded it. Certainly, in the history of letters, seldom, if ever, was such a distinguished group assembled as met at Weimar. Brilliant the days of Augustus, when Virgil and Horace met and embraced each other under the shadow of Mæcenas; when Livy and Sallust were contending for the smiles of Clio; and when the wondrous Cicero, philosopher, orator, moral writer, epistolist, litterateur, and the more wondrous Cæsar, soldier, statesman, splendid roué, orator, and his-

torian, had newly left the stage: brilliant the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Shakspeare and Jonson drank and punned at the Mermaiden; when Burleigh nodded in the council, his nod, like Jove's,

"The stamp of fate—the fiat of a god;"

when Raleigh strode the deck, like Apollo embarked in the car of Neptune; when Bacon sat on the woollack, his brows heavy-laden with wisdom, and his heart overflowing with serpentine wiles; and when Spenser poured his most melting, mellifluous, and unearthly strains, and had flowers and poems thrown into his premature grave: brilliant the days of Queen Anne, when Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot mingled their streams of wit, and when Swift infused his gall, and turned them into Marah-waters of bitterness; when each morning the "Spectators" were shed abroad on the world, like soft and snowy blossoms from a tree in May; when Addison was seated in his coffee-house senate, with Budgell as his shadow, Phillips as his echo, Tickell as his weaker *alias*, and Steele as his (never empty) *butt*: brilliant the days of George III., when, in London, Burke and Johnson talked far above singing; and Goldsmith gaped for wonderment, or got pale in envy; and Boswell hurried away to record the conversation in his journal; and Garrick caught some new oddity in Johnson's manner to help him in his next imitation of the sage; and Reynolds, through snuff-watering eyes, watched the faces of the disputants—their words half heard—for a pictorial purpose; and Beauclerk surveyed the whole company with the coolest and civilest of sneers: and when, in Scotland, Robertson and Blair were bowing to each other their gentle contradictions and soft impeachments across the table; and David Hume was playing his rubber of whist, his ideas and impressions forgotten; and Robert Burns was interposing his sturdy sense,

\* Memoirs of Frederick Perthes. From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes. Edinburgh: Constable.

rough wit, and round oaths in the intervals of Dugald Stewart's delicate discriminations, and Alison's fine-spun theories; brilliant the days of George IV., or rather, of the "Prince Regent," when, at the "Round Table," or under the "Lion's Mouth" of the "London Magazine," Hazlitt snarled and stormed; Leigh Hunt fluttered about like a bird, bustling with kindness, and overflowing with *bonhomie* and animal spirit; Shelley screamed out his insane sincerities; Lamb stuttered, punned, and hiccuped; and John Scott contributed his Norland sense and Aberdonian accent to the medley; and when with us Wilson poured forth his unpremeditated strains of farce and tragedy, of poetry and fun; Lockhart snapped at every subject, like a hungry and angry dog; Hogg ejaculated coarse confusions of thought and language—a chaos which another and greater mind was to fuse and to round into harmony; MacGinn sang, swore, and quaffed; and De Quincy wound along through all the uproar his own quiet, deep current of philosophical and poetic imaginings, tinged with that soft shade which overlies all his better converse as well as writing, and reminds you of his own favorite words:

"The grace of forest-charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy:"

but more brilliant, perhaps, still than any since the Augustan or Elizabethan age, the assemblage of fine spirits, such as Goethe, Schiller, Novalis, Herder, and a host more, which met in or near Weimar, and have made that region not only classical but enchanted ground. The reason of the superiority of this assemblage, perhaps, lies here: it was a cluster of wizards—of creators, of men of original genius. In many of the brilliant groups we have rapidly pictured, there was much more of talent than of genius. But in Weimar there was a reunion of several of the very first minds of that or any age; and on the whole they contrived to live in tolerable harmony; and their light shines on us thick and cruded as that of the Pleiades.

We are far from being idolaters of Goethe. We consider the excessive worship of him by Carlyle and Lewis as, in the first, a mental, and in the second, a moral, derangement. Goethe, as a man, we not only dislike, but loathe. He had all the faults supposed to be incident to

the genial temperament, without that temperament itself. Byron even seems respectable compared to him. Byron was the slave of passion; Goethe sinned on system. Byron was the creature of impulse; Goethe came calm, if not sober, to the perpetration of seduction, and the patronage of suicide. Byron never seduced a female; Goethe many. Byron drank to drown remorse, and to stop despondency on the edge of despair and madness; Goethe to intensify pleasure, and to nourish pride. Sin soured Byron; it agreed with Goethe's constitution, and he continued healthy, and almost happy, with it. Sin was driving Byron latterly toward Christianity; it drove Goethe to a belief in an immoral and lifeless God. Byron shrank, withered, and died on the poisons he had imbibed; Goethe fattened, flourished, and became an octogenarian on their strength. Byron sinned like an erring man; Goethe like a Pagan god, whose wickedness seem all the more intolerable that they are done with a high hand, from a celestial vantage-ground, and without any human-like result of remorse. Both became satirists; but, while the satire of Byron, in its very bitterness as well as fire, proves that the iron has entered into his soul, that of Goethe is cool, sardonic, and seems to mock, not only the objects of its scorn, but that scorn itself. The one, at the worst, is the smile of a Satan, a being of hot heart, disappointed ambition, and awful regrets; the other we may liken to that of Ahrimanes himself, the fabled aboriginal evil god, who may sneer at, but can hardly be angry at, the evil he has himself made, and which has always seemed to him good.

With these views of Goethe's character we, of course, warmly admire his genius. He united qualities seemingly the most incompatible: Horatian elegance with almost Shaksperian imagination; unbounded command over the regions of the ethereal, with the coolest intellect, and stores of worldly wisdom worthy of Lord Bacon. "No writer," Emerson said once, "has less nonsense in his works than Goethe." No writer at all events has turned his nonsense to better account, handled his filth with a more delicate touch. Some of his looser writings remind you of:

"Garden gods, and not so decent either."

but they are formed with all the elegance

of Canova's sculpture. The story of the "Elective Affinities" is one of intertangled abomination, almost incredible; the characters resemble a knot of foul toads, but few indecorous expressions occur. Many of the scenes are exquisitely beautiful; sentiment of a pure and lofty kind alternates with essential *smut*; and close to the fire-springs of guilty passion lie masses of clear, icy, but true and deep reflection. The "Sorrows of Werter," seem to us a wondrously trashy production, and, were it appearing now, would be classed with inferior French novels. It would now fail in producing a single suicide. Altogether, Goethe's works give us the impression of extreme coldness; and not of the cheerful, bracing cold of snow, but of the deadly cold of the grave, if not rather of that cold which Milton has ventured to represent in the very heart of Pandemonium, where "frozen Alps" nod to "fiery," and where alike fire and frost are everlasting. Intellect and imagination, without heart, principle, or geniality, although with considerable power of simulating sympathy with all three, were, in spite of Lewis, the true constituents of Goethe's genius; and Walsingham, in Sterling's "Onyx-Ring," is his perfect likeness.

Schiller was a man of a different order. Perfected through suffering, hardened by endurance, into a mere mass (intellectually) of muscle, brawn, and bone; an earnest struggler; a man of high Roman nature—with a warm heart, but a Pagan creed—Schiller might seem at first sight still more remote from men, and disconnected from general sympathy, than Goethe. But, amidst all his muscular strength, there were weaknesses and foibles in his constitution, and beneath all his iron hardihood there were softening of humanity which have endeared him to the world. Aspiring, like Goethe, to be only an artist, he did not cease, like him, to be a man. His humanity was originally so abundant, that it survived his early and souring struggles, his long devotion to a somewhat paganized philosophy, and a high but cold ideal of art, and was beating in his heart to the last. His final words were, "Many things are now becoming plain and dear to me." Curious question, what were these things? What light on the dread knots which had long perplexed him, and for which his prose essays show that he had found

only a sorry solution, was darted by the radiance he saw rising through the dark valley and shadow of Death? His experience is not at all peculiar. Who has not seen a strange smile shining on the face of the departing, as if they saw some unearthly splendor, or celestial shape dawning on their eyes, or as if they heard the first bells of that city which hath no need of the sun? And who has not noticed that wondrous calm which, often succeeding the most violent anguish, settles down on the dying man, and seems the rest prepared for the people of God arrived before the time? And what utterances come often from dying persons—eloquence from lips that had been dull before—wisdom from the foolish—genius from the clown—the most glowing sentiments of virtue from the depraved! And how do the good sometimes then surpass themselves; and the departing mother, rising from her couch, and blessing or counselling her children, seems absolutely inspired, and rolls out her words with supernatural force, fluency, and beauty, and the silence that succeeds seems that of a shrine newly deserted by the god! "Oh! just, subtle, wise, and mighty Death!" said Raleigh; but he referred to the revelations which follow; whereas the words may be as appropriately applied to those which precede it. There are sometimes "chariots of fire and horses of fire" seen on this, as well as on that side of the Black River. Not long ago, a person whom we knew, and who had been long ill, starting from a brief trance, told his attendant that he had seen, and continued to see, the gates of heaven opening to receive him. It was singular that while this person a few days after, was committed to the dust, a lark rose directly over the grave, and poured down a strain of thrilling harmony till the funeral was over, when the sound ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

There are often apparent, but seldom any real, disparities between a man's character and his genius. As a man's imagination is, so is he. As a man's works are, so is his life. The strong, manly work proclaims the strong man. The effeminate writing stamps the cultivated weakling. The impure conceptions of the book come from the foul fancy of the writer. The satire shows the spirit to be either permanently or temporarily soured. The man halting between two opinions,

or two ideals, or two plans of life in his conduct, halts as much in his works. Milton, the semi-seraph, wrote the semi-seraphic epic; Butler and Swift, the unhappy and disappointed, wrote caricatures and libels; Thomson, the lazy lover of nature, wrote languid but beautiful love-letters to her, and these are his "Seasons;" you see Byron's personal defect crippling or convulsing portions of his poems. Christopher North's uncertain position between the serious and the ludicrous, and his veering political, literary, and religious opinions are visible in his "Noctes." And so, if we have accurately described Schiller's character, we need not describe his genius. He was just his own "Diver," "lean and strong"—fearing no danger and no toil in his search after the beautiful and the true; nay, loving to seek them in the very depths of the *Maëlstrom*, and if perishing in the plunge, perishing with the eye of love and the breathless hush of admiration attesting the profound sympathy with which the attempt was regarded. How different the conduct of those dainty bardlings, who (Scottice) *tape* their talents, who brood over their eggs for years, and at length produce their young with a portentous cackle, which only more loudly proclaims that they were but *earocks'* eggs after all! How different this from the earnest although mistaken enthusiasm of a Schiller or a Shelley, all whose poems are sobs, and the voice of whose wrestling genius often reminds you of the poet's

"Solitary shriek, the bubbling cry,  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony!"

All hail to another true-hearted child of Germany and genius, honest, fearless, strong, and simple-minded Jean Paul! From Perthes' memoir, we gather that he was rather dull and tedious in conversation, but so, too, he often was in writing. Endowed with many faculties—with fancy, imagination, language, learning, strong philosophic tendencies and gifts, humor, too, and wit of a certain kind—he seems either to have wanted naturally, or to have lost, his proper proportion of animal spirits. The Frenchman was quite omitted in his composition. Hence he became too much dependent on artificial stimulus to put his vast mind in motion; and hence his vivacity has

often a labored and fantastic air. But let the great soul within him be once fairly roused, by visions of nature, or by memories of early love, or by anticipations of the future life, and no one can so blend pathos with sublimity, beauty of description with depth of feeling, as Jean Paul. What a picture in his "Fruit, Flower, and Thorn Pieces" that of spring! Read in the depth of winter, it brings into the room the smell of roses and the flutter of flowers. As a white substance spread without before your window gives you, even in summer, the feeling, and almost the chill, of snow, so Jean Paul's descriptions warm you with the breath and cheer you with the joy of spring. His night scenes, too, always take you out with him under the canopy, where he is sure to show you a moon waning in the east, large stars burning by thousands in the zenith, some strange clouds, like angel-wings, stretching athwart the heavens, and a few

"Meteors of the storms,  
To plough the deep night with their fiery forms."

Night, indeed, was his element, and has suggested to him imaginations profounder, more genial, more hopeful, if not grander or more original, than the "Night Thoughts" of Young. And of his "Dream in a Churchyard," we need not speak. It were enough itself to make his name immortal—enough, itself, shall we say? to demonstrate a God and a future life. The soul capable of such a vision *must* be from God, and *can* never die. It is a proof also that Jean Paul's *forte* lay in the terribly sublime. He, perhaps, loved the humorous better, but the love is not fully reciprocated. His fun seems in general sadly forced work, and you yawn instead of laugh. It has never at least been naturalized amongst us in Britain; and, compared to that of Sterne, it seems vulgar—to that of Addison, Goldsmith, and Washington Irving, overdone and outrageous—and to that of Christopher North, tedious and unmeaning. Indeed it is in extracts chiefly that "Richter," is likely to survive out of his own country.

But we must tear ourselves away from the *Dii Majorum Gentium* of Germany, after repeating a previous remark, that none of these three, nor of their contemporaries, such as Herder, Novalis, Kant, etc., seem to have had any belief in



Christianity as a special revelation from God, or as a special remedy for an abnormal and imported disease in human nature. It is difficult to define their different shades of opinion, but all worshipped nature as God's only and ultimate revelation, although Goethe worshipped nature principally as beauty—Schiller partly as this, and partly as benevolence, saying, with Shelley, "Love is God," and in one of his poems *toasting* "the Good Spirit"—Kant as inexorable law—Richter as the envelope of a higher life—and Novalis as coming to a climax in man, according to him, the true "Schekinah." Let us now turn to Perthes, whom we regard, apart from his many other admirable qualities, as an index and exponent of the reaction which has taken place in Germany in favor of a modified orthodoxy.

As to Perthes' intellectual qualities, they stood deservedly very high. If hardly himself a man of genius, he had a vivid sympathy, as well with the eccentricities and weaknesses, as with the powers of the men of imaginative gifts. He saw little of the splendid group above described, but he intensely appreciated them, and his opinion of Goethe seems very nearly what has been just expressed. His powers were those of acute discrimination, a degree of strong common sense and practical sagacity not common in a German, and a keen interest and just appreciation of all the varieties and forms of his country's literature. To a sound judgment, and large liberal taste, he added the proper degree of enthusiasm. Such are the principal qualities which we would desiderate in a publisher. That he should be an author, or a philosopher, or a poet himself, is less desirable. We have known some specimens of the poetical publisher, but they did not serve to improve our conception of the class. The *poetical* was far from being the *ideal* publisher. Conceive the ludicrous aspect of an intense-looking personage, with blue eyes, yellow hair, and large lips, selling a boy a half-penny worth of paper across the counter, with an air of huge disdain, and then hurrying away to the back-shop to indite an ode to Glencoe, or an imitation of Wilson's "Noctes!" or a little dapper, round man, with a strong Yorkshire accent, whom calling on to settle an account you can not find, because he is "doing" a few sonnets, wherewith to eclipse, if possi-

ble, his *own* Keats, and to astonish his *own* Sergeant Talfourd. We very much fear that the poetical bookseller who pens a stanza when he should be examining his ledger, is a pretty considerable particular prig, and we never intend to publish with such a one. Perthes was of a very different order. A man of highly cultivated mind, an enthusiast, and a sage, he was not actuated by any vain ambitions. He knew, and he kept his own place. He was not the mere slave of a "Reader;" he did not gather helpless opinions about books out of the discordant clang of coteries, or the cross-firing of reviews, he read and judged for himself, and he felt that, had he become a regular author, it were equivalent to a judge leaving the bench, and taking his place to be tried at the bar. His aim was not merely to estimate the literary merit of books, but to infuse a high cosmopolitan and Christian spirit into the whole business of publishing, and to make of it at once an ideal and a moral thing. Oh! for a whole Paternoster Row of such publishers as Perthes!

The intellectual qualities of this remarkable man were subordinate to his moral. He was a thoroughly earnest, true, affectionate, brave, and noble being; genial, too, and with just the due dash (latterly) of the animal in his composition. Coleridge never drew a juster distinction than that between a good and a *goody* man. As a clever acquaintance, in one of his published lectures, professes himself "entirely unable" to understand the difference indicated by Coleridge, we shall try to make it apparent. A good man, then, we take to be a man whose goodness is unpretentious; and who wears it as a humble, although comely garment, not as a flaunting, scarlet robe, who feels it, too, to be a robe *lent* him by another; a goody man is proud of his small virtues and decorums, thinks them (*as they are*) his own, and seems to ask at every one he meets: "Don't you know me, Mr. So-and-so, the celebrated goody man?" The good man has his faults and errors, and does not seek to disguise them, feeling that the acknowledgment of an error is a pledge of sustained effort to get rid of it—nay, is that effort begun; the goody man has reached a sort of stunted perfection: the sun of his virtue is so small that its spots are hardly visible, and the faults he has he dexterously hides under loud-

sounding professions, and a great outcry against the same as they occur in the lives of others. A good man is largely charitable to others, while often sternly condemnatory of himself; a goody man has no approbation or charity to spare, except for himself, for other goody men, and for those rich and great persons who, if not goody men themselves, have a respect for such as are. A good man has nothing particular to distinguish him in his dress, manners, or mode of speech; a goody man, wishing to be observed in every step of his way to heaven, elongates his countenance, and solemnizes his style of talk, till it seems the echo of the earth of the grave dropping in a charnel-house. The good man sometimes does imprudent, or says daring things, which make the world stare, and make the goody man lift up his eyes and whisper: "I always thought men were mistaken in him; he has now shown himself in his true colors." The good man, when he hears of some glaring transgression, sighs, and says: "What a pity!" the goody man gives a sham sigh, too, as he cries: "What a scandal! what a burning shame." The good man is not always *thoroughly* orthodox in his creed, but sometimes "wears his rue with a difference;" the goody man is not always orthodox either, and then he thinks that his proprieties and respectabilities will make up for any amount of heterodoxy. He has peculiar tastes and sentiments: prefers Addison's character to Steele's, and Swift's to both. If an infidel, he prefers Combe and Hume to Rousseau and Shelley. If a believer, he thinks Calvin far superior to Luther, shudders at the death of Archbishop Sharpe, while detesting Claverhouse, and shakes his head whenever you talk to him of Edward Irving. Out of good men have come martyrs, poets of the true breed, anti-slavery agitators, not to speak of apostles and prophets; out of goody men have come noble chairmen of Bible societies, organizers of soup-kitchens, aldermen, lord provosts, presidents of the United States, and doctors of divinity all the world over.

Perthes did *not* belong to this class. It is indeed refreshing to compare his manly form of religion, where you find virtue without austerity and without ostentation, purity without purism, and orthodoxy without cant, with that which prevails not only among goody men, and among Spur-

geon-going multitudes, but among many truly excellent, but partially enlightened Christians. You see his religion not labelled on his brow, or inscribed on his broad phylacteries, but beating in his heart, living in his walk, beautifying his domestic life, energizing his political and publishing labors, and shedding a certain gentle coloring over all the movements of his intellect and his imagination.

His domestic life was, as all the world knows, signally happy. Caroline Claudius Perthes is a name ranking with those of the noblest female characters in biography. Possessed of a vigorous mind and varied accomplishments, she was none the less, but all the more, a devoted wife, and every inch a woman. She differed from her husband, but only as the tender tenor differs from the deep base; and while in many things opposite, she thoroughly appreciated and warmly loved his character. She answered in all points to the best definition of a good wife: she was a *leaning prop* to her husband. Beautiful the invisible tie uniting the pair; and between his restless energy and public spirit, and her inebriation of wisdom, prudence, and domestic virtues, constituting a unity in variety such as the married life has seldom presented. Such kindred spirits to Perthes as Arnold and Foster were, like him, most equally yoked, but we have always thought that Foster's lady was too much a duplicate of himself—too learned, and lofty, and gloomy; ever doing well to be angry because her husband was so. The two, in their insulation, inaccessibility, and gloom, remind you of two peaks in the Glencoe ridge withdrawn into their own ærial hermitage, cut off by chasms and streams of snow, as well as by elevation, from the lower world, looking at each other with love, at the sun with admiration, but on the valleys and the men below with contempt, and often wrapped in mists and cloudy thunders. In his second marriage, too, Perthes was eminently fortunate.

The energy of Perthes was amazing. The quantity of work of various kinds which he went through indicated at once great versatility, great perseverance, a most buoyant spirit, and a temperament infinitely restless. Conducting a very complicated business, he carried on, too, a varied correspondence; and his letters were not mere business notes, but deep, thoughtful outcomes of his mind on a

thousand topics of the day, besides reading extensively, and taking a bold and frequent part in public affairs. His shop and himself formed together the centre of almost all that was intellectually, and spiritually, and politically, active in Germany. In the course of his career he came in contact with most of the celebrated German authors—with Schleiermacher, that profound Christian Platonist, who, first of modern thinkers, tried to form not a scholastic but an ideal philosophy out of Christianity—with Niebuhr, the all-accomplished, the bloodhound of history, following the faintest marks, and feeling the dimmest scents of truth; wise, also, almost above the wisdom of a man in political sagacity and foresight; although disappointed with society, soured at life, and saying, like David: "All men are liars"—Stendel, with his great grammatical and historical powers—Olshausen, with his versatile and teeming imagination—Krummacher, with his ingenious fancies—Tholuck, with his profound critical learning—and greatest of all, morally, Neander, that "Hebrew of the Hebrews," uniting much of the acuteness and learning of Paul with the glowing love and personal passion for Christ which distinguished John; more truly far, what Emerson calls "Swedenborg," "the last Father of the Church." With these, and many others of the same Christian type, Perthes mingled souls, and interchanged sympathies, as well as published many of their works. Yet he was on terms of good-will, too, if not of friendship, with some of the Rationalistic and Pantheistic School; and many in this country will think that he has spoken too tenderly of Hegel and Strauss.

We regret we have not room to dilate on the views which these volumes open up of the literary life and bookselling *pratique* of Germany: to accompany Perthes on his frequent tours; to describe his shiftings of scene in the checkered course of his professional life; or to glance at his connection with the fluctuating and complex politics of "Faterland." Indeed, we do *not* regret having little time to speak of the subject mentioned in this last clause, since the only tedious parts of the volumes are those recounting the marches and counter-marches—the diplomatic doubles—the endless reactions and re-reactions, and all the other three-piled confusions which make up the recent political history

of the Continent; yet nothing, perhaps, in all Perthes' story serves to show his powers in a more favorable light than the clearness of vision with which he seems to have seen through all those petty complications, and the strong, steady step with which he pursued his own path through the mazes of political intrigue and popular commotion; through and above all these he moved like a beneficent genius.

His religious career remains to be considered, and opens up by far the most interesting passages in his history. He was naturally a man of strong, sensuous passions, and in the struggle with these he pended for a season solely on what he calls rational will. To this extent, at least, he was then a rationalist, and his motto might have been, "Every man the architect of his own eternity," and that, too, by purely intellectual tools. In this he was encouraged by his admiration of the character and writings of Schiller, whose god was art, and whose worship was self-culture. His connection with Jacobi introduced him to higher views, and he began to "listen to the voice of God speaking to, and in feeling." Latterly he met with some men in Holstein and Münster who seemed to be in harmony with themselves, and he discovered the cause of this to lie in the supremacy of love. From the admission of this he passed to the recognition of Divine love as incarnate in Jesus Christ, and as out-poured in the form of grace through the Holy Spirit. He then, and unalterably, took his "stand on the revealed Word of God, as the only word, the only law which is *above* us, holding the essence of Christianity to lie in 'strength and unity through love,' all given by the grace of God, and received by love." Such views he reached after many struggles and wanderings, and retained to the last. He cared comparatively little for the dogmas of creeds, founding his faith far more on love than on logic. His religion was a cheerful habit worn all the week, not a mere Sunday suit of sables. His confidence in the final triumph of true Christianity never faltered for a moment, and this unlimited trust gave him a great advantage in contemplating the endless oscillations of German theology. He stood calm on an eminence which he had reached by effort and toil, and saw—not with the eye of unquiet sympathy, nor with the exaggerative eye of fear, but with still, hope-



ful glance—those billowy movements of the German mind which De Quincy has compared to the restless sand-clouds of the desert, and which might be more fitly, perhaps, likened to those changeful and capricious poms of varied color—those clouds of purple pursuing gold, and gold melted down in fire, and fire fading into dull grey—which appear in a summer-evening sky, leading their tumultuous dance around the steadfast, though sinking sun. We are not qualified to give more than an imperfect outline of the erratic and fluctuating motions of the German theological mind. In Perthes' early days skepticism was almost universal, taking various forms in various minds. In Fichte, it assumed a stern and stoical shape, amounting almost to sublimity, and animating those eloquent closing chapters of the "Destination of Man," which remind you of the beautiful shapes of snow-covered trees, or the flowers into which everlasting frost sometimes wreathes itself. In Goethe it was allied first with sentimentalism and unmanly despair at the era of the "Sorrows of Werter," and afterward with the calm prosecution of self-culture, as the "Be all, and the End all" of man. In Schiller it began with a fierce Queen Mablike recalcitration against the evils of society, and subsided latterly into a warmer and more energetic pursuit than Goethe's of a similar ideal. In Jean Paul it veered and fluctuated—he, according to Perthes, longed for truth and a settled creed, and yet spoke of the Redeemer as a mere product of the human imagination. Latterly, the influence of Schleiermacher—the labors of Neander—the revival of mysticism—the sorrow and misery produced by the French domination—and the felt inadequacy of Rationalism or Pantheism to satisfy the human heart, to appease the conscience, or truly to elevate the life, led to a strong, but strongly-resisted, reaction in favor of Christianity. Perthes describes himself as brought to religion by a feeling of his own sinfulness, and of his need of supernatural help and Divine forgiveness; Pantheism, denying the existence, of course deadens the sense, of sin: Rationalism dilutes the idea of its guilt, proposes no adequate punishment for it, and scouts the thought of atonement. But Perthes felt from his own struggles that sin was a dire reality; not a mere pardonable result of bodily temperament, but a deep-seated sore in the

soul—that its most dangerous and inveterate shape was, not sensualism, but pride—the "condemnation of the devil;" and that nothing but divine power, exerted through the love and death of Christ, could gain a triumph for any man over his spiritual adversaries.

He was resting on this conviction, and doing all in his power to extend it to others, when a remarkable event took place in the history of German literature. This was the publication in 1835 of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Several infidel publications have at different times formed eras in the history of thought. Such was Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Paine's "Age of Reason," and Godwin's "Political Justice." But none of these produced a tithe of the impression in England or in France which the "Leben Jesu" produced in Germany. It fell like a thunderbolt amidst conflicting armies, and both suffered from the shock. On the one hand, the old school of Rationalism was smitten to the ground; on the other, the scientific theology of Schleiermacher and his followers received a heavy blow and great discouragement. Perthes alone continued calm, and predicted the consequences which have actually followed. He foresaw the complete discomfiture of the rationalistic forces. He foresaw the flood of replies which were to appear on the side of orthodoxy; and that these were not to prove entirely satisfactory. He foresaw that the ultimate effect, nevertheless, of the Straussian criticism was to do good to the Christian cause, and to "show that the only alternative is between Pantheism and the Christian faith, and that this was to be the turning-point for many individuals, perhaps for the whole generation." He asserted strongly, that "Christian philosophy can show only the untruth of objections, not the truth of Christianity itself, and that historical science and criticism can show only the groundlessness of objections against the sacred narrative, not the truth of the narrative in general, and much less the actuality of particular events." "Whoever would make the saving truths of revelation his own, or lead others to them, must start from facts coming under his own immediate knowledge. The depravity of all mankind, our double nature, wrestling, weakness, and death, in every individual, and the ardent longing of the whole man for deliverance



from such evils—these are facts, and they form a basis for faith in the salvation revealed in Scripture.” In other words, as the great necessity of a revelation lies in the inner nature of man, there, too, is hitherto the strongest evidence for its credibility. Perthes, knowing Germany well, predicted that the Straussian sand-pillar would soon pass away, probably in ten years; and the prediction has, we understand, been fulfilled. There is now little belief in Strauss’s theory, whatever respect may be still entertained for his ingenuity, learning, and intellectual powers. New forms of infidelity are arising in Germany, to have their brief day like his, and disappear; and Christianity, we hear, is assuming in many quarters the millennarian form, and on the whole is on the increase.

Perthes was sometimes suspected of undue tenderness for Catholicism; but to this he, like Burke, in a kindred case, was led by an aversion to rationalism; thinking that a bad form of Christianity was better than no revealed religion at all. We are not exactly of this mind, and deem it an unsolved problem which of the two abominable things is the more destructive. Sometimes an ill-prepared medicine is worse than a poison. The solution of such a question may probably depend on how different temperaments are effected by differing degrees and varieties of evil. Probably Popery acts more injuriously than rationalism on the clear cold intellectualist; and rationalism more injuriously than Popery on the mind of imagination. Probably it had been better for such men as Schiller, Shelley, and Byron, had they been Roman Catholics instead of sceptics. Certainly it were better that many of the Jesuits should be open instead of secret scoffers. Perhaps, too, there are states of society and eras in history when the one is more pernicious than the other, and *vice versa*. But the question is complicated, and always refers to a choice of evils; while we are ready to point to enlightened Protestant Christianity as what we deem a more excellent way than either Rationalism, or its *alias* Pantheism, or Popery, and to predict the approaching doom of all three.

Perthes, while strongly, though sanctifiedly, sensuous to the end; while keenly alive to all the innocent pleasures of this life, contemptuous of every shape of anchoritism; and while an ardent admirer of the beautiful and the sublime in nature,

was, at the same time, justly indignant at the doctrines of the rationalists about the sufficiency of the material universe and at their attempts to evolve the secrets of Divine mercy and wisdom by means of chemistry, physics, and botany. His language on this subject is very strong. He quotes with approbation Lalandes’ saying, “I looked into infinite space, but I saw no God.” He adds, “Nature never could have given us a personal God—only the Son has revealed the Father; and had not the Son revealed God, we must have denied him.” Hear again his awful words—awful in themselves, and because his character and Christianity invest them almost with angelic authority: “Throughout the animal world I see a process of mutual destruction, and the natural fate of man is misery and sorrow. Children are ever dying of the poison distilled from parental sins; youth is wasted in vain endeavors; the prime of life is tortured with monotony; and old age bewails a scheme of life, or many schemes of life, not fulfilled. There is no doubt a well-spring of life in man; but *nature will not allow it to become clear*. No one has portrayed the terrors of nature, and *the cruelty of its decrees*, so as to show that whoever would worship the God of nature must *even fall down and worship the devil*. The goodness of nature is a dream.” This is the secret of Paul’s language when he represents nature “groaning and travailing in pain, and waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.”

These words may seem too bold; and yet they start thrilling suggestions, which are beginning to take root in some Christian minds, although they have found distinct shape as yet in none, and are as yet chiefly valuable as a reaction and protest against the contemptible cant of our nature worshippers, who ignore that fearful shade which rests on the universe, or would transfer it to Christianity; and who prate about “the Divine meanings” of nature, and its intrinsic divinity. Nature proves a *great* mind, but neither an infinite mind nor a being absolutely good; it leaves both these questions unsettled, or to be settled only by the turn of a die of metaphysical speculation, or in accordance with the testimony of temperament; so true it is that “No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, *he* hath declared him.” That the devil made the material

universe we do not believe; but, in some inscrutable way, he and his agents have interwoven evil with it, with every part of it with which man, at least, comes in contact, so inextricably, that nothing less than a supernatural force can separate the bad from the good. This we believe to be a deduction from the whole spirit and doctrine of revelation. He is the "God of this world," the "Prince of the power of the air," and the "whole world lieth in the Wicked One." And it is impossible, we think, for any man with a heart to contemplate many of the fearful phenomena in the natural and providential worlds, without revolting at the thought that they all proceed from a God. This is not unduly to limit the omnipotence of God. *That, in effect*, although not in theory, is limited by the resistance of man's wicked will already. We only show this resistance *extended* into regions where many think that only *one* mind is working and (horrible blasphemy!) complacently creating conditions and circumstances which render iniquity, injustice, and undeserved suffering inevitable, and, on the showing of nature worshippers, everlasting.

Along with tendencies toward such speculations, rather than such speculations matured in his mind, Perthes united the most cheerful, simple, and practical piety. "Not to love God," he says, "is sin; and to love him constitutes deliverance from sin." A sentiment like this, while suggesting humanity, suggested also a desire to be away from a world where there was so much tending to cloud the character, and cast doubts on the love, of God. But here we note a remarkable difference between his desire for death and that of Foster. Foster was anxious to be delivered from the earth shadows principally because they clouded *himself*; Perthes, because they clouded *God*. Yet Perthes' trust in God was far more instinctive and profound than Foster's, and was so, partly, because he had views as to God's utter disconnection with the evil and misery of the universe, which Foster had little conception of. The last cry of Foster was essentially that of Goethe — "Light, more light;" that of Perthes was for more, "Love and humility." Foster's cry meant, "Give me more light, else I cannot expect to have more love hereafter than I have here." Perthes' meant, "I shall take more light gladly, but I expect it to come hereafter, as it has come to me here, through

the channel of love and lowliness. The one was the cry of a man who had learned to love God through light; the other, who had seen God through the atmosphere of love. The wish of Foster was more that of a baffled but hopeful man of genius; the wish of Perthes was more that of a yearning child looking toward the wall of his nursery, warmed by the radiance of the unseen sun, and eagerly expecting more heat and light when his father shall throw open the casement.

Nothing can be lovelier or more impressive than the death-bed of Perthes. A late excellent divine did not gain his ardent wish to die slowly, and "know all about death." Perthes, if he had ever had such a desire, was gratified in it. He tasted the cup slowly. He saw the enemy so long and so near that he ceased to fear him, and lay in a serene state, expecting the conclusive blow. We have heard of, but never seen:

"The bed  
Of sin delirious with its dread."

We have seen the spirit in pain, eager to be away, writhing out of its earthly tenement, and stretching up the hand impatiently toward the coming glory. But there was no impatient haste about Perthes. He lay, even in anguish, calmly confronting and studying the great fact of death, knowing that it was the first and the last opportunity he had of seeing it, just as one passing through a rugged chasm of rocks and gloom darts his eye the more eagerly at it, that scenes of a very different kind, of beauty and summer flowers, are near, and already looming before his imagination. His expressions were full of faith, hope, submission, and love. For instance, he said: "Thanks be to God, my faith is firm, and holds in death, as in life. For his dear Son's sake, God is merciful to me a sinner." His dreams, which had been distressing, became delightful. He often prayed, and repeated hymns aloud. "When he folded his cold hands, and prayed from his inmost soul," writes his daughter, "we too, were constrained to fold our hands and pray; it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as though our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room. His last audible words were, 'My Redeemer—Lord—forgiveness.' It had now grown dark. When lights were brought in, a great change was visible in his features; every trace of pain was gone,

his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could only think of his bliss, not of their own sorrow. He drew one long, last breath; like a lightning flash, an expression of agony passed over his face, and then his triumph was complete. Immediately after death, a look of peace and joy settled on his face." Thus passed away the meek, yet strong and elastic, spirit of one whom we may call, *par excellence*, the Christian Publisher.

We shall close with a few general remarks, written before we read Perthes, but containing, we are proud to say, some remarkable coincidences with his views.

Many and dark are the dangers which at present encompass Christianity. And yet there are several considerations which tend to alleviate somewhat the gloom. We are not to confound the battlements of 'Christianity with Christianity itself. These are often in reality the objects of assault, and while we are trembling for the foundations, the external buttresses alone may be in danger. Church establishments, for instance, are, in our judgment, only battlements, and not Christianity. Popery is another old and crazy battlement; its splendor just the ghastly lustre which shone in ancient houses infected with leprosy; it is not Christianity, and the sooner it falls the better. Even our creeds, excellent and, in the main, true as they are; even our ecclesiastical organizations, powerful as they still seem; even our pulpits, great as is the good they still do; even the office of the Ministry, honored, and deservedly honored, as it still is, are not identical with Christianity. Christianity is independent of them; and though they were all ignored to-morrow, she would remain intact—her doctrines, her facts, her text-book, her spirit, her blessed hope, would still survive, for they belong to the Imperishable, the Infinite, and the Divine.

Let us remember the recuperative and elastic vigor of Christianity. It is the child of the tempest, the nursling of the storm. What jeopardies it has surmounted already! It survived the fierce reaction of Paganism against it, produced by the genius and energy of Julian the Apostate. It survived the long night-mare of Popery; at the era of the Reformation, the vigor of Christianity returned, it threw off the accursed load, and breathed free again. Two hundred years later it

encountered the crude science and materialistic philosophy which had been collecting their sweltered venom during the whole eighteenth century, and which at last, through the mouth of the French Revolution, vomited it out, mingled with fire and blood, upon the nations. This tremendous assault, too, Christianity repelled, and came out from the struggle crying: "Some of the artificial ornaments and needless props, which men had lent me, I have dropped; but I have lost nothing of my true virtue, vigor or glory." And if any one tells us that it is now for the first time to lose its elasticity, to be shorn, like Samson, of its giant locks, to become weak as other systems; nay, as some of its adversaries tells us, to be reduced to the mere serf of science, and to grind in the dungeon instead of ruling in the house—we reply, No! Sooner than submit to such a destiny, it shall rather, like Samson, bring down the pillars of the house, and let "Darkness be the burier of the dead." "*Heaven and earth*," said its Founder, "*may pass away, but my words can not pass away.*"

Let us rather rejoice in the present severe sifting of the character, claims, and evidences of Christianity, satisfied that it must issue in good. Let us ever distinguish between things and mere circumstances or words. Christianity is one thing, be it said again, and churches are another. Christianity is one thing, and creeds are another. Christianity is one thing, and even the best of its schemes and the strongest of its external defences are another. And the time may be come when God in his providence is to strike all these crutches, one after the other, away; to stamp age and decrepitude upon them all; to strip, as it were, our religion to its native power and simplicity, and not till it be thus stripped shall it be able, like a strong athlete, to gain the race; and not till it be reduced to its primeval elements will God probably aid the Christian faith in the same extraordinary way in which he aided it at first. We say, fearlessly, let the sifting go on. Things may require to be worse ere they are better. Let intellectual men continue to flock away, as, alas! they are flocking away, from our churches. Let philosophers in their secret conclaves take the untruth of Christianity for granted; let politicians treat it simply as an earthly fact and a matter of mere policy; let misled and unhappy men o

genius rave at it as an "old Jew-lamp that has gone out;" let even friendly critics of the evidences find them only problematical: all this might have been expected, all this had been foretold, all this is rather to be desired, all this never touches the real merits of the Christian case, nor affects the verdict which man's heart and conscience have long ago returned in favor of real Christianity; all this, even while thinning our professed ranks, ought to intensify the zeal, hope, and activity of those that remain; and all this may bring on a crisis, when men in their misery and darkness, sick of mere science and philosophy, shall return to Christianity again, and say to a Saviour whom they had rejected, but who was still waiting at the wayside, with the lamp unquenched in his hand, "Lord, to whom can we go but unto thee? Thou only hast the words of everlasting life."

A friend of Perthes writes him, and he homologates the following sentences: "It is well to study and systematize our faith;" but it is incapable of demonstration by

any theology. Science in theology is no match for Straussism. *The Church will stand for all that, but theology will fall.*" Perthes himself says: "It was through the consciousness of sin, in the forms of sensuality and pride that I came to recognize my need of redemption, and the truth of God's revelation in Christ. Whoever disdains this way will wander through speculation and mystic symbolism to Pantheism, if he be intellectual. You say the Church has need of science. I doubt if any one was ever led through science to faith till his very bones and marrow quivered under this question: 'Oh! wretched man that thou art! who shall deliver thee from the body of this death?'"

We close this article by strongly recommending these volumes to every one that sympathizes with the history of the German mind; to all who admire characters where high intellect is surmounted and sanctified by a still loftier moral nature; and to all who delight to study the life and the death of a meek and humble disciple of Jesus Christ.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

## RIGHTS AND LIABILITIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.\*

THE Session of 1856 was distinguished by a movement in both Houses of Parliament in favor of the legal rights of married women, which was one of the most important subjects brought before the Legislature; and we trust that the Ses-

sion of 1857 will complete this amendment of the law by a measure alike demanded by justice, good policy, and humanity. The Lord Chancellor having introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for enabling divorces to be pronounced in particular cases by a judicial tribunal, Lord Lyndhurst seized the opportunity to procure the insertion of some clauses, which should secure to wives ill-treated by their husbands certain pecuniary rights, though divorce be not obtainable. In the Lower House, Sir Erskine Perry brought forward certain resolutions for the purpose of contrasting the rigid rules

\* 1. *A Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856, with Propositions for an Amendment of the Laws affecting Married Persons.* London: 1857.

2. *A Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3d edition. London: 1855.

3. *MACQUEEN'S Rights and Liabilities of Husband and Wife.* London: 1849.

4. *Die Ehescheidungsfrage vor den Preussischen Kammern.* Berlin: 1855.



of the Common Law with the more liberal provisions of Courts of Equity respecting the rights of married women to the enjoyment of property. As the Divorce Bill was brought down to the House of Commons at too late a period of the Session to allow of its being carried through that House, and as the Government are pledged to introduce a Government measure on the subject, we propose in the present article to examine the state of the law, and the principles of legislation, with reference both to the question of divorce and to the rights of property which it may be expedient to confer on married women.

It is obvious that these two questions are quite distinct: they form entirely separate subjects for legislation, each involving considerations and reasoning peculiar to itself. It would seem, therefore, that the views which Lord Lyndhurst impressed on a Select Committee of the House of Lords, last Session, with respect to the maintenance and position of married women separated from their husbands, should find a place rather in a Bill regulating the property of husband and wife, than in an organic law for divorce. We shall therefore consider the two questions separately.

The Parliamentary proceedings of last Session on this question have been reduced to a convenient form in the useful volume which stands at the head of these observations; and this treatise is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject from the long experience, the remarkable sagacity, and excellent sentiments of its author. Mrs. Norton has pleaded the same cause with more than her wonted eloquence, energy, and warmth of feeling in her "Letter to the Queen," which rapidly passed through no less than three editions; and, although we do not entirely concur with these accomplished writers in their estimate of the evils of the existing law, or in all the measures proposed for the amendment of it, we cordially recommend these publications to the consideration of our readers and of the Legislature. The time is past when the law could annihilate, by a fiction, the rights of one half of society, and repudiate the claims of that portion which stands most in need of legal protection. The problem we have to solve is, how to preserve the rights of both parties from violation under the pretext of matrimonial authority, without impairing the

strength and sanctity of that obligation in those more numerous cases in which it is itself the best guardian of mutual happiness and security.

Divorce in the early Christian Church, like the institute of marriage itself, appears to have been governed more by the Roman law than by the precepts of the Fathers or by any supposed injunctions in the Gospel. During the better times of the Commonwealth a Roman husband was only permitted to put away his wife on the grounds of her adultery, of designs by her against his life, or (quaintly enough) of her employment of false keys. Subsequently a similar power was given to an injured wife in gross cases of wrong. As each party was thus invested with the right of divorce, it soon followed that mutual consent was deemed sufficient to dissolve the marriage tie without any other cause. The shameful extent to which this liberty was carried, we know from Juvenal and other satirists under the Empire. Justinian was the first of the Christian emperors to impose restrictions on divorce, which he did by abolishing mutual consent as one of the grounds, and by limiting it to certain grave causes. The early Fathers were divided in their views as to the lawfulness of any dissolution of marriage: St. Ambrose, St. Epiphanius, and some of the early councils allowed it in the case of adultery, as the Greek Church does to this day; but St. Augustin was of a different opinion; and his views have prevailed with the Church of Rome, which at the Council of Trent declared the law of the Church to be that marriage was a sacrament and indissoluble.

At the Reformation, the Protestants were unanimous in holding that marriage was not a sacrament, and as they deemed that divorce on just grounds was sanctioned by Scripture, the Popish tenet of indissolubility of marriage was universally rejected. In England at the present day, marriage, no doubt, is indissoluble by law, and hence the necessity of a Private Act of the Legislature to dissolve the knot; but that such was not the doctrine at the Reformation is clearly proved by the proceedings in the Marquess of Northampton's case, and by the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, which was compiled by the leading ecclesiastics of the day, under a commission from Henry VIII. In Lord Northampton's case, he divorced his wife in the Ecclesiastical Court *a mensa et toro*

for adultery, and married again. The question as to the validity of the second marriage being raised before the King's Council, it was referred to a Commission of Delegates, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer,) and nine other bishops, who, having taken the opinion of learned civilians, pronounced the marriage to be valid. The *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, which was chiefly the work of Cranmer, recommended that in cases of adultery, malicious desertion, long absence, or capital enmities, the marriage should be dissolved, with liberty to the injured party to marry again. But as Edward VI. died before the reforms thus proposed in Ecclesiastical Law could be embodied in a statute, the law remained unaltered.

It is not therefore to be wondered at that, as the Ecclesiastical Courts, which retained jurisdiction over questions arising out of the marriage contract, administered the old canon law of Europe, and as High Church views and a tendency towards Rome prevailed so strongly in those tribunals, England should have pursued a different course from other Protestant countries, and should have reverted to the old Popish doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. Accordingly, in 1601, this was solemnly adjudged to be the law in the Court of the Star Chamber, when, according to the reporter of the decision, the former opinion that a divorce by the Ecclesiastical Court for adultery was a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, was changed, and adultery was held to be only ground for a divorce *a mensâ et toro*.

From that decision arose the necessity of an appeal to Parliament to dissolve, by the inherent powers of the Legislature, the binding effects of a marriage contract. This course was not resorted to till 1689, when Lord Roos successfully carried a Bill for the purpose through both Houses of Parliament. Similar measures were adopted in the same century by the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Macclesfield; and these three cases, which are all that occurred up to the commencement of 1700, Mr. Macqucen tells us, form the foundation of the modern practice of dissolving marriages by special Act of Parliament.

It appears by returns which have been furnished that about four marriages are thus dissolved annually by Act of Parliament; and the sole causes which are recognised by the Legislature as grounds

for enacting such a *privilegium* are, adultery on the part of the wife, and adultery, accompanied by aggravating circumstances, on the part of the husband.

We may complete this short statement as to the law and practice of obtaining a divorce in England, by adding, that the ordinary course, in conformity with the requisites of the Legislature previous to passing an Act, is, a civil action for damages by the husband against the adulterer in the Common Law Courts, and a suit by the husband against the wife for a divorce *a mensâ et toro* in the Ecclesiastical Court. In the case of an injured wife, the action at law is, of course, not brought. The cost of these different proceedings, and of the prosecution of a Bill through both Houses of Parliament to dissolve the marriage, is usually estimated at a thousand or twelve hundred pounds.

It seems to be admitted on all sides that the present state of the law cannot be allowed to continue. The spectacle of four or five wealthy individuals every year being allowed to obtain relief from a domestic grievance by purchasing, as it were, an Act of Parliament, is so outrageous, so contrary to the boast of equal laws and equal justice, which we all assume our Constitution confers on the community, that directly the question is once distinctly raised, there is obviously no issue, except in the total abolition of divorce, or in a law which shall open the remedy to all classes.

If marriage be considered a mere civil contract independent of any sacramental obligation which religion may superinduce, it would appear to follow from the essential nature of contracts, that it is capable of being dissolved at any time by the will of the contracting parties. Two persons seeking mutual happiness, and believing it to be attainable by embracing the married state, enter into what are called the bonds of matrimony; but if experience proves that they have made a mistake, and that instead of happiness they have produced misery, instead of love, loathing, the argument is plausible that the law ought to allow them to unrivet those chains which they have voluntarily assumed.

But this argument, which appears in all discussions on the Divorce question, was never better answered than by M. de Portalis, in the Conseil d'Etat, under Napoleon I., when the chapter on Divorce in the Code Civil was under review:

"Le mariage, dit-on, est un contrat; oui, dans sa forme extérieure, il est de la même nature que les autres contrats; mais il n'est plus un contrat ordinaire quand on l'envisage en lui-même dans son principe et dans ses effets. Serait-on libre de stipuler un terme à la durée de ce contrat, qui est essentiellement perpétuel, puisqu'il a pour objet de perpétuer l'espèce humaine? Le législateur rougirait d'autoriser expressément une pareille stipulation. . . . Le mariage a encore un autre caractère: il ne subsiste pas pour les époux seuls; il subsiste pour la société, pour les enfans; il établit une famille."

It is clear, therefore, that other grounds must be found for the propriety of divorce than those which apply to the rescinding of an ordinary contract.

The only grounds which can operate upon a legislature, assuming that divorce is not forbidden by any precept of Christianity, are the effects produced upon society and morals by holding the married knot to be indissoluble. Unfortunately it is not easy to obtain any moral gauge by which to determine the operation of divorce on society. Catholic writers inveigh loudly against the ordinary effects of Protestantism in relaxing the sanctity of marriage, and in introducing the most frivolous grounds of divorce. Protestants, on the other hand, point out the depravation of morals in Catholic countries as the inevitable result of an opposite system.

If we refer to statistics, the facts which offer themselves point at no clear conclusion in favor of either view; for while the divorces in Prussia, whose Protestant population is under ten millions, amount on an average to 2,939 per annum, the divorces in Scotland, which is more exclusively Protestant than Prussia, with a population of three millions, only amount to 37 per annum. Again, although the illegitimate children who are born in one Catholic country (Bavaria) amount to 1 in 5, it appears that in those provinces of Prussia where divorce is allowed, that is, in the Protestant provinces, the illegitimate births amount to 1 in 12, whereas in the Rhine provinces, which are exclusively Catholic, such births only amount to 1 in 26.\* Catholic Ireland as compared with

Protestant Scotland affords a similar example. Moreover, on comparing the results which facts of this nature present in a Protestant country, which allows of divorce, (Prussia,) in a Protestant country which does not practically allow of divorce (England,) and in a Catholic country where divorce is entirely forbidden, (France,) the moral statist will not find conclusions to support any positive theory.\*

On the whole, the correct inference seems to be that the state of morals in a nation is influenced by other causes than the existence or absence of a legal power to divorce.

Clear grounds then being absent by which to determine the propriety of divorce as a civil institution, it is probable that the question will be decided by Protestants more as a matter of feeling than of argument. Public opinion at present appears to be strongly in favor of divorce on the ground of adultery by the wife; Lord Lyndhurst and other champions of the fair sex are for giving equal rights to the women where the husband is the offender; and even the House of Lords, in the Bill which they framed, has extended the categories under which injured wives may claim divorce. But we believe, if the choice lies between the unlimited power of divorce which prevails in many Protestant countries, and the total absence of divorce which practically exists in England, that the instinctive good sense as well as good feeling of the country would be nearly unanimous in favor of the existing state of things.

The different forms which marriage has assumed in different parts of the world—polygamy with one nation, polyandry with another, compared with the institution so thoroughly European, of monogamy—prove conclusively that the union of one man to one woman for life, consi-

\* *Number of Illegitimate Births.*—Prussia, 1 in 13·55; England 1 in 15; France, 1 in 13·77; Paris, 1 in 3·79.

On this comparison, the country which allows of divorce would appear to present the worst state of morals of the three; and the unexpected result shown by the French returns seems to prove that English self-complacency on this subject is somewhat exaggerated. On the other hand, if the returns from Bavaria are examined, it will be found that female purity, judged by this test, is far greater in the Protestant provinces where divorce is allowed, than in the Catholic districts where it is not; in the former, illegitimate births being 1 in 12·49, in the latter 1 in 3·81.

\* The following table was lately cited in the Prussian Chamber on a discussion of the divorce question:

Illegitimate births.	Divorces per 100,000 souls.
Province of Prussia 1 in 12·66	28
Posen " 18·79	—
Brandenburgh 10·77	28
Westphalia 24·08	8
Rhine Provinces " 26·87	9



dered merely as a human institution, is the wisest, the most stable foundation for a civilized society that has been framed by the wit of man, or by the sanction of religion. Experience as fully proves that that state of society which encourages great facility of divorce has always been marked by notable depravation of morals. But it seems to admit of equally clear demonstration, that when once the principle of divorce is admitted, it is impossible logically to draw any line by which it shall be restrained within due bounds.

Adultery by the wife appears to most Protestants to be a just ground for putting an end to legal cohabitation. But why? Because it destroys the aim and object of conjugal life, and forbids its ever being accomplished. If this principle is carried out to its consequences, it will be found to embrace innumerable cases. The Bill of the House of Lords specifies five different grounds for divorce.

1. Adultery by the wife.

2. Adultery by the husband, accompanied with cruelty, or (3) with incest, or (4) with bigamy, or (5) with wilful desertion. But Lord Lyndhurst, in Committee, proposed four other cases as just grounds for divorce in favor of the wife; and it seems impossible to hold that in all such cases the aim and object of conjugal life are not equally defeated.\* With respect to what appears to us the extremely objectionable ground of divorce, *mutual*

\*The Allgemeines Landrecht, or Civil Code of Prussia, promulgated by Frederick William II., enumerates seventeen distinct grounds of divorce; the sixteenth and seventeenth of which are: (16.) Great Aversion; (17.) Mutual Consent, where there are no children (*bei kinderlosen Ehen.*)

This word *kinderlos* (childless) has not yet received its final construction in the Prussian Law Courts; and it is still doubtful whether it means, where there are no children, where there never have been children, or where there are no children and there is no hope of having any.

But although the moral evils of facile divorce are clearly perceived and deplored by the governing classes in Prussia; although it is computed that from one-third to one-half of all the divorces in that country are founded on the grounds mentioned in the last paragraph, which, perhaps, may be comprised under the term caprice, yet the difficulties inherent in the subject are such, when a verbal definition of the causes authorizing divorce has to be framed, that although the Government has been carefully considering the subject since 1825, and the Session of 1854 was especially occupied with a Bill framed by Government with the view of remodelling the Law of Divorce, the task has hitherto baffled all the wisdom of Prussian statesmanship.

*consent*, the forcible observations of Lord Stowell cannot be too often repeated:

"When people understand that they *must* live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know they cannot shake off; they become good husbands and wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort might have been, at this moment, living in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality."

Yet it cannot be denied that many cases occur in married life to which no such observations are applicable—cases in which *mutual disgust* as completely destroys the object of conjugal life as adultery, and makes cohabitation equally impossible. Cases of incompatibility of temper of such aggravated character occasionally occur as to make it impossible for two persons who can possibly live separate to live together. Unless grounds of general policy intervene (as we think they clearly do) to prevent the dissolution of such ill-assorted unions, it is difficult to resist the general reasoning which demands that the happiness of two individuals should not be sacrificed, and their morality exposed to undue temptation by the unyielding fetters of the law of marriage.

Exactly similar difficulties to those now pressing on the Prussian Legislature arose in the Conseil d'Etat under Napoleon, on the occasion we have alluded to above. The subject was discussed for many days under the Presidency of the First Consul; but although the opinions and feelings of the eminent men who sat in that Council were preponderating against incompatibility of temper and mutual consent as grounds for divorce, they were, nevertheless, admitted into the Code. Napoleon probably assigned the true ground for their admission. "*Vouloir n'admettre le divorce que pour cause d'adultère publiquement prouvé c'est le proscrire absolument: car d'un côté, peu d'adultères peuvent être prouvés; de l'autre il est peu d'hommes assez éhontés pour proclamer la turpitude de leur épouse.*" The provisions of the Civil Code of France, by which divorce was legalized, were however, abrogated in 1816; and we do not be-



lieve there is any disposition on the part of the French people to restore them. Other remedies, short of divorce *à vinculo*, are afforded by the French Law.\*

The opinion, we believe, is universal amongst the educated classes in French society that it is contrary to good feeling and good taste to expose the frailties of a wife to the publicity of a Court of Justice. When a domestic misfortune of this class occurs, it is deemed wiser and better to bow before it in silence; and the emancipation which a husband may gain by a public *exposé* is thought to be dearly purchased by the injury thereby inflicted upon the children and upon his own character. Unless we are much mistaken, similar views have prevailed among the higher classes in England during the last twenty-five or thirty years. At least, it is only in this manner that we can account for the non-appearance of noble suitors in our Law Courts in that class of actions which, at the commencement of this century, called forth those impassioned addresses of Erskine which are still unrivalled in the forensic eloquence of the English bar.

It may not be unsafe to predict, that if the House of Commons thoroughly investigate the subject of divorce, with the view of introducing it as a legal institution, they will find that various grave questions will arise for solution, such as

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\* In a recent Report to the Emperor of the French (August 1856) the Minister of Justice states, that in 1853 the number of cases of *Séparation de Corps* submitted to the French Tribunals was 1722; in 1854 the number was 1681. Of these 1681 cases, 1410 were for ill-treatment, 116 for adultery by the wife, 109 for adultery by the husband, 46 for condemnations to infamous punishments. Moreover, in these cases, 1242 separations were granted, 174 were dismissed, and 265 were abandoned on the reconciliation of parties by the Judge. In relating these facts Mr. Macqueen remarks: "The moral spectacle presented by these returns is not depressing, the greatness of the French population being considered. The total number of separations is little more than 1200. Only 225 are for adultery. The others, about 1000, are for outrages, cruelty, and penal misconduct. The question is, Does anything like the half of that number of similar delinquencies occur every year in England? Are they without redress? Is it fit they should continue so?" The number of applications for *séparations de biens* (a distinct proceeding from the *séparations de corps*) was 4293; but of these, 1281 were refused by the Court. The number of married couples existing in France exceeds six millions: consequently, the annual proportion of *séparations de corps* is as 1 in 5000 marriages, and of *séparations de biens* as 1 in 2000.

are not touched by the Bill sent down by the House of Lords last Session. That measure, if it be looked upon merely as a substitution of an efficient legal tribunal for the joint jurisdiction hitherto exercised by Courts of Law, by the Ecclesiastical Courts, and by the House of Lords, undoubtedly removes a great blot in our system. But it is impossible not to perceive that the Bill contains principles of far wider application; that if divorce is really to be made a legal remedy applicable to all classes, local courts of some kind of other must be invested with the jurisdiction; and that the Legislature, before it sanctions the introduction of divorce into our manners as a legal right, available both to poor and rich, must clearly define the principles on which alone it should be allowed.

In the mean time, there are many questions connected with the property of married women which are pressing for solution, and if a satisfactory law could be passed to secure to women their own acquisitions or property bequeathed to them by their friends, it would go far to obviate the necessity of any alteration in our laws with regard to divorce.

In the greater number of cases of misconduct in married life it is not a second marriage that is sought for by the injured party, but relief from the pressure of the marriage law affecting property. An injured husband seeks to throw off the liability to support a worthless wife, a deserted wife seeks to protect her earnings from a profligate husband. Cases of this kind occur every day in society; they form practical substantial grievances capable of being remedied by law, and the attention of the Legislature has been pointedly called to the subject.

It appears that during the last Session upwards of seventy petitions with 24,000 signatures attached have been presented to Parliament, complaining of the law of property as it affects married women; and if such petitions are to be weighed *pondere non numero*, it will be found that the names attached comprise some of the most eminent thinkers of our day, and nearly all the distinguished women who have made the present such a remarkable epoch of female literature.

In truth, it must be admitted that married women have received but scanty justice as to rights of property under the law of England. The codes of France,

Spain, Prussia, Austria, Denmark,—of, we believe, every European nation,—consider a married woman as a citizen capable of holding property and of entering into contracts under certain conditions; they admit the possibility of a husband exerting his marital rights to the prejudice of a wife; and they invest the latter with the legal means of protecting her pecuniary interests. The English law is unique in making the act of marriage a gift of all a woman's personal property to her husband; it is unique in vesting in her husband all subsequent acquisitions and bequests. If we endeavour to ascertain the reason of this divarication of English law from the codes of the other Christian nations of Europe, we shall find that no clearly recognized line of policy has dictated the rule, but that it has grown up partly, perhaps, from accident, partly from the greater portion of our code being judge-made law, and the natural tendency of judges in favor of husbands whose interests were more immediately brought to their notice.

The early English law, like the law of all the Teutonic races, was remarkably just to women, and herein differs greatly from the laws of other early nations in similar states of civilization. The Anglo-Saxon wife took on her husband's death a third part of all her husband's freehold lands, called her dower, and retained unaltered by the act of marriage, her own landed estates. The Anglo-Saxon husband, by way of mutuality, obtained a life-estate in his wife's lands when he survived her, but only in cases where there had been a child born to the marriage. The wife's personal property, it is true, became blended with the personal property of the husband, and was at his sole disposition; but she became entitled at his death to a third part of this common stock, or to one half of it if there were no children. The formula, therefore, in the Church of England's office of matrimony, wherein the husband assures his wife at the altar that he endows her with *all* his worldly goods, was wholly significant and true. This continued to be the theory of the law as to the mutual rights of husband and wife so late as the reign of Charles I. But it became altered in favour of husbands, as Blackstone informs us, "by imperceptible degrees;" the meaning of which is, not that the Legislature adopted any new principle, but that the judges

gradually sanctioned the attempts of husbands to oust their wives of the rights conferred on them by Common Law. Thus, the Courts recognized the validity of wills by which men devised away their whole property, including the widow's share, which in Scotland, Germany, Scandinavia, and in most parts of France, remains to this day her inalienable provision. So also with her claim to dower,—judicial decision denied it to the widow out of the equitable lands of her husband, but the claim of the latter, called his courtesy to the equitable lands of his wife, was recognized. Subsequent decisions and acts of the Legislature have now almost entirely destroyed the rights of widows to any provision at all out of the land of her husband; and we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Mr. Macqueen on the last statute which was passed on this subject, in 1834.

"The widow's dower—on the faith, peradventure, of which she has married—is by this clause put under the absolute power of the husband, to sustain, to abridge, to mutilate, or to destroy. No wife, therefore, can be safe under this law unless she have had a settlement. Whether *that* is a fit rule for an enlightened people to adopt in the most important of all contracts I leave others to discuss; only observing, that if husbands were uniformly wise, just, and generous, the enactment might pass without comment. Looking, however, at the world as it is—remembering that husbands are occasionally apt to be improvident, thoughtless, capricious—that they sometimes even quarrel with their wives, and upon slender grounds—that they are not always free from sinister influences, especially in their languishing and dying moments—and, finally, adverting to the great power which the law gives them in other respects over the wife's property and person—this provision of the Act does seem, upon the whole, one of the most unsatisfactory and inexplicable in modern legislation."

In fact, it may be said that, practically, the widow's right to a life-estate in one-third of her husband's landed property is as completely extinguished as is her right to one-third of her husband's personality.

By the law of England, then, the contract of marriage transfers to the husband the whole of the personal property of the wife; it also vests in him all personal property subsequently acquired by her, either by bequest, by donation, or by her own exertions; it also gives him the administration of her landed estates, and at her death the possession of them for his

life, if there should chance to have been a child born of the marriage. The right of property which the wife acquires by the marriage are a possibility of succeeding to one third of the husband's personal estate, where he dies intestate, and the right of dower in his freehold estates if he neglects to deprive her of it. She also acquires the right to bind her husband for necessities suitable to her position in life, if he omits to supply them, for although the law is said to throw upon the husband the obligation of maintaining his wife, there is no direct mode of enforcing this obligation, except in the case of paupers, where a wife becomes chargeable to the parish.

As the law regulating the right of a wife to bind her husband by her contracts is a matter that comes home "to the business and bosom" of many, we subjoin a *précis* of it, which we gather principally from Mr. Macqueen.

This power is founded on the doctrine of agency, and is similar to that of a partner to bind a firm. Wherever a question arises as to the husband having authorized his wife to contract the debt, the question, as a question of fact, is for the jury to determine. But as jurors are apt to be influenced by discordant views on this subject, sometimes sympathizing with husbands who are linked to extravagant wives, sometimes with a brother tradesman who is prosecuting his claim, it is not to be wondered at if their decisions are somewhat fluctuating. It is to be observed that the tendency of modern juries is to find a verdict in favor of husbands.

The law in this respect was mainly settled by a number of cases brought against an unhappy special pleader, to whom the Law-Reporters generously gave the pseudonym of Benedict. Mrs. Benedict appears to have been most ingenious in obtaining credit from different tradesmen, and each in his turn tried his fortune in the Law Courts by an action against the husband. From these cases it appears, that when a wife is living with her husband, if in the ordinary administration of her household she gives orders for commodities suitable to her position in life, the presumption is, that she has the authority of her husband, and he will be bound. But in such case he may rebut such presumption of law, by showing that the household was already well supplied, and that his wife's orders were unwarranted.

So also in the case of dress. The wife has an implied authority to pledge her husband's credit for articles suitable to her station: he sees the dress or ornaments which she wears, and therefore but little evidence is required to prove his assent to the orders she has given. But if the purchases have been extravagant, far above what is needed by the position of the wedded pair, and has not been recognized or sanctioned by the husband, the jury will then have to decide whether the wife acted with or without the authority of her husband, and in the latter case he is absolved. Thus in a recent case, where the husband was sued for a milliner's bill, amounting to some thousand pounds, for articles furnished to the wife during a single season, the extravagance of the bill alone seems to have justified the jury in presuming that the husband had given no authority to contract such a debt.

When the wife is living separate from the husband a different rule prevails, as then there is no presumption that she has authority to bind him even for the necessities of life. The law requires the wife to cohabit with her husband, and if she leaves his roof and contracts debts, it is for the tradesman who supplies her to ascertain that the separation from her husband is justifiable, and that from her husband's conduct towards her she has a right to pledge his credit. Lord Tenterden, who laid down this law on several occasions, observed:

"When a wife lives with her husband he may in general be taken to be conversant of her contracts. But when they are living separate, it is for the party seeking to charge the husband to make out the proof that he is liable. If a shopkeeper will sell goods to every one that comes, he must take his chance of being paid. It lies on him to make out by full proof his claim against any other person."

The cases in which a husband is liable where a separation has occurred arise, first, when he has deserted his wife; secondly, when he has turned her out of doors, except in cases of her adultery; thirdly, when his misconduct has compelled her to quit his roof; and fourthly; where the separation has been by mutual consent, unless he at the same time provides her with a separate and sufficient maintenance.

Where an officer in India left his wife in England with an annual allowance,



which was regularly paid, the judge held, in an action brought against the husband for goods sold, that this was not to be treated as a case of separation, but that the questions for the jury were, first, whether the goods supplied were necessities, considering the husband's rank in life; secondly, whether the allowance to the wife had been sufficient; and, thirdly, whether it was notorious in the neighborhood that the wife was living in a style beyond her husband's station. The jury found a verdict on all points in favor of the husband.

As examples of the unsystematic manner in which the English law has dealt with the liabilities of a husband for the acts of his wife, it may be stated, that if she prefer articles of the peace against him, he is liable to the attorney for the costs, on the ground of it being his duty to provide *necessaries* for his wife. But he is not so liable if she indicts him for an assault; the judge quaintly remarking, that "it cannot be maintained that an indictment against the husband for assaulting his wife is a necessary."

It has been seen by this statement of the law of England, that it is extremely harsh in its operation on married women, so far as property is concerned; and it must strike an intelligent foreigner with wonder, that in a country like England, in which women are supposed to hold so high a social position, a law of this character should have been allowed to retain its place in our *Corpus Juris*. We think that this point has been well explained by the Law Amendment Society, who have drawn up a careful and instructive report on the Law of Property as it affects married women. They say: "the unreasonableness of the Common Law of England on this head, and its unfitness for the relations of modern civilized life, are so self-evident, that the Legislature would have been called upon long ago to enact more liberal and larger provisions, had not Courts of Equity stepped in to correct the antiquated rules and harshness of Courts of Law."

It is well worthy of remark by the philosophic student of our laws and customs, to note the mode in which, in this instance, Courts of Equity supported by public opinion have usurped the province of the Legislature to repeal provisions of the Common Law. The Common Law, in giving all a woman's personal property to her husband, proceeds on a principle at

all events intelligible and distinct: viz, that as the charges of the marriage are thrown upon the husband, the property also should be placed in his hands. It seems also to have been tacitly recognized, that submission by the wife to her husband, and conjugal harmony, would be best promoted by denying to the wife all rights of separate property.

Now this reasoning may be sound or otherwise, but the course adopted by Courts of Equity which have sanctioned the attempts of private parties to confer separate property on married women, is clearly a violation of the principle of the law. It is also in violation of one of the leading principles of equity — namely, that equity follows the law. At the same time, it must be admitted that the decisions of the various great men occupying the woolsack — from Lord Nottingham downward — we have recognized the propriety of married women enjoying separate property, and being invested with all the rights of ownership, have done much to soften the harshness of the Common Law, to place the women of the upper classes on a par, as to legal rights, with those of continental Europe, and thus far to render the interposition of the Legislature less imperative.

It is not easy to state in a few sentences the expedients which are adopted, or the devices which have received the sanction of Courts of Equity, to mitigate the severity of the Common Law, and to confer on married women the rights of property.

It may be sufficient to say that, by transferring before marriage a woman's personal property to trustees, the sole and exclusive enjoyment of the interest or dividends may be committed to herself. She may, also, in many cases, have as complete disposition of what is called her separate estate as if she were single; and by the law of England, which herein differs from many codes, a single woman enjoys exactly the same rights of property as a man. But in order to protect married women from the influence of their husbands, a clause called the "Non-anticipation Clause," was invented, during the last century, by some skilful conveyancer; and, having received due sanction from Lord Chancellor Thurlow, now finds a place in most ante-nuptial settlements. By this clause a married woman is not allowed, under any emergency, to dispose of the principal of her separate estate.



Again; in order to prevent husbands obtaining possession of legacies and donations made to the wife, Courts of Equity will recognize and protect the property as belonging to the latter, if apt words are used in the will or deed, expressing that the separate use or benefit of the wife is intended by the donor.

It appears from this statement, that no father can secure an independent provision for his daughter; no woman, whatever the amount of her personal estate may be, can rescue it from her future husband, unless an attorney be at hand to frame the requisite provisions which shall evade the grasp of the Common Law. Moreover, a legacy or gift to a married woman, for the express purpose of securing her a sufficient maintenance, can never be safely made without the interposition of men skilled in the law, and the employment of technical phrases.

Two main objections present themselves to this state of things: First, that the palliatives which it allows to a harsh provision of the law are only available to those who are wealthy enough, provident enough, and sufficiently well-informed to have recourse to professional agents. Secondly, that there are many cases, even among the upper classes, where these palliatives have no operation—in the case, for example, of a fortune descending upon a married woman under an intestacy.

With respect to the first objection, it may be observed that it embraces the case of the great majority of the women of England. Lord Lyndhurst remarked in the House of Lords that nine tenths of the marriages celebrated in England are contracted without any settlements at all; and it is evident that this applies not only to the lower classes, but to all those classes engaged in trade, or other callings, who have no fixed capital or property to be so settled. To all who marry without any previous settlement, the Common Law, as we have above stated it, applies in all its harshness. We are enabled to give a few examples of the operation of the law amongst the industrious classes. The first is a letter addressed, during the last Session, to a member of the Legislature; and, from personal inquiries which we have made into the circumstances, we believe that the principal facts may be relied upon.

"I was married at an early age, being not yet sixteen, having lost both my parents many

years before. I became acquainted with my husband, B. T., who was by trade a journeyman printer. From the first week of my married life I commenced working at my needle, as well as performing all the household duties such as our humble state required. My husband continued to work at his business as a printer during three years after we were married: but the nature of his occupation was very precarious, he not holding a permanent situation, and it being the time of the panic. However, with our joint efforts, we had, at the expiration of three years, contrived to save £50, and with that sum took a very small house and shop in — for my business as straw-hat manufacturer, for which we paid rent £25 per annum.

"Very shortly after our removal there, my husband discontinued entirely his trade, and we lived from the proceeds of my business, the nature of the same preventing the possibility of a man being either industriously or actively engaged in it. We there continued some short time. I had been very prosperous in that small way; and at that period, being arrived at the age of twenty-one, I received a small property left me on my mother's side: he, as the law prevents a married woman receiving money without the husband's signature, took possession of it.

"We then removed to larger business premises, situated —; and I can affirm, excepting in cases of indisposition, I never quitted my business, and frequently in the busy season have worked from sixteen to eighteen hours incessantly. From that time forward I continued increasing my business until we took fresh premises in —, for which we paid £210 per annum. I was at that time making money very rapidly, my husband still continuing out of business, and, as necessarily followed, he had the control of my business. I still continued to increase my business largely, making money fast. My husband became extremely selfish and dissipated: having by nature a very weak mind, he formed bad associations, and from them commenced all the misery of myself and family. He was also exceedingly whimsical in his selfishness, indulging himself in everything that money could procure; took lessons in writing, music, had a French master, a riding master, and took lessons in swimming.

"Things went on from bad to worse, until at last it was no common occurrence for him to absent himself for four or five months together, returning only in the daytime to take the proceeds of my business. In the year 18—, my husband was supporting two women in one apartment. I discovered the residence of the relatives of one of them, and finally took her to them, hoping she would be prevented continuing the acquaintance. I also took away at the same time an iron chest containing the title-deeds of the various properties he had acquired by my labors—leases of houses, railway stock, East-India stock, &c. &c.; and I managed, by the kindness of a friend, to keep it secured from him during six months. But at the end of that time, my husband,

finding that he could not get any more dividends, or rents, or money to squander on his paramours, returned to my house, and, after many protestations that all he desired was to live respectably and retrieve his character, and live with me and our children, of whom we had seven living, I listened to his tale and gave him back all his property, or rather mine, without any conditions.

"This was on a Friday; and on the Sunday following, whilst I and my children were at church, my husband absented himself, having taken with him his personal property, leaving me with my children perfectly destitute; and from that day to the present time we have never seen him. He then converted all the property into money, and left me penniless, having sold the lease of the house in which I had carried on business.

"As the law allows a married woman no position, I was compelled to live upon the charity of my friends until my sons should attain the age of twenty-one. We then, through the continued kindness of friends, obtained the lease of another house, where I with my daughters carry on a small business for our daily subsistence—being a servant to my son, as the law allows a married woman nothing in her own right. But, being gifted (for a woman) with great business capabilities, I continue to subsist; although, after toiling for twenty-nine years, as natural consequences I find my strength and energies considerably impaired.

"Still I shall not consider what I have suffered in vain, if this my simple case could be of the smallest utility in alleviating the sufferings of my countrywomen."

A case mentioned by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords is a type of a very numerous class under the present law. An industrious woman in Belgravia having been deserted by her husband, set up in business as a lady's shoemaker, and met with great success; but after three years' attention to her trade, the husband, discovering that there was something to be got, suddenly made his appearance, swept off the furniture and the stock-in-trade, collected the outstanding debts, and again disappeared with his paramour. Again and again this operation has been performed; and only the other day a crowd was collected at a shop in the Pantechnicon to witness the acts of a husband (who, we are happy to think, is not an Englishman) asserting his rights of property under English law.

Here is another case of the same class detailed in a letter by a lady:

"I was in Paris in 184—, on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. B., who took me to a milliner, Madame M—, in the Rue Castiglione. She was an

American from one of the Carolinas, and, being very clever, and engaging in her manners, she was a great favorite with English visitors. Her husband was a great profligate, and lived separate from her, but he was encouraged to come to her tea-table on Sunday evening, when she paid him a weekly sum for his expenses. Some English ladies of rank promised Madame M. good patronage if she settled in London, and in an evil hour for her prospects she determined to do so. She was very successful, and very careful; but her husband found out her abode, and, to her horror and surprise, collected all her monies due, seized everything she possessed, and, turned adrift in the world, she returned to just and equitable France. 'Oh! Madame R.," she exclaimed to me before she went, "how can you live in such a country as this?"

If we descend lower in the social scale, we shall find innumerable cases of the tyranny and injustice which the law now allows a husband to exercise over his wife's acquisitions. The husband, in the following instance, ought to have been sent to the treadmill; but, according to law, he was only doing what he would with his own:

"A respectable woman named —, having been many years in service, had saved a considerable sum of money, when she was sought in marriage by a man of suitable age and plausible manners, and their wedding shortly took place. She had given her "bank book" to her husband, but on the very day of the wedding he said to her, "I have not such good health as I used to have, and do not feel equal to supporting a wife; therefore I think you had better go back to service." The woman, as might be supposed, in a state of indignation, replied, "Very well, I *will* go back to service immediately, but give me back my bank-book." "Why," replied he, "as I don't feel able to work just now, I require the money, but you can go as soon as you like." So she turned away too heart-broken to speak, left the vagabond, who had gone through the marriage ceremony as the only legal means of obtaining her money, and, returning to service, has never seen him since. I had all this from her own lips."

We will mention another case which illustrates the rights of the husband to dispose of *his* property by will:

"A lady whose husband had been unsuccessful in business established herself as a milliner in Manchester. After some years of toil she realized sufficient for the family to live upon comfortably; the husband having done nothing meanwhile. They lived for some time in easy circumstances after she gave up business, and then the husband died, bequeathing all his wife's earnings to his own illegitimate children. At

the age of sixty-two she was compelled, in order to gain her bread, to return to business."

The following incident in one of these melancholy histories of domestic treachery is thus related by the solicitor of the parties:

"A young lady, of age, eloped from the house of her parents with a military officer. She was possessed of a considerable fortune, consisting of stock, standing in her own name, in the public funds. I was immediately called upon by her mother, a lady of rank, and together we arrived at the church, in time. The marriage had not been celebrated. But no legal opposition could be offered. The marriage was therefore postponed for four-and-twenty hours only—being all the respite that could be obtained—on the understanding that consent would not be withheld, and that the lady's portion should be settled. In the short interval articles for a settlement to be subsequently made were prepared. Neither time nor opportunity was afforded for the preparation of an actual settlement, with the appointment of trustees, and transfer of the stock. The articles were executed in the vestry, and were attested by the officiating clergyman. There was a solemnity in the transaction of the affair which inspired me with some confidence in the bridegroom. But reflection, induced by habits of business, led me, unknown to the parties, to place a *distringas* on the lady's stock. Notwithstanding the execution of the articles, and although the draft of a settlement was framed and approved, and trustees nominated, the husband and his solicitor, on the suggestion of the latter, prepared with evidence of the marriage, identity, etc., went to the Bank of England, for the purpose of selling the wife's stock, without her knowledge, in exercise of the marital rights of the husband. They were prevented by the *distringas*. The stock was saved and settled, in spite of marital rights. The solicitor of the husband was to have received £500 for his *professional* advice and assistance in this nefarious plot."

It may be said, and we believe with justice, that the cases we have been citing are exceptional. In the great majority of cases, good sense, good feeling, deference to public opinion, undoubtedly operate upon husbands to prevent their exerting the powers given them by law to selfish purposes. But the question naturally arises, Why should the law in such exceptional cases give the husband powers so easily to be abused?

From the statements we have made as to the law, we think that few will be disposed to deny that some change is required. It is not consistent with justice that a man should acquire a large fortune

with his wife, and be allowed by law to bequeath it the day after his marriage to his illegitimate children. It is not consistent with justice that a man, whose misconduct has been such as to compel his wife to quit his roof, should be enabled by law to retain the whole of her property, and appropriate all her subsequent acquisitions. It is not consistent with justice that when a wife is enabled to earn a large income, the husband by law should have the power of squandering it without any means open to the wife of securing the least provision for herself and children.

No one, we think, will deny that cases such as these are scandals to our law, and if they are rectified and provided for in other codes, why are they not so by the law of England? The first principle of a sound marriage-law seems to be, that parties should have the power of making whatever antenuptial settlement of their property they choose, but in the absence of special agreement between husband and wife, there are only two satisfactory modes of regulating the enjoyment of property during the married state; either each party should retain his own property, with joint and several liability for the charges arising out of wedlock, or the property should be thrown into a common stock, the administration being left to the husband, and the right of the survivor to share in the common stock being secured by law. The first is the method adopted by the Roman law, the second is founded on the principle of community of goods, the *communio bonorum* of the civilians, and prevails in a very large proportion of marriages in France.

There is much to be said in favor of the sole administration of the common stock being given to the husband: it accords with the principle of our law, it is consonant with the views inculcated by our religion as to the due subordination of women, it is adapted to an active and improving state of society, in which the easy transferability of property is one of the main conditions of progress. But between giving the husband the administration of the wife's property, and giving him the entire property, there is an immense chasm. The reasons for the first are to be found in the propriety of placing the funds of the marriage in the hands of that party on whom the liability for the charges of marriage rests by law—in the avoid-

ance of causes of discord, which separate pecuniary interests might engender—in the simplification of transactions respecting property; but all these reasons disappear when marriage is dissolved, and also when cohabitation has ceased, either by mutual consent or by desertion.

Under the law of France and many other States of the Continent, where the principle of community of goods exists, it is open to the wife at any time to get her own property and acquisitions secured to her, in case the husband should be a spend-thrift or dissolute, and her share in the common stock is as clearly defined as that of the husband. But although the provision in the English code which gives a woman's personal property absolutely to her husband is tinged with injustice, and although, as we have seen, it does not accord with the original principles of our law, still great legislative difficulties present themselves if it is desired to confine the husband's rights over such property to mere administration; to apply, in fact, the same law to the wife's personal estate as to her landed estate.

Where the *communio bonorum* exists, as in the Scotch and French law, the exigencies of society require that the husband should have power to make absolute title to such personal property of his wife as is under his control; and the only mode in which the wife is recompensed is by allowing her to stand as a creditor against his estate, and by her right to succeed absolutely to a share in the common stock. If a similar provision were introduced into the English law it would, from the immense fortunes consisting of personal property which are to be found in this country, frequently give wives, who had been perhaps penniless, so large a claim on the personal estates of their husbands, as to shock all ordinary notions of justice. The simplicity of the arrangement by which the woman's personal property becomes the property of the husband, coupled with the fact that the women of England, in comparison with the men, are generally very slenderly endowed, evidently form the causes which maintain the present system, and which tend to perpetuate it.

If an institution, however, in the present day is felt to be unjust; if practical evils are found to flow from it, daily experience proves that it must be grappled with, and some remedy attempted. We

have a strong conviction that the English law with respect to married women, anomalous as we have shown it to be, is not founded on sound principles, and that justice to one half of the community demands that sounder legislation should be adopted. It is often said, that if we wish to ascertain the tendency of our Anglo-Saxon institutions, we should observe what is going on in the United States of America, and there we find, in the present instance, that in the great majority of States which have adopted the English law they have introduced amendments to give married women the benefits of separate property.

The Americans have preferred the principle of the Roman law to that which prevails in France and Germany; and most of the States of the Union have embodied, in one form or another, the views of the Legislature of New York. The following clause, from an Act passed in 1850, by the State of California, is a specimen of their latest legislation on the subject:

"All property, both personal and real, of the wife, owned by her before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, shall be her separate property; and all property, both real and personal, owned by the husband before marriage, and that acquired by him afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, shall be his separate property."

Between these two modes of giving protection to married women, we think the preference is due to that which allows of their holding separate property, and which is already reorganised by Courts of Equity. If the principle of our law is to be maintained, that marriage is to operate by way of gift to the husband of all the wife's personal property, justice to the latter requires that she should have a vested right in the common stock thus increased by her goods; and this vested right we see that the codes of all nations who recognize community of goods confer upon her. Where there is an equal partibility of an inheritance, as in France, between both sexes, this provision seems capable of just application; but to give a vested interest to the wife and her relatives in the husband's personality, hardly seems suited to the state of things in England. Moreover, a vested interest in the common property is of little value to the married woman unless it can be asserted in cases of ill-treatment, profligacy, and desertion. In all such cases the wife ought to be able



to obtain the protection of a court of law, so as to secure her in the possession of her own property, her own acquisitions and earnings. This remedy is open in continental states, where a system of local courts is established; but England, with its centralized establishments, and very imperfect development of local tribunals, is scarcely ripe for it. Even graver objections, we think, are to be found in the encouragement which thus would be offered to married couples to resort to legal tribunals on any pecuniary difference arising. That law, *ceteris paribus*, will always be found the wisest which executes itself; and we may be sure that if a husband can only be coerced into a just line of conduct by the intervention of a law court, innumerable instances will occur where the wife will shrink from resorting to the remedy.

On the other hand, the provision, which secures to each party in the married state his own property and acquisitions, recommends itself by its extreme simplicity. A law which gives a woman's property and earnings to her husband is artificial and at variance with the received doctrines on which the theory of property is based. The earnings of a woman may be as great and as independent of all external assistance as those of the husband—why should not the same law regulate the enjoyment of such property? In such a state of things it would be requisite that the law should throw upon the wife the responsibilities of property, and liability to the charges of the married state. The anomalous, and in many cases unjust, liability of the husband for debts contracted by his wife before marriage, which necessarily arises now that a wife's whole property is given to the husband, would disappear. But these would be beneficial changes in the law which would operate directly in favoring providence and morality; and by increasing the responsibilities, would elevate the social position, of women.

The argument which is usually advanced in favor of the existing law, is that it would breed discord in families if the wife were allowed by law a separate pecuniary interest. We think there are two complete answers to this objection. First, in the great majority of cases, where harmony and the clear recognition of mutual

interests at present prevail, and which, for the honor of our nature, we rejoice to think is the normal state of marriage, the same springs of action which lead husbands to devote their property to the common objects of the marriage, would act, and probably with far greater force, on wives having property of their own. In those cases where harmony does not exist, where the separate interest of each party comes to be considered, it is only right that the wife should be protected by law in her interests as well as the husband.

The second answer is perhaps more conclusive, because it is drawn from a wide experience. It has not been found that the giving rights of property to the married women of France and Germany has produced domestic discord. Or if this example be set aside, we may refer to what takes place in the upper classes of our own society—that is to say, amongst those with whom education, large experience, and the power of carrying their views into effect, have most influence. No well-advised man in England who gives ten thousand pounds with his daughter chooses that the law should make a present of it to the husband, or is deterred from settling pin-money upon her by the fear that the separate interest thus created will produce dissension. We see by the marriage settlement of the Duchess of Norfolk, so long ago as 1684, that the practice of giving separate incomes to women of rank was then in full force, and from that day to this the practice has gone on increasing of securing an independence to married women. We may assume, therefore, that society has pronounced in its most thoughtful and provident circles in favor of a separate interest in married women, to be called forth whenever occasion requires it. The question for the Legislature at the present day is, whether the law should not frame equally provident provisions for those who have been too thoughtless, too helpless, too ignorant, or wholly unable to make them for themselves. Such is the great office of the law in all other relations of life, and in none is its beneficial operation so much required as in that institution which affects the peasant in his cottage equally with the sovereign on her throne.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## T H E T H R E E N U M B E R S .

THE annals of the police of all countries present the darkest pictures. Take any civilized government—and the greater the civilization the greater the crime—examine its records, not forgetting those of dreadful acts which, though known to the authorities, have escaped the punishment of human laws; read, and shudder. No one can long hold office which brings him face to face with crime, without coming to the painful conclusion, however unwillingly, that there is nothing possible that man—ay, or woman either—will not do. If a passion be once permitted to take a firm hold of the human mind, there is no gulf, however deep, into which that passion's slave may not be dragged.

It has been said of the police of our noble and brave allies, that its officers are better informed than even those who sit in the confessional. For the guilty, whether of vice, baseness, or crime, do not tell their own story—which very few relate without adding, almost unconsciously, some favorable coloring—but have it told for them by agents of every rank of life, who are ever on the watch, and seem to have the receipt of fern-seed, and walk invisible. The French police was, and is, seldom at fault. Under some of its chiefs it seemed omniscient. The universal knowledge and precision of the police at Paris, under the lieutenancy of M. de Sartines, were exemplified by a story that made some impression at the time. A provincial magistrate of experience and talent, who was dining with the lieutenant, expressed his doubts as to the efficiency of the system, and declared his conviction that the machinery was far from being so complete as M. de Sartines believed it to be. His host assured him that he was mistaken; but, warmed by the good wine, he roundly asserted that he would be in the capital without the knowledge of M. de Sartines. The controversy ended by the guest backing his opinion with a wager, which M. de Sartines accepted; and the magistrate departed, saying, as he took

leave of his host, that he was as sure of the louis which were staked as if he had them in his purse. "We shall see," said M. de Sartines.

The magistrate left the city soon afterward, and remained for some time in the country. He then took every precaution, disguised himself, and arrived alone, late at night, at an obscure hotel in the outskirts of Paris. After taking a slight refectio he went to bed. Next morning, before he rose, he received from M. de Sartines a dinner-invitation for that day.

But though the guilty seldom escaped, instances were not wanting of perpetrators of the most atrocious crimes eluding the grasp of the police, to whom they were sometimes, though very rarely, unknown, till after they were beyond the reach of any human tribunal. One of these rare instances we shall now narrate.

In the year 1807, a working shoemaker, named Picaud, lived at Paris. On a Sunday, and dressed in his best holiday suit, the young and very nearly handsome bachelor presented himself to a small coffee-house keeper, his equal in rank and age, but richer, and unfavorably known for his envy of all who prospered around him.

Matthieu Loupian, like Picaud, was born at Nismes, like him had come to try his fortune in the great city, and had set up his establishment near the Place Saint-Opportune, where he had very good custom. He was a widower, and had two children—somehow or other few Frenchmen have more—left to him by his deceased wife. Three of his neighbors and friends, all from the Département du Gard, were with him.

"What's all this?" said the master of the house. "Eh, Picaud! How fine you are; one would declare that you were going to dance *las treilhas*.\*"

"I am going to do better, my Loupian, I am going to be married."

"And whom have you chosen to plant

\* A popular dance in Lower Languedoc.

the matrimonial appendages on your head?" said one of the auditors, named Allut.

"Not the second daughter of your mother-in-law, for in that family they do it so clumsily that yours have broken through your hat."

The rest looked, and beheld a considerable solution of the continuation of the front of the crown of the hat of Allut. The laugh was loud and long, and with the gay shoemaker. Truth wounds, and Allut did *not* laugh.

"Joking apart," said Loupian, "who is your intended, Picaud?"

"La de Vigouroux."

"What! The rich Margaret?"

"The same."

"But she has a hundred thousand francs," cried Loupian.

"I will pay her in love and happiness; and I invite you all, gentlemen, to the mass, which will be said at St. Leu, and to the dance afterwards, which will take place at the *Bosquets de Vénus, rue aux Ours*."

The four friends could hardly mutter their thanks, so confounded were they by the good fortune of their comrade.

"When are you to be married?" inquired Loupian.

"Next Tuesday."

"Tuesday?"

"Yes, I count upon you all—am going to the mayoralty, and thence to the house of M. le Curé!" and away hurried Picaud. Those whom he had left looked after him, and then at each other.

"Is he lucky, this droll?"

"He is a sorcerer."

"Such a beautiful, such a rich girl!"

"To be married to a cobbler!"

"And Tuesday is to be the marriage day."

"Yes, three days hence."

"I'll lay you a wager," said Loupian, with a black look, "that I will retard the fête."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Oh! a bit of sport."

"What, pray?"

"A charming pleasantry. The commissaire is coming this way. I'll tell him that I suspect Picaud of being an agent of the English: you understand. Upon this they will send for him, and interrogate him. He will be in a fright, and for eight days at least the marriage must wait."

"Loupian," said Allut, "this is beyond

a joke: it is a bad game. You don't know Picaud—if he finds you out, he is capable of revenging himself severely.

"Bah! bah!" said the others; "one must have some amusement in the Carnival."

"As you please; but I warn you that I have nothing to do with it: every one to his taste."

"Oh!" replied Loupian, sharply, "I don't wonder at thy head ornaments; thou art a capon."

"I am an honest man; thou art an envious one. I shall live peaceably; thou wilt die wretchedly. Good night."

With this, Allut turned on his heel; and so soon as he was gone the trio encouraged each other not to abandon so pleasant an idea; and Loupian, the inventor of the proposition, promised his friends to make them laugh *à ventre déboutonné*. Two hours afterwards the commissary of police, before whom Loupian had let his tongue run, did his duty like a vigilant officer. Out of the prattle of the *cafetier* he composed a superb report in true commissary style, and handed it in to his superior. The fatal note was taken to the Duc de Rovigo; it coincided with the revelations of movements in La Vendée. No doubt Picaud was the go-between between the south and the west. He must be a person of importance, and his assumed trade only served as a mask to the gentleman of Languedoc. In short, in the night between Sunday and Monday, the unhappy Picaud was apprehended in his chamber with such mystery that no one saw him depart, but from that day all trace of him was completely lost. His relations, his friends, could not obtain any tidings of him, and at last ceased to inquire about him.

"Time rolls its ceaseless course;" 1814 arrives; the Imperial Government falls; and from the castle of Fenestrelle descends, about the 15th of April, a man, bowed by suffering and age-stricken, more by despair than by time. In seven years, one who knew him and looked upon him might say that he had lived half a century. But no one will know him; for he does not recognize himself when, for the first time since his incarceration, he views himself in a looking-glass at the wretched inn of Fenestrelle.

This man, who in his prison went by the name of Joseph Lucher, had served,

more like a son than a servant, a rich Milanese ecclesiastic, who, indignant at the conduct of his relatives, who had abandoned him in his affliction, in the hope that it would soon do its work, and leave them in possession of his great fortune, had not trusted them with the credits which he possessed in the Bank of Hamburg, nor with those which he had placed in the Bank of England. Moreover, he had disposed of the chief portion of his domains to one of the great dignitaries of Italy, and the annual rent was payable to a banker in Amsterdam, who was charged to transmit the money to the wealthy prisoner.

This noble Italian, who died on the 4th January, 1814, had made the poor Joseph Lucher the sole heir to about seven million francs of property, besides imparting to him the secret of a hidden treasure of about twelve hundred thousand francs in diamonds, and of at least three millions in specie, in the form of Milanese ducats, Venetian florins, Spanish pieces of eight, French louis, and English guineas.

Joseph Lucher, liberated at last, travelled rapidly towards Turin, and soon arrived at Milan. He acted with caution and prudence, and at the end of a few days found himself in possession of the treasure which he had come to seek, with the addition of antique gems and admirable cameos, all of the highest value.

From Milan, Joseph Lucher went to Amsterdam, Hamburg, and London in succession, and during this journey collected wealth sufficient for the coffers of a king. Moreover, Lucher, instructed by his master and benefactor with regard to the secret springs of speculation, knew so well how to dispose of his property that, after reserving his diamonds and a million, he created an income of six hundred thousand francs, payable partly by the Bank of England, partly by the German Bank, the Bank of France, and that of Italy.

This done he turned his face toward Paris, where he arrived on the 15th of February, 1815, eight years, day for day, after the disappearance of the unfortunate Picaud.

Joseph Lucher, on the morning after his arrival at Paris, as he was without any following—without even a valet—caused himself to be taken to a *maison de santé*. On the return of Napoleon, Lucher was still sick, and so continued during the detention of the Emperor in the Isle of Elba.

As long as Napoleon remained in France, the sick man postponed his convalescence; but when the second Restoration seemed definitely to have consolidated the monarchy—which appears to be as impossible in France as a republic—and to have firmly established Louis XVIII., the *habitué* of the *maison de santé* quitted it, and bent his steps to the *quartier Saint-Opportune*.

There he heard of the disappearance—in the month of February, 1807—of an honest young shoemaker, about to be most advantageously married; but that a *pleasantry* of three of his friends had marred his good fortune, and that the poor fellow had either fled or been carried off. Finally, that no one knew what had become of him—that his intended lamented him for two years—and then, fatigued with weeping, married the *cafetier*, Loupian, who having by this marriage added greatly to his property, now possessed on the Boulevards one of the best frequented cafés in Paris.

Joseph Lucher heard this story with no further show of interest than what might be expected from such a narrative; but he inquired, naturally enough, what were the names of those pleasant people who were said to have caused the misfortune of the young shoemaker. His informants had forgotten the names of these persons.

"Nevertheless," added one of those whom the new-comer interrogated, "there is a certain Antoine Allut who boasted in my presence that he knew those of whom you speak."

"I knew a man named Allut, in Italy; he was a native of Nismes."

"He of whom we are talking is also a native of Nismes."

"This Allut lent me a hundred crowns, and begged me to repay them, as soon as it was convenient, to his cousin Antoine."

"You can send the sum to him at Nismes, for he has retired there."

Next morning a *chaise de poste*, preceded by a courier, who paid triple guides, flew rather than rolled on the road to Lyons. From Lyons, the carriage followed the Rhone by the Marseilles road, and quitted it at the bridge of the Holy Ghost. There an Italian abbé descended from the carriage for the first time since the commencement of the journey. He hired a small vehicle, went down to Nismes, and alighted at the well-known *Hôtel du Luxembourg*, and at once inquired of



the people what had become of Antoine Allut? This name, nearly as common in that country as "Smith" is in ours, is there borne by many families differing in rank, fortune, and religion; and some time elapsed before the individual who was the object of the visit of the Abbé Baldini was ascertained. At last the abbé found his man, was formally introduced, and, after certain preliminaries, informed Antoine that, being imprisoned at the Château de l'Œuf, at Naples, for a political offense, he, the abbé, had become acquainted with an excellent companion, whose death, which took place in 1811, he deeply regretted.

"At this time," said the Abbé, he was a bachelor of some thirty years of age; and he expired, still lamenting his country for ever lost to him, but pardoning those of whom he had just right to complain. He was a native of Nismes; his name was Picaud."

Allut could not suppress a cry. The abbé regarded him with an astonished look.

"You knew, then, this Picaud?" said he to Allut.

"He was one of my good friends. Poor fellow! and he died far from his country, and in misery! But do you know the cause of his arrest?"

"He did not know it himself, and he attested his ignorance with such oaths that I cannot doubt that he knew it not."

Allut sighed heavily. The abbé continued:

"As long as he lived one sole idea occupied his mind. He would, he said, give up his hopes of heaven to any one who would name the author or authors of his arrest. This fixed idea inspired Picaud with the thought which found expression in the singular testamentary disposition which he made. But first, I ought to tell you that in the prison Picaud had rendered remarkable services to an Englishman, a prisoner, as he was, who at his death left Picaud a diamond worth at least fifty thousand francs." . . .

"He was lucky," interrupted Allut. "Fifty thousand francs! It is a fortune!"

"When Picaud," continued the abbé, "found himself on his death-bed, he caused me to be summoned, and said to me: 'My end will be tranquil, if you promise to accomplish my wishes—will you promise me?'"

"'I swear' said I, 'to do so, persuaded that you will exact nothing contrary to honor and religion.'"

"'Nothing contrary to either,'" said he; 'hear me, and you will judge for yourself. I never could discover the names of those who have plunged me in this place of torment; but I have had a revelation. A voice from heaven has declared to me that one of my compatriots, Antoine Allut, of Nismes, knows who denounced me. Go to him when your liberty shall be restored, and present him, on my behalf, with the diamond which I possess by the beneficence of Sir Herbert Newton; but I add one condition—it is, that on receiving the diamond from you, he will confide to you the names of those whom I regard as my assassins. When he shall have named them, you will return to Naples, and having inscribed their names on a plate of lead, you must place the plate in my tomb. Here are four thousand sequins for my burial in a church, and in a separate vault; here, too, are sixteen hundred sequins more for the expenses of your journey to Nismes—all this I possess from the beneficence of my dear master, Sir Herbert Newton.' Touched by pity, I solemnly swore to execute his wishes faithfully. He placed in my hands the diamond and the money, and died in peace. Prisoner though I was, I caused his desire to be fulfilled. He reposes at Naples, in the church of the Holy Ghost; and as soon as my liberty was restored to me, I came to France to acquit myself with fidelity of the engagement into which I had entered with your poor compatriot. Here am I, and here is the diamond."

As he uttered the last words, the Abbé Baldini waved his hand, and from his middle finger sparkled a solitaire, whose water, size, and brilliancy announced its value. He had certainly not exaggerated when he spoke of this admirable stone being worth fifty thousand francs, for if sold in a good market it would have brought at least from eighty to ninety thousand francs. Antoine Allut contemplated the brilliant with the eyes of a falcon; a cold sweat stood upon his brow, his mouth was frightfully contracted; and as he made a gesture of rejection, the shudder which agitated his body showed what a combat between avarice and prudence raged in his heart.

At this moment his wife entered, with a visage that bore the unmistakable traces of recent and violent chagrin. She traversed the chamber with rapidity, and

stopping short before her husband, who was still overwhelmed by the discourse of the Italian abbé.

"My man," said she, "you had better go hide yourself; and I may as well never show my face in the town again. Your brother and sister will crush us with the insolence of their fortune; know that they have just received by the diligence a wind-fall of twenty thousand francs."

"Twenty thousand francs!" repeated her husband, in consternation; "and whence?"

"It is quite a history. Your brother, a year ago, saved from drowning a Dane who had come to see the Comte de Rantzau, at Avignon. The stranger, after thanking him, departed, and now this noble acknowledgment arrives all in the shape of beautiful louis d'or. Wont they be intolerable? Wont they look down upon us and crush us, your younger brother, my younger sister. Oh! I shall certainly die of grief!"

"And more especially, madame, at the moment when monsieur, your husband, refuses a legacy of fifty thousand francs at least, which a dying friend has left him," added the abbé.

"What! does he refuse fifty thousand francs?" cried the wife, with such a look and gesture as subdued or guilty husbands only can appreciate.

"So, at least, it seems to me," said the abbé, quietly; and he recommenced the recital of the story which he had already told, not without displaying the ring, which, nevertheless, quitted not his finger.

It would have required a different character from that possessed by Antoine Allut to defend himself against the terrible assault which attacked him. Envious of others, like too many small and little-minded people, and also like too many great ones, the prosperity of his brother seemed to him an outrage on his poverty. His wife immediately ran to fetch a neighboring jeweller, who, having examined the stone, declared that he would give for it sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-nine francs eleven centimes, provided that they would take in deduction a charming *ferme ornée* producing an income of two thousand nine hundred and ninety francs, and which, to settle the affair, he would part with to them at a valuation of fifty-five thousand francs.

The man and his wife appeared to be absolutely crazy with joy; and Madame

Allut, especially, could not contain herself. She committed a thousand extravagances, and could not resist embracing the abbé, who submitted to the operation with as good a grace as he could command. As for Antoine Allut, carried away by the unexpected flood of prosperity, he at once acknowledged that he knew and would declare the names required—not, however, without a cold fit of hesitation and a secret feeling of terror. But his wife was there—and at his dictation the abbé wrote the following names—GERVAIS CHAUBARD, GUILHEM SOLARI, MATTHIEU LOUPIAN.

The ring was now handed to Allut, and, upon the terms proposed, became the property of the jeweller, who settled the business upon the spot; and four months afterwards, to the eternal despair of Allut and his wife, sold the gem to a Turkish merchant for a hundred and two thousand francs.

Of all the malignant passions, revenge alone involves pleasurable sensations, short-lived and dearly and purchased as they are. Envy, anger, hatred, and the rest, are all accompanied by pain; but it has passed into a proverb that revenge is sweet.

Difference of price in the mercantile world, especially if it be sudden, often occasions strange changes. One speculator rises upon the ruin of another. He who yesterday revelled in pomp and luxury becomes a pauper to-day. He who is unknown and despised one week—especially in bubble-time—shines a millionaire in the next. In the case before us, the difference caused a murder, and the ruin of Allut and his wife. The jeweller was found in his garden, stabbed to the heart, and when, on suspicion arising, Allut and wife were sought for, they were nowhere to be found. Time wore on: the murderers of the jeweller were never brought to justice, and the last that was heard of Allut and his wife was that they were living in wretchedness in Greece.

An aged lady one day presented herself at the Café Loupian, and asked for the proprietor, to whom she confided that her family was deeply indebted for eminent services to a poor man ruined by the events of 1814, but so disinterested that he would receive no recompense, and only wished to enter as *garçon* into an establishment where he would be kindly treated. His name, she said, was Pro-

spère; he was no longer young, and seemed some fifty years old; and if M. Loupian would take him, she would give to his master one hundred francs à month without the knowledge of the *garçon*.

Loupian accepted the offer. Shortly afterwards a sufficiently ugly and ill-dressed man presented himself. Madame Loupian looked hard at him, and it seemed to her for an instant that she had seen this man somewhere before; but upon looking again she could recall no remembrance, and, busied with her affairs, soon forgot the momentary impression.

The two natives of Nismes regularly frequented this café. One day one of them did not make his appearance, and jokes passed at his absence. The next day came and passed, still he came not. Where could he be? What could he be doing? Guilhem Solari undertook to find out the cause of his absence. Guilhem returned to the café about nine o'clock in the evening, pale as death, and could scarcely find words to relate that, on the *Pont des Arts*, at five o'clock on the previous morning, the body of the unfortunate Gervais Chaubard had been found, pierced by a poniard. The weapon remained in the wound, and on the handle were engraved the words—NUMBER ONE.

Conjectures were abundant enough; but still all was conjecture. The police moved heaven and earth, but the guilty person contrived to evade all their investigations. Some time after the shocking event, a pointer, a superb dog, belonging to the proprietor of the café, was poisoned, and a young waiter declared that he had seen a customer throw biscuits to the poor beast. This young man gave a description of the suspected customer, who proved to be Loupian's enemy, and who, to annoy him, was in the habit of coming to the café, where Loupian was, in a degree, under the customer's command. An action was brought against the malicious customer, but he satisfactorily proved his innocence by an *alibi*. He was a supernumerary courier, employed by the post-office, and on the day in question he was proved to be at Strasburg. A fortnight afterward, Madame Loupian's favorite parrakeet went the way of the poor dog: the bird had been poisoned by bitter almonds and parsley. Naturally enough searching inquiry was recommenced; but without result.

Loupian, by his former marriage, had a

daughter, in whose eyes shone her sixteenth summer, and who was beautiful as an angel. A dashing personage saw and loved, and expended extravagant sums to gain to his interest the waiter of the café and the charming girl's *bonne*. By these means he obtained several interviews with the beauty, and the generous gallant so well plied his suit that the young lady, before she was aware, found herself in the way of becoming a mother before she was a wife. Sinking with shame, she yet had the good sense to avow to her parents the situation in which she found herself by listening to the winning tongue of one whom she represented as a marquis and a millionaire. Her parents were in despair at first; but they took heart, sought, and obtained an interview with *monsieur*. He did not attempt to deny the paternity; but, on the contrary, expressed his determination to marry their daughter, not without acknowledging his wealth, showing his family tree, and the titles to his estates. The joy and gratitude of the Loupians may be imagined. The marriage took place, and the bridegroom, who appeared anxious to repair the mischief he had done by the splendor and publicity of the ceremony, ordered for the evening a magnificent repast of one hundred and fifty covers at the *Cadran-Bleu*.

At the hour appointed the guests were assembled: but where was the marquis? Each regarded his neighbor with mute surprise—when a letter arrived. It announced that, in obedience to the commands of the King, the marquis had repaired to the château. He apologized for his absence, begged that the company would dine without waiting for him, and informed them that he would take his place by the side of his wife at ten o'clock. Accordingly they went to dinner, but without the amiable bridegroom. The bride did not look pleased, though the guests felicitated her on the enviable position of her husband. The dinner was eaten; and at the dessert a waiter placed under the plate of each guest a letter. All expected an agreeable surprise—a surprise they had. The letters informed them that the husband was a convict escaped from the galleys, and that he had fled.

Fancy the frightful consternation of this wretched family. It appeared like a hideous dream, nor could they realize the situation. Four days after this heavy blow, they went to spend their Sunday in

the country, with the view of mitigating their grief by change of scene and amusement. During their absence an apartment immediately below the café was set on fire in nine several places. Under pretence of giving assistance, a mob of wretches absolutely gutted the place. The flames raged, and ceased not till the whole house was consumed. Loupian was completely ruined—all his money, credits, and furniture were destroyed or stolen, and nothing remained but a small property belonging to his wife.

Trite, but most true, is the saying, that prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them. The Loupians were not long in discovering the quality of those who had sworn to them eternal friendship. All their friends abandoned them: one alone was found faithful among the faithless—the old waiter Prospère. He would not quit them; he declared that, as he had shared in their prosperity, he would participate in their adversity. He was admired and lauded as a rare example of fidelity and goodness. A new but very modest café was established, *rue St. Antoine*. Thither Solari still repaired. One evening he was seized, on his return home, with excruciating pains; a physician was sent for. He declared that the patient was poisoned; and, notwithstanding every effort, the unfortunate man died in terrible convulsions.

Twelve hours afterward, when, according to custom, the bier was exposed under the entrance of the house where Solari had lodged, a paper was found attached to the black mort-cloth that covered the coffin. On this paper were inscribed the words—NUMBER TWO.

Besides the daughter, whose destiny had been so unfortunate, Loupian had a son. This youth, beset by men of bad character, struggled at first against their temptations, but the allurements of abandoned women did what the unaided example of the vicious of the other sex had failed to do, and he gave himself up to debauchery. One night his companions proposed a frolic; the fun was to consist in breaking into a liqueur store, carrying off a dozen bottles, drinking the contents, and paying next day. Eugene Loupian, already half-intoxicated, clapped his hands at this proposal. The door of the store was prized open, the bottles were chosen, and each of the hopeful band had pocketed two, when the police, who had re-

ceived information from a traitor in the camp, pounced upon the six culprits, who were tried, and the ruinous sentence awarded by the law for *vol de nuit avec effraction*, was pronounced upon them. Royal pity saved the misguided young man from the infamy of the galleys, in spite of the incredible efforts and interest made by some unseen enemy to turn aside the clemency of the Sovereign; but Loupian's son had to undergo an imprisonment of twenty years.

This catastrophe all but completed the ruin and disaster of the Loupians. The wife, she who had been the cynosure of the quarter as *la belle et riche Marguerite*, died of grief, and without children. The remains of the fortune which she had brought passed from her husband's family, and Loupain and his daughter remained without any resources. Then the honest waiter, who had his savings, came forward and offered them to the young woman—but at what price? Suffice it to say, that the wretched daughter, sunk in the extremity of misery, and in the hope of saving her father, accepted the shameful conditions, and became the mistress of Prospère.

Loupian could hardly be said to exist. His misfortunes had shaken his reason. He wandered about sad and solitary. One evening, while he was walking in a sombre alley in the garden of the Tuilleries, a man in a mask suddenly presented himself before the distracted wanderer.

"Loupian," said he, "dost thou remember 1807?"

"Why?"

"Knowest thou the crime which thou didst then commit?"

"A crime!"

"An infamous crime! Out of envy, thou didst consign thy friend Picaud to a dungeon—dost thou remember?"

"Ah! God has severely punished me for it."

"Not so—but Picaud himself! He, to sate his revenge, stabbed Chaubard on the Pont des Arts. He poisoned Solari. He gave thy daughter a convict for a husband. He laid the snare into which thy son fell. His hand even condescended to destroy the dog of which thou wert so fond, and the parakeet on which thy wife doated. His hand set fire to thy house. He summoned the robbers to the spoil. He caused thy wife to die of grief—and thy daughter is his concubine. Yes—inn



thy servant Prospère know Picaud—but only at the moment when he plants his **NUMBER THREE!**”

With the last words came a stab, so well aimed at the heart of the victim, and driven so home, that Loupian had only to utter a feeble cry before he fell dead.

This last act of vengeance accomplished, Picaud turned to leave the garden, when a hand of iron, seizing him by the neck, hurled him to the earth beside the corpse, and before he could recover from his surprise, a man bound him hand and foot, gagged him completely, and then wrapping him up in his own cloak, carried him hurriedly away.

The rage, the astonishment of Picaud, thus gagged and borne along on the shoulders of a giant, as his carrier seemed to him, may be imagined. Onwards, still onwards. Surely he could not have fallen into the power of the police. . . . A gendarme, if he had been alone, would not have taken these extraordinary precautions, even if he had suspected that accomplices were near. One summons would have sufficed to bring the sentinels in the neighborhood to his aid. . . . Was it, then, a robber who thus bore him away? . . . . But what a singular robber!—it could hardly be a piece of pleasantry. These thoughts passed rapidly and doubtfully through the perturbed mind of Picaud; but the only conclusion that the assassin could at last satisfactorily realize was, that he had been watched, and had fallen into an ambush.

When the man upon whose shoulders he was thus borne stopped, Picaud calculated that his bearer had walked rapidly nearly half-an-hour. Enveloped in the cloak, he himself had seen none of the places on his route. When he was freed from his wrapper and the gag, he found himself laid on a truckle bed. The air was thick, and heavy, and stagnant, as if from long confinement, and as he cast his baleful eyes fearfully round him, he perceived that he was in a cavern, belonging apparently to an abandoned quarry or mine. It was furnished in some sort; there was a stove, the smoke of which found its way upwards through some crannies; an iron lamp threw a fitful and melancholy gleam around, and its lurid light fell full upon a figure standing erect and with folded arms in front of Picaud. It was the man who had brought him there.

The murky state of the place, the agi-

tation which shook the body and soul of Picaud, the change which ten years of misery and despair bring upon the human face, forbade the assassin of Loupian to recognize the individual, who appeared to him like a phantom. He examined with fascinated stare, and in fearful silence, the withering features and flashing eyes that glared upon him, waiting in agonizing expectation for a word—one word—that might tell him his fate. Ten minutes (which seemed to Picaud hours) passed before either of these men exchanged a syllable.

“Well, Picaud,” said the other. “What name would you prefer now? Shall it be that which you received from your father, that which you took when you were let out of Fenestrelle—will you be the Abbé Baldini, or the waiter Prospère? Or, will your ingenuity furnish a fifth? To thee, vengeance doubtless is mere sport. But no; thou shrinkest. Ay, dost thou begin to perceive that thou hast given thyself up to a furious mania, at which thou—thou thyself, wouldst have shuddered, if thou hadst not sold thyself to the demon? Ay, thou art right—thou hast sacrificed the last ten years of thy life in pursuing three wretched men whom thou mightest have spared. Thou canst shudder now. Thou *hast* committed horrible, most horrible crimes. Thou art lost for ever—and thou hast dragged **ME** into the abyss!”

“Thee—thee! Who art thou?”

“I am thy accomplice—a wretch who, for gold, sold to thee the life of my friends. Thy gold hath been fatal to me. The cupidity lighted up by thee in my soul has never been extinguished. The thirst of riches made me furious and guilty. I **KILLED THE MAN WHO CHEATED ME.** I fled with my wife. She died in exile, and I, I was arrested, judged—no matter for what—and condemned to the galleys. I underwent exposure, the scourge, and the brand. I know the weight of the chain and the bullet. At last, having escaped in *my* turn, it was my will to find and punish this Abbé Baldini, who so well finds and punishes others. I hastened to Naples. He was not known there. I sought for the tomb of Picaud, and I learned that Picaud lived. How did I know this? Neither thou nor the Pope shall force that secret from me. Immediately I set forth in pursuit of this pretended corpse; but when I had found him, two assassinations had

already signalized his vengeance. The children of Loupian were ruined; his house burned; his fortune destroyed. This very evening I was going to that unfortunate to tell him all; but again thou hast been beforehand with me, the demon gave thee the precedence, and Loupian had fallen under thy blow before God, who conducted me, permitted me to snatch thy last victim from death. What does it signify after all? I HAVE THEE! In my turn I can render unto thee the evil thou hast done unto me. I have been able to prove to thee that the men of our country have as good arms as they have memories. I AM ANTOINE ALLUT!"

Picaud answered not. He took a deep breath, as if for the purpose of raising an outcry, but if he had any such intention, it was immediately frustrated by Allut, who again gagged him. As he lay, strange thoughts passed through his soul. Sustained up to this moment by the intoxication of vengeance, he had in a great degree forgotten his immense fortune, and all the pleasures which it would command. But his revenge was now fed full; now it was time to think of living the life of the rich; and now he had fallen into the hands of a man as implacable as himself. These reflections shot through his brain with the rapidity of a galvanic spark; and, in an agony of rage, he convulsively bit the gag which Antoine had replaced.

"Nevertheless," thought he, "rich as I am, cannot I with fair words, and, in any case, by making a real sacrifice, get rid of my enemy? I have given more than one hundred thousand francs to learn the names of my victims, cannot I give as much, or twice as much, to escape from the peril in which I am?"

But HE to whom vengeance belongeth permitted the thick mist of avarice to obscure the brightness of this thought. The possessor of sixteen millions, at least, shrank from giving up the sum which might be demanded. The love of gold, omnipotent in his miserly soul, stifled even the love of life and the voice of the flesh, which cried for ransom at any price. Gold became his flesh, his blood, his whole existence.

Oh! thought he in his secret soul, "the poorer I make myself to be, the sooner shall I get out of this hole. No one knows what I possess. I will feign to be on the verge of mendicacy; he will let me go for a few crowns; and, once out of his hands,

it will not be long before he falls into mine!"

Allut, who had watched him with the eye of a basilisk, an eye that, as it glittered malignantly, seemed to divine what was passing in the miser's mind, now slowly advanced towards him, removed the gag, and again restored his mouth to liberty.

"Where am I?" said he.

"What is that to thee? Thou art in a place where thou mayest look in vain for help or mercy. Thou art mine—mine only, understandest thou, and the slave of my will and of my caprice."

Picaud smiled disdainfully, but his friend said no more. He left him on a mattress where he had laid him, without untying him. Picaud remained silent, but he writhed so as nearly to break the cords which bound him. Allut, without a word, walked up to him, passed around his loins a wide and thick iron belt, and fixed it by three chains to three massive rings driven into the wall. This done, he sat down to his supper of chicken in savory jelly, cold veal, and a Bayonne ham, an Arles sausage, a loaf of the whitest bread, a piece of Gruyère cheese, and a large flask of Chambertin, which, when the cork was drawn, perfumed the cavern.

Allut went on leisurely eating; and as Picaud found that he offered him nothing from the well-spread table—

"I am hungry," said Picaud.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"I have no money."

"Thou hast sixteen millions."

"Thou dreamest," cried Picaud with a shudder.

"And thou—dream that thou eatest."

Allut quietly finished his supper. He then rose and departed, nor did he return all night. About seven o'clock in the morning he again entered, and prepared a most appetizing breakfast.

The sight and smell of the food redoubled in Picaud the tortures of hunger. "Give me something to eat," cried he.

"What wilt thou pay for the bread and water that I shall give thee?"

"Nothing."

"Very well! We shall see who will be tired first."

Allut sat down and deliberately finished his breakfast. He then rose and went out.

At three in the afternoon he returned. Eight-and-twenty hours had now passed since Picaud had taken any nourishment.

He implored his jailer for mercy, and offered him twenty sous for a pound of bread.

"Listen," said Allut, "these are my conditions. I will give thee two meals a day, and thou shalt pay me for each five-and-twenty thousand francs."

Picaud howled, and writhed upon his mattress; the other remained impassible.

"That is my last word. Choose, take thy time. Thou hadst no mercy for thy *friends*; and it is my will to have no pity for thee." And again he sat at meat; and again when he had finished, he rose and left the cavern.

The wretched prisoner passed the rest of the day and the following night in the agonies of hunger and despair; his moral anguish was complete; in his heart was hell. His mental and physical sufferings were so overwhelming that he was seized by *tetanus* in its most spasmodic form. Soon afterward, his reason was affected; and the ray of intellect that animated his brain was all but quenched under the tide of extreme and contending passions and bodily suffering. Human organization can only support a certain amount of torture; and the pitiless Allut, when he returned on the following morning, soon discovered that he had pushed his torments beyond the power of man's endurance. The form that lay before him had become an inert machine, still sensible, indeed, of bodily pain, but incapable of resisting, or even of averting it. He saw at once that Picaud was too far gone for him to hope to extract a reasonable word from the exhausted sufferer.

Despair now seized Allut in his turn. Picaud would die without affording any means by which his jailer could appropriate the immense fortune of his victim. Stung to the very soul, Allut lost all self-command. His breast and head resounded with the repeated blows of his own clenched hand, and in his agony he was on the point of dashing his skull against the rugged sides of the cavern, when he perceived, or thought he perceived, a diabolical smile on the livid face of Picaud, and a glance at once malignant and triumphant darting from his glazing eye. Turning his rage on his prisoner, he rushed on him like a wild beast, nor quitted his prey till he left—what had been a man, but was now a lifeless, mangled mass.

The murderer then went forth into the murky night.

Not long afterward he passed into England. There he lived in obscurity and poverty, and there a mortal sickness seized him in 1828. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and sent for a Roman Catholic priest. Awakened by the exhortations of his spiritual adviser to a sense of his condition, he confessed to the horror-stricken ecclesiastic his dreadful crimes, the details of which he dictated; and when the frightful history was written, signed it at the foot of each page, and died reconciled with God, according to the rites of his religion. After his death, the Abbé P—— forwarded to Paris the document wherein the facts narrated were recorded, accompanied by the following letter:

"Monsieur le Préfet:

"I have the honor to send you the narrative of a great but repentant criminal. He thought, and I agreed with him in that thought, that it might be useful to you to know the series of abominable acts of which this wretched man was cognizant, and in many of which he was both agent and patient. By following the indications furnished by the annexed plan, the subterranean cavern where the remains of the miserable and guilty Picard lie mouldering may be found.

"God pardons. Men in their pride and hatred pardon not: they seek vengeance, and vengeance crushes them.

"Antoine Allut declared that he sought in vain for any instrument, voucher, or memorandum which might be produced where the funds of his last victim were said to be placed. Before he left Paris, he said he penetrated by night into the secret apartments of Picaud; but found neither register, title, nor document. Below you will find the description and locality of the two lodgings which Picaud occupied at Paris under feigned names, as stated by Allut.

"Even on the bed of death, and with the full knowledge that he never would quit it alive, Antoine Allut, notwithstanding my urgent entreaties, would not tell me by what means he obtained information of those facts in his narrative of which he was not personally cognizant, or who had told him of the crimes and fortunes of Picaud. Only one hour before his death, he said to me. '*Mon Père*, no man's faith can be more lively than mine, for I have seen and spoken with a soul separated from its body.'

"When he said this, there was nothing to indicate that he was suffering under delirium. He appeared to be simply making a confession of his faith, and to be in the full possession of his mental faculties."

The letter terminated with a few words improving the occasion, and the usual compliments; but it was said that the sa-

gacious préfet, albeit a sufficiently good Catholic, dropped a few words significative of his thought that Allut might have picked up the stirring events that marked Picaud's misfortunes and crimes without the aid of a disembodied spirit.

France furnishes to many examples of frightful crimes committed by escaped and liberated *forçats*, and if any of our humanitarians would wish to know the consequences of the criminal stay-at-home system, even with such a lynx-eyed police as that possessed by our neighbors, let him

turn to the vivid word-pictures in a novel,\* founded mainly on fact. Deeply and dreadfully interesting as it is, the murder of one of the principal characters, and the most startling of the incidents, are no mere emanations from the brain of the novelist, but terrible realities, giving the dark story as good a title as *The Bride of Lammermoor* to the character of an "ower true tale."

\* *L'Idiot*. XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN. Paris; ALEXANDRE CADOT, Editeur, 37, Rue Serpente. 1856.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## T H E R E D - C O U R T F A R M .

### I.

ON a certain part of the English coast, lying sufficiently contiguous to France for the convenience of smuggling, and rising high above the sea, was a bleak plateau of land. It was a dizzy task to walk close to its edge, and look down over the cliff to the beach below. A small beach, in the form of a half-moon, accessible only from the sea, and, at low water, by a very narrow path round the left projection of rock. Beyond this narrow path lay the village—if the few poor fishermen's huts deserved the name. Some were erected on the low grass-land, and some up the cliffs, not there so perpendicular. The Half-moon was never under water, for the tide did not reach it, though it had used to, years ago. Rude steps shelved down from it to a lower beach which met the sea. Standing on the plateau overhead, with your back to the sea and looking inland, the eye fell upon a cultivated dell, where rose a large red-brick house, called Red-Court Farm. It was built on the site of an ancient castle, part of whose ruins lay still around.

To the left of this house (but to your right hand as you stood looking) might be seen the church; and, beyond that, some five minutes' walk, lay a handful of gentlemen's houses. On the plateau itself, not a long way from its edge, rose an old circular wall, breast high, with a narrow door or opening. It was called the Round Tower, and was supposed to have been the watch-tower in former times.

The name of the family living at the Red Court was Thornycroft. Mr. Thornycroft rented and farmed the land around, about three hundred acres. He was a county magistrate, and rode in to the five-mile-off town, Jutpoint, when the whim took him, and sat upon the bench. Never was there a pleasanter companion than he, and the other magistrates chuckled when they got an invitation to the Red-Court dinners, for they loved the hearty welcome and the jolly cheer. Three sons had Mr. Thornycroft; two of them fine towering men like himself. Richard, the eldest, was dark, stern, and resolute, but he would unbend to courtesy over his wine; and Isaac, the second, was of elegant form,



bland features, and fair complexion. The third was Cyril. He was only of middle height, his health less robust than that of his brothers, and he was less given to outdoor pursuits. They were all engaged in agriculture. "A thriving farm the Red-Court must be," quoth the neighbors, "for the old man to keep all his three sons upon it."

Only gentlemen had hitherto visited at the Red-Court, for Mrs. Thornycroft was dead, and the daughter, the youngest of the family, was at school near London. She rarely visited her home: a house without a mistress was not the place for a young girl, Mr. Thornycroft was wont to say. But now that she had attained her nineteenth year, she came home to live: a lady-like, agreeable girl, with Cyril's love for reading, Isaac's fair skin and handsome features, and Richard's resolute eye and lip. She assumed her post as mistress of the house with a spirit of determination which said she meant to maintain it, and soon the servants whispered about, that Miss Thornycroft and her brothers had already had some words together, for both sides wanted the mastery. She wished regulation in the house, and they set all regulation at defiance, especially in the matter of coming in to meals. One day in January, Richard went striding out of the house to find his father. The Justice was in the grounds with a gun.

"This girl's turning the house upside down," he began. "We shall not be able to keep her at home."

"What girl? Do you mean Mary Anne?"

"There's nobody else I should mean," returned the young man, who was not remarkable for courtesy of speech, even to his father. "I'd pretty soon shell out any body else who came spoiling sport. She has gone and invited some fellow and his sister down to stop. We can't have prying spies here."

"Don't fly in a flurry, Dick. I'll go and speak to her. Here, take the gun."

"What is all this, Mary Anne?" demanded Justice Thornycroft, when he reached his daughter. "Richard says you have been inviting people here."

"So I have, papa. Susan Hunter and her brother. She was one of my school-fellows, and often stops the holidays at school. I should like her to come for a week before they are over."

"They cannot come."

"Not if Richard's whims are to be studied," returned Miss Thornycroft, angrily. "Do you wish me to live on in this house for ever, papa, without a soul to speak to, save my brothers and the servants? And cordial companions *they* are," added the young lady, alluding to the former, "out, out, out, as they are, night after night! I should like to know where it is they go to. I'll find out."

Mr. Thornycroft started. "Daughter!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "hold your peace about where your brothers go to. what is it to you? Are you a firebrand come amongst us? Write, and put off these intruders you have been inviting; and, if you wish to remain under my roof, shut your eyes and ears to all that does not concern you."

He left the room as he spoke, and Mary Anne looked after him. "Shut my eyes and ears!—that I never will. I can see how it is: papa has lived so long under Richard's finger and thumb, that he gives way to his slightest whim. I don't think they are well-conducted, these brothers of mine; and papa winks at it—at least Richard and Isaac. They frequent low company and public houses, as I believe: where else can they go to in an evening without dressing, and stop away for hours? Last night they went out in their velveteen jackets, and gaiters all mud. Richard thinks if we had visitors he must remain in, and be attentive to himself, so he has set his face against their coming. But I will show Richard that I have a will of my own, and as good a right to exercise it as he."

The two eldest sons of Justice Thornycroft certainly did appear to be rather loose young men, and their dog-cart, a favorite vehicle of theirs, might be heard going out or coming in at all hours of the night. But they were much liked in the neighborhood for all that, were social with their equals, and generous to the fishermen and their families.

Miss Thornycroft did not write to stop her guests, and on the following Monday one of them arrived, Mr. Hunter. His sister had gone to her parents' house in the north. Miss Thornycroft was walking toward the village, and saw him alight from the railway omnibus, which stopped at the Mermaid. She knew him directly, though she was at some distance; knew him by his coat, if by nothing else. It was a remarkable coat of white cloth,

trimmed with dark fur. He was a slender young man, not tall, about the size and figure of her brother Cyril, his profession that of land-surveyor and engineer. Miss Thornycroft had met him frequently at a house where she used to visit in London, and the two managed to fall in love with each other; but he had said nothing, for he was not rich enough to think of marrying at present. The house was thunder-struck when he arrived that afternoon, and Mary Anne introduced him. Richard, stern and haughty, vouchsafed no greeting, but the old gentleman was bound in courtesy to welcome him. It was well, perhaps, that some friends dined that evening at the Red-Court: it smoothed matters.

Young Hunter proved himself an agreeable companion; and as the days went on, even Richard fell into civility. He was an active, free-mannered young fellow, this Robert Hunter, and soon made himself at home, not only in the Red-Court, but in the village. He made excursions in the railway omnibus to Jutpoint; he explored the cliffs; he went into the fishermen's huts, and out in their boats: every soul soon knew Robert Hunter, and especially his coat, which had become a marvel of admiration in Coastdown. Miss Thornycroft was his frequent companion, and they walked forth together unrestrained. One day—it was on the Monday, just a week after his arrival—they had strolled on to the plateau, and were standing on its edge, looking at the vessels as they passed along the calm sea, when a gentleman came up to them and shook hands. He was well known to Mary Anne, and Mr. Hunter had met him at the Red-Court at that first evening's dinner-party. His name was Kyne, and he was stationed at Coastdown as superintendent of the coast-guard.

"I was telling Miss Thornycroft," began young Hunter, "that this place looks as suitable for smuggling as any I ever had the luck to see. Have you much trouble, Mr. Supervisor?"

"No," replied the officer, "but I am in hopes of it. We know," he added, sinking his voice—"we have positive information that smuggling, to a great extent, is carried on here, but never, in spite of our precautions, have we succeeded in dropping on the wretches. I don't speak of paltry packets of tobacco and sausage-skins of brandy, which the fishermen manage to stow about their ribs, but of more serious cargoes. I would stake my life that

somewhere about this place there lies hidden a ton load of lace, rich as any that ever flourished at the court of St. James's."

"Where can it be hidden?" asked Mary Anne.

"I wish I could tell you where, Miss Thornycroft. I have walked repeatedly about that place underneath"—pointing down at the Half-moon beach—"from the time the tide went off the narrow path to it till it came in again, puzzling over it, and peering with every eye I had."

"Peering!" echoed Robert Hunter.

"We have heard, in the old days of smuggling, of caves, hiding-places, being concealed in the rocks," said the supervisor. "I cannot get it out of my head that there's something of the sort here; in these modern days."

"It would be charming to discover it," laughed the young lady; "but I fear it is too romantic to be possible."

"The cave, or the finding it, Mary Anne?" asked her lover.

"The cave, of course. If such a thing were there, I should think there would be little difficulty in finding it."

"I have found it difficult," observed Mr. Kyne. "We had information a short time back," he continued, again dropping his voice, which had been raised in the heat of conversation, "that a boat-load of something—*my* belief is, it's lace—was waiting to come in. Every night for a fortnight, in the dark age of the moon, did I haunt this naked plateau, on the watch, my men being within call. A very agreeable task it was, lying *perdu* on its edge, with my cold face just extended beyond!"

"And what was the result?" eagerly asked young Hunter, who was growing excited with the narrative.

"Nothing was the result. I never saw the ghost of a smuggler or a boat approach the place. And the very first night I was off the watch, I have reason to believe the job was done."

"Which night was that?" inquired Miss Thornycroft.

"This day week, when I was dining at the Red-Court. I had told my men to be on the look-out; but I had certainly told them in a careless sort of way, for the moon was bright again, and who was to suspect that they would risk it on a bright night? They are bold sinners."

"How was it that your men were so negligent?" inquired Mr. Hunter.

"There's the devil of it—I beg your pardon, young lady; wrong words slip out inadvertently when one's vexed. My careless orders made the men careless, and they sat boozing at the Mermaid. Young Mr. Thornycroft, it seems, happened to go in, saw them sitting there with some of his farm-laborers, and, in a generous fit, ordered them to call for what drink they liked. They had red eyes and shaky hands the next morning."

"How stupid of my brother!" exclaimed Mary Anne. "Was it Richard or Isaac?"

"I don't know. But all your family are too liberal; their purse is longer than their discretion. It is not the first time, by many, they have treated my fellows. I wish they would not do so."

"It must have been Richard," mused Mary Anne. "Isaac was away somewhere all that day, and I don't believe he came in till the following morning. And I remember that when you came into the drawing-room to tea, Robert, you said Richard had left the dining-room. He must have gone to the Mermaid then. You did not honor my tea-table, Mr. Kyne."

"No, Miss Thornycroft, I stayed with your father, and the rest, in the dining-room. We had our pipes there."

"Do they run the boat in here?" inquired Mr. Hunter, looking down upon the strip of beach.

"They run the boat there—as I believe. In short, there's little doubt about it. You see there's nowhere else that they can run it to. There's no possibility of such a thing higher up, beyond that point to the right, and it would be nearly as impossible for them to land a cargo of contraband goods beyond the left point, in the face of all the villagers."

There was a silence. All three were looking below at the scrap of beach, over the sharp edges of the jutting rocks. Mary Anne broke it.

"But where could they stow a cargo, in here? There is certainly no opening, or place for concealment, in those hard, bare rocks, or it would have been discovered long ago. Another thing—allow for a moment that they do get a cargo stowed away somewhere in the rocks, how are they to get it out again? There would be equal danger of discovery."

"So there would," replied Mr. Kyne. "I have thought of all these things myself till my head is muddled."

"Did you ever read Cooper's novels, Mr. Kyne?" demanded Miss Thornycroft.

"Some of them would give you a deal of insight into this sort of transactions."

"No," replied the officer, with an amused look. "I prefer to get my insight from practice. I am pretty sharp-sighted. It is my own idea alone, that they bring their cargo in here, and I shan't relinquish it till I have proof positive, one way or the other."

"I should like to go down there and have a look at these rocks," said Mr. Hunter. "My profession has taken me much amidst rocks and land. Perhaps my experience could assist you."

"Let us walk there now," exclaimed the supervisor, seizing at the idea. "If not taking you out of your way, Miss Thornycroft."

"Oh! I should be delighted," was the young lady's reply. "I call it quite an adventure. Some fine moonlight night I shall come and watch over the cliff myself."

"They don't do their work on a moonlight night. At least, he hastened to correct himself, with a somewhat crestfallen expression, "not usually. But after what happened this day week, I shall mistrust a light night as much as a dark one."

"Are you sure," inquired Miss Thornycroft, as they walked along, "that a cargo was really landed that night?"

"I am not sure; but I have cause to suspect it."

"It must be an adventurous life," she remarked, "having its charms, no doubt."

"They had better not get caught," was the officer's rejoinder, delivered with professional gusto; "they would not find it so charming then."

"I thought the days of smuggling were over," observed Mr. Hunter: "except the more legitimate way of doing it through the very eyes and nose of the Custom House. Did you know anything, personally, of the great custom-house frauds, as they were called, when so many officers and merchants were implicated, some years ago?"

"I did. I held a subordinate post in the London office then, and was in the thick of the discoveries."

"You were not one of the implicated?" jestingly demanded Mr. Hunter.

"Why, no. Or you would not see me here now. I was not sufficiently high in the service for it."

"Or else you might have been?"

"That's a home question," laughed Mr. Kyne. "I really cannot answer for what might have been. My betters were tempted to be."

"There!" exclaimed Mary Anne, "you acknowledge that you custom-house gentlemen are not proof against temptation, and yet you boast of looking so sharply after these wretched fishermen!"

"If the game is carried on here as I suspect, Miss Thornycroft, it is not wretched fishermen who have to do with it; except, perhaps, as subordinates."

It was a short walk, as they made their way down to the village, and thence to the narrow path winding round the projection of rock. The tide was out, so they shelved round it with dry feet, and ascended to the half-moon beach. They paced about from one end of the place to the other, looking and talking. Nothing was to be seen; nothing; no opening, or sign of opening. The young engineer had an umbrella in his hand, and he struck the rocks repeatedly: in one part in particular, it was just the middle of the Half-moon, he struck and struck, and returned to strike again.

"What do you find?" inquired Mr. Kyne.

"Not much. Only it sounds hollow just here."

They looked again: they stooped down and looked; they stood upon a loose stone and raised themselves to look; they pushed and struck at the part with all their might and main. No, nothing came of it.

"Did you ever see a more convenient spot for working the game?" cried the supervisor. "Look at those embedded stones down there, rising from the grass: the very things to moor a boat to."

"Who do you suspect does this contraband business?" inquired Robert Hunter.

"My suspicions don't fall particularly upon any one. There are no parties in the neighborhood whom one could suspect, except the boatmen, and if the trade is pushed in the extensive way I think, they are not the guilty men. A week ago, as I tell you, they ran one cargo; I know they did; and may I be shot this moment, if they are not ready to run another! That's a paying game, I hope."

"How do you ascertain this?"

"By two or three things. One of them, which I have no objection to mention, is that a certain queer craft is fond of cruising about here. Whenever I catch sight

of her ugly sides, I know it bodes no good for her Majesty's revenue. She carries plausible colors, the huzzy, and has, I doubt not, a double bottom, false as her colors. I saw her stern, shooting off at daybreak this morning, and should like to have had the hauling over of her."

"Can you not?"

"No. She is apparently on legitimate business. And once, when it was done, nothing came of it. She happened, by ill luck, to be really empty, or the officers were not skilful enough to unearth the fox."

They left the Half-moon. Mr. Kyne quitted them, and Miss Thornycroft and her lover returned to the plateau again, and stood on its edge as before.

"This is in the middle, about as we were standing underneath; and your house, as you see, lies off in a straight line," remarked Mr. Hunter. It is a good thing your family live there, Mary Anne."

"Why?"

"Because if any suspicious persons inhabited it, I should say that house might have something to do with the mystery. There can be little doubt, from what the officer says, that smuggled goods are landed and stowed away in these rocks, though the ingress is hidden from the uninitiated. Should this be really the case, depend upon it there is some passage, some communication in these rocks to an egress inland."

"But what has that to do with our house?" inquired Mary Anne, wonderingly.

"These old castles, lying contiguous to the coast, are sure to have subterranean passages underneath, leading to the sea. Many an escape has been made that way in time of war, and many an ill-fated prisoner has been so conducted to the waves, and put out of sight for ever. Were I your father, I would institute a search. He might come upon the hoarding-place of the smugglers."

"But the smugglers cannot get to their caverns and passages through our house!"

"Of course not. There must be some other opening. How I should like to drop upon the lads."

When they reached home, they found the family in the dining-room, all but Isaac. Mr. Thornycroft had his spectacles on, writing, Richard was doing something to a gun, and Cyril lay almost at length in



an easy-chair reading. Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter spoke up, full of excitement.

"Such an adventure! Papa, did you know we have smugglers on the coast here?"

"Have you ever explored underneath your house, sir, under the old ruins of the castle? There may be a chain of subterranean passages and vaults from here to the sea."

"Not common smugglers, papa, the poor tobacco-and brandy sailors, but people in an extensive way: boat-loads of lace they land."

"I'd lay any money—I'll lay a crown with you, Mr. Richard, if you'll take it—that there's oftentimes a rare booty there. Perhaps there may be at this very moment."

The words had been poured forth so rapidly both by Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter, that it would seem their hearers were powerless to interrupt them. Yet the effect produced was great. Cyril started upright, and let his book drop on his knees; the old gentleman pushed his glasses to the top of his brow, an ashy paleness giving place to his healthy, rosy color; while Richard, more demonstrative, dashed the gun on the carpet, and broke into an ugly oath. The Justice was the first to speak.

"What absurd treason are you talking now? You are mad, Mary Anne."

"It is not treason at all, sir," replied Mr. Hunter, regarding Richard with surprise. "It is a pretty well ascertained fact that contraband goods are landed and housed in the rocks at the Half-moon. It will be loyalty instead of treason if we can contrive to lay a trap to catch the traitors."

"I'll be——"

"Be quiet, Richard," authoritatively exclaimed young Cyril, interrupting his brother's intemperate speech. "Where did you pick up this cock-and-bull story?" he quietly asked, turning to Robert Hunter. "What has given rise to it?"

"We got it from the supervisor, Mr. Cyril. He has suspected that this station was favored by smugglers, and now he is sure of it. One cargo they landed a few days ago, and there's another dodging off the coast, waiting to come in. He'll drop upon that."

"It is a made-up lie!" foamed Richard. "The fellow talks so to show his zeal. I'll tell him so."

"Well, lie or no lie, you need not fly in a passion over it," said Mary Anne. "It is not our affair."

"Then, if it is not our affair, what business have you interfering in it?" retorted Richard. "Interpose your authority, father, and forbid her to concern herself with men's work. No woman would do it who retains any sense of shame."

"Miss Thornycroft has done nothing unbecoming a lady!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter, in a tone of wonder, "you forget that you are speaking to your sister, Mr. Richard. What can you mean?"

"Oh! he means nothing," said Mary Anne, "only he lets his temper get the better of his tongue. One would think, Richard, you had something to do with the smugglers, by your flying out in this way. And, indeed, it *was* partly your fault that they got their last cargo in."

"Explain yourself," calmly replied Cyril to his sister, pushing his arm before Richard's mouth.

"It was the night of the dinner-party, this day week," proceeded Mary Anne. "Mr. Kyne was here; the only night he had been off the watch for a fortnight, he says. But he left orders with his men to look out, and Richard got treating them at the Mermaid till they were tipsy, and they never looked. So the coast was clear, and the smugglers got their goods in."

"Ah, ha!" said Cyril, "new brooms sweep clean. Mr. Supervisor is a fresh hand down here, so he thinks he must trumpet his fame as a keen officer—that he may be all the more negligent by-and-by, you know—and he gets up this nice little mare's nest. None but a stranger, as you are, Mr. Hunter, could have given ear to it."

"I have given both ear and belief," replied the young man, firmly; "and I have offered Mr. Kyne my engineering experience to help him to trace out the secret in the rocks."

"You have!" uttered Justice Thornycroft.

"To be sure I have, sir. I have been with him now, on the Half-moon, sounding them, but I had only an umbrella, and that was of little use. We are going to-morrow better prepared. It strikes me the mystery lies right in the middle. It sounds hollow there. I will do all I can to help him, that the fellows may be brought to punishment."

"Sir!" cried the old gentleman in a

voice of thunder, rising, and sternly confronting Robert Hunter, "I forbid it. Do you understand? *I forbid it.* None under my roof shall take act or part in this."

"But justice demands it," replied young Hunter, after a pause. "It behoves all loyal subjects of her Majesty to aid in discovering the offenders; especially you, sir, a sworn magistrate."

"It behoves me to protect the poor fishermen who look to me for protection, who have looked to me for it for years; ay, and received it," was the agitated reply, "better than it behoves you, sir, to presume to teach me my duty! Richard leave me to speak. I tell you, sir, I do not believe this concocted story. I am the chief of the place, sir, and I will not believe it. The coast-guard and the fishermen are at variance; always have been; and I will not allow the poor fellows to be traduced and put upon, treated as if they were thieves and rogues. Neither I nor mine shall take part in it; no, nor any man who is under my roof eating the bread of friendliness. I hope you hear me, sir."

"If it were one of my own brothers who did so I would shoot him dead," said Richard, with a meaning touch at his gun. "So I warn him."

"And commit murder?" echoed Mr. Hunter.

"It would not be murder, sir," cried old Mr. Thornycroft, "it would be justifiable homicide. When I was a young man, a friend abused my father's hospitality. I challenged him. We went out with our seconds, and he fell dead. That was not murder."

"But, papa," interposed Mary Anne, "in——"

"To your room, Miss Thornycroft! To your room for the day, I say!" screamed out her father, pushing her along; "would you beard my authority? Things are coming to a pretty pass!"

Mary Anne, confused and terrified, hastened from the room. Richard strode from it also: then, Cyril, as if a sudden thought struck him, darted after his brother, and called to him.

"What now?" sulkily inquired Richard, halting in the hall.

"Be cautious," whispered Cyril. "Do nothing. They can't find out."

"And the fool talking of going again to sound the rocks!"

"Let him go. If the square stone sounds as hollow as his head, what then? They can make nothing of it. No discovery can be made from the outside, Dick; you know it *can not*; and we'll take care they don't get in. Your temper and my father's are enough to ruin us all; to set this fellow's suspicions on to us. You should have treated it derisively, as I did."

Richard flung away, swearing. He had not gone far when he met Isaac.

"Ikey, we are blown on."

"What?"

"We are blown on, I say."

"How? Who has done it?"

"That cursed Hunter. He and Kyne have been putting their heads together, and, by all that's true, they have hit it hard. They have got a suspicion of the rocks; been sounding the square rock and found it hollow. Kyne has scented the cargo that's waiting off now."

The corners of Isaac Thornycroft's mouth fell considerably. "We must get that in," he exclaimed. "It is double the usual value."

"I wish Hunter and the gauger were both hanging from the cliffs together!" added Richard, as he strode onward. "I'm on my way to tell Tomlett, and see what's to be done."

Robert Hunter was confounded by the reception his news had met with. The behavior of Justice Thornycroft and his eldest son appeared to him perfectly unaccountable, but his suspicions were not awakened in the direction of truth. After what had passed, he deemed that he was bound not to go again sounding the rocks. He made an excuse to the supervisor, and in his intercourse with Mary Anne he never reapproached the subject. His visit drew near its termination, and he fixed Sunday evening for his departure, having occasion to be in London on the next day.

Sunday came, and in the afternoon they went over to Jutpoint, in the omnibus, to afternoon service at St. Andrew's; the Justice, Cyril, Mr. Hunter, Miss Thornycroft, and a young lady who was spending the day with her. They had all attended service in the morning at the little parish church. As they came out of St. Andrew's, many acquaintance stopped to greet them, and Mr. Thornycroft and Cyril laid hands on two or three, and conveyed them back to dinner. At home they found Richard with a friend of his, and at six o'clock, just as they were sitting down,

Isaac came in, arm-in-arm with Mr. Kyne, so that there were ten at dinner, besides the two ladies. The housekeeping at the Red Court was rarely unprepared for these improptu guests, as this day's dinner proved: after-circumstances caused its items to be discussed out of doors, as, indeed, was every trifling detail connected with that eventful night. There was soup, a fine cod-fish, a round of beef, a large roast turkey, and a tongue, some other side-dish, which, as it appeared nobody touched, a plum-pudding, sweet dishes and macaroni. All this, cooked and served in the best manner, with various vegetables, rich and plentiful sauces, strong ale, and the best of wines. A merry party were they, and no wonder that they sat late round the table, where spirits and cigars had replaced the dessert and wine, Mary Anne and her guest having retired.

It had been Mr. Kyne's intention to retire at eight o'clock, pre—cisely, (he emphasized the word to himself,) and go on the watch; or, at any rate; see that a subordinate was there. But the best of officers are but mortal: Mr. Kyne felt very jolly where he was; and, as Cyril Thornycroft whispered him, the smuggling lads were safe not to attempt any bother on a Sunday night, they would be jollifying for themselves. So the officer sat down, paying his respects to the brandy-and-water, and getting rather dizzy about the eyes.

As it happened, the subordinate was on the watch, close to the bleak edge of the cold plateau, wishing himself anywhere else, disbelieving all about the smugglers, and bemoaning his hard fate in being planted there, in the frost, for so many hours on the stretch. Tomlett, the fishing-boat master, came up and accosted him.

"Cold work, my man."

"It just is that!" was the surly answer.

"But it's a bright night, as bright as ever I saw one, with the moon not up; so you run no danger of pitching over, through a false step in the dark. There's consolation in that."

"Ugh!" grunted the shivering officer, as if the fact afforded little consolation to him.

"What on earth's the use of your airing yourself here?" went on Tomlett. "You coast-guard fellows have got the biggest swallows! As if any smugglers would attempt the coast to-night! My belief is—and I am pretty well used to the

place, and have got eyes on all sides of me—that this suspicion of Master Kyne's is all moonshine and empty herring-barrels. I could nearly take my oath of it."

"So could I," said the man.

"Let us go on to the Mermaid, and have a glass. I'll stand it. Johnson and Simms, and a lot more, are there."

"I wish I dare," cried the aggravated subordinate; "but Kyne will be up presently."

"No he won't. He is round old Thornycroft's fire, in a cloud of smoke and drink. There's a dinner-party at the Red Court, and Kyne and the young Thornycrofts, especially Mr. Dick, are half-seas over."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I'll swear it if you wish me; I have just come from there. I went down to try and get speech of the Justice about that boat loss: it comes on at Jutpoint to-morrow, and he is to be on the bench. But it was no go: they are all fixed in that dining-room till twelve o'clock to-night, and then they'll reel off to bed with their boots on."

So the Mermaid very speedily received an addition to its company. But when Mr. Tomlett had seen the other settled, he quitted him.

About the same hour, Richard and Isaac Thornycroft withdrew, one by one, and unperceived, from their father's dining-room Mr. Tomlett's account of Richard's state of brain was an exaggeration: however freely others might have indulged, he and Isaac had remained sober. From the door of the Mermaid, Mr. Tomlett steered his course to the Red Court, tearing over the intervening ground as if he had been flying from a mad bull. Richard stood in the shade of the old ruin, looking out for him.

"It's all right, sir," he panted when he approached; "I have got the fellow in. We must lose no time."

"Very well," whispered Richard. "Find Ben, and come down."

"Do you think *he's* safe, sir?" questioned Mr. Tomlett, jerking his head in the direction of the dining-room windows.

"Couldn't be safer," responded Richard. "I drugged his last glass of wine, and now he is going-in at the brandy."

As Mr. Tomlett turned away, Isaac Thornycroft came up with a lighted lantern under his coat. His brother spoke in a low tone.

"It's all right Isaac. Come along down, and then I'll be back and on to the plateau."

It is useless to attempt to describe in detail what now followed, since the limited space allotted for this article will not allow it. It is sufficient to say that the two brothers descended to the subterranean passage—for a passage there was, and a vault at the end of it. A trap-door in a certain corner of the old ruins disclosed a flight of steps which was the entrance to the passage. The door was invisible to the eye, and, besides, was always covered with straw, and by an old cart which, apparently, was never moved from its place. The brothers moved it now, pushed away the straw, and went down, their lantern lighting the damp sides of the narrow passage. They traversed it to the end, and there, unwinding a chain, a square portion of the rock, loose from the rest, was *pulled in*, and then turned aside by means of a pivot, thus affording an ingress sufficiently large for the packages of smuggled goods, which, as the officer surmised, chiefly consisted of valuable lace.

Richard helped Isaac to move the rock, and then returned along the passage to make his way to the plateau; one of them always standing there on the watch for intruders, with his descending signal in case of need. It was marvellous how lucky they had hitherto been! Half-way up the passage, Richard encountered Tomlett and the assistant called Ben, on their way to join Isaac; both tried and true men. Isaac meanwhile, by the help of a pole, had hoisted a flaring light outside, holding it there for a few minutes. It was the signal for the boats to put off from that especial vessel which was the object of Mr. Kyne's abhorrence. No fear that it would be disregarded.

And now we must return to Robert Hunter. The omnibus left the Mermaid every night at half-past eight o'clock to convey passengers to the railway at Jutpoint, a train for London passing through that place at midnight. Robert Hunter had fixed to take his departure by it, but it happened that he, like the supervisor, was loth to tear himself away from the company and the good cheer, and he let the hour slip by. Alas! that it should have been so! for the terrible events that followed would never otherwise have taken place. When he took out his watch, he found it wanted but a quarter to nine.

"By Jove! I have missed the omnibus!" he exclaimed to Cyril, next to whom he sat.

"Never mind. The night is fair. You can walk it."

So thought Robert Hunter. He was heated with wine, not certainly to intoxication, but quite sufficiently so to render the prospect of a walk not disagreeable. In a few minutes he got up to be going, quietly said farewell to Mr. Thornycroft and to Cyril, and then discovered that Richard and Isaac were not in the room.

"You must wish them good-by for me," he said to Cyril.

"Oh! I'll do that," answered the young man.

Coffee was on the table in the drawing-room, and Miss Thornycroft poured him out a cup. He drank it standing.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she asked. "As you have missed the omnibus, you are not tied for time. You may walk it easily in an hour and a half."

"I do not care to be on the road late, Mary Anne. What with your tales of smugglers, and other lawless fellows, I would rather be at Jutpoint than half-way to it, when it gets toward midnight." The fact was, that of physical bravery Robert Hunter possessed but a small share.

"What about your portmanteau?" inquired Mary Anne.

"It must come after me to-morrow. One of your men will take it to the Mermaid for the early omnibus. The direction is on it."

He shook hands with the young lady who sat there, and Mary Anne went out with him. As he passed through the hall, he took his remarkable coat from the peg, and flung it over his arm.

"Why don't you put it on?" asked Miss Thornycroft.

"Not yet. I am hot. By-and-by, when the cool air strikes to me."

They stood just outside the door, in the shade of the walls, and he wound his arms around her for a last embrace. *A last!* "God bless you, Mary Anne!" he whispered: "the time will come when we need not part."

She stood looking after him, the ~~shape~~ of his retreating form being visible in the starlight. "Why, what in the world—~~he~~ has taken his way straight on for the plateau, instead of turning off to the village! she mentally exclaimed. "Perhaps he is going to take a night-view over the sea."

However, Miss Thornycroft found it cold, standing there, and she returned indoors. As she passed the kitchen door,



she looked in, and spoke to the upper servant.

"Sinnett, Mr. Hunter's portmanteau must go by the early omnibus. See that one of the men takes it to the Mermaid in time."

"Very well, miss," was the answer. And it may be here mentioned, that the order was obeyed.

It is quite useless to speculate, now, *why* Robert Hunter went on to the plateau. Some power must have impelled him: these things, bearing great events, in their train, do not occur by chance. Certain it is, that he did walk there, to its very edge, and looked down underneath. And then—was he dreaming?—was his brain treacherous, causing him to see things that were not? There, half-way down the rocks, shone a great light, a flickering, flaring, blazing light, as of a torch! and Robert Hunter rubbed his eyes and slapped his chest, and pinched his arms, to make sure he was *not* in a dream of wine.

He stood staring at it, his eyes and mouth open; stared at it till by some mysterious process it steadily lowered itself, and disappeared inside the rocks. Light—not of the torch—flashed upon him.

"It is the smugglers!" he burst forth, and the cold night air carried the words over the sea. That must be their signal for the booty to approach. Then there is an opening in the rocks! I'll hasten and give word to Kyne."

Flying along the plateau, and down towards the Red Court, he had nearly reached it when he encountered Richard Thornycroft, who seemed to be flying along with equal speed towards the plateau. Hunter seized his arm.

"Richard! Mr. Richard! the smugglers are at work! I have dropped upon them. Their signal has been hoisted beyond the rocks."

"What!" roared Richard.

"It is true as that we are breathing here," continued Hunter. "I went on to the plateau, and I saw their light; a flaming torch as big as your head. They are preparing to run the goods. I'm off to fetch Kyne."

He would have resumed his way with the last words, but Richard caught him. The slight form of Robert Hunter whirled round in his powerful grasp.

"Do you see this?" he hoarsely raved,

his face wearing an awfully livid expression in the starlight. It is well loaded."

Robert Hunter did see it. It was the bright end of a pistol barrel, pointed close to his head. He recoiled; as far as he could; but the grasp was tight upon him.

"Down upon your knees," panted Richard, "down, I say. Now; swear by your hopes of heaven, that what you have detected shall not pass your lips; shall be as if you had not seen it."

"I swear," answered Robert Hunter. "I believe I guess how it is. I will be silent for Mary Anne's sake. I swear it."

"Now and hereafter?"

"Now and hereafter."

"Swear also that you will not betray it to my sister—that you will not enter the Red Court to see her. Swear it I say."

"I swear," repeated Hunter.

"Then get up, and go your way. Your path for departure lies *there*"—and Richard pointed to the road past the village. "But first hear me swear that if you lurk here unnecessarily, I will put this bullet through you. Cyril! see him off. He was turning traitor."

Cyril Thornycroft had come stealing up at the moment. They had not seen him till he was close upon them; his movements and steps were always quiet and stealthy. Richard, as if in some hurried pressure, darted off toward the ruins, and Cyril, as he walked away by the side of Hunter, according to his brother's command, inquired what it meant.

"I was not turning traitor: your brother lies: would I turn traitor to a house whose hospitality I have been accepting? I saw accidentally, a light exhibited from the Half-moon rocks, and I guessed what it meant. I guess more now than I will repeat: but the secret shall be safe with me."

"Safe now and after your departure?"

"Safe always. I have sworn it."

"I am sorry this should have happened," said Cyril, somewhat appeased. "You had better lose no time in getting beyond the village. We have some rough men in the secret, and if they saw you here after this, I cannot answer for what might happen: they are more determined than even Richard. Let me advise you—at any rate for the present—not to hold further communication with our house, including my sister. Your visit here has not been pleasant, or productive of plea-

tant results: let us forget, for *the present*, I say, that there is such a name as Robert Hunter."

"I have promised all that. I was to have written to my sister on my arrival in town: will you explain to her the reason why I do not?"

"I thought you and my sister did not correspond," hastily interrupted Cyril.

"Neither do we. It was only to notify my safe arrival."

"I will explain sufficient to satisfy her."

A few minutes longer they walked together. Cyril went with him past the turning to the village, and saw him on the high road to Jutpoint. They then shook hands and parted. Cyril stood and looked after him.

"He's fairly off now, and I hope we shan't see the color of him for twelve months to come. Mary Anne might have chosen better." And with the last words, Cyril turned, and walked with a brisk step back again.

Richard had darted into the ruins as we

have said. He was completely upset by what had occurred, and he went flying along the subterranean passage to give a warning to Isaac, and assist in hoisting *two* lights, which the smugglers would understand as the signal *not* to advance. He had nearly reached the end of the passage, when his alarm began to subside, and the thought occurred to him: "Why stop the boats?" If Hunter has cleared himself off, as there is no doubt he has, where is the danger?" He thought, Richard Thornycroft did think, that Hunter would not play false. So he determined to let things go on, and turned back again without warning Isaac.

What mattered it that the guilty cargo was safely run? One was lying outside on the Half-moon, while they housed it, with his battered face turned up to the sky—one whose departed soul had been worth all the cargoes in the world. The body was bruised, and crushed, and *sundered*—the body of Robert Hunter.

How did it come there?

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## LIFE IN ITS SIMPLER FORMS.\*

The problem of Life has exercised an irresistible fascination over the minds of philosophers in all ages, since philosophy began to see that there *was* a problem involved in that familiar phenomenon; and from the day when philosophy opened its eyes to the fact, and began to ask, What then, is this Life we all imagine ourselves familiar with? no one has been able to give a satisfactory answer; no one has been able to isolate the cardinal and

central phenomenon from those manifold phenomena which encompass it; no one has been able to place a discerning finger on the mainspring of the wondrous mechanism, and say, This it is which moves the whole.

There have been, indeed, at all periods, metaphysicians and metaphysiologists who with an easy grace have cut the knot they were powerless to loosen, and fancied they solved the problem by the assumption of a Vital Force. Unhappily this solution is more facile than satisfactory. It substitutes a phrase for an explanation; and although phrases serve to build systems, they do not enlarge knowledge.

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\* *Handbook of Zoology.* By J. Van der Hoeven. Vol. 1., Invertebrate Animals. Translated from the second Dutch edition by the Rev. W. Clark, M.D. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

Wiser thinkers have long seen the nullity of the phrase, which only expresses, in other words, the undeniable truth that Life is Life: a truth undeniable, indeed, but not fructifying. If we ask, "What, then is the Vital Force?" the answer can only be a confession of hopeless ignorance.

Contrasted with these metaphysiologists, we find other inquirers fancying they had found firm ground on a clear and comprehensive formula, which said, "Life is the result of organization." To make this intelligible they compared the organism to a watch, which ceases to indicate the hours when the mainspring is broken. In a last analysis, this explanation will be found nearly as remote from the truth as the more metaphysical conception of a Vital Force; but although we believe it to be far from a solution, we hold it to be an attempt made on a safer method: it is a generalization from the facts of Life, which, if premature and incomplete, has at all events the merit of not introducing new and inappreciable entities, such as Vital Force. It is a definite statement, and as such can be definitely tested. We can meet its advocates on the definite ground of fact, and can say to them: "This Life which you call the *result* of organization, is manifested in many beings which have *no* organization; and in *all* living beings in their earliest forms, Life *precedes* the organization." To this they would have no answer, unless they chose to violate language, and insist that a cell, or a mass of cells, has its complement of "organs." The watch will not go till the whole mechanism is completed; then, its organization being finished, it fulfills its office; but the animal mechanism lives during the whole process of completion; its organs gradually appear, gradually form themselves from a liquid blastema which is vital; and so far from Life being the result of this completed mechanism, the mechanism can only be completed under the influence of Life; unless the blastema be organizable no organs are developed; unless Life be already present, organization is impossible. So little below the surface does the analogy of the watch extend!

Nor is this all. Many living beings are, as we said, without any "organs" whatever. All the single-celled plants, and the many single-celled animals, come under this head. And if a doubt be raised as to

the propriety of admitting the so-called unicellular animals to be really single-celled—or cells at all, there can be little question that they are without "organs." But escaping from this discussion, let us content ourselves with the *Amœba*, a microscopic mass of jelly found at the bottom of ponds, which, having nothing to be called an "organ," having no definite shape, not even apparently a limitary membrane, is nevertheless an animal which eats, grows, moves, propagates, and dies. One of two things: either the *Amœba* has no Life, in spite of what we see; or Life cannot be "the result of organization" in any ordinary interpretation of that phrase. We are thus forced to dismiss the notion of a Vital Force, as a metaphysiological phrase; and the watch and organization hypothesis as unable to withstand confrontation with fact. What, then, remains? To sit down in acquiescent ignorance of what Life is, for the present at least; and doing this, accept it as an ultimate fact, to be studied in its manifold forms. We are utterly ignorant of the nature of Gravitation; but we have learned to appreciate some of the laws of its operation. We know nothing of Chemical Force; but we are daily registering the facts of combination. Let us, then, cease to vex with noisy questions the imperturbable reserve of Nature, and be content to watch her processes with reverent patience. Instead of trying to discover the mystery of Life, let us try to understand the various phenomena of Life.

No sooner have we taken such a course than the necessity for understanding the structure and functions of the lower animals rises before us as of primary importance. The study of the Invertebrata, over and above its special interest as a source of curious knowledge, becomes suddenly dignified with surpassing interest, as a source of knowledge which can alone enable us to grasp the laws of Life. It presents every problem in simpler and simpler forms. Nature shows us, to use Cuvier's language,\* "*dans les différentes classes d'animaux presque toutes les combinaisons possibles d'organes; elle nous les montre réunis, deux à deux, trois à trois, et dans toutes les proportions; il n'en est, pour ainsi dire, aucun dont elle n'ait privé quelque classe ou quelque genre; et*

\* *Leçons d'Anat. Comp.* An. VIII. i, p. v.

il suffit de bien examiner les effets produits par ces réunions, et ceux qui résultent de ces privations, pour en déduire des conclusions très vraisemblables sur la nature et l'usage de chaque organe, et de chaque forme d'organe." Throughout this astonishing variety we perceive that certain general phenomena are invariable. Animated beings differ in every imaginable peculiarity of form, size, and structure, but they all agree in three cardinal points, which consequently may be said to characterize Life: they assimilate, they propagate, and they die.\* This is the Life which presides over every variety, and isolates animate from inanimate nature. However plants and animals may be distinguished among each other, they are all distinguished from minerals by this triple phenomenon—assimilation, reproduction, and death. The same elements are common to the animate and inanimate kingdoms: many forms are common to both; but no mineral assimilates—that is to say, grows by the intussusception of foreign material, which it converts into its own substance; no mineral propagates other minerals from its own substance; no mineral dies, as the inevitable termination of a cycle of internal changes.

Have we not here something like the requisite characteristic by which Life can always be, if not understood, at least *defined* and set apart from all other phenomena? Is not this threefold form of activity the sole mark by which we can distinguish a moving animate from a moving inanimate being? With such a characteristic our researches may often be lighted to more definite issues. Believing Life to be constant—believing that in every animated being, whether plant or animal, we shall assuredly find the triple phenomenon of assimilation, reproduction, and decay, our efforts may be directed towards ascertaining by what means and under what conditions these vital phenomena manifest themselves most perfectly—in other words, what are the structures or organs, and external conditions subservient to these ends; and thus, instead of fruitlessly perplexing ourselves with the endeavor to penetrate the mystery of Life, we may fruitfully occupy ourselves

\* By way of anticipation we may here note that the statement in the text is not affected by the fact that some individuals, such as neuter bees, do not propagate. It would, however, lead us too far to discuss the point.

in detecting the laws of its manifestation. It may then appear that there was a certain truth obscurely expressed in that formula, of Life being the result of organization; a truth which requires to be expressed, however, in a modified form—namely, "the complexity of vital manifestations depends on the complexity of the organism." An *Amœba* assimilates, moves, feels, propagates, and dies; a highly-organized mammal manifests the same general phenomena, but manifests them in infinitely more complex forms, and this greater complexity is due to the greater complexity of its organism; for organs are nothing but the instruments which subserve the ends of Life. This difference between the simple and general phenomena of Life depends on the difference between the simple structure of the *Amœba* and the complex structure of the mammal. When the *Amœba* moves, it elongates a small portion of its jelly-like body, and converts it into a temporary leg, which is withdrawn again into the general mass, and for movements so simple as those of this animal, such a temporary organ suffices; but for the infinitely more complex and special movements of the mammal, which has to traverse distances in a few seconds such as the *Amœba* could not traverse in a lifetime, a special organ, very complex in structure, is required: and it is owing to this superior complexity of structure that the superiority of power is attained. Hence although we recognize in both the *Amœba* and the mammal the same vital phenomenon—the unknown "Life"—we also recognize great differences in the complexity of its manifestations, owing to the differences in the organizations. The sun-dial and the repeater both serve to mark the sun's altitude; but the sun-dial is useless in the night; the repeater is true to its purpose under all circumstances: it tells the minutes as well as the hours; it strikes the hour in the darkness of night, when our eyes would peer in vain over its face; and its superiority over the sun-dial it owes to the superior complexity of its structure.

There was one word in the last paragraph which probably excited the readers' surprise; indeed, few readers would hear of an *Amœba* "feeling," without at once charitably supposing the writer had been inadvertent in his language. Nevertheless, we wrote the word deliberately, in-



tending to explain it, and soften its sharp angles of paradox, in a separate paragraph; using it, in fact, as a text for a little digression. The word "feeling" is, unfortunately, vague; but that is no fault of ours; nor should we have escaped the vagueness if, instead of saying "the *Amœba* feels," we had said "the *Amœba* is sentient." There is no more necessity for here understanding by "feeling" what is understood by it in the higher animals, than there is for understanding by assimilation, reproduction, motion, etc., when applied to the *Amœba*, the same phenomena, or anything closely resembling the complex phenomena these words indicate in the higher animals. We say a polype digests; but by digestion is not meant the elaborate and complicated process indicated when we speak of a mammal digesting. In like manner, when we say the polype feels we ought not to be interpreted as implying a notion of "feeling," such as we speak of in mammals. The *special* differences resulting from specialized complexity of structure ought properly to receive special designations; but, unhappily for science, such designations are not in use, and we are forced to apply terms of great generality to indicate a vast variety of different phenomena. Are we, however entitled to speak of the *Amœba* as sentient, even in a general way? Assuredly we are, if fixing in our minds the conception of Sensibility as a *general property* of animal organisms, we derive from it all the infinite varieties of feeling known to us, and consider them as the special manifestations of the general property. If there is a Life common to all organisms, if there is a fundamental property of assimilation discernable in all, though manifested in each under some special form, so likewise is there a common Sensibility, which, manifested in each under different aspects, is nevertheless to be considered as identical in all. To deny this would force us to adopt Descartes' conclusion that animals are machines; and as this conclusion has long ago been given up, we are led by analogy to believe that *all* animals feel, for do we not see most of them exhibiting the evidences of feeling similar to those we ourselves exhibit? and in descending the animal scale we observe a decreasing complexity without ever discerning an absolute cessation of the phenomena. Where, indeed, could we draw the line? The argument from

analogy is our only argument. *That* reveals to us the identity of animal nature persisting throughout an infinite variety of forms; and it has been displayed by Spallanzani with so much felicity, that we quote his remarks, partly because his interesting *Tracts on Natural History*, from which we borrow them, are by no means common in libraries, and partly because the remarks themselves will be welcome to our readers:

"The existence of an immaterial and sentient principle in animals rests on the analogy between their organization and operations compared with the organization and operations of man. Many who have had recourse to this kind of analogy, through profound metaphysicians, have not been naturalists enough to examine it as it ought to be. Surely they have not taken the animal progression in its full extent, nor descended to a just and rigorous analysis, which would have demonstrated the inefficacy of analogical reasoning in many links of the animal chain. Without any intention of combating their laudable ideas, let us take a view of them; and first of the animal organisation. It cannot be denied, that the mechanical structure of numberless animals corresponds entirely, or in the greater part, with that of man. Not to name the oran-outang, so similar to us as differing only in the privation of reason, quadrupeds and birds in this respect, could not approach nearer to the human species. The same organs for digestion, respiration, circulation, secretion; the same ramifications of nerves from the spinal marrow, the origin of this from the brain, and the similarity of its consistence; the same meandering of veins and arteries, producing innumerable rivers and rivulets through the whole body, conveying life and nutriment everywhere. No difference is perceptible in the action of the muscles, ligaments, teguments, cartilages, or tendons: the same variety in the nature, the motions, and offices of the bones. Some long, some bent, some curved into an arch. The hardness vies with that of stone in some: in others, the pliancy is equal to cartilage. Some are hollow and filled with marrow; others solid and massy throughout. Certain bones consist of a single piece, while various parts connected together form others. Lastly, all these animals have the same number of senses, and the organs of them situated in the same parts of the body, and constructed as ours. But it has pleased nature to diversity the figure of these animated machines; sometimes arming them with tusks, horns, nails, or claws: sometimes clothing them with scales, adorning them with feathers, or covering them with a hard hide; diminishing the anterior part of some into a pointed beak, a slender snout, or a long and monstrous trunk; or enlarging it to form a hideous head, frightful to behold, or exciting pleasure by its resemblance to our own. This ingenious creatrix has formed the body of

some so as to convey an idea of lightness and grace; while others display a slothful inactivity; one is contracted within itself, and apparently only of a single piece; another extended beyond all bounds; and a third most exactly proportioned. In a word, there are as many varieties among birds and quadrupeds as their forms are different from that of man, yet in every one is there the narrowest resemblance in the essential part of organization.

"Analogical reasoning applied to these two races of animals cannot be stronger or more convincing; but how is it weakened by descending the animal scale to fishes, reptiles, insects, and at last is totally lost. Let us attend a moment to the structure of insects. Not only do the bones, blood, heart, and other viscera disappear, but we cannot discover either veins or arteries. A longitudinal vessel from one extremity to the other is seen, in which flows a liquid generally transparent. Although the nervous system is maintained entire, there is no brain, at least nothing properly so: and their respiratory organs much more resemble those of plants than those of the larger animals. Descending the animal scale still lower, every semblance of organs is lost, and the whole body of the animal is reduced to the most simple structure imaginable. Many polypi are but an elongated sacculus covered with tubercles: many aquatic animals are simply of a membranaceous or vascular texture. Many marine zoophytes are only a kind of jelly. The organization of these animals has not the smallest relation to that of man; plants themselves may be said to resemble him more, because we find sap-vessels, utricles, and tracheæ in them.

"The degradation in the organic structure of animals is also visible in their operations. These, in many species, nearly approach to those of man. Such are the operations of quadrupeds in general; but more especially of the elephant, ape, and beaver. Those of birds, likewise, bear much analogy to ours: their ingenuity in constructing nests; the diversity of note to express the various affections of hatred, fear, pleasure, and pain; the provident sagacity of many, in changing their climate according to the change of seasons; the facility of instructing birds of prey for the chase: all are qualities proving what I advance. But this analogy exists no more, when we come to fishes, reptiles, and insects. It is true, that among the last are many distinguished by their operations: whether considered by their anxiety for self-preservation, pursuing what is useful and avoiding what is noxious; whether we consider their mutual anxiety for propagating the species, or singular solicitude for their young, placing them in suitable situations, and providing them with food until they need maternal assistance no longer. We all know the ingenuity of bees, the sagacity of the leaf-moth, (*tignuola delle foglie*), the industry of the ant-lion and spider, the ferocity of the hornet, or the ingenious cruelty of ichneumons. But the operations of numberless other animals are reduced simply to seizing and swallowing their prey, as the arm-polypus; or to

open and shut their shells, as many testacea; or imbibing nutriment by an immense number of mouths on the surface of the body, as many marine animal plants."

In traversing this descending scale from man to the polype, it is impossible to say where the sentient property ceases. Many physiologists, indeed, confuse the question by attributing the phenomena observed in the lower animals to "irritability;" but the different word does not make the fact different; and call the fact by what name you please, there is no line of demarkation to be drawn, except the many lines which indicate special differences. Aristotle, after a survey of the structures of animals, profoundly declared that they manifest traces of that soul which becomes evident and eminent in man: *ἐνεστι γὰρ ἐν τοῖς πλείστοις καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ζώων ἰχνη τῶν περὶ τὴν ψυχὴν τρόπων ὅπερ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἔχει φανερωτέρας τὰς διαφοράς*.<sup>\*</sup> He adds, that they differ from man in degree, not in kind, in having less of soul, not in utter privation of soul. It is true that Aristotle does not mean quite the same thing by "soul" which is indicated in the modern use of the word; he with more philosophical accuracy employs it to designate the whole sentient faculty—the common substratum of all psychical phenomena whatever. If we were to speak of the soul of a polype we should outrage language, because by "soul" moderns mean something exclusive and special, not the general phenomenon of Sensibility. Using "soul" in this restricted sense, we should be guilty of an absurdity in attributing it to the polype; but we are guided by rigorous analogy in attributing Sensibility to the polype: and we may therefore say the polype "feels," and if the polype, then also the *Amœba*, the lowest of all living creatures known to us.

But we must not extend this digression. Our purpose here is to show the advantage of studying Life in its simpler forms, if Life is to be understood in its more complex forms; and so sooner do we apprehend the fact that the lower animals present all the capital phenomena of Life under simpler forms and conditions, than we at once recognize the study as indispensable. Nevertheless, such a conception is of quite recent date. Comparative anatomy has been more or less studied from

<sup>\*</sup> *Hist. Animal*, 8, c. 1.

the days of Aristotle downward; but it has been studied either from mere curiosity, or because, human anatomy being interdicted, the anatomy of animals was the only available source of instruction. Not until the last few years have the lower animals occupied much attention; not until quite recently have they been studied with the philosophic purpose of gathering from them answers to the more difficult problems of Biology. Hunter was ridiculed by his professional brethren; and some of the sons of those laughers are among the most studious of his followers. Men like Swammerdamm, Bonnet, Lyonnet, Reaumur, Trembley, and Spallanzani, devoted patient days to the minute labor of investigating the structure and functions of insects and polypes; but even these great workers were moved by curiosity rather than by biological philosophy. The marvels of organization fascinated them. They saw in these marvels new and surprising proofs of creative wisdom, and were content with such discoveries. Swammerdamm, indeed, declares that the organization of these inferior creatures is more wonderful than that of man\*—an exaggeration natural and excusable in one who had given his life to the dissection of what in those days of imperfect classification were called "insects." Ray, Paley, and other natural theologians have also sought for arguments in these marvels. But in none of these writers is there a glimmering of the conception now familiar to all students of Biology—namely, that in these simpler forms we must seek the materials for a true elucidation of vital phenomena.

The history of this conception would be well worth tracing, but it demands an erudition to which we can make no pretense. The story would open with Aristotle, who, in his *History of Animals*, displays an astounding knowledge of anatomical details, but a complete absence of philosophic method. That he was better acquainted with the structure of animals than any man before Cuvier, will be evident to the impartial student. Many of the discoveries of modern zoologists are now ascertained to have been clearly known to him; and it is certain, even from his very errors, that the abundant

details he has assembled were for the most part directly observed by him. In the first four books\* he gathers together facts which, if systematically arranged, would form a treatise of Comparative Anatomy; and in the fifth, sixth, and seventh books he assembles the facts of Generation. But throughout the work we miss any object beyond that of conveying anatomical and zoological details. Naturally enough his successors were inspired with no higher purpose. In the prosecution of human anatomy, animals were often dissected; and many important discoveries have their origin in such dissections—for instance, the lymphatic vessels discovered by Aselli in the dog. But even the growing tendency to seek for illustration in the structure of animals was greatly retarded by the authority of Boerhaave—who, by the way, was the editor, and the very perverse arranger of Swammerdamm's *Biblia Natura*. His arguments against comparative anatomy were based on his mechanical theory of the animal organism; for no sooner was this organism conceived as a *mechanism*, than the differences in size, weight, and position of the various organs would necessarily so far affect every question as to render comparative anatomy useless. Vicq d'Azyr and Goethe were the first to perceive the biological value of the comparative method, and since then Lamarck, Cuvier, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Blumenbach, Meckel, Hunter, Oken—not to mention living names—have erected comparative anatomy and philosophic zoology into sciences of daily increasing importance and popularity.

It is but a little while since Lamarck laid the basis of philosophic zoology—since Geoffroy St. Hilaire demonstrated the unity of composition in animal forms—since Cuvier undertook to coördinate that vast and heterogeneous mass of details which then formed the Linnean division "Vermes," and since he made his admirable drawings of the cuttle-fish with the very ink furnished him by the animal; yet to compare Lamarck's first sketch and Cuvier's first sketch with the elaborate and systematic presentation of the animal

\* *Bibel der Natur*. Leipzig, 1752, (but written nearly a century earlier.) The passage referred to is the opening paragraph.

\* Carus, in the preface to the third volume of his *Comparative Anatomy*, translated by Jourdan, says, "*Le premier chapitre de son Histoire des Animaux est un vrai traité d'Anatomie comparée.*" If this is not an oversight of the translator, it is a strange mistake in so careful a writer.

series given in Van der Hoeven's work, now lying before us, is like passing from the chemistry of Lavoisier and Black to the chemistry of Liebig and Graham: so rapid have been the advances, so great the accumulations of the sciences. Does it not seem incredible that the law of mental development being proportional to the development of the brain is no older than Sömmerring, who died in 1830? How could men fail to have made the observation? one is tempted to ask, until reflection assures us of the difficulty there is in making such observations before a certain direction has been given to the thoughts. Does it not also seem incredible that men should for so many centuries have collected shells, written about shells, prided themselves on conchological erudition, and that not until 1774 did a naturalist—O. F. Müller—raise an energetic protest against the absurdity of bestowing so much attention on the house, and neglecting the inhabitant of the house; although, surely, Swammerdam's researches on snails were alone sufficient to fix curiosity in that direction? The internal structure of molluscs has since the days of Poli and Cuvier been a primary object of inquiry among anatomists, and thanks to men like Della Chiaje and Richard Owen, our own generation has worthily continued this impulsion.

Having thus indicated the importance and position of the study of comparative anatomy and philosophic zoology, especially of the lower animals, we may now call the reader's attention to the particular work issued from Cambridge, which is intended to facilitate such studies. It has long enjoyed a high reputation on the Continent, and has been very carefully translated by the Cambridge Professor, who has thereby conferred a substantial benefit on the public, a benefit which would have been greater had he exercised a little more editorial privilege, correcting or adding to his original such details as the advancing condition of zoology render necessary. The reader must not be misled by the nature of our introductory remarks, nor expect to find in Van der Hoeven's work any exposition of those philosophical principles to which zoology can be made subservient. It is a *Handbook*, nothing more, nothing less. It is erudite, trustworthy, compact: a dictionary of families and genera; but by no means a work to teach the beginner, or to assist the philosopher. Its great merits are conscientious

erudition and terse exposition. Amazingly familiar with the literature of his subject, the author is enabled to further students by ample information as to the monographs and treatises where fuller detail may be sought. No one will expect that a work embracing so vast a multiplicity of details can be free from omissions; necessarily, also, it will contain several errors; and this because the truth of to-day often becomes the error of to-morrow, and because a compiler of treatises such as this is often compelled, no matter how extensive his knowledge, to speak of animals only superficially known to him, sometimes not known to him at all. We may as well occupy our remaining space with noting a few of the questionable points which have occurred to us in reading the work, submitting them to the editor's consideration when another edition is called for.

At p. 3, Van der Hoeven discriminates between organic and inorganic bodies, and after characterizing the minerals, adds:

"The remaining bodies are called organic, because they consist of different parts, of fibres, vessels, cells, &c., the combination of which is called organization. In these bodies there prevails that mutual dependence between all the parts, of which in the inorganic we recognize no trace."

Even if we accepted Ehrenberg's views, now almost universally discredited, of the infusoria as "highly organized" animals, we should still point to the indisputable facts of the *Amoeba* without any differentiated structure at all; of various Protozoa whose structure may be, ideally at least, reduced to a single cell; and of all the unicellular plants, in none of which can fibres, vessels, cells, &c., demarkate the individual from the inorganic world; consequently Van der Hoeven's definition fails where it is most urgently demanded, since no one desires a definition to enable him to recognize the difference between a highly organized animal and a mineral.

At page 67 we read:

"Trembley, among his many experiments on the reproductive power of the fresh water polype, even turned the body inside out, like the reversed finger of a glove. Nevertheless the creature continued to live, and took food. This may be explained by a change of structure, the consequence of the violence of the experiment."

If the translation here is correct, we



cannot forbear our expression of astonishment that Van der Hoeven should have written, and his editor have passed, such a sentence. The fact alleged is one we are much inclined to doubt; it is, however, almost universally accepted, and the ordinary and plausible explanation is this: the lining membrane of the intestinal canal in all animals being only an infolding of the external envelope, the mucous membrane being a modification of the skin, no sooner is the polype turned inside out, than the external membrane becomes modified into a mucous membrane, and the skin becomes an intestinal canal. In point of strict accuracy, there is no mucous membrane at all in the polype, but only a layer of cells, indistinguishable from the layer which forms the external envelope; so that theoretically there is no difficulty in conceiving the fact to be as Trembley states it, and our skepticism does not fall on *that* part of the question, but on the preliminary fact of turning the polype inside out. What, however, can we say to a physiologist who believes in an external envelope being converted into an assimilative surface in consequence of undergoing *violence* from the experimenter!

At pp. 255-7 we meet with statements which, in the present state of Physiology, require, to say the very least, a more qualified expression before being suffered to pass in the pages of a Handbook. Thus we are told that in "very many insects *salivary glands* are present; they are placed at the commencement of the intestinal canal." Most zoologists, we know, are not remarkable for caution in assigning functions to organs; but really, the supposition of insects possessing salivary glands is one so opposed to any positive knowledge we have of the function of such glands in the higher animals, that until decisive evidence be brought forward proving that these glands *are* salivary, we must regard this hypothetical determination with extreme suspicion. The office of salivary glands is now ascertained to be simply that of facilitating deglutition by moistening the food and lubricating the passage into the stomach—at least in the higher animals this is proved to be so by Claude Bernard's investigations.\* Now, seeing that

insects for the most part live on the juices of plants and animals, and do not masticate their food, the existence of salivary glands in them becomes *à priori* questionable; more questionable when we learn that in the enormous order of *Coleoptera* they are for the most part wanting; and still more questionable when we learn that in the *Ponorpa*, among the *Neuroptera*, the females have them not, whereas the males are largely endowed with them! If these glands are salivary they must perform a simple function, accessory to the function of digestion; and to suppose the female takes her food in a different manner from the male, or digests it under different conditions, is *une très forte supposition*.

The reader may possibly regard it as of little importance whether zoologists are right or wrong in the assignment of a function to these glands in insects; and in itself the error is harmless enough. Our protest is against the laxity which prevails throughout zoological investigations, and which suffers a bold guess to take the place of a rigorously verified observation. Why not let us acquiesce in ignorance, and say, "Here is an organ glandular in structure, function undetermined?" The mere confession of ignorance would direct investigation to the point; and if these investigations were controlled by inductive skepticism, the truth would finally appear. As an example of the laxity complained of, let us consider the very next paragraph on the page before us. Van der Hoeven describes the fine vessels which are implanted below the inferior orifice of the stomach—the so-called *Malpighian vessels*—which were formerly held to represent the liver, and are now supposed to represent the kidneys; and he remarks:

"If we consider these organs as kidneys, it becomes uncertain whether insects have a liver; for the idea that these vessels may represent at once both kidneys and liver (whence it has been proposed to name them then *vasa urino-biliaria*) is not, as appears to me, the result of comparative investigation, either anatomical or physiological, and would never have been entertained but for the attempt to reconcile two conflicting views, and which ought always to be distrusted when it interferes with more extended inquiry."

Not only two conflicting views, but two diametrically opposite functions, are

\* *Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale.* Paris, 1856.

"reconciled" by this attempt. The excretion of urea is physiologically and anatomically removed into a quite different category from the elaboration of bile; the urea is *separated from* the blood, the bile is *constructed out of* the blood; if the urea is not separated, it accumulates in the blood, and kills the animal; if the bile is not *formed* by the liver, no trace of its existence is discoverable in the blood; and although the function of digestion, with which the bile is some way connected, is doubtless troubled by this non-formation of bile, the animal shows no appreciable deterioration. Who does not see, therefore, that any attempt to unite two *such* functions in one organ is fundamentally unphilosophical? Van der Hoeven is puzzled at the absence of the liver, for, he says:

"If we suppose it to be altogether wanting in insects, then it must be proved that the separation of bile [bile is *not* separated] is more important in the animal economy than the excretion of urea, before an argument can be borrowed therefrom against the function ascribed to the Malpighian vessels. We do not forget that by respiration and the elaboration of bile the quantity of carbon in the living body is diminished, and that from the large development of the respiratory organs in insects, the excretory office of the liver is in a great measure dropped."

Van der Hoeven here, throughout, assumes that the liver is an excretory organ—a point on which the highest authorities are divided, and on which we may say, that if bile is to be regarded as an excretion, it is only so after previously fulfilling the office of a secretion, and aiding in the digestion of food.

"Nevertheless," says Van der Hoeven, "it is highly probable that parts whose function agrees with that of a liver are not altogether absent in insects." We think so too, for in the larvæ of gnats we have detected the unmistakeable hepatic cells; but while agreeing with our author in the general statement, we read with considerable surprise the explanation he furnishes:

"In the first place (he says), we might here refer to the great quantity of fat situated between the skin and the intestine, which invests every organ, and is of very great extent, more especially in larvæ, whose respiration is less perfect; the carbon and hydrogen, which in other instances is combined with oxygen to quit the body by respiration, here forms that provision of combustible matter so necessary in the animal economy for the support of respiration."

On the strength of this he adopts Oken's hypothesis of the fat being the analogue of a liver! It is perfectly consistent with the *Natur-philosophie* to make such comparisons; but that a sober zoologist should for one moment consent to confound things so essentially distinct as a liver and a mass of fat, on the hypothetical assumption that both exert the same influence on the composition of the fluids, is enough to "give us pause."

There are some anatomical inaccuracies which are easily removable; such, for instance, as the assertion, p. 91, that the ovaries of the *Actiniæ* open into the base of the stomach by efferent canals, there being no canals whatever in the *Actiniæ*; or such as the mistake, at p. 99, where the *Acalephæ*, which do not sting, are said to be without thread-cells. But far more serious than errors of this kind is the omission of all reference whatever to the chylaqueous circulation in the Annelids, and to the masterly investigations of Dr. Williams of Swansea, published in the *Reports of the British Association*. But we must not continue our objections, or we shall convey a false impression of the substantial value of this work, which is one every zoological student should be glad to have upon his shelves for reference. There is no work on such an extensive and fluctuating body of details in which criticism would be unable to find errors; but there is, we believe, no work known to European zoologists which enjoys a higher reputation for accuracy than this *Handbook* by Van der Hoeven.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## BY-WAYS OF HISTORY.—"THE TWO BACONS."

I HAVE read a story somewhere of a coarse, rude fellow who, being in the room with a man having a misshaped limb, fixed his eye upon it, saying, loudly and offensively, "That's the the ugliest leg in company!" To this insult, the other calmly replied by offering a wager that "it was *not*;" which being accepted, he put forward from under his cloak his other leg, uglier and more deformed still. I apply this story to the case of the "two Bacons." If we must accept Pope's antithetic couplet, calling on us to

"mark how Bacon shined,  
The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind."

as really descriptive of the great ex-Chancellor's character, I am disposed to think that there may be found hidden "in the cloak of history" a meaner man than "the meanest," in the person of his brother, Anthony Bacon—an individual described as of more "parts" than "action," "nimble of head" as he was "impotent of feet"—and who contrived to climb to the very heights of "great affairs," and dive into the depths of dark intrigue, though he lay "bed-rid" all his lifetime!

Before we go on with the comparison between the brothers, there are a few observations, gleaned here and there, to be offered in abatement of the condemnation generally passed on Bacon's memory and fame, as charged with venality in his high place as Chancellor.

Who will not lend a willing ear to every point of evidence which may tend to clear the character of this pioneer of truth—this "Prophet of Science"—this "man before his age," whose grandly pathetic "Appeal to Posterity" is every day more fully affirmed in the Court of Public Opinion? When we read his "Aphostolic Essays," replete as they are with a wisdom which, new and wondrous in his time, has never yet become obsolete—finding, as we do

continually, that men of our day trade and thrive, and make a show, and win a repute, upon a capital of wisdom which in reality consists of gold grains gathered from the mine of Bacon's conceptions, and beat out into their *thin laminæ*—finding this, I say, one does not not willingly think that *any* meanness, much less the debasing love of "filthy lucre," could have lodged in that fine and clear intellect, that lofty, capacious understanding. True! Bacon stands convicted at the bar of public judgment, upon an undefended charge, of sordid corruption, and yet one tithe of the investigating care which is now-a-days so freely wasted in mawkish mercy upon many a case of glaring criminality, might, if applied to Bacon's case, very probably have long since, we will not say extenuated the offense, but reversed the verdict.

The anecdote is well known, that as Bacon passed, in the course of his harassing and degrading trial, through the ranks of his household standing ranged in the halls of his official residence at court, he bowed in bitterness to this show of respect from his official staff, and said briefly and pointedly, "Sit still, my masters, your rise hath been my fall"—being obviously understood to mean that he had found himself powerless to control or order his official "family" as he ought, and that in the transactions of which he was reaping the loss and disgrace, their corruption had "mastered" his powers of observation or of right rule. The force of his excuse will be lost on those who insist on weighing the usages of Bacon's official life in the balance of our own times. A Judge of our day, charged with receiving bribes, would be coldly listened to if, admitting that "the bribe had been received," he should urge that "his servant had committed it without his consciousness;" but does it follow that such a plea was equally irrelevant in an age when "back-stairs" influence, and access to the ear of great men

by means of bribed followers and influential domestics, was an "evil under the sun," great, glaring, and universal?

In our day, the world would start in horror and incredulity at even the whisper of a charge of speculation and corruption against a wearer of the ermine, or occupier of the woolsack; but we must not suppose that in Bacon's time, or "in the old time before him," such charges were so novel or unusual. I have lighted on a curious "case in point" of some ages previous, in which, with many features of resemblance, the accused had the good fortune to have fortified himself against the charge with more sagacity than the great but luckless Lord of Verulam. I extract from what are called "The Cotton Records," edited by "Prynne:"

"In the seventh year of Richard II. (A.D. 1384) appeared one '*John Cavendish*, fishmonger of London,' and he laid his plaint before the lords in parliament, that having a weighty cause depending on the King's Chancery, one John Otier a clerk of Sir Michael de la Pole's, (the chancellor,) had undertaken '*that he should be well treated so he would give him ten pounds for his travail.*' And that he, the said Cavendish, did give the said Otier in part payment some '*herring and fresh sturgeon!*' but not finding judgment to pass in his favor, or with the speed he expected, he made his plaint to the lords, in his premises.

"Sir Michael de la Pole, the chancellor, first clearing himself on the Holy Sacrament, of delay or favor in the case, pleaded for answer that, 'when accompting with his servants and officers he had "*bolted out*" (sifted or investigated) "*the said herring and sturgeon to have come by a cheat,*" whereon "*greatly moved,*" he sent for Cavendish, and "*ripping the matter,*" caused the suitor to be paid for his fish, and the obligation cancelled.'

"Otier, the clerk, being examined, did by his confession clear the chancellor of being privie to the corruption he was forced to acknowledge.

"*Cavendish*, the complainant, did also own that the chancellor had in time past caused him to be paid for his fish.

"Whereupon the chancellor being cleared in his fame by the voice of parliament, did praie remed against Cavendish for the slander, and he being put upon his bail, the matter was remitted to the course of law.

"And the judges, hearing the whole matter, did condemn Cavendish in *one thousand marks*, for his slanderous complaint against the chancellor, with imprisonment until paid."

Here was a case of charge met and answered with that common-sense caution and sagacity in which the capacious mind of Bacon was too probably defective.\* When the Chancellor should have been calling his servants to account for their every-day dealings with his place and reputation, the Philosopher, probably, was busy in taking to task the cheating *à priori* systems of "science falsely so called," and detecting the fallacies, then passing current in "The Schools" as principles of sound reason—when he should have been "*bolting*" the speculations of his officers, he was in all likelihood sifting the "*arcana naturæ*"—and was "*ripping up*" the "vulgar errors" of the pseudo-learned, when he should have been tracing to their actors the venal practices which were preparing his downfall—great genius is too apt to soar above the practical—a small dash of that common-sense caution which had guided his predecessor in the case related, would, in all probability, have saved the "foremost man of his age" from the coarse aspersions of envious contemporaries, the humiliating pity of posterity, or the moral-pointing sarcasm of that satirist who has "damn'd him to enduring fame."

A similar charge against a successor of Bacon's is thus told in the "*vraisemblable*"† journal of Sir Thomas More's daughter "Meg!" as having been disposed of by him with the same quaint humor in which he jested with the headsman on the scaffold:

"A ridiculous charge hath beene got up against dear *Father*, no less than of bribery and corruption. One *Parnell* complaineth of a decree given agaynst him in favour of one *Vaughan*, whose wife he deposeth gave *Father* a gilt flaggon. To the noe small surprise of the Council, *Father* ad-

\* Never was a clearer application of the rebuke, "Physician, heal thyself," than in a sentence of Bacon's essay on "Great Place:" "The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility." We can only acquit the Chancellor of the second of these faults, by bringing him in guilty of the last.

† The well-invented and pleasing journal of "The Household Life of Sir T. More," by Margaret More, embodies all its facts, from the true biography of her father, written by her husband "Will Roper."



mitted that she had done so. 'But, my Lords,' proceeded he, when they uttered a few sentences of reprehension somewhat too exultantlie, 'will ye list to the conclusion of the tale. I bade my butler fill the cup with wine, and having drunk her health, I made her pledge me, and then restored her her gift, and would not take it again.'

"As innocent a matter touching the offering him of a pair of gloves, containing Fortie Pounds, and his taking the first, and returning the last, sayihg that 'he preferred his gloves without lining,' hath been made publick with the like triumph to his good fame."

"But alack," adds poor Margaret More, with a pressage of her father's coming fate, "these feathers show which way sits the wind." They do show, moreover, that the use and wont of the time was to offer such things without any sense of impropriety; the rarity was to find a man like More, with the stern, sterling virtue, and quick wit to put them by. In similar illustration of the customs of the age, we find Moore's son-in-law, Dancy, whom he had made a functionary of his court, complaining that—

"While the fingers of my *Lord Cardinal's*" (Wolsey, his predecessor) "*veriest door-keepers were tipt with gold!* I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings."

"To which grievance, adds Margaret, "Father, laughing, makes answerie:

"Your case is hard, son *Dancy*, but I can only say for your comfort, that soe far as justice and honesty are concerned, if my own father, whom I reverence dearlie, stood before me on the one hand, and the Devil, whom I hate extreamlie on the other, yet the cause of the latter being just, I should "give the Devil his due." "

With these suggestive doubts as to the actual personal venality of Lord Bacon, who ought, if ever man ought, to have the benefit of "a doubt," and of "general character," in answering to the improbable charge—let us now proceed to investigate a case in his own house, which, supposing him guilty, throws his meanness into the shade by its overpassing rascality.

Francis and Anthony Bacon were the younger sons of Sir Nicholas Bacon, by Anne Coke, his second wife, sister of the great Lord Coke. Both brothers sat in parliament together, Francis for Middlesex, and Anthony for Walingford. When

Francis, called to higher office, vacated his seat for Middlesex, Anthony succeeded him; by this he would appear to have been a person of consideration in his day, and his brother early characterized him as a "man of known ability in matters of state, especially affairs foreign." His mental power overcame bodily infirmity, so that from the bed on which he lay continually, he was able to influence the councils of the stirring spirits of the age, and as the event will prove, to "feather his nest" quite as warmly if he could have flown hither and thither with the nimbleness of more active men.

At an early stage of his career, his brother Francis—who, with a very high estimate of his mental qualities, seemed to have loved the disabled Anthony with a love the depth of which he expresses in saying; "I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself"—(*vide* Epistle Dedicatory to first edition of "Essays")—had commended him to the patronage of Lord Essex, as one "whose impotent feet did not hinder his nimble head," and whom he would find an astute and useful councilor. Essex, upon this assurance, received him into his family, accommodated him in a partition of his own house, and "otherwise gave him very noble entertainment among his intimates and councilors."

Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, when, in the language of euphuistic flattery, "that bright occidental star drew towards its set in dimness and sorrow," two great factions of her court, namely, those of "*Essex*" and "*the Cecils*," were eagerly but cautiously turning their eyes to the point of the political horizon whence the luminary of a new day and world was about to arise. The rival courtiers were each trying to establish his credit with the presumptive, though yet undeclared heir to the English crown—each, though pressing, with the common tendency of mankind, to

hail the *rising* sun,  
Neglecting that whose course was run,

endeavored to carry on his communications with the Scottish court in the utmost secrecy, well knowing that the jealousy of the dying queen would regard such an act as *treason!* and even in the last pangs resent it accordingly; so that each trod his dark path with all the stealthy circumspection of men holding life and honor on their venture.

Anthony Bacon, "*inward*" as he was in the confidence and councils of his patron, of course held the clue to this vital secret in his hand, and, doing so, began at intervals to show a purpose of turning it to base account. He dropped from time to time hints of overtures made to him by "the *Cecil-ians*," his relatives; he let fall words to several that it would be "*better worth his while*" to amend his fortunes "*by joining his natural allies*;" and at length wrought matters up to the point that Lord Henry Howard, afterward Lord Northampton, (as unwelcome as the messenger who once "drew curtain" in half-burned Troy,) waked Essex one fair morning to tell him that "*unless Anthony Bacon were presently satisfied with some good round summe, alle woulde be vented!*" In the slang but suitable phrase of the pick-pocket, the accomplice was going to "split" on his "pals," and the whole "lay" was like to be "blown upon" to their discovery and ruin.

Essex was no better provided with a "round summe" than political intriguers usually are. He had no money, but in his extremity he bethought him that probably his "good Anthony" might accept a "material guarantee;" and as an expedient to secure his secrecy, he made over upon him, on the instant, "Essex House!" the very house in which they "had lived and loved together!" so that their relative positions became strangely reversed—Bacon had heretofore been the "honour'd guest" of Essex, and now Essex had become Bacon's lodger! A curious state of things! The feelings of politicians in those days must have been "tough and serviceable," when two men placed in such positions could lie down under the same roof in peace and confidence, the one buying from his accomplice a precarious safety with pecuniary ruin, the other swallowing without scruple the plunder of his trusting and deceived patron. Essex House was, however, a capacious edifice, equal to "whole streets of our degenerate days," so that the inmates could continue to inhabit it without collision; and seeing that the new master "kept his chamber," there was little fear of the "great awkwardness" of an encounter in the corridors or on the grand staircase!

This "awkward" state of things, however, did not continue long. When Essex had time to look about him, he redeemed his imprudent pledge. Lady Walsingham

(his mother-in-law) paid Bacon *two thousand five hundred pounds* in lieu of the pawned palace, and so this transaction ended. But Elizabeth still lingered, and Bacon still held the sword suspended over his confiding patron's head, untill he had "distilled from the same secret" *fifteen hundred pounds more*, "*monetas solidas*," together with one thousand pounds of annual pension! "Can you be honest?" asks the querist on the stage. "*Hum! what will you give me?*" is the business-like reply. No nimble-footed scoundrel of the drama ever brought his *fidelity*! to a better market than crippled Anthony Bacon. Wotton, in his "*Reliquiæ*," relating the incident, counts up the gains, and closes with this pithy remark: "This great amount being gained by a private and *bed-ridden* gentleman, what would he have gotten if he could have gone about his own business!"

Did Francis Bacon ever know of, or suspect, this baseness of that "brother Anthony," of whom, in his "Apologie for Lord Essex," he boasted *to the last* that he had "knit his service to be at my lord's disposing?" For the honor of genius, of humanity, we trust he did not; and yet!—it is hard to suppose that Essex, thus heavily mulcted by the treachery of his trusted inmate, did not reproach Francis Bacon for having commended to his care a frozen serpent, to be warmed by his generous "entertainment" into the power to sting him to death. If Lord Bacon *did* know anything of his brother's conduct to his patron, we must reluctantly give him up to even worse scorn than his enemies have heaped on him, for in such case there would be in his bearing, in the short incident left to relate, an effrontery, duplicity, and shamelessness rendering him *capable of anything*.

Time held its course: Essex reaped but short immunity from the dear-bought silence of Anthony Bacon. His revolt and his ruin are written in the great records of the time. Essex and Elizabeth alike passed away; the new era which "gentle King Jamie" brought with him commenced, and among the first to hail him with a letter of welcome, in the fulsome style of the day, was Lord Bacon. And in the course of the letter he took occasion to magnify to his majesty "*the infinite devotion!* and incessant endeavors!! beyond the strength of his body and the nature of the times, which appeared in

'his good brother Anthony Bacon' towards his majesty's service!"

King James had much of that small sagacity which could often spell out a secret escaping the notice of his abler councilors. It is said that it was he who first "smelled gunpowder" in the mysteriously-worded warning received by Lord Monteagle on the eve of the fifth of November; and great was the self-laudation with which he afterward received compliments upon the wisdom he had shown in the affair—a wisdom which his pliant courtiers did not hesitate to call almost "inspired." Could he but have guessed the *little bit of secret history* "connected with Anthony Bacon's zeal for his service," with what a ready and shrewd quip he would have acknowledged that devotion which, while doing "service to Cæsar," at the same time contrived to enrich *self* to the amount of four thousand pounds (equal to twenty thousand now) in the shape of—hush-money!

The letter above referred to must have been written in the first days of King James's reign, and procured for "brother Anthony" a pension, which, however, he did not long live to enjoy. In 1597, Lord Bacon had dedicated his first edition of "The Essays" to his "loving and beloved brother Anthony Bacon;" but in an enlarged edition, in 1612, the dedication to his loving brother (in law,) Sir John Constable, speaks of "his dear brother Anthony" as "now with God!" Indeed, we learn from Basil Montague's edition of Lord Bacon's works, that Anthony Bacon died about 1603; and it is remarkable that in the memoir of the Chancellor with which Montague closes his elaborate edition of his works, there is *but very slight mention*

of the brother he loved so much. Was it that Montague saw, that the less said the better for Anthony's reputation?

N.B.—Among the intricacies of this strange case are two letters, given in "Bacon's works," (vol. 12, pp. 9-14, Montague's edition,) entitled thus: "Two letters framed, one *as from* Mr. Anthony Bacon to the Earl of Essex; the other, *as the Earl's Answer.*" These letters, *if genuine*, would be a complete refutation to the charge against Anthony of having "gotten his wealth" by treachery to his friend, but from a curious passage in Essex's Trial, it appears that these letters were *written by Francis Bacon himself*, as mere *make-believes to be shown to the queen*, while he was interceding in Essex's behalf. This piece of fine-spun policy failed in its effect, and was cast in Bacon's teeth by the wretched earl, when on his trial, the former, as attorney-general, was officially pleading against him. Bacon, roused by this unwarrantable disclosure, retorted thus:

"My lord, I spent more hours to make you a good subject than on any man in the world besides; but since you have stirred this point, I dare warrant that this letter will not blush to see the light." The letters, in fact, being filled with sage counsel to loyalty on the part of Anthony, and professions of penitence on the earl's part. are in no otherwise objectionable than that they were a "*sham!*" from beginning to end. Bacon, to the close of his life, complained of having his artifice exposed, when, as he asserted, "All he did was done like a friend, while he studied to put Essex in grace with the queen."

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From Titan.

## A VOICE FROM THE POMPEIAN COURT.

WAVES of the azure sea,  
Blue of the cloudless sky,  
Sunlight on flower and tree,  
Gilding all joyously;  
Tints of the early dawn,  
Rose of the blushing morn,  
Radiant and bright;  
Beams on Love's fairy bowers,  
Telling of happy hours,  
Dark comes the night!

Breeze on the balmy air,  
Birds of the lightsome wing,  
Echoes of music fair,  
Pleasantly murmuring;  
Ripples that gently glow,  
Clear o'er the sands below,  
Carolling light;  
Sighs that betray the heart,  
Hush'd ye shall all depart  
Silent ere night!

Statues that breathless live,  
 Marble and porphyry ;  
 Vases that odors give,  
 Scouting deliciously ;  
 Paintings and sculptured halls,  
 Fruits on the sunny walls,  
 Tempting the sight ;  
 Fountains that cool the day,  
 Quick ye shall fade away,  
 Buried ere night !

Gay ones that laugh at fate,  
 Soft revelries keeping,  
 Near to your city gate  
 A giant lies sleeping ;  
 Oh ! he has slumber'd long,  
 Soon he will wake full strong,  
 Stalwart and bold ;  
 Though unchanged to the sight,  
 He has grown in his might,  
 Some centuries old.

Sudden he starts to life,  
 Furious at waking,  
 Arm'd for the coming strife,  
 The elements shaking.  
 See the black vapor rise,  
 Dark'ning the earth and skies,  
 Noon turn'd to night ;  
 Lurid the lightnings glare  
 Quick through the parch'd air,  
 Scorching the sight.

Hark ! how the giant roars,  
 Hurling his thunders,  
 As from the monster-jaws  
 Burst forth new wonders.  
 Lo ! where the crimson fire,  
 Ever uprising higher,  
 Shoots through the air ;  
 Down rains the scalding shower,  
 Blighting with ruthless power  
 All that is fair !

Earth and her altars quake,  
 Echo repeats the shock,  
 While from their basement shake  
 Stonework and splinter'd rock ;  
 Onward the fragments come,  
 Ruin to shaft and dome,  
 Crush'd in their fall ;  
 Deep streams of lava pour  
 Thick from their liquid store,  
 Covering all !

Forms of bright loveliness  
 Warmly the streams enfold,  
 Taking with hot caress  
 Beauty's enchanting mould ;  
 Humbling the lesson taught,

Surely and dearly bought,  
 Could they but see,  
 When all harden'd and cold,  
 Like a passion grown old,  
 That lava shall be.

Fair ones in days to come,  
 Reckless of charms undone,  
 Shall seek at this silent tomb  
 Jewels to deck their own ;  
 And carving the harden'd dust,  
 Shape from the polish crust  
 Gems rich and rare ;  
 As the heart forms new joys  
 Upon those time destroys  
 Bright though they were.

Not on the weak alone  
 Falls the avenging hand,  
 Statue-like turn to stone,  
 See where the mighty stand ;  
 Corruption can touch them not,  
 Changeless they lie forgot,  
 Fast lock'd in sleep.  
 Rouse them to upper air,  
 List to the threat they bear,  
 Dig for them deep.

"Souls that in sins are dead,  
 Wake e'er the night draw near :  
 Have ye no fate to dread ?  
 Have ye no God to fear ?  
 Ponder our quick decay,  
 Gone in a summer's day,  
 Destiny dire !  
 Type of the end to come,  
 All in one ardent tomb,  
 Purged as by fire.

"Earth, with her surface bright,  
 Calm though she look to be,  
 Keeps her hid fires alight,  
 Smouldering silently ;  
 What if at once awoke,  
 Sudden each furnace broke  
 Wild into flame ?  
 No more would the Deluge come,  
 Blessing with colder doom,  
 Each quivering frame.

"Think on the Children Three  
 Who through the burning trod,  
 Tender'd all lovingly  
 By the bless'd Son of God.  
 So shall He tender you,  
 Walk with him ever true ;  
 Earth may be riven,  
 But He by his mighty power  
 Shall lead out of danger's hour,  
 Safe into heaven."



From Colburn's New Monthly.

## T H E S T O N E O F D E S T I N Y .

THE time-honored coronation-stone enclosed within St. Edward's chair, in Westminster Abbey, is one of the most remarkable of our historical monuments, and the belief connected with it is one of the curiosities of British history. The known pedigree of the stone carries it back for nearly a thousand years, and tradition surrounds it with a haze of mystery and legend, and refers its origin to a most remote antiquity.

The stone upon which the patriarch Jacob rested his head at Bethel, and which he afterwards set up for a monument, as described in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Genesis, has been regarded as the prototype of the stone monuments which were erected by the most ancient nations in the world, either for purposes of memorial or for national solemnities. Many passages of holy Scripture show that a stone monument was dedicated to the anointing of kings; and from the East the custom was adopted by Celtic and Scandinavian nations. The ancient coronation-stone of Anglo-Saxon kings, which is preserved at Kingston-upon-Thames; the Meini Gwyr, upon which proclamations are made in the market-place at St. Austell; and some similar monuments that might be mentioned, are examples of the descent of that custom to our own country. But the mediæval legends and popular belief connected with the coronation-stone in Westminster Abbey, assert that national relic to be Jacob's Pillar itself; and the patriotic romances of some old Scottish chroniclers represent this stone to have come to Europe through the Phœnician colonization of Spain, to have been thence derived by Ireland with the first of her Ibero-Celtic monarchs, and from them to have come to Caledonia.

To seek an historical foundation for a legend of this nature would be to embark upon an ocean of uncertainty in the mists of tradition; but it may be interesting to see how far the existence of this national

relic, and of the curious belief connected with it, is carried back by authentic history. And here it may be observed, that the fact of the south-western coast of Ireland and parts of Spain having been colonized at a remote period by a cognate race of Eastern origin; the fact of Phœnicians, if not Jews, having anciently settled in those parts of Europe; and the fact of the stone in question corresponding mineralogically to a sienite found in Egypt, are facts which, as far as they go, afford some countenance to the legend connected with it.

But if we turn to existing traditions in the East, we find that legend to be in conflict with them; for Jacob's Pillar—which is said to have been removed from Bethel by the tribe of Joseph—is believed by the Mohammedans (according to Calmet) to be preserved in that ancient building which is known as the Mosque of Omar. The sacred rock covered by the dome is a celebrated object of Moslem tradition and devotion. Dr. Robinson says that the Christians of the middle ages regarded it as the stone on which Jacob slept when he saw the vision of angels, and as the stone of prophecy; and it is at this day known as Al Sakra, or the stone of unction. There is a strange belief connected with the well or hollow beneath this long venerated rock, for there the souls of the departed are believed to rest between death and resurrection, and there it was thought the living might hold converse with the dead. But although in Eastern tradition, both Christian and Mussulman, supernatural attributes are connected with this object, it is difficult to indentify it with the pillar set up by the patriarch; and in truth the European tradition of the Stone of Destiny ascends to an older source, and avers that it—the real stone of prophecy—had left Judea long before the destruction of Jerusalem. At all events, authentic Jewish history does not, so far as we know, connect with the sacred rock in honor of which the dome was built, a

prophecy or belief resembling that which is connected with the coronation-stone.

But an Irish tradition derived by us through Scotland, and which first makes its appearance in the old traditions of Ireland, avers that the rock or pillar of Jacob, to the possession of which by a certain tribe destiny annexed the sceptre of the kingdom in which it should rest, was brought from Judea to Spain by a chieftain or patriarch, who founded a kingdom there, and was taken from that country to Ireland by the king or chief of the Scoti—a very ancient people, who were undoubtedly in possession of the island at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and to whom some historians attribute a Phœnician origin. According to the legend, the conqueror—a very mythical personage, by the by—was contemporary with Romulus and Remus, and came to Ireland with the Stone of Destiny to found his kingdom, about the time of the foundation of Rome, or, seven hundred and fifty years before Christ. A thousand years before, according to Biblical chronology, the King of kings promised to Jacob the land on which he set up the stone of Bethel, and dominion to his posterity through all the world.

Now a fatal stone, regarded as a kind of national palladium, is mentioned in Irish manuscripts of the sixth century of our era, by the name of the *LIA FAIL*, or Stone of Destiny; and that a stone which stood upon the Hill of Tara, and was used at the inauguration of the Irish kings, and was known as the *Labheireg*, or Stone of Destiny, existed in A.D. 560, appears from the fact that the stone and the hill itself fell in that year under the anathema of the Christian clergy; the stone (according to Sir John Ware, in his “*Antiquities of Ireland*,”) having been honored as a kind of national palladium before the conversion of the natives, and having become a focus of heathen superstitions. A very ancient prophetic verse referring to this stone exists in the old Irish language, in a manuscript of the sixth century, and is to the effect that the *LIA FAIL* shall accompany the sceptre of the kingdom. This prophetic verse is referred by Borlase, in his “*Antiquities of Cornwall*,” to a Druidical origin. Be that as it may, the legends of the early Irish historians relating to this stone are of the most romantic kind, and connect it with shadowy kings of the ancient royal race of Ireland.

The old Irish prophecy connected with

that stone, and the prophecy connected in Scottish belief with the *FATALE MARMOR* of Scone and Westminster, to which Scottish mediæval writers transfer the regal attributes of the *LIA FAIL*, have not the same form in the two countries; but it cannot be doubted that the Scottish tradition was derived from Ireland, and the prophecy itself looks of Oriental origin. The Persians had their *Artizoe*, or “Fatal Stone,” which from the notice of it given by Pliny, seems to have been a kind of ordeal stone, for it was used to point out the most deserving candidate for the throne. Then, too, there is the sacred Black Stone, which is considered by the Seids to be their palladium;\* and (it is curious ethnologically, as well as observable in illustration of this point,) that a tribe of Indians of South America revered a sacred and Fatal Stone—described as a large mass of very rich grey silver ore—which they guarded and removed as they were driven from place to place by the Spaniards, and which was the first thing that the subjugated natives stipulated to retain.†

It does not appear at what time the race of Scoti who migrated from Ireland to the hills of Argyle first possessed the Fatal Stone that was preserved at Scone, until King Edward I. removed it to Westminster. The patriotic romances of some mediæval Scottish writers—ingeniously avoiding altogether the Irish tradition of the Stone of Destiny—pretend that King Fergus, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, brought with him into Scotland the stone seat of royalty on which the kings had been inaugurated in Ireland, and on which his successors were wont to be crowned; and they add, more credibly, that the same stone was afterwards placed by King Kenneth in the Abbey of Scone about the year of our Lord, 850. Scone was, from very early times in Scottish history, the place of convention, the Scottish Hill of Tara—and upon its Folk-mote eminence the kings were accus-

\* It is mentioned in 1851, by the distinguished officer who was then Lieut.-Colonel Williams, the British Commissioner for the settlement of the Turkish boundary question, in a letter from Hamadan, Persia, for which see *Literary Gazette*, 12th of April, 1851. The stone has a long story attached to it.

† These facts are stated by Mr. Empson, in his account of some South-American figures in gold, obtained from the sacred lake of Guataveta, in Colombia.—*Archæol. Æliana*, vol. ii. p. 253.

tomed to be crowned until the time of Kenneth; after which epoch the kings of Scotland, down to the time of Robert Bruce, received the crown sitting upon that stone, in the old monastery of Scone, which was a foundation of unknown antiquity by followers of the rule of St. Columba, who were called Culdees, and derived their institution from Iona.\*

There can be no doubt that this ancient marble seat was thus used for the inauguration of the Scottish kings under the idea that it was the *LIA FAIL*, or Stone of Destiny, of their Irish progenitors, which had been brought originally from the East. But the existence of the *LIA FAIL* upon the Hill of Tara may be traced, as we have said, from, at all events, the sixth century downward; and there this stone—which is described by Mr. Petrie as an upright pillar nine feet high—at present stands near its original locality—the talisman of the kingdom in the old traditions of the country. The *Fatale Marmor* of Scone is found to have been only a substitute. When the Irish colonists of Scotland, to give stability to their new kingdom, begged the *Lia Fail* as a loan from the mother country, she, with more than Hibernian prudence, retained the original, and sent over a substitute, or at most a portion—a loan which the colonists accepted in faith, and, with Scottish care, prized too highly ever to return; and they seem to have transferred to it the prophecy that a prince of Scotia's race should govern wheresoever it should be found. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, identifies it with the stone which had travelled to Scotland, through Ireland, from Spain, and speaks of it as “the rude marble stone to which popular belief attributed the fate of the kingdom.”

And here our readers may like to see the lithological description which has been given of this mysterious object. It is a sandy granular stone, a sort of *débris* of sienite, chiefly quartz, with felspar, light and reddish-colored, and also light and dark mica, with some dark green mineral, probably hornblende, intermixed; some fragments of a reddish-grey clay-slate are likewise visible in this strange conglomerate, and there is also a dark brownish-red

colored flinty pebble of great hardness. The stone is of an oblong form, but irregular, measuring twenty-six inches in length, nearly seventeen in breadth, and ten inches and a half in thickness. It is curious that the substances composing it accord (as remarked by Mr. Brayley) in the grains with the sienite of Pliny, which forms the so-called Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria.

The Latin rhyme in which the old prophecy was perpetuated—

“Ni fallat fatum Scoti quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem”—

is said to have been engraved by order of Kenneth, but there is no trace of an inscription upon the stone. If the distich was engraved at that early time in the history of the coronation-stone, it was probably on a metal plate, of which there is some trace upon the stone, or on the wooden chair in which that king is recorded to have had the stone enclosed.

The story of its removal to Westminster, in A.D. 1296, by King Edward I., is too well known to need repetition. “The people of Scotland,” says Rapin, “had all along placed in that stone a kind of fatality. They fancied that only whilst it remained in their country the state would be unshaken: and for this reason Edward carried it away to create in the Scots a belief that the time of the dissolution of their monarchy was come, and to lessen their hopes of recovering their liberty.” As an evidence of his absolute conquest, Edward therefore removed the regalia of the Scottish kings, and gave orders that the famous stone which was regarded as the national palladium should be conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where, accordingly, it was solemnly offered by the kneeling conqueror to the holiest of his name; and there, enclosed in the chair of King Edward, and used at all coronations, it has ever since remained, notwithstanding that in the year 1328 it was an article of the treaty of peace authorized by the great council at Northampton, that it should be restored to the Scots. By writ of privy seal in that year, Edward III. directed the abbot and monks of Westminster to deliver it to the sheriffs of London for the purpose of being restored to Scotland, but the Scots were unable to obtain the performance of this stipulation. They made another attempt to bring back their talisman, by stipulat-

\* Scone was founded or re-formed anew by Alexander I., who about A.D. 1115 brought thither canons regular of St. Augustine from the house of St. Oswald of Nostell, near Pontefract.

ing, in the year 1803, that the English should deliver it up to them, and that the King of England should come to be crowned upon it at Scone; but in this stipulation, also, the Scots were disappointed.

Whatever may have become of the original chair in which Kenneth is said to have had the stone enclosed, and which does not appear to have been brought into England at all, it is certain, say the historians of Westminster Abbey, that the present coronation-chair was made for the reception of this highly-prized relic of ancient customs and sovereign power. In A.D. 1300, as appears by an entry in the Wardrobe Accounts, Master Walter the Painter was employed in certain work "on the new chair in which is the stone from Scotland," and he bought gold and divers colors for the painting of the same. The chair was once entirely covered with gilding and ornamental work, and the design is of Edward's time. Down to the period when Camden wrote his history, the lines—

"Si quid habent veri vel Chronica, cana fidesve,  
Clauditur hac Cathedra nobilis ecce Lapis ;

Ad caput eximius Jacob quondam Patriarcha  
Quem posuit, cernens numina mira poli.  
Quem tulit ex Scotis spoliatus quasi Victor  
honoris  
Edwardus primus, Mars velat Armipotens  
Scotorum Domitor, noster validissimus Hector,  
Anglorum Decus, et Gloria Militiæ"—

were to be seen on a tablet that hung by this royal stone in the chapel of the Confessor at Westminster; and that tablet, as the historians of the abbey remark, is the most ancient document known in which the stone is called "the Stone of Jacob." Whether that venerable relic is at this moment in the dome of the rock at Jerusalem, upon the hill at Tara, or in Westminster Abbey, we do not undertake to decide; but if for nearly seven centuries the posterity of King Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret, the great-niece of Edward the Confessor and representative of the Saxon line, continued to reign over Scotland, the Scots have long recognized in the sovereign of Great Britain a representative of their ancient line of kings, and under the gentle sway of Queen Victoria may be well content with their share in the government of the United Kingdom, and with our possession of the Fatal Stone.

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From Titan.

## O U R T E A - T A B L E ;

### OR, TEA-GROWING IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

If our reader, lured by our title, has turned to this page in the hope of finding some piece of delightful scandal—the *chef-d'œuvre* of some veteran village gossip, over which he may dream away an idle half-hour—we must inform him he has fallen into a great mistake. Instead of reporting a tea-table conversation, we wish to afford him some information about the plant itself: to ask him to

visit in our company the great tea warehouse of the world; to say a word about the amount of business done there; and to make such other observations about the employments and morality of the Celestial Empire as may properly fall within the range of our subject, and the limits of our space. If, after listening to our story, he will still maintain his preference for the entertainment of Mrs.



Smith's select party, we shall forbear remark, but "receive the statement with mental reservation."

From London to Hong-Kong is a voyage of about seven weeks; that is, supposing we have been passengers by one of those gigantic ocean steamers which are owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. To say that this voyage, if the weather be fine, affords some degree of pleasure, is to speak very cautiously indeed. With every comfort, and even every luxury, we are as much at home as we possibly could be in the best appointed mansion of that comfort-loving country we have just left.

As we bid it farewell for a time, we become conscious of emotions in which the pleasant and the painful are singularly blended. All our love for our native earth rushes up in one tumultuous tide of delight; and this, again, is checked by the thought that some of the accidents which happen on the voyage of life may possibly be now parting it and us for ever. This regret makes its way to our hearts, and we are surprised at discovering the existence of small quantities of moisture bedewing the corners of our straining optics, as those white chalky cliffs fade away into a thin, faint, wavy line, and finally vanish from our view.

For three or four days we plough along the Spanish coast; and we take a look at Gibraltar, and then at Malta. From the latter, with the clamorous competition of its boatmen and hucksters of all imaginable ware, we are glad to escape. Yet, amidst the beautiful white stone of its houses, its glorious sunlight, and its clear delicious atmosphere, we could willingly have lingered to feast our senses on everything except the squalid wretchedness of its many beggars.

With delightful morning walks, and still more delightful evening promenades on deck, enlivened by the presence of the ladies, and by the sweet music which floats away over the glowing waters of the placid sea, our pleasant passage comes to a termination; and, amidst the excitement of passengers, the bustling of seamen, and the noisy escape of steam, down drops our anchor in the harbor of Hong-Kong. By small steamer, or smaller oared-boat, we are conveyed up the Pearl River, and landed on *terra firma* in the renowned city of Canton.

In this port, where we are burned up by

a fervid sun, the blistering rays of which scorch European visages with merciless vengeance, we need not remain longer than to become acquainted with some of the most common, though sufficiently striking, features of Chinese social life. We shall find that everything edible is eaten. Susceptibility of mastication, rather than the possession of great nutritive qualities, seems to be the principle on which the Chinese provision market is stocked. Dogs, puppies, rats, mice, goats, pigs, monkeys, cats, and snakes, form part of the regular supply of the Newgate and Leadenhall markets of Canton. Sea-slug occupies a position somewhat akin to that of real turtle in this country; and as it is a rare and an aristocratic delicacy, we shall probably have to seek it from the Gunter, or the Fortnum, Mason, & Co., of the Piccadilly of Peking. Putrid fish also, unhatched chickens, and rotten eggs, are not refused; while, at the same time, they serve to keep down the spice market by imparting a gratuitous flavor to the insipidity of plain boiled rice! The only article about which any squeamishness is exhibited is milk; and against this there is a strong and universal prejudice.\*

We shall have occasion to notice, also, the most unaccountable reverence for the dead, coupled with most extraordinary carelessness for the living. The Chinese emigrant leaves "the flowery land" with the determination to return and offer costly sacrifices to his ancestors, who have already slumbered long in their tombs; but, before he goes, he throws his youngest female child into the nearest pond, or brick tower, of which there are great numbers scattered throughout the country, serving as receptacles for these little castaways. Emigration and infanticide, we are inclined to think, are related to each other by something like the tie of cause and effect. Those unfortunate little outcasts, who are thus mercilessly cast adrift, are nearly all females. In the enormous annual efflux of Chinese to Australia, to California, to the Sandwich Islands, to Central and Southern America, to the British West Indies, to Hindostan, and to all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, there is not, it is affirmed, one female for every 10,000

\* Sir John Bowring's recent "Letter to the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society." This prejudice, he remarks, is all the more extraordinary, considering that Tartar influences have been so long dominant in the empire.

males. This constant outward flow of emigration in the directions just mentioned, with, also, a considerable landward migration toward Manchuria and Thibet, while it makes no perceptible difference on the teeming population of the country, yet serves to disturb the numerical equilibrium of the two sexes. And although the desire for offspring is, with this people, a universal and overpowering passion, yet it is only male children who are reckoned "the glory of their fathers." The dishonor attaching to the childless state has led, as it has usually done, to polygamy and concubinage. And in no quarter of the world is the nuptial knot tied with a greater amount of ceremony, nor preceded by so endless a variety of notes, negotiations, interviews, visitings, and receptions, more or less protracted.

Marriage among the Chinese is not, as with us, the great event of the woman's life: it is the event of the man's also. Literary and martial achievements, the former especially, form, as is well known, the chief passports to posts of honor and distinction in the government of the country. But this is not all. Literature has its prizes in China, as well as elsewhere, though they do not come in the form of publishers' cheques. The following, we are inclined to think, is one of the most singular: "The successful student, even of the lowest origin, is deemed a fit match for the most opulent and distinguished female in the community."

Nor should our fellow-voyager, who has gone to make a morning call upon some Chinese friend, be unduly shocked, if, while the conversation is carried on in English, he should be politely requested to eat a little "*boiled lice*." Such an offer, we may inform our reader, is not a *bona fide* one; and in its present form is merely the result of an ambitious departure from the Chinese vernacular. There is no *r* sound in that language; and from the difficulty which every worshipper of Confucius finds in framing his organs to pronounce the guttural *r*, he generally substitutes the liquid *l*. Consequently, your invitation is to boiled *rice*, and not to boiled —; the very name of which savors of offense.

A merry Christmas may be spent in Canton, if we are content "to do as they do in China." Only we shall be a week or two later, for the calendar of Cæsar and of Confucius do not agree, but differ by some

very appreciable quantity. There, at that merry season, business is suspended for a week almost entirely. Chinese merchants balance their books—collect and pay their outstanding debts—and thus the balance becomes a real transaction. And whoever does not annually arrange his business matters after this very satisfactory and praiseworthy fashion, occupies a position somewhat similar to the trader at home who neglects to take up his bills when they become due. During the week the natives take to decorating life with flowers and festivities. A brisk trade is driven in the former, which are sold in shops and hawked about the streets. These flowers, many of which are forced into bloom at that season, are greatly in request; and many social meetings and family merry-makings fill up the annual holiday.

The heavy curse of deep poverty presses with great severity on a very large proportion of the population of that country. To the operation of this cause, also, we might have attributed, in some degree, the revolting practice of infanticide. It has been suspected, however, that a trade is springing up which may lessen the number of innocents who are thus daily slaughtered; although the remedy is, we think, somewhat worse than the disease. Female children, it is affirmed, are bought up in the interior at fifteen and eighteenpence a piece, and shipped off for sale to some of the Spanish or French colonies. The *North China Herald*, of the 23d Feb., 1855, gives an account of the accidental discovery of a case of this nature. Through stress of weather, a foreign vessel put into the harbor of Amoy. It was found that part of its cargo consisted of forty-four unfortunate little creatures, who were all in a most wretched condition. They had been shipped at Ningpo by a Portuguese miscreant, who seems to have been regularly engaged in the trade. These children were all miserably cared for; since, as the export price was extremely low, the profits, though two thirds died on the passage, would still be large. Few of them, on being taken ashore by the authorities, were able to walk—so extreme was their emaciation. "One of them was clad in silk, and demeaned herself unlike a child accustomed to want. She was coaxed to give an account of herself, but she hung down her head, and did not speak. There is evidence to show that the most of them were sold on account of poverty; but some

of them were certainly kidnapped, though unable to give an account of the manner." But it is the tea-plant, and not the tea-growers, we came out to look at; and so, after the manner of old chroniclers, when returning from a digression, "*nunc ad inceptum redeo.*"

A cursory examination of a botanical map of the world would lead to the impression that China is the only quarter of the globe where the tea-plant is cultivated. And, in truth, the notion has long been prevalent, that the Chinese, favored by soil, climate, long practice in the art of tea growing, and an extremely low rate of wages, were likely to possess to all time the monopoly of this trade. But such is not likely to be the case. In Japan, Brazil, and Upper Assam, the tea plant has already been cultivated with success. In the two former countries its cultivation is not a new thing; while in the latter region it is now known to be indigenous; and if the effects at present being made to render it an article of export from Assam should be successful, the trade will become a less remunerative one than it is at present to the Canton and Shanghai merchants.

There are two great tea districts—the one for black, the other for green tea. We shall visit the former first, as it lies in our way to the latter. By *river* and *chair*—for this is the almost universal mode of conveyance in China—we reach our destination. This is Ho-Kow, the head-quarters and great inland mart of the black tea trade. And if our reader will take the trouble to do what should always be done by those who would either read history or travel with advantage—keep his atlas open beside him, and consult it occasionally—he will be able to give Ho-Kow a local habitation as well as a name. It lies, as he will find, in the Province of Kiansee, on the banks of the river Kin-Kiang. It is a populous city, being supposed to contain upward of 250,000 inhabitants. It has been called the focus of the black tea trade; for to it, from the tea-farms of the neighboring districts, long lines of Coolies, with chests slung over their shoulders, are constantly converging. Whether these cargoes proceed to Shanghai or Canton, they must pass through Ho-Kow; hence its importance. Thither, from all quarters of the empire, resort innumerable dealers and traders in the leaf, to buy, to sell, to forward their cargoes. The river is thronged

with boats of all description; some, for the carriage of goods, heavy and deep; others, for passenger traffic, fitted up with some degree of attention to human wants and comforts; and others for pleasure, light, swift, and gaudily painted. And the city itself has its extensive warehouses for the storing of the precious leaf, in the intervals of its transit eastward or westward. Coming southward again, a journey of three days in a chair will bring us to the summits of the Bohea mountains, over which we pass into the Province of Fokien, the great tea district. From the southern slopes of these mountains, and from districts stretching away south and east, comes the great bulk of the tea made at Ho-Kow. In this province we can witness the operation of growing and manufacturing the plant. But a word as to its place and rank in the vegetable kingdom. It is usually regarded as belonging to the family of the Camelias: this is the arrangement of De Candolle, the French botanist. It is an evergreen, and grows to the height of five or six feet. Cultivation rather stunts than improves its appearance, owing, no doubt, to the frequent denudation of leaves to which it must submit. The extreme limits of tea cultivation lie between 25° and 33° north lat.; but the best districts are included between 27° and 31°.

On low hills, with a free gravelly soil, formed of disintegrated sandstone, or granitic debris, the tea plant thrives best. It requires no great depth of mould, and almost no manure; and whatever manure is given is merely a little mud at the time of planting. The seeds of the tea-tree, gathered in autumn, are put during winter into a mixture of damp earth and sand. Out of this mixture they are taken by the farmer in spring, who sows them in rows or beds. Very shortly afterward, the spring rains begin to fall, and the plants rush up to see what is going on above ground. When they are about a year old, they are transplanted to more open ground; and in two years after transplantation, or when they are about three years old, they suffer their first plucking. Three times every year thereafter they are denuded of their leafy treasures, till they attain the age of eight or ten, when they are cut down to make room for younger and more vigorous shoots. The time of gathering varies with the district. The first usually takes place in March or May;



the second in May or June; and the third about the end of August. The gathering is not heavy work, when the bushes are low. Squatted on the ground, the Chinaman picks away, leaf after leaf, till he has taken all that can be taken without injury to the shrub.

Having filled his basket, the gatherer spreads its contents on a bamboo tray; on which, by exposure to the sun, the leaves may be said to receive their first drying. On this tray the leaves lie several hours; sometimes a whole night, if they have been gathered late in the afternoon. They are then shaken about and tossed into the air, beaten slightly with the hand till they become flaccid, and subsequently gathered into heaps. After lying for an hour or longer, they become soft, damp, and slightly odoriferous. In this state they are carried to the drying-house.

This is a small place, containing a number of iron pans, called "kuds," built up with stones and mortar; so that they are firmly fixed in their beds. Into these pans, which have been previously heated by a strong wood fire, a small quantity of leaves is thrown. They remain in the pan for four or five minutes, during which time they are quickly tossed about and shaken with the hand. A considerable quantity of moisture is given off, and the leaves, still soft and flaccid, are carried to the rolling table.

The rolling is the next process. By the side of a long table, at certain intervals, several workmen take their places. They seize a quantity of the leaves that have been brought from the roasting-pan, and work up a handful into the form of a ball. By this operation a still further quantity of moisture is expressed, and the leaves take their first twist. After they have been repeatedly shaken out and re-twisted, the balls are passed on to the head of the table, at which stands the foreman of the establishment. By him they are examined, and, if found to possess the requisite curl, they are again spread out on trays, and carried out of doors. They then lie in the open air for three or four hours; and during this period are frequently turned over and carefully separated from each other. After this, they are taken a second time to the drying-house, roasted, and rolled as before. A third time—sometimes even a fourth time—they are dried, but not in the pan, as formerly. They are placed in sieves, or peculiarly-shaped baskets, over

slow charcoal fires, and dried with great care, so as to leave no latent moisture in any single leaf.

The next process is sifting and picking. The leaves are passed through sieves of different sizes, and thoroughly winnowed. Dust and all other impurities are thus removed; while, at the same time, the tea is being divided into different kinds.

The tea farmers are now ready for the Canton merchant; or for his agent, if he grudges the toil of a journey into the interior himself. From several large towns on the southern slopes of the Bohea mountains—(Woo-e-shan, Tsong-gan-hien, and Tsin-tsun, are the three most important)—these agents are sent out for the purpose of making up "*a chop*," as it is called. This word has found its way into our country; and wholesale dealers who have a character to lose are very particular about the kind of "*chops*" they offer to their retail customers. A chop, however, is nothing more than a parcel of tea, consisting of from 600 to 630 chests. A chest of Congou has a net weight of 80 lbs. or 84 lbs. Teas of the same chop are of the same class or description; and hence, by this chopping, all subsequent transactions are greatly simplified; and 50,000 lbs. weight of tea, collected from a number of different farms, can afterward be easily sold in Shanghai or London by a sample of a quarter of a pound. When a chop is made up, it is re-fired, packed, and conveyed over the Bohea mountains to Ho-Kow. The carrying is performed by Coolies, who accomplish long journeys with the most exemplary patience and diligence. To the Canton market teas are carried *down* the river to the Poyang Lake, in a westerly direction, and usually reach their destination in about four weeks. Teas for Shanghai, on the other hand, are placed in flat-bottomed boats and carried *up* the river—(let the reader look at his atlas, unless he knows the country already so well that he does not need to do so)—to the town of Yuk-shan. From this point they are again carried by coolies across the country, for about thirty miles, to the town of Chang-shan, near the Green River. Here they are reshipped in flat-bottomed boats, and glide away down the Green River; and in about a fortnight afterwards fall into British hands, in the port of Shanghai.

But, as we are to visit the green tea district—the far-famed Sung-lo, or Sung-lo-



shan—we shall not proceed down the river further than a sail of three days will carry us. At a point where stands the city of Yenchow-foo, a branch of the Green River comes from the north of the province of Kiang-nan. Up this branch of the river we sail till we arrive, after a journey of several days, at the town of Hwuy-chow. What Ho-Kow is to the black-tea district, Hwuy-chow is to the green—the headquarters or emporium of the trade.

A visit to the nearest farm will show us that the plant grown in Kiang-nan differs but slightly from that grown in Fokien. The latter, the black tea (the *Thea bohea* of botanists), and the former (the *Thea viridis*), so far as color is concerned, are quite convertible. Green tea may be made from the black tea plant, and black may be made from green. The *Thea viridis*, however, is a stronger and hardier plant than its southern relative; and its leaves are somewhat larger. The whole difference lies in the mode of preparation. A natural green can be given to the leaves of either plant, if they are put in the roasting-pan shortly after being plucked; and if the whole drying process is finished rapidly. This may easily be made the subject of experiment. If plants, after being gathered, are kept in a confined state by being heaped together, a kind of spontaneous fermentation takes place; and the green color will be entirely lost in the last process of drying. This sweating process is precisely what takes place in the early stages of the preparation of black tea, as already described.

How, then, if this is all, our reader may exclaim, are we to receive the revelations of the "Lancet?" But this is not all. The scientific accuracy of the analysis of the "Lancet" is unassailable. The gypsum, Prussian blue, and turmeric, found in the green teas drunk in this country, are unmistakably gypsum, Prussian blue, and turmeric. No doubt about it. And these ingredients were put in by the hands of Chinamen, in the drying-houses on the hills of Sung-lo. They probably had no compunctions of conscience at all in the matter; although they doubtless think that our taste is somewhat depraved.

Mr. Fortune, than whom there can be no better authority on this oft-disputed point, describes the process with great minuteness. Four parts of gypsum and three parts of Prussian blue are pounded to-

gether to form a powder, which is applied while the teas are hot, and during the last process of roasting. He says, "During part of the operation, the hands of the workmen were quite blue; and I could not help thinking, that if any green-tea drinkers had been present, their taste would have been corrected—perhaps, I may add, improved." The Chinese never drink dyed teas themselves; but as foreigners seem to prefer a mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue, to make their tea look uniform and pretty, they have no objection to supply them with these ingredients, since they are cheap enough, and since teas so painted always bring a better price in the market. The quantity, we are also informed on the same trustworthy testimony, is as much as  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of coloring matter to 100 lbs. of tea. Lovers of Hyson should therefore remember, that with every pound of their favorite liquor they swallow more than a drachm of this abominable compound.

Humboldt has told us of a tribe of South-American Indians, the Otomacs, living on the banks of the Orinoco, who eat a peculiar kind of unctuous clay, which they knead into balls, and bake before the fire. Can our predilection for gypsum and Prussian blue have anything to do with the ideas which the Chinese have formed of us as barbarians? Perhaps they are aware of the earth-eating propensities of these Otomacs, and other extremely savage tribes, such as the New-Caledonians; and, in virtue of this agreement in taste, rank us both under the same category!

We may now turn our backs on the green-tea district—bid adieu to our friends in Hwuy-chow, and slip away down the stream. We may not have found our pig-tailed brethren in all points just what we could have wished them to be, and certainly not free from many disagreeable propensities. Veracity may not appear to be at a premium among them; and in many things we may be led to think that they belong to the utilitarian school of moralists. Nevertheless, among them, as among the inhabitants of more favored climes, we meet with many instances of genuine politeness; and learn that the "pure milk of human kindness" is not the product of any one state of society or race of men.

At the mouth of the river we pass the great city of Hang-chow. It is celebrated as a place of importance politically; and also for its extensive silk manufactories;

employing, it is supposed, upwards of 60,000 individuals. The inhabitants of this city are distinguished among the Chinese for their foppish and expensive habits. Passing by this terrestrial paradise, as the Chinese call it—for their proverb is, “Paradise is above, but Hangchow is below”—we arrive, after three or four days’ sail, in the harbor of Shanghai. Laden with cargoes of teas, silks, and curiosities, its waters are covered with the ships of many nations. Over more than two thirds of these vessels waves that flag of stainless honor that has long swept the seas with proud preëminence; and ever floated in triumph above the storm of battle.

To London and other British ports, teas are shipped from Canton and Shanghai. The latter port is becoming one of prime importance, and may soon be a formidable rival to Canton, if it has not become so already. The following table, taken from the *China Mail* of the 31st January, 1856, will convey an idea of the quantity of tea annually exported from China to this country:

Export of Tea to Great Britain from the ports of Canton, Fuhchau, and Shanghai.

Year ending June 30.	Vessels.	Black & Green.
“ 1853	“ 113 . .	72,906,100 lbs.
“ 1854	“ 134 . .	77,217,900
“ 1855	“ 133 . .	86,509,000

To the United States, for the same three years, the quantity exported was, in round numbers: In 1853, in 72 vessels, 40,000,000 lbs.; in 1854, in 47 vessels, 27,000,000 lbs.; and in 1855, in 48 vessels, 31,000,000 lbs. black and green tea. Enormous as this quantity for 1855 may appear, amounting, as it does, in all, to about 120,000,000 lbs., the export trade is small compared with the home consumption of this article. The same is the case with the silk trade. Mr. Fortune mentions a fact which serves as a striking comment on this statement. At the close of the last war with this country, on the port of Shanghai being opened, the export of raw silk rose, in little more than two years, from 8,000 up to 20,000 bales. Yet this sudden drain of 17,000 bales scarcely disturbed the equilibrium of the market.

The silk trade is thus seen to be also an increasing one. To this country the Chinese exported, in 1853, 25,000 bales; in

1854, close upon 62,000 bales; in 1855, the quantity decreased to 51,000 bales.

Before leaving the wharves and warehouses of Shanghai, we may be pardoned a little reasonable curiosity on the personal matter of the Chinaman’s profits. Like all other inquiries into the mysteries of trade, this is attended with very considerable difficulty; nor have we always found the exact truth, when we suppose we have. These profits, however, as a general rule, are now known to vary between 25 and 30 per cent. The probability of tea becoming cheaper from a reduction of the growers’ or exporters’ profits, is not, therefore, very great. But, as we know that this is a subject of absorbing interest to a very large proportion of the inhabitants of these islands, we shall glance at the probabilities of this reduction as briefly and clearly as possible. Indeed, the price of tea is almost the only piece of commercial news, or part of the “list of prices current,” in which our amiable countrywomen seem to take any very lively interest. The more recondite doctrines of political economy excite little attention; and when gravely propounded on set occasions, fly harmlessly over their heads, or pass easily in one ear and out at the other.

The two quarters to which we must look for this desirable reduction in the price of what is now a necessary article of food, are, the success of the Himalayan plantations, and the reduction of duty. Our fair readers must know that, some eight years ago, the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company deputed Mr. Fortune, who has already been referred to in this paper, to proceed to China, and there collect a large number of the finest varieties of the tea plant, together with manufacturers and implements, and have the whole deported to the Government’s tea plantations on the Himalayas. The mission of Mr. Fortune was eminently successful. 20,000 healthy tea-plants, from the finest districts, were carried over from China, and were safely deposited on suitable soil, at different heights on those snowy mountains, and which tower away up beyond the clouds, and are lost in the deep blue of the upper air.

Tea plantations had previously existed in the Himalayas, but the article produced was of an inferior kind; and in the home market it had an exceedingly bad name.

The plants from which it was grown were coarse and harsh; and the manufacture in no way improved the produce of the plantations; it was unskillfully conducted. To remedy these evils, by introducing the finest varieties of plants, together with skillful and intelligent workmen, was the special object of Mr. Fortune's efforts. He is now following up his previous exertions. In January, 1856, he left China for Calcutta, carrying with him half a dozen tea manufacturers, who understood the practice of scenting the leaf. In the previous September, he sent no fewer than seventeen manufacturers from the northern districts; so that now these plantations are well supplied with men, plants, and implements, from the very best tea districts of China.

The Himalayan plantations have consequently every chance of success. It remains to be seen whether their productions will materially affect the market price. Two things are necessary to this: their productions, besides being abundant in quantity, must be excellent in quality. These conditions being fulfilled, we may expect the monopoly of the tea trade to fall out of the grasp of the Chinaman. One great advantage he has, in the cheapness of labor. By this alone he might hold his monopoly against all competitors in any part of the world, except against India itself. The struggle must lie between these two countries; and, perhaps, so far as the mere price of labor goes, India may yet have the best of it. In China, laborers' wages vary from 2d. to 5d. a day, with one or two meals in addition. An agricultural laborer receives 10s. a month; with, perhaps, one meal a day. In India, again, agricultural laborers may be hired at from 4s. to 6s. and 8s. a month, according to the district. And, from a calculation made by those who have long been practically acquainted with the subject in all its details, it appears that the same quality of tea which cost 7d. or 8d. a lb. in China, at the seat of growth, can be shipped in India at 4d. or 5d. a lb. It will be some time, however, before this can take place, even supposing the experiment, which is a recent, though hopeful one, should eventually succeed. Recent disturbances at Canton may affect the price, though not for some time, as the present stock is unusually large.

From the steady increase in the consumption which has taken place during

the last twenty years, there can be but little doubt that a much larger quantity of tea would be used, if it were only made cheap enough. The average consumption of each individual in Great Britain is close upon 2 lbs. annually: in Guernsey and Jersey, where there are no duties, the average annual consumption of each individual amounts to 4<sup>3</sup> lbs.

But morally, as well as fiscally—in favor of the national character and habits, as well as in favor of the national purse—these tea-drinking propensities speak for themselves. This increase in the use of this harmless and exhilarating beverage has been rapid and great. The following statement will show the increase for the last twenty years:

Quantities of Tea and Coffee retained for Home Consumption during the years

	Tea—lbs.	Coffee—lbs.
1835,	36,000,000	23,000,000
1845,	44,000,000	34,000,000
1855,	68,000,000	35,000,000

On the history of this rising trade we shall say but a word. Among the first notices of the use of the article, is one by that indefatigable chronicler, Mr. Pepys. In his diary, 25th of Sept., 1661, he says, "I sent for a cup of tea, (a Chinese drink,) of which I had never drunk before." It is known, however, to have been used some years previously, even in this country.

The Dutch traders first brought it to Europe, in 1610. For a long period, the East India Company enjoyed the sole monopoly of the trade; and tea continued to be a rare and expensive luxury. It was sold in London, till about the year 1707, for 60s. per lb; at Batavia, where it was shipped, it cost 3s. or 3s. 6d! The duties and prices varied considerably till 1833, when the monopoly was taken out of the hands of the East-India Company; and the trade is now open to all who think it a profitable investment for capital, or choose to take out the license, and retail by the ounce or pound. To engage successfully in this trade, however, requires some skill and sagacity; acuteness of taste and smell may often stave off a bad bargain and the ill consequences which would otherwise follow.

The varieties of this article constantly in the market are very great. From a recent circular of a London house extensively engaged in the trade, we find, of

Congou alone, no fewer than seventeen different kinds.

As long as we are dealing with kinds of tea, we may as well say something about the varieties of form in which it may be found in the land of its growth; but which we suspect few of our readers have ever fallen in with. They may be acquainted with it in the form of pounds and half-pounds; they may even, for family use, be familiar with chests or quarter-chests; but few of them, probably, ever purchased it in the form of *bricks*. Yet, in the northern parts of China, and in Thibet, great quantities of brick tea are constantly used. In some cases, the twist of the compressed leaves may be easily seen; in others, no trace of this curl can be made out. These bricks vary in form and weight: being from a few inches square up to 16 inches long by 6 or 7 broad, and weighing 6 or 8 lbs. The Calmucks and Mongolians are the chief customers for brick tea. Those who are acquainted with the narrative of MM. Gabet and Huc, recently published in this country, must remember the extensive use of this form of tea in Thibet and Mongolia, as described by them in their wanderings. Long caravans of camels, horses, oxen, and yaks, laden with this tea, may be seen traversing the country in every direction. It is unquestionably, more useful and convenient for travellers, and for those roving tribes who inhabit the steppes of Central Asia, than bulky chests; in fact, it is to them what the Canadian "pemmican" is to the traders and hunters of the West.

If we have *bricks* of tea, there is no good reason why we should not have *tiles* also. And accordingly, we have it in this form as well. Those specimens of it which we have examined appear to be of a finer kind than the bricks, and darker in color. It is commonly found in squares of about 5 inches long, by 3 broad, and half an inch thick. This tile tea seems to be a gradation in point of quality between coarsest brick and the third and last form of it we shall mention; and that is *tea lozenges*. Instead of a mass of leaves being compressed, either while in a damp state, or cemented by some glutinous substance, such as the serum of the blood of animals, or a solution of rice, according to some, those lozenges seem to be formed of the more succulent parts of the leaf, while the fibrous or woody tissue is rejected. The succulent or non-fibrous parts of the leaf

being macerated or reduced to a pulp, are then stamped or moulded according to the manufacturer's taste, or demands of the market. The varieties of shape are only limited by the ingenuity of the maker; and may be found in the square, round, oval, and oblong form. Many of them might pass for those little cakes of China ink which are well known in this country; and most are stamped with a few of those characters of the Chinese language, which, to western eyes, appear perfectly inscrutable. They probably contain some sweet sentiment, or brief motto, such as we occasionally find on the products of the confectioner amongst ourselves. But whether these expressions are of such a nature as "I love you," "Will you marry me?" which precocious little lovers exchange amongst themselves for a short time before these red and yellow sugar tables go the way of all confections, verily we cannot tell. To determine this interesting question, we should have to betake ourselves to the dreary drudgery of grammar and lexicon.

About the adulterations of tea with leaves that have undergone a system of infusion, with leaves of dried ash, sloe, and hawthorn, a great deal too much has been said already. Sloe leaves have been more useful to a certain class of London *litterateurs*, who deal extensively in stale jokes and exaggerated statement, than ever they have been to the British or Chinese tea-dealer. Yet there are leaves to be found in our tea-caddies which never grew on tea-plants; unless, indeed, the doctrine of transmutation of species be now coming into operation, to save the character of a certain class of traders. Many thousands, perhaps even a few millions, of pounds are annually mixed with the leaves of the tea-plant in China. But this mixing is not always for a dishonest purpose. The Chinese perfume their tobacco with a sweet-scented plant, the *Ag-lai odorata*: they also cultivate extensively another odoriferous plant, with which they scent the *finest* kinds of tea. But small quantities of other leaves, *not* used for flavoring, do find their way into "chops," that are made up for the foreign market; since there are rogues among the Chinamen as well as among ourselves.

So much for tea in its dry commercial aspect, as it appears in the hands of the merchant! or stowed away in the bonded



warehouse. But, that space or our readers' patience might forbid, we should venture to say a little about its influence on the intellectual and social habits of the community, to look at it as it appears in the drawing-room or in the parlor of the humble cottage. It is a great promoter of the amenities and charities of life. Even commercially, its influence is of this nature, since it brings together distant countries, and unites them, through the fraternal bonds of commerce. This again dispels those prejudices which mock and degrade the human understanding, and gives to millions of people mutual sympathies and interests. But more tangibly and perceptibly, by dispelling dyspeptic clouds and other noxious vapors which ascend to the brain, with fatal influence on the spirits of the individual, it causes the benignant rays of cheerfulness and good-humor to shed happiness and peace, where gloom and discontent must otherwise have darkened the whole domestic horizon. And about those little social gatherings and tea-meetings, how often are we told that, "before tea, the people seemed all very stiff, and not by any means enjoying themselves." The ease and perfect freedom from constraint which followed the main business of the evening, are usually attributed to the clatter of cups, and the mere occupation of drinking, which kindly intervened to break that dreadful silence that once or twice had settled down over the assembled guests; the mere remembrance of which makes

one shudder with affright. But we leave it with our reader to determine whether it was this merely, or not rather the enlivening influence of the warm liquor, which put every one on good terms with himself, through the mediation of his stomach, by neutralizing the acid juices that remained after the process of mid-day digestion had been thoroughly completed; and so induced him to regard his next neighbor as a "decidedly more agreeable person" than had been at first supposed. And as a man's digestion unquestionably affects his modes of thinking, his currents of feeling, and all his behavior towards his fellows, whatever comes in to facilitate or put a graceful finish on this important process must be regarded as one of the greatest blessings; especially if it be a beverage so different in the ultimate consequences from the pernicious dram. Over the latter, men frequently become good-humored, even to a troublesome degree: that is, they become positively quarrelsome. The former "cheers but not inebriates," and generally disposes us to be, if not quite so hilarious, at least quite as agreeable as when we imbibe stronger waters. Society, as a whole, and each individual member of it, becomes a gainer in consequence; for it must not be forgotten, that if "all the world's a stage," it is also all "a looking-glass; and as we show to it a sour or pleasant countenance, must we expect it to exhibit to us a sour or pleasant face in return."

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**THE CENTRAL SUN.**—All scientific men have maintained that there must be a central point, if not a central sun, around which the whole universe revolves. Maedler, who is unquestionably one of the greatest astronomers ever known, has given this subject his special attention; and he has come to the conclusion that Aloyane, the principal star in the group known as Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the grand central sun around which the whole starry universe revolves. This is one of the most interesting and important astronomical announcements ever made, though it is very likely that, but for the

eminent scientific position of the author, it would be treated as visionary. Another interesting statement in this connection is made by Mr. Thompson, one of the physicists, who, with Carnot, Soule, Meyer, and others, has largely contributed toward establishing the relations between heat and mechanical force, and who has extended his researches to the heat emitted by the sun; which heat, he observes, corresponds to the development of mechanical force, which, in the space of about a hundred years, is equivalent to the whole active force required to produce the movement of all the planets.

From Chambers's Journal.

## LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL.\*

THE ripened fame and acceptance of that extraordinary book, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, gives an interest to the personality of the author, which no one seems to have felt when he was alive. A series of characteristic letters by him, illustrated by biographic particulars, is therefore pretty sure of attracting public attention. At first, we suspected it to be a volume of forgeries; but, on inspection, we find the genuineness of the letters to be beyond doubt. They were addressed, throughout the course of thirty-seven years, to a bosom-friend of the writer, a certain Rev. Mr. Temple, living in an obscure Cornish rectory. A most singular revelation of personal character they form—the outpouring of the feelings of a man not without talents, acquirements, and good aspirations, but altogether deficient in prudence, dignity, and suitableness for the world's ordinary affairs—one who was not much worse in essential respects than most of his neighbors, but who put himself at the feet of them all by his silly forwardness, love of notoriety, and the constant self-composure of a babbling tongue. For the first half of the book we altogether doubted the use of its publication, beyond the gratification of those curious in literary history: while of the justifiableness of making such an exposé of the personal vices, weaknesses, and domestic circumstances of one who died only sixty years since, and who has left numerous descendants, there seemed to us to be—something more than doubts. But on reaching the end, our conception of the book underwent a change. We then found the life of the man showing so impressively the futility of all hopes of happiness based on the mere gratification of vanity and sensual appetites, we found the ultra-gayety of the clever, coxcombical youth ending in such expressions of pain and sorrow, the natural fruits of a long course of dissipation, that

we believed the book might prove to have been well worth publishing.

Boswell occupied a position in society of which Englishmen, knowing him only by his books, have in general an inadequate conception. He was, by birth and connections, emphatically a *gentleman*. The eldest son and heir of a landed man occupying the dignified position of a judge, and himself a member of the Scotch bar, he had the fairest prospects in life—might have looked to a great marriage, to entering Parliament, to high state employment. We find that, even in his own time, the family estates were £1600 a year. In the ensuing generation, they were probably of considerably more than twice that value, and it seemed but in the fair course of things that a British baronetcy was then conferred on the family. All these advantages Boswell in a great measure forfeited by the literary and social tastes which led him to be the companion of London wits, and enabled him to pen the immortal book which bears his name. Perhaps it were impossible for any Englishman to imagine the *eccentricity* of Boswell as viewed in reference to the Ayrshire gentry and Edinburgh *noblesse de robe* amongst whom he sprang into existence, or those Calvinistic doctrines and sober maxims of life which ought in the course of nature to have descended to him.

The letters to Mr. Temple first exhibit Boswell in youth, enthusiastic in study, but doubtful how to direct himself in life. He is constantly engaged in some affair of the heart, which comes to nothing. Already, he haunts the society of such literary men as then dwelt in Edinburgh. Before he was full one-and-twenty, he had dipped into the gayeties of London, and found their congeniality. "A young fellow," he says, "whose happiness was always centered in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights, who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas—getting into the

\* Bentley, London, 1857. 8vo, pp. 408.

Guards, being about court, enjoying the happiness of the *beau monde* and the company of men of genius, in short, everything that he could wish—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at—‘Will you hae some jeel? oh fie! oh fie!’—his flighty imagination quite cramped, and he obliged to study Corpus Juris Civilis, and live in his father’s strict family; is there any wonder, sir, that the unlucky dog should be somewhat fretful? Yoke a Newmarket courser to a dung-cart, and I’ll lay my life on’t he’ll either caper and kick most confoundedly, or be as stupid and restive as an old, battered post-horse.”

His father early saw how much he was disposed to break bounds, and tried to control him with good counsel. “Honest man!” says Boswell, “he is now very happy: it is amazing to think how much he has had at heart my pursuing the road of civil life; he is anxious for fear I should fall off from my prudent system, and return to my dissipated, unsettled way of thinking; and, in order to make him easy, he insists on having my solemn promise that I will persist in the scheme on which he is so earnestly bent: he knows my fidelity, and he concludes that my promise will fix me. Indeed, he is much in the right; the only question is, how much I am to promise. I think I may promise thus much: that I shall from this time study propriety of conduct, and to be a man of knowledge and prudence, as far as I can; that I shall make as much improvement as possible while I am abroad, and when I return, shall put on the gown as a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and be upon the footing of a gentleman of business, with a view to my getting into Parliament. My father talks of my setting out soon, but says he will soon write to me fixing my allowance; I imagine, therefore, that I shall go the week after next. I feel no small reluctance at leaving this great metropolis, which I heartily agree with you is the best place in the world to live in. My dear friend, I find that London must be the place where I shall pass a great part of my life, if I wish to pass it with satisfaction. I hope we shall spend many happy years there, when we are both settled as to views of life and habits of living; in the meantime, let me endeavor to acquire steadiness and constant propriety of conduct, without which

we never can enjoy what I fondly hope for.”

He went to study law in Utrecht, and in 1766, when twenty-six years old, induced the gown of a Scotch advocate. For a time, he seems to have got some business, chiefly through the indirect effect of his father being on the bench. But Edinburgh was an alien scene, and the whim of the moment was always the guide of Boswell. With inconsistency in which he is, we fear, far from singular, he explicitly tells his clerical friend of a disgraceful connection he has formed, and in the same letter speaks with complacency of going to chapel, and “looking up to the Lord of the Universe with a grateful remembrance of the grand and mysterious propitiation which Christianity has announced.” In the midst of the same circumstances, but writing from Auchinleck, his father’s country-seat, he talks of a respectable marriage. “What say you to my marrying? I intend, next autumn, to visit Miss Bosville, in Yorkshire; but I fear, my lot being cast in Scotland, that beauty would not be content. She is, however, grave; I shall see. There is a young lady in the neighborhood here who has an estate of her own—between two and three hundred a year—just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious. You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighboring princess, and add her lands to our dominions? I should at once have a very pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place. My father is very fond of her; it would make him perfectly happy: he gives me hints in this way: ‘I wish you had her—no bad scheme this; I think, a very good one.’ But I will not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time. I will take to myself the advice I wrote to you from Naples, and go to London a while before I marry. I am not yet quite well, but am in as good a way as can be expected. My fair neighbor was a ward of my father’s; she sits in our seat at church in Edinburgh; she would take possession here most naturally. This is a superb place; we have the noblest natural beauties, and my father has made most extensive improvements. We look ten miles out upon our own dominions; we have an excellent new house. I am now writing in a library forty feet

long. Come to us, my dearest friend; we will live like the most privileged spirits of antiquity."

He could also get drunk in drinking Miss Blair's health, for that was the name of his princess. But that, to be sure, was the fashion of the age. There are many letters containing little besides the details of this love affair. The lady seems to have penetrated the volatile superficial character of her lover. She never could be brought to the point. Tormented with her coolness, he in one letter congratulates himself on escaping from a coquette, and in the next, has resumed all his former admiration. He thus describes one of their interviews: "On Monday forenoon I waited on Miss B. I found her alone, and she did not seem distant; I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair, as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temyle, was her answer? 'No, I really have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue:

"*Boswell.* Do you indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

"*Princess.* I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

"*B.* Very well; but do you like no man better than me?

"*P.* No.

"*B.* Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

"*P.* I don't know what is possible.

"(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

"*B.* I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy if you cannot love me. I must, if possible, endeavor to forget you. What would you have me do?

"*P.* I really don't know what you should do.

"*B.* It is certainly possible that you may love me; and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me will you own it?

"*P.* Yes.

"*B.* And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

"*P.* Yes, I will.

"*B.* Well, you are very good. (Often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes.)

"*P.* I may tell you, as a cousin, what I would not tell to another man.

"*B.* You may indeed. You are very fond of Authinleck—that is one good circumstance.

"*P.* I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.

"*B.* I have told you how fond I am of you; but, unless you like me sincerely, I have too much spirit to ask you to live with me, as I know that you do not like me. If I could have you this moment for my wife, I would not.

"*P.* I should not like to put myself in your offer though.

"*B.* Remember, you are both my cousin and my mistress, you must make me suffer as little as possible, as it may happen that I may engage your affections. I should think myself a most dishonorable man if I were not now in earnest, and remember, I depend upon your sincerity; and whatever happens, you and I shall never have another quarrel.

"*P.* Never.

"*B.* And I may come and see you as much as I please?

"*P.* Yes.

"My worthy friend, what sort of a scene was this? It was the most curious. She said she would submit to her husband in most things. She said that to see one loving her would go far to make her love that person; but she would not talk any-how positively, for she never had felt the uneasy anxiety of love. We were an hour and a half together, and seemed pleased all the time. I think she behaved with spirit and propriety. I admire her more than ever."

He at length considered himself as off with Miss Blair, and at liberty to pay his vows to a pretty young cousin, a Miss Montgomerie, the daughter of an Irish counsellor, who was visiting near him in Ayrshire. What a curious revelation of a human heart! In August, "I was allowed to walk a great deal with Miss —; I repeated my fervent passion to her again and again; she was pleased, and I could



swear that her little heart beat. She promised not to forget me, or marry a lord before March." This was "all youthful, warm, natural—in short, genuine love." Soon after, he learned that Miss Blair was still within reach. He revisited her, and relapsed into the former fever. "I walked whole hours with the Princess; I kneeled; I became truly amorous; but she told me that she had a very great regard for me, but did not like me so as to marry me." "Then came a kind letter from my amiable Aunt Boyd in Ireland, and all the charms of sweet Mary Anne revived. Since that time, I have been quite constant to her, and as indifferent towards Kate as if I never had thought of her." The problem came to a solution next year by his marrying Miss Montgomerie.

The cares and responsibilities of matrimony never had any effect in steadying Boswell's giddy course. At five-and-forty, after comparatively failing at the Scotch, he entered at the English bar. The change of position only expanded his indulgences, not his fortunes. We find him confessing that he had all his life been straitened for money. Can we wonder at it in one who made the following of his whims and the indulgence of his tastes and appetites the rule of his life? Poor Boswell! It is melancholy to find that, while preparing his wonderful book, the disappointment of his professional failure, the pinch of genteel poverty, and the rough raillery of the Northern Circuit, all pressed sore upon his spirit. Reared amongst an intemperate set, he gradually became more and more addicted to liquor—was constantly resolving to abstain—but always relapsing. For a long time he had hopes of getting a government place; looking to parliamentary influence in Ayrshire as a purchase against the minister; but all ended in disappointment. By some influence with the Earl of Lonsdale, he did obtain the situation of Recorder of Carlisle; but it does not seem to have brought an income, and the connection came to a painful termination, the noble lord and his dependent having a

violent quarrel, as thus recorded: "Upon his seeing me by no means in good-humor, he challenged it roughly, and said: 'I suppose you thought I was to bring you into parliament; I never had any such intention.' In short, he expressed himself in the most degrading manner, in presence of a low man from Carlisle, and one of his menial servants! The miserable state of low spirits I had, as you too well know, labored under for some time before, made me almost sink under such unexpected insulting behavior. He insisted rigorously on my having solicited the office of Recorder of Carlisle; and that I could not, without using him ill, resign it, until the duties which were now required of it were fulfilled, and without a sufficient time being given for the election of a successor. Thus was I dragged away, as wretched as a convict; and in my fretfulness I used such expressions as irritated him almost to fury, so that he used such expressions toward me, that I should have, according to the irrational laws of honor sanctioned by the world, been under the necessity of risking my life, had not an explanation taken place. This happened during the first stage. The rest of the journey was barely tolerable: we got to Lancaster on Saturday night, and there I left him to the turmoil of a desperate attempt in electioneering. I proceeded to Carlisle last night, and to-day have been signing orders as to poor's rates. I am alone at an inn, in wretched spirits, and ashamed and sunk on account of the disappointment of hopes which led me to endure such grievances. I deserve all that I suffer."

What a lesson on the sorrows of slothful dependence, as contrasted with honest independent hard work and self-denial!

The letters of the last five years tell us of little but illness and depression of spirits—a sad contrast to the frivolous gayety of those written in youth. Boswell sank, to all appearance, under the consequences of dissipation, at the too early age of fifty-five, (May, 1795.)

From the Leisure Hour.

## THE ARCHITECTURE OF SATURN.

AN object scarcely discernible in the haze of the remote horizon, commands no admiration and excites no interest, unless we know beforehand what it is. Frequently, however, on a near approach, an indistinct and insignificant speck discloses stately proportions and a grand architectural character. It may be a castle of the olden time, with towers, turrets, and battlements, once inhabited by a baron bold; or a mansion of the Tudor age, with halls, corridors, galleries, oriel windows, tennis-court, and all the appurtenances deemed necessary by power, pride, or opulence. From the moment that this discovery is made, though the edifice is never approached again, and is only seen afar off as a puny thing, we think not of it as it appears in the distant landscape, but associate with it ideas in harmony with its real dimensions and actual details. The speck has for ever ceased to be one in our minds. It is a castle grim, or a mansion noble. Now precisely analogous is the effect which the telescope has produced with reference to the orbs of the universe. Though the interval between us and them remains literally the same, yet it has been practically abridged by the instrument; for its optical power is equivalent to a corresponding lessening of the distance. Accordingly, since it was applied to celestial observation, a magic change has been wrought in human conceptions of the bodies in our system, as though a bridge had been partly thrown over the great gulf of space, which has brought us millions of leagues nearer to their orbits; and we no longer think of them as they appear to the unassisted vision, but as exhibited by instrumental means.

Among the corrections offered to thought by this practical approximation, perhaps the most striking is the change of ideas with reference to the planet Saturn, for ages viewed as having no special claims to notice, and merely regarded as a dull, dreary, malignant star, with a leaden hue

and a snail's pace, but now familiarly known as one of the most engaging and extraordinary objects in the heavens. Owing to this slowness of motion, his symbol was adopted as the hieroglyphic of lead. But though of very portly proportions—a kind of Daniel Lambert among the planets, and therefore not readily to be lifted—Saturn is really a light, buoyant personage, as to the material of which he is composed; for the density is little more than that of cork. Instead, therefore, of sinking like lead in the mighty waters, he would float upon the liquid, if tossed into a tumbler sufficiently capacious to receive his girth. John Goad, the well-known astro-meteorologist, declared the planet not to be such a “plumbeous blew-nosed fellow” as all antiquity had believed, and the world still supposed. But it was the work of others to prove it.

For six thousand years or so, Saturn successfully concealed his personal features, interesting family, and strange appurtenances—the magnificent out-buildings of his house—from the knowledge of mankind. But he was caught at last by a little tube, pointed at him from a slope of the Appenines, the holder of which, in invading his privacy, neither cared to say, “if you please, sir,” nor “by your leave.” Again and again, with provoking pertinacity, the tube was held up; for it had disclosed something, not known before, respecting the planet's quarters, which the holder wanted to find out. From that period, through nearly two centuries and a half, they have been diligently overhauled, and remarkable disclosures have turned up in the rummage. It is not, however, certain that we yet know the real number of the Saturnian family, and the full structure of his out-houses.

Armed with a telescope of inferior power, Galileo, in the year 1610, surveyed the planet, and found it apparently of an oblong form, somewhat like the shape of an olive—thus ○. This was the first pe-

culiarity noticed; but using an instrument of greater power, in the same year, it appeared to be, not single, but composed of three bodies, which almost touched each other, and constantly maintained the same relative position. He described the three bodies as arranged in the same straight line; the middle one was the largest, and the two others were situated respectively on the east and west sides of it. "They are," says he, "constituted of this form oOo;" and he goes on to remark exultingly, "Now I have discovered a court for Jupiter," (alluding to his satellites,) "and two servants for this old man, Saturn, who aid his steps and never quit his side." The discovery he announced to Kepler, under the veil of a logograph, which sorely puzzled him. This was not to be wondered at, for it ran:

"Smasmrmilmepoetalevmibvnenvgttaviras."

Restoring the transposed letters to their proper places, we have the sentence, *Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*—"I have observed the most distant planet to be threefold."

However great the surprise of the observer, it was soon followed by the utmost astonishment and perplexity. He found that while the lateral bodies appeared immovable, both with respect to each other and the central body, they were constantly diminishing in their apparent magnitudes. They continued to grow less and less through the two following years, at the close of which they vanished altogether. The old man, or the planet, now seemed simply round, while the two servants provided for him, as if disliking their master or the place, had fled. The disappearance was perfectly unaccountable; but if it occasioned perplexity, it created not a little alarm; for the observer justly feared, that being unable to explain the circumstance, his enemies would take advantage of it to discredit all his observations, as having no foundation in nature. This was a trial somewhat hard to bear. "What," he remarks, "is to be said concerning so strange a metamorphosis? Are the two lesser stars consumed, after the manner of the solar spots? Have they vanished and suddenly fled? Has Saturn perhaps devoured his own children? Or were the appearances indeed delusion or fraud, with which the glasses have so long deceived me, as well as many others, to whom I have shown them?

I do not know what to say in a case so surprising, so unlooked-for, and so novel. The shortness of the time, the unexpected nature of the event, the weakness of my understanding, and the fear of being mistaken, have greatly confounded me." Galileo, however, witnessed the old appearance again, and saw them renew their changes; but he never understood the cause of their vicissitudes, for the secret of their nature was not solved in his time.

As increased optical power was brought to bear upon the planet, former representations of its aspect were greatly modified. Thus the two lateral bodies, instead of being round, seemed to be two luminous crescents. Instead also of being detached from the central body, keeping a respectful distance, as servants in the presence of the squire, they appeared to be actual parts of the old gentleman himself, protruding as side limbs from him. The crescents were apparently attached by their cusps to the central body, as if forming two *ansæ* or handles to it; but they were so constantly, though slowly, altering their conformation, and giving a different aspect to the planet, that while astronomers were perplexed about the meaning of the phases, they were at some loss for terms to define them. Seldom has an object been distinguished by such a variety of names, more or less uncouth, suggestive of change of form, as Saturn. At one time he was pronounced "monospherical," at another "trispherical," now "spherico-ansated," then "elliptico-ansated," and anon "spherico-cuspidated."

At last, with a superior telescope, Huyghens took the mysterious personage in hand, and became somewhat intimately acquainted with him. He first discovered a satellite, a kind of eldest son, the brightest member of the family. This was in 1655. In the following year he announced, in a small tract, the true constitution of Saturn, though in a most unedifying way; for it was conveyed in the following array of letters, which might baffle a decipherer of the Assyrian inscriptions:

"aaaaaa ccccc d eeeee g h iiiiii llll mm nnnn  
nnnn oooo pp q rr s tttt uuuu."

Properly arranging the letters, as the author afterwards did, they form the sentence *Annulo cingitur, tenui plano, nusquam coherenti, ad eclipticam inclinato*—"The planet is surrounded by a slender

flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." He fully developed his conclusion in a treatise, and showed how beautifully and convincingly it explains the various phases of the planet, especially its simply round appearance, which so sorely troubled Galileo, after having seen it, as he thought, triple. The ring is occasionally invisible, and the planet then appears spherical, like the sun or full moon, owing to three causes: when the edge only is turned to us, it is too thin to be seen by the terrestrial spectator; for the same reason it is invisible when the edge, being, turned to the sun, is alone enlightened by the solar rays; and it disappears when the unilluminated side is turned toward the earth. This remark applies to all observers, except the few who are in command of the mightiest telescopes. Huyghens predicted that Saturn would appear ringless in the summer of 1671; and the annulus totally disappeared toward the end of May. "In 1819," says Captain Smyth, "I was much amused in showing the denuded orb to some islanders in the Adriatic, with the same instrument which had, the year before, shown them what they called 'a star with a hoop round it.'"

The next step towards unfolding the architecture of Saturn was taken by Mr. W. Ball, and his brother Dr. Ball, of Minehead, in Devonshire, who, on the 13th of October, 1665, first saw the ring double, divided into two portions by a dark elliptical band. Cassini, a Frenchman, verified the observation. It has since been amply confirmed and illustrated, so that the planet is surrounded by two concentric rings, separated from each other by a space, indicated by the dark band, through which the open heavens were visible.

Another satellite picked up by Cassini, in 1671, refuted a prediction, and illustrated the folly of forming opinions without a basis for them in the facts of nature. But some of the strongest minds of that age were shackled by ancient notions respecting the harmony of numbers, and similar fancies. Hence, when Huyghens discovered his satellite, he asserted that no more would be found, because the number then known in the system, six, corresponded to that of the primary planets, and twelve was allowed on all hands to be a perfect number. The fallacy of this assertion was proved by the new discovery; and it was further exposed in 1684,

when three more Saturnian moons were detected by the same observer. Five dependent orbs, with two hoops, were then known to be in attendance upon the primary, forming a goodly household. But Huyghens, as if to make up for his former unfortunate conclusion, now surmised that the family would be increased; and he had this time a valid reason to assign for the suspicion. Perceiving that the interval between the orbits of the fourth and fifth satellites was disproportionately greater than between any of the rest, he remarked of this vacuity, "Here, for aught I know, may lurk a sixth gentleman." So it has turned out. But the gentleman found lurking in this place ranks as number eight, instead of six. Cassini dubbed his prizes *Sidero Lodoicea*, in honor of his sovereign, Louis XIV; but the astronomical world properly refused to sanction this tribute of flattery to *le Grand Monarque*. All the five satellites were discovered at the times of the disappearance of the rings. This was doubtless owing to the planet being most intently watched at those intervals, in order to mark the phenomenon, as well as to the greater facilities offered for observation by the absence of the encumbering appendage.

The elder Herschel long and severely interrogated the planet, with memorable results. He sat down to the task with his wonted zeal, in the year 1775, and pursued it with unflagging industry over more than a quarter of a century. Fluctuating dark bands upon the disc, noticed by some of his predecessors, analogous to those of Jupiter, were assiduously watched; and gave evidence of an atmosphere of considerable extent, subject to great disturbance. These shady belts are probably the opaque surface of the orb, seen through regions of the atmosphere comparatively free from clouds, while the brighter intervening zones are dense accumulations of vapor, which possess a superior power of reflecting the solar light. The fact of the planet's rotation was established, with its period; and some singular irregularities of shape were brought to light. While an oblate spheroid, like the earth and the rest of the planets, the divergence from sphericity is greater in the case of Saturn—an obvious consequence of his more rapid axial rotation, vast body, and lighter material. The form has another peculiarity for instead of the greatest diameter being at the equator, it occupies an intermediate



position between the equator and the poles, about the parallel of forty-five degrees. The same investigator first remarked the superior brilliancy of the polar regions. This is least obvious after they have been long exposed to the influence of the solar rays; and most distinct when just emerging from the long night of their polar winter. Whether the appearance arises from the presence of snow, at its minimum at the former period, and its maximum at the latter; or whether from fluctuating vapors suspended above the surface, the existence of an atmosphere is necessarily implied. In August, 1789, after having just completed his forty-feet reflector, Herschel discovered a fresh satellite; and another in the following month, by means of the same powerful instrument, making the total number then known seven.

The remarkable appendages of the planet did not escape a rigid scrutiny; and Herschel may be said to have been the first to place beyond doubt the duality of the ring. He also ascertained the fact of the rotation of the rings, which had been inferred from the laws of mechanics, as necessary in order to generate a centrifugal force sufficient to balance the attraction of the planet, and prevent precipitation upon its surface. He inferred from his observations that an atmosphere enveloped them; that superficial irregularities mark their construction; and he was the first who discerned the shadow cast on the planet, when the edge, being turned toward the earth, was invisible. It was also remarked by this distinguished man that the light of the rings is brighter than that of the planet; and that the brightness of the interior one gradually diminishes inward, till at the inner edge it is scarcely greater than that of the shaded belts of the orb. Seen under a high magnifying power, Saturn exhibits no leaden hue, but a light of a yellowish tinge, while that of the rings is white. The interior ring is brighter than the exterior. The difference between them in this respect has been illustrated by that which subsists between unwrought and polished silver.

In round numbers, the inner ring is 20,000 miles from the surface of the planet; its own breadth, similarly given, is 17,000; the interval of separation is 1800; and the breadth of the outer ring is 10,500 miles. If we double these numbers, and add the diameter of the planet, 79,000 miles, the result is the exterior diameter

of the outer ring, or 177,500 miles. As to the thickness of the ring, this is proved by various circumstances to be very inconsiderable, perhaps not amounting to more than from one to two hundred miles. Such, indeed, is its thinness, that when the minutest of the satellites, which can only be reached by telescopes of extraordinary power, appears on the edge, it projects on the opposite sides, above and below. Herschel once saw his two little moons in this position, as beads moving along a line of light, "like pearls strung on a silver thread."

We must rapidly sum up the remainder of our story. Saturn, it seems, has not his house seated at the centre of his courtyard, but a little to the west of it; and well for him and his appurtenances it is that this arrangement has been made. The eccentricity, after being surmised, was proved by Struve in 1826. Instead of the centre of gravity of the rings being coincident with that of the planet, the former describes a very minute orbit around the latter. Insignificant as this fact may appear, it is essential to the conservation of the system; for had the two centres exactly coincided, it can be shown that any external force, such as the attraction of a satellite, would subvert the equilibrium of the rings, and precipitate them upon the orb. How true it is that the same Lord who by wisdom hath founded the earth, by understanding hath established the heavens! It has since been ascertained that the outer ring is in itself multiple; and that there is either a distinct semi-transparent appendage nearer the planet than the old inner ring, or a continuation of the latter, very much inferior to it in brightness. In the sky of Saturn, the rings must appear as vast and inconceivably splendid luminous arches, stretching across the heavens from horizon to horizon, to those regions on which their enlightened sides are turned; but as a counterpoise, regions in opposite circumstances receive their shadows, which involve them in a gloom of a full solar eclipse. It would, however, be a very foolish proceeding, as Sir John Herschel has well remarked, to judge of the fitness or unfitness of such conditions from what we see around us, "when, perhaps, the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror, may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance."

Another satellite, the eighth, discovered in the year 1848, coincidentally by Mr. Lassell of Liverpool, and Mr. Bond in the United States, completes the Saturnian family, as at present known, the members of which are separated from the huge central homestead by intervals ranging from half that of our moon from ourselves to more than ten times the distance. Herschel's two moons are the nearest to the planet, skirting the edge of the ring, and moving in its plane. Next are two of Cassini's, discovered in 1684; then, another of Cassini's, of the year named, next is the Huyghenian; and the outermost, the largest but not the brightest, is Cassini's, of 1671. We are as far, however, from entertaining the thought that the whole number of these dependent bodies is known, as that the architecture of the primary has been thoroughly disclosed. Yet from what has been scanned, the reader will probably by this time be of John Goad's opinion, that Saturn is not such a "plumbeous blew-nosed" planet as the world once supposed. But how ever reported of among us, and peered at by us, it may abate our conceit to know that probably the Saturnians, if there are such, have no conception of the existence of such beings as terrestrial spics and critics, taking notes of their residence, and making commentaries upon it. Jupiter will be seen by them somewhat less conspicuously than Venus is by us; Mars may be guessed at; but our Earth will be too distant, diminutive, and diverge too little from the sun, to be caught sight of, unless with organs and instruments of vision far superior to our own.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. KANE.

IN connection with the very truthful portrait-likeness of Dr. Kane which accompanies our present number, taken from life, by Brady of New York, in ambrotype, just before Dr. Kane last sailed for Europe in search of health, we subjoin the following biographical sketch:

Dr. ELISHA KENT KANE was a native of Pennsylvania, born in Philadelphia, on the 3d of February, 1822. His early years were notable chiefly for the rapid development of that spirit of adventure and love of investigation which afterward carried him over the world and led him into places which no man but he had ever trod. While yet a student, he joined one of the brothers Rogers in a geological exploration of the Blue Mountains of Virginia, and when this task had been accomplished, devoted himself with renewed assiduity to the study of the Natural Sciences. In the interim he pursued the necessary course of culture to qualify himself to enter college, and, having entered,

studied diligently. In the year 1843, he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and immediately after that event undertook a course in the Medical Department of the same institution. During his prosecution of scientific investigations, the Doctor had made himself thoroughly familiar with chemistry, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, and surgery, and besides, was a good classical scholar. He was one of that rare class who have the faculty of acquiring knowledge almost without effort, and when once acquired, of keeping it ready for use on all occasions. The natural consequence of the close application he was compelled to bestow upon his studies, however, undermined the physical system, which rebelled against the stagnation that it had undergone; so the young Doctor, now scarcely of age, came out from his closet far from robust. He made application for an appointment in the Navy, and having received it, demanded active service. His request was

complied with, and he was appointed on the Diplomatic staff of the first American Embassy to China, as Assistant Surgeon. This position gave him abundant opportunities for the gratification of his passion for witnessing new scenes and visiting queer places. He went successively through the accessible portions of China, Ceylon, and the Phillippines, and explored India quite thoroughly. In the island of Luzon—the northermost and largest of the Phillipine group, he created a remarkable excitement by making a descent into the crater of Tael—suspended by a bamboo rope from a crag which projected two hundred feet above the interior *scoriae*. The natives looked upon this as a daring feat, and declared that the Doctor was the first white man who had ever attempted it. The Doctor suffered by his exposure to the gases of the crater, but was plucky enough to remain below until he had made a sketch of the interior and collected specimens, all of which he brought up with him. His remaining adventures during this first foreign experience were things to be remembered. He ascended the Himalayas, visited Egypt and went to the Upper Nile, where he made the acquaintance of Lepsius, who was at the time prosecuting his archæological researches; and obtaining his discharge from the Embassy, returned home by way of Greece, which country he traversed on foot. He reached the United States, after a brief sojourn in Europe, in the year 1846.

The Mexican War now broke out, and Dr. Kane requested active service in the campaign; but the War Department preferred sending him to the coast of Africa, whither he presently sailed. While engaged in service on that coast he made an effort to visit the slave-marts of Whydah, but was frustrated by the coast-fever, and was sent home in 1847 invalided. From the effects of that attack he never wholly recovered. The war had not closed when he again set foot on American soil, and he had scarcely regained strength to walk, when he applied to President Polk for permission to enter the service. The request was complied with, and the Doctor was sent to Mexico, charged with dispatches of great importance to General Scott. He did not make his way unscathed through the enemy's country; but was wounded, and had his horse killed under him in a sharp skirmish.

The kind nursing of a family in Puebla, who received him into their house, caused his restoration to health, so that he resumed active service, and remained in Mexico until the close of the campaign. Returning to his own country, he was detailed for service on the Coast Survey, and continued in that employment for a considerable time. His varied acquirements made him a most useful member of that important corps.

But it is upon Dr. Kane's remarkable explorations in the Arctic regions, while making his search for traces of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, that his fame chiefly rests. The earlier series of adventures in which the Doctor was engaged served only as a preparation and foundation for the greater that followed. In his modest narrative of the first expedition, the Doctor gives an account of the orders he received to join the Arctic Expedition. He says: "On the 12th of May, while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, I received one of those curious little epistles from Washington, which the electric telegraph has made so familiar to naval officers. It detached me from the Coast Survey, and ordered me to 'proceed forthwith to New-York for duty upon the Arctic Expedition.' Seven and a half days later," he adds, "I had accomplished my overland journey of thirteen hundred miles, and in forty hours more was beyond the limits of the United States. The Department had calculated my traveling time to a nicety." The Expedition consisted of "two little hermaphrodite brigs," the *Advance* and the *Rescue*. They were under the command of Lieut. Edwin J. De Haven. Dr. Kane was appointed to the *Advance*, as Surgeon. The vessel was towed out of this port by "an asthmatic old steam-tug" on the 22d of May, 1850, and was followed by the *Rescue*. They pushed for the Arctic Sea direct, and on the 1st day of the following December entered Lancaster Sound, where the discovery of the graves of three of Franklin's men was made, while the British Searching Expedition, under Com. Penny, and the American, were lying together. After the expeditions separated, Lieut. De Haven's party proceeded further to the northward, and were soon nipped by the ice, which imprisoned the *Advance* for nine months. While thus blocked in, the vessel drifted with the fields of ice for a distance of 1,060 miles. The opening

of the mild season enabled the party to extricate themselves, and the expedition returned to this port on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1851, having been absent one year and four months. Both vessels suffered but little from their encounter with the ice, and the crew maintained excellent health and discipline. Dr. Kane prosecuted diligently his scientific researches during the time the expedition remained in the Arctic Sea, and on his return, embodied in a "Personal Narrative" the results of the cruise; Lieut. De Haven, his superior officer, having declined to make any other than an official report. This narrative was published by the Harpers in 1853.

The results of this first expedition encouraged hopes that definite tidings would ultimately be received from Franklin's Expedition. Early in the year 1852, a letter was addressed by Lady Franklin to the President of the United States, in which the highest commendation was bestowed upon the American Expedition, and the aid of our Government again solicited. The appeal was not permitted to pass unheeded. The Government detailed Naval officers for the duty of a second exploration, and the *Advance* was now placed at the disposal of Dr. Kane himself. In December, 1852, he received orders to conduct the new Expedition, and sailed from this port on the 31st of May, 1853. Through the munificent liberality of Mr. Henry Grinnell, aided largely by Mr. George Peabody, the brig received a perfect outfit. Her equipment was deficient in nothing that could qualify her to undergo the dangers of the cruise, and the behavior of the craft in the trying situations in which she was afterward placed, showed the excellence of the preparations. The Expedition sailed out of the port, followed by the good wishes of all; but after the first tidings were received that it was spoken at sea, there was no intelligence of its movements. Dr. Kane, as it afterward appeared, had pushed northward with great rapidity, and, before he could extricate himself, was frozen up and compelled to Winter in the ice-peaks. On the 24th of May, 1855, finding that it was impossible to clear the brig, the party came to the determination to forsake her; and did so, first taking out the necessary provisions, documents, instruments, etc., and placing them on sledges and in boats, which were dragged

by the men over the ice, with incredible difficulty, for a distance of three hundred miles. Then, having reached the sea, the party took to the open boats and made the best of their way, for a distance of 1300 miles, to the Danish settlement of Upernavik, in Greenland, where they were hospitably received.

Meanwhile Dr. Kane had been given up for lost. Representations were made to Congress, urging the duty of instituting a search for the missing, the result of which was an appropriation of \$150,000, and the detail of the *Arctic and Release*, under command of Lieut. Hartstene, for the prosecution of a search. This expedition sailed from New-York in April, 1855, and on the 13th of the following September fell in with Dr. Kane's party at Disko Island, 250 miles south of Upernavik. They had taken refuge on board a Danish trading-vessel, for the arrival of which they had waited at the port for several weeks. With a touching simplicity, Dr. Kane describes this meeting in the last volume of his Second Narrative, just published: "Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Capt. Hartstene, hailed a little man, in a ragged flannel shirt: 'Is that Dr. Kane?' and with the 'Yes' that followed, the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented." This is the same Capt. Hartstene whose commission to restore the *Resolute* has brought him lately into notice in a new field.

The return of Dr. Kane to New-York was the occasion of a wonderful excitement. On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 11, 1855, it was announced that the Searching Expedition had returned with Dr. Kane and his party. An eager throng assembled to greet them, and the familiar face of the Doctor, bronzed by exposure, and adorned with a heavy beard, was looked upon like that of an old friend. The Doctor made his report of the results of the cruise; the principal part of importance announced among his discoveries being that which established the existence of an open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane immediately commenced the preparation of his Narrative—published a few weeks since under the title of *Arctic Explorations*. In November last, having completed this task, he sailed for Europe, and on arriving in England was at once received with a



cordial British welcome. He, however, declined all public honors, and appeared but little in public. His health continuing to decline, he determined to try the effect of a change of climate, and in a very short time sailed for Havana, where he ended his days, far too early.

In character, Dr. Kane was peculiarly retiring and unostentatious; not distrustful of his abilities, but slow to obtrude them into notice; ambitious, yet prudent; energetic, amiable, and upright. In person, he was scarcely of the average height, but his muscles were firmly knit; he had a finely-developed head, remarkably full in the faculties which give artistic power and taste. His constitution, never strong, has succumbed beneath the burdens that his energetic nature imposed upon it.

Dr. Kane died peacefully at Havanah,

Cuba, on Monday, February 16, 1857. Very marked funeral honors attended his obsequies at Havanah, at New-Orleans, at Louisville, and along the whole route by which his remains were conveyed to Philadelphia, where he sleeps his long sleep in his native city, embalmed in the memory of multitudes of his fellow citizens.

The Doctor's published works are few. His two Arctic Narratives are comprised in three volumes, and he has issued some scientific treatises, besides preparing lectures on subjects connected with the Arctic Explorations. His labors, as a navigator and geographer, have been rewarded by a gold medal, presented by the Royal Geographical Society, and by other testimonials; but his best and most enduring record is found in the remarkable acts of a crowded life.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE. — The *Titania* has returned from Teneriffe, and the head of the expedition, Mr. C. Piazz Smyth, has transmitted to the Admiralty the rough notes of its transactions. The expedition sailed from Southampton on the 20th June, Mr. Stephenson having very nobly placed his steam-yacht at their disposal, and they arrived at Teneriffe on the 8th July. Their first operations were on the Guajara, a mountain 8,870 feet high. Such was the purity of the atmosphere at this elevation, that the limit of vision of the Sheepshank telescope was extended from stars of the 10th degree of magnitude to those of the 14th. The first radiation thermometer they exposed was broken in a few minutes, the power of the sun proving to be much greater than the maker of the instrument had anticipated. Two others, on M. Arago's plan, though marking as high as 180 degrees, were soon proved to be insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the sun's rays. They were still more unfortunate with their actinometers. By the aid of a delicate thermomultiplier lent by Mr. Gassiot, they found that the heat radiated by the moon, amounted to about one-third of that radiated by a candle at a distance of about fifteen feet. They also made numerous experiments on

the quantity of light emitted by the heavenly bodies, and on its polarization.

On the 28th August the instruments were removed to Alta Vista, a level shelf on the Peak, 10,900 feet high. The carriage of the great Pattinson equatorial to that lofty observatory was a work of difficulty, happily overcome by the skill and energy of Mr. Goodall, vice-consul at Orotava. The instrument, when taken to pieces, filled thirteen boxes, and required eleven horses and men to transport it. When erected and used, the fine division of Saturn's ring—a much contested matter—came out unmistakeably, and revelations of clouds appeared on Jupiter's surface, which were eminently similar in form, and as continually interesting in their changes, as those of the sea of lower clouds brought about Teneriffe daily under their eyes by the N.E. trade wind. Of the moon some extraordinary views were obtained, notwithstanding its unfortunately low altitude at that time; and the sun was observed both optically and photographically. Unfortunately the fine weather broke up a few days after this telescope had been erected, and the observers were compelled to leave the mountain on the 14th September. They reached Southampton on the 14th October.—*London paper, October 25.*

From the London Literary Journal.

## STEREOSCOPIC JOURNEYS.

CERTAINLY the most interesting, and perhaps also the most beautiful department of the young and growing Photographic Art, is that which, by the application of a simple and wonderful optical law, enables us to bring within the compass of a little box, or at most a little cabinet, the means of realizing beneath our eyes all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. We refer, of course, to the stereoscope; which, by reason of the law of binocular vision, and by means of a few slides of glass, cardboard, or metal, as the case may be, enables us to see with wonderful and beautiful distinctness a distant scene or an absent friend, not as in a picture, but standing out in all solidity and reality, as if we were looking out of a window. Thanks to this new domain of art, many very important results are being accomplished. Those whose circumstances or avocations bind them to home are by this means enabled to visit distant scenes, and to gain correct ideas respecting that which has hitherto been vague and indeterminate: for the best picture cannot equal, and never can hope to equal, the *reality* of the stereoscopic view. Those who have travelled may revisit scenes in which their eyes have acquired a more extended vision into the secret beauties of nature, may perform their journeys over and over again, and thus derive a fourfold pleasure as a recompense for their labor. Young people, looking forward to the day when they shall be permitted to see for themselves, are enabled to prepare their minds for the reception of new impressions. Much of that enlarging and ennobling influence which Humboldt (in his "Kosmos") attributes to foreign travel, is brought as it were into our very drawing-rooms and school-

rooms. A miracle is accomplished; if Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, the mountain cannot be brought to Mahomet. Geography may now be taught henceforward as a concrete, and not as an abstract science. A country will no longer be a mere diagram upon the map, picked out with blue or yellow, with thin hairy lines marking out the rivers, something like a section of a caterpillar for a chain of mountains, a rough imitation of a wart for a volcano, and a quantity of names in microscopic letters to signify cities, towns, and villages. Henceforward it will be a land in which scenes of beauty and works of art may abound; where houses stand in the streets, and men and women live in them; where mountains up-rear their cloud-capped summits to the skies; and where there are waterfalls and trees, and statues and bridges, and boats sailing upon the waters. When the tutor tells a boy that Rome is upon the Tiber, and that it is built upon seven hills, what clear idea does he implant within his mind? But when (thanks to a dozen stereoscopic slides) he can show him the Capitol and the Colosseum, St. Peter's, the Vatican, and Trajan's Arch, does he not open to him distinct and hopeful visions of the truth? This, indeed, we believe to be the highest mission of the stereoscope. To the grown man it may be a beautiful toy; but to the child it is certainly an important instrument of education.

Before us lie some of those wonderful glass transparencies which have justly raised the name of Ferrier to the highest grade in this branch of art. Possessing some secret means of rendering his glass most delicately sensitive to the effects of light, this gentleman has arrived at an

admirable degree of excellence in taking these pictures. There is a delicacy combined with distinctness in these transparencies which is perfectly astonishing. M. Ferrier is now engaged in illustrating Switzerland, and the specimens of his art taken in that land of mountain, wood, and stream, are eagerly sought after by connoisseurs. Nor is this surprising, for it is impossible to imagine any thing more truthful and beautiful. Take the slide representing the "Chûte inférieure du Reichenbach," for example. How admirably distinct the rocks covered with moss and the wild strawberry, and the trees, with roots cropping out of the crag, standing out in the foreground of the picture. The foliage and tufted mats of herbage which clothe the rocks have a delicate half-tone which is almost color. The surfaces of the boulders and loose rocks in the bed of the stream are wet and glisten. Higher up we see the waterfall dashing down from stage to stage, and where one fall seems deeper than another the gauzy mist of spray veils the background of the picture like steam. Now change the slide and take the "Vallée de Zermatt." Here the view is more extensive. A long deep valley, a river displaying its serpentine windings at the bottom, snow-capped mountains towering in the distance, and a beautiful little Swiss hamlet in the foreground, in which every roof, every chimney stands out from the picture. But what shall we say of the wonderful ice-studies, which seem to have special attractions for M. Ferrier, since upon them he evidently employs all the resources of skill. Here is the "Pente terminale du Glacier de Rosenlani." Nothing could be more like ice—the rough surface here crusted with snow, and there displaying that blue deepness which is only to be found in very thick ice. The eye searches out the recesses of a fissure, and rests spell-bound upon the curious and beautiful forms which the rocky gelid has assumed under the influence of a partial thaw. The "Grotte du Glacier de Tacconay" is another gem of the same kind. The grotto arches over a stream; in the depths we see the masses of translucent ice illuminated by a light which falls in from some fissure in the rock; beyond are slopes of the mountain girt with a belt of pines. The "Grand Mulets" is another splendid specimen. The hut and rocks in the foreground; a guide lying on the roof

of the hut with his ladder leaning by his side; far away into the distance stretch endless wastes of virgin snow, telling of the dangers of ascent. We shiver as we look through the glass.

But for the present we must leave M. Ferrier and his delightful Swiss experiences, and betake ourselves to warmer climes. This time it is M. Marion, of Regent street, who is our guide, and he takes us to sunny Naples. We have a neat morocco case before us, inscribed in letters of gold, "Trip to Naples." We open it; forty-one beautiful card-board slides fall out, and we have the whole kingdom of King Ferdinand to pick and choose before us. The collection before us contains views taken in Naples and the environs. Pompeii deserves a collection for itself, and has it. We understand that M. Marion had great difficulty in obtaining the latter, King Bomba being of opinion that to take Pompeii away in a stereoscope would materially interfere with the revenues of his ill-used kingdom. That liberal-minded monarch looks upon the treasures which art and nature have lavished upon his metropolis in no higher spirit than Mr. Burnum would—merely as so many additional attractions to draw the sight-seer to his shores. Happily, however, M. Marion has triumphed over every difficulty, and has managed to get a perfect set of views from that City of the Dead. But the "Trip to Naples" is confined to Naples and its environs. There are beautiful views on the roads to Sorrento and to Amalfi; in Atrani, near Naples, we find the birthplace of Massaniello, and at Sorrento is the home of Tasso. Those who are familiar with these spots need hardly to be reminded of the beauties of Ravello and Pausilippe. Almost every turn of the road about Sorrento and Amalfi has offered some new beauty to M. Marion, which he has not failed to take advantage of for his collection. In Naples itself we have here the Pont de la Cava, the Ponte Rosso, the Convent of the Capucins, the Ponte della Santa, and some of the more celebrated pieces of sculpture in the gardens of the Villa Reale, the Rapes of Proserpine and of Europa, the Apollo, and the Dying Gladiator. The slips upon which the views are taken are glazed in a manner which not only preserves them from dirt, but also considerably heightens the sharpness of the picture.

From Chambers's Journal.

## F E V E R - P O I S O N S .

[On the subject of scarlet fever, which has been lately making extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr. R. Pairman, surgeon, Biggar.]

AFTER referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect clothes and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds: It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, &c., nestling in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, *more virulently than at first*, after the lapse of many weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woolen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A genteel country family lately related to me that, a few years ago, they had occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh; while there, one of the domestics became affected with fever of a peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes—as was thought—were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertance, they remained for four months thus folded up; after which, being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week, the person who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none was prevailing in the district at the time; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day. Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unloosed it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr Parr, of Exeter, showing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Macauley's *Dictionary of Medicine*: "The last plague which infested the town in which we now write," says Dr. Parr, "arose from a traveller remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. 'In that corner,' said he, 'was a cupboard where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.' He took the poker, broke down the plastering, and found them. *The disease was soon disseminated, and extensively fatal.*"

The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago, I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina; and as they had both become suddenly affected *at the very same hour* the previous evening, it was evident that both had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But the question arose: Where could they possibly get infection? for they had ever been carefully tended by their nurse, come in contact with nobody but members of the family, and no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under scarlatina in an adjoining parish; had, in the act of engaging in religious conversation, sat by her bed, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient—in a word, had quite unconsciously done everything likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which, the night being cold, he wrapped his great-coat firmly around



him—thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion—mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid pace. On reaching home, he threw off his great-coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous present a father's love was unconsciously bestowing. That this was the mode of communicating the disease was evident by a process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever shows itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought exactly to the time when the incident occurred.

If two pieces of cloth of the same material, the one *black*, and the other *white*, were, in equal circumstances, and for the same length of time, exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have here something analogous to the well-known law about the absorption of heat. As dark objects absorb heat more power-

fully than white ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection, and all kinds of smells. Hence the mere fumigation of closes and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they are afterwards very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwellings of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comfort which the whiting-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realize those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of spectres. Dark and cheerless are its favorite dens. The "bleezing ingle and the clean hearth-stane," it seems to shun; but lurks and lingers in the gloomy hovel, fattens on its dirt, and in the crevices of its smoked and dingy walls finds those most congenial nestling-places which it cannot find in the plastered, whitewashed, smooth, and shining walls of cleanliness. Its fittest emblem is that mysterious plant, the deadly nightshade, which loves the darkness rather than the light, and luxuriates less abundantly in sunshine than in gloom.

DISCOVERY.—"About six miles from Rapello, and seven from Venosa and Melfi," writes a correspondent from Naples, "excavations have lately been going on to construct the road of Rendi-na. In that part of the excavations which was conducted in the Via Appia, a sarcophagus has recently been discovered, which has thus been described to me:—It is of pure white marble, and measures ten palms in length, five in depth, and four in width. On the lid, which represents a kind of dormouse, is a young female sleeping, with her hair of that character so well known in statuary as undulating. Her head rests on a cushion, and her feet on a lion. On the front part of this sarcophagus are four niches, in one of which is Proserpine; in another, a statuette of Mars; in another, of Venus with her glass; and in the last, Meleager. On the other corresponding part are Ulysses, Vulcan, Mars, and a figure unknown. On one side is a fictitious door, and on the other various festoons. No inscription has been found upon it. This sarcophagus

was discovered enclosed in a rectangular edifice, adorned with beautiful marbles, and the walls of which are constructed of brick. 'I have never seen anything like it,' said an antiquary to me; and, though many sarcophagi have been found in Magna Græcia, I think these are now more magnificent for the abundance and the perfection of the sculpture. The style,' he continued, 'is of the finest Roman; the drapery is beautiful; the countenance delicate; and the drawing most correct. The niches, in which are the divinities, are separated from one another by many-spiral columns of the Corinthian order, and the figures are all in *mezzo rilievo*.' Notice (of which I received the earliest information) has just been received, by the Directors of the Museo Borbonico, of this interesting discovery, and an artist will be sent down to make a drawing of it, after which, if arrangements can be made for the purchase of it, it will be brought to Naples, to be placed in the Museo Borbonico."

From Chambers's Journal.

## C O P Y I N G B Y L I G H T .

WE have to propose to our readers, especially our fair ones, a scientific amusement of an elegant and inexpensive kind. We would teach them to make copies of pictures, engravings, maps, music, &c., by means of light, and according to a process which costs hardly anything beyond the price of the paper.

1. Having fixed upon the object to be copied, take a sheet of good paper, and spread a solution upon one side of it composed of 60 grains of blue-stone or sulphate of copper, 30 grains of bichromate of potass, and 3 ounces of water. This composition should be spread upon the paper by means of a glass rod; or if you do not happen to have such a thing, any smooth phial will do as well.

Paper prepared with this solution is of a beautiful yellow color; when dry, it is fit for use, and should be used as soon as convenient, for when kept long, it loses its sensibility. Place the prepared side of this paper against or upon the face of the picture to be copied, and allow the back of the picture to be exposed to the light; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, if it is a bright sunny day, you shall see—what you shall see. If the weather is dark and cloudy, you will have longer to wait, perhaps not less than half an hour; but having allowed it to remain exposed to

the light for this time, if you take it into a room partly darkened, or with the blind drawn down, a very clear *negative yellow* picture will appear on the prepared paper. You must now pour a few drops of nitrate of silver solution on it, of the strength of half a drachm to two ounces of water, and spread this quickly over by means of your phial or glass rod, and instantaneously a very beautiful and vivid red picture will make its appearance.

The back of the picture, however, having been exposed to the light, while the face was pressed against the prepared side of the paper, the objects copied will be formed in a contrary direction to that in the original, so that the part of the ori-

ginal picture situated at its right side will appear on the left side of the copy, and *vice versa*. This might be no great matter, as regards some pictures, but it is obvious that by such a process neither maps nor music could be copied. When necessary, however, as in the case of maps and music, the original may be exposed to the light, and the prepared paper pressed to the back, which would give the true position. But it is always desirable, when the subject admits of it, and more especially in the case of a thick engraving or picture, for its *face* to be pressed against the prepared paper, as in that case the copy is produced much sharper and more distinct than the other way.

To keep the picture well pressed against the prepared paper, a heavy piece of glass may be placed on the top, as the rays of light will not be at all lessened in their intensity by this arrangement.

These photographic pictures may be fixed by washing well in pure water, and when dry, a gloss may be given by spreading a little gum-water over the surface. So much for the process, and now for the cost. 60 grains of sulphate of copper, and 30 of bichromate of potass—the first solution—have hardly an appreciable pecuniary value, and indeed the chemist you deal with would not think of charging anything for so small a quantity of these substances; yet this solution will be sufficient to take more than 200 copies. The second solution—half a drachm of nitrate of silver—at four shillings per ounce, costs threepence, which, added to two ounces of water, and a few drops spread over the yellow negative picture, will be sufficient for between 50 and 100 pictures. As we have hinted, therefore, the expense of this elegant and useful amusement is, in reality, if we except the paper—which is cheap enough, you know—next to nothing at all. We may add, that the picture to be copied need not be taken out of the book, if it is in one: it is only necessary to place the prepared paper underneath its face,

while the piece of glass laid upon its back will keep open the book, and allow access to the light.

2. *Another process.*—Make a solution composed of half a drachm of nitrate of silver to two ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution over a sheet of paper by means of a glass phial. When dried in the dark, it is fit for use. Proceed precisely as in the above process, to copy the picture; and after being left exposed to the light for about five to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the picture, a *negative* picture will be found on the prepared paper, having the light part of the original dark, and the dark parts light. It now becomes the question how to turn this negative picture into a positive one; and this is effected in the following way: After the negative has been well washed in pure water, and fixed by passing it two or three times through a solution of common salt, it is ready, when dry, to print from. Prepare your sheet of paper in the same way as the other, and when dry, press its prepared side against the negative picture; then allow the back of the negative to be exposed to the light, and in a few minutes you will have obtained a fine positive picture, which can be fixed by passing it through a solution of common salt.

3. *Process for copying positive collodion portraits from glass on paper.*—Make a solution composed of half a dram

of nitrate of silver to one and a half ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution, by means of a glass phial or rod, over a sheet of paper, which must then be put in a dark place till dry, when it is fit for use. The portrait or picture to be copied need not be taken out, but the back of the *passe-partout* merely opened. Sometimes liquid jet is employed for backing collodion pictures, but more commonly cotton velvet. If velvet, it can be removed, and a piece of the prepared paper, sufficient to cover the portrait, substituted, taking care that its prepared side be pressed against the collodion side of the portrait. Having done this, the face of the *passe-partout* may be exposed to the light, and in a few seconds the prepared paper at the back of the portrait will be seen to darken. When sufficiently dark, the *passe-partout* may be removed from the light, and the prepared paper taken off, when it will be seen to present a positive copy of the picture on the glass. To fix these impressions, just pass them once through a solution of common salt, and wash in pure water.

The expense of this process is hardly appreciable, since from 200 to 300 copies may be produced by half a drachm of nitrate of silver, in one and a half or two ounces of water, the cost only threepence; two or three drops of which are sufficient for an ordinary-sized portrait.

NAVICULÆ are numerous, and widely dispersed. The green *Navicula*, about the hundredth part of an inch in length, was found by Dr. Mantell in a pool on Clapham Common. The golden *Navicula* is another beautiful species, so named from the numerous points within the shell giving it a bright yellow appearance. The shell is an oblong oval, and has upon it numerous delicate and regular flutings. In the vicinity of Hull many very interesting varieties of *Diatomacæ* have been found, the beauty of the varied forms of which delight the microscopist. It has been shown by Mr. Sollit that the markings on some of the shells were so fine as to range between the thirty-thousandth and the sixty-thousandth of an inch; the *Pleurosigma strigilis* having the strongest markings, and the *Navicula*

*acus* the finest. Certain diatoms are common both to the old world and the new. The beautiful *Meridion circulare* abounds in many localities in this country; but there is none in which it presents itself in such rich luxuriance as in the mountain brooks about West Point in the United States, the bottoms of which, according to Professor Bailey, are literally covered in the first warm days of spring with a ferruginous-colored mucous matter about a quarter of an inch thick, which, on examination by the microscope, proves to be filled with millions and millions of these exquisitely beautiful siliceous bodies. Every submerged stone, twig, and spear of grass is enveloped by them; and the waving plume-like appearance of a filamentous body covered in this way is often very elegant.

## B A L L A D S O F S W E D E N .

BALLADS now are almost forgotten but to the few, who treasure them up as memorials and illustrations of the mind and manners of the past. They represent the moral feelings of a nation, and the characteristics and modes of thinking of by-gone generations of men. Scholars are not indifferent to their value, both on historical and philological grounds. Extensive collections of ballad literature have been made in this country; and there is scarcely a people of Europe which is not striving with a kind of religious zeal to collect and preserve every fragment of the traditions and popular songs of their fathers. In this respect the Germans have been especially industrious. They have been collecting the folklore, traditions, and popular poetry, not only of their own country, but of all the countries of Europe. It is in German only that we can read the ballads of various peoples, from Finland to Gibraltar, and from the German Ocean to the Caspian. And now Brockhaus, of Leipsic, is bringing out a beautiful edition of the Swedish ballads, collected some forty years ago by Geijer and Afzelius. The translation into German has been made by the well-known literary antiquarian, Dr. Ferdinand Wolff, and, as far as the two languages would permit, has been faithfully made. The *Svenska Folk-Visor fran forntiden* (the Swedish ballad poetry of antiquity) has much in common with that of our own. There is love and adventure discoursed of in them, war and peace, faith and fraud, and perhaps a larger amount of the tragical than we find in our collections.

We give a specimen :

*Liten Karin* (Little Katie) is rather a tragical ballad, but characteristic of remote times and of days when kings could do wrong with impunity.

"Little Karin served in the young king's hall, and she shone like a star there among the maidens all. She shone like a star there, the very fairest maid; and thus to little Karin the young King said :  
'Oh! hear thee, little Karin, if thou wilt be but mine, gray horses and gold saddles and all shall be thine.'

'Gray horses and gold saddles I may not think upo'; give these unto your young queen; let me with honor go.'

'Then hear me, little Karin; if you will be but mine, my crown made of the reddest gold, and that shall be thine.'

'Your Crown made of the reddest gold I may not think upo'; give that unto your young queen, let me with honor go.'

'Yet hear me, little Karin; if my leman thou wilt be, the half of all my kingdom, that shall I give to thee.'

'The half of all your kingdom, I may not think upo'; give that unto your young queen, let me with honor go.'

'Then hear thee, little Karin; if thou wilt not be mine, a barrel spiked with nails shall certainly be thine.'

'If you put me in a spike-barrel, God's angels will see me, and away with little Karin to Heaven they shall flee.'

They put her in a spike-barrel, they did not heed her pain; and all the King's young pages rolled her up and down again.

Then down there came from Heaven two doves of spotless white, and Karin made the third dove that flew to the angels bright."

Of this song, which is known all over Sweden, there are several versions. One intensifies the cruelty of the young king, by stating that he assisted his pages in rolling little Karin about in the tun spiked with nails, and ends :

"Her cheeks were pale and torn, and down the red blood ran; O God in Heaven highest, look down on this proud man!

They took the little Karin out, and wiped her body o'er, and all the little maids at Court bewailed Karin sore.

They laid her on a golden bier, and cover'd her body fair, and all the little maids at Court they curled Karin's hair.

And they laid the little Karin in the dark, dark grave to lie; and all God's little angels were standing then thereby."

The ballad of "Herr Olof" has the burthen of "*Men Linden gror väl!*" It runs to the effect that :

"Sir Olof he saddled his charger gray, and away rode he; to the mermaid's house, away went he. And green grows the linden.

Sir Olof he mounted his saddle of gold; and away to the mermaid he galopp'd so bold.

'Welcome, Oh! welcome, Sir Olof, to me, for five long years I have waited for thee.

'But where were ye born and where were ye bred? and where was thy hosen and and courtly dress made?'



At the court of the Kaiser I born was and bred;  
 and there my hosen and jerkin were made;  
 And there I have father, and there I have mother;  
 and there I have sister fair, there have a brother.  
 There I have acres, there I have land, and there  
 my bridal bed fairly doth stand.  
 And there have I my sweetheart so true; with her  
 I shall live, with her I shall *dee*. And green  
 grows the linden.  
 Now hear ye, Sir Olof, and come now with me, and  
 ye'll have bright wine in gold filagree. And  
 green grows the linden.  
 Where were ye born, and where were ye bred?  
 and where were thy hosen and country dress  
 made?  
 Where is thy father, where is thy mother? where  
 is thy sister fair, where is thy brother?  
 No father have I, and I have no mother; I have  
 no sister, and I have no brother. But green  
 grows the linden.  
 Where hast thou thine acres, and where is thy  
 land; and where does thy well-deck'd bridal-  
 bed stand?  
 And where doth remain thy lady-love true, with  
 whom thou wilt live, with whom thou wilt  
*dee*?  
 It is here, here I have my acres and field; it is  
 here my love's bower I shall build. And green  
 grows the linden.  
 And here my true love so fastly have I; with  
 whom I shall live, with whom I shall die. And  
 green grows the linden."

### THE ANGELS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

"Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,  
 How lovely and fair are the angels mild!  
 They have radiant faces more purely bright  
 Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light;

They have eyes so blue, and serenely fair,  
 And eternal flowers in their golden hair,  
 And their flashing wings—which to thee would  
 seem  
 Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam—  
 The angels wave so stately and light,  
 From rosy morn till the dewy night.

"Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,  
 How softly and light soar the angels mild!  
 As lightly as flutters from heaven the snow,  
 As soft as o'er earth the pale moonbeams glow,  
 As light as the mist in silver wreath curls,  
 As soft as the bud into blossom unfurls,  
 As lightly as leaflet is borne from the tree,  
 As soft as the lightfall o'er land and o'er sea.  
 Thus lightly and softly, my darling child,  
 On pinion of air soar the angels mild!

"Now list while I tell thee, my darling child!  
 Where dwell the angels so lovely and mild!  
 Where the voice of the poor is heard in need,  
 There haste the angels with manna to feed;  
 Where o'er her sick babe the young mother  
 weeps,  
 Bright angels flock nigh, and the little one  
 sleeps;  
 Where the worn and weary faint and fear,  
 Where trembles a soul, where falls a tear,  
 There swiftly speed, my darling child,  
 On ministering wing the angels mild!

"And wouldst thou, my child, the angels view?  
 That on this earth thou canst not do;  
 But, if holy and pure thou livest here,  
 A beauteous angel will ever be near;  
 And in that hour when realms of light  
 Refulgent dawn o'er the dimming sight,  
 Thou'lt see them then, as they beckon aloft,  
 Expand thy budding wings so soft!  
 And lo! in Elysium, my darling child,  
 Thou wilt be triumphant, an angel mild!"

**ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND STATISTICS.**—The importance of statistics, the source from whence the modern statesman draws that knowledge so essential to all good government, has brought it within the pale of sciences. Dealing in facts alone, the results are sure; and these rest on the axiom that the laws which operate on the moral and physical condition of the human race are constant. In dealing with the individual, or a fact, everything is uncertain; but, taking man or facts in the aggregate, the results that are elicited are governed by certain and well-defined laws. Thus, on the momentous question of poverty and crime, it has been too often loosely asserted that "guilt and poverty are closely connected." The records of the past year alone will disprove the position; and it may be shown, from

the data derived from the calendar of crimes and convictions, that guilt arises more frequently from drunkenness and ignorance than from poverty; although, taking the statistics of real and great offenses, the general conclusion is, "that when the people are comfortable they are well conducted, while, when a time of privation comes, crimes increase."

The enormous export of silver to the East, which has had some effect on the monetary affairs of Europe, has called general attention to the fact. It appears that from 1851 to 1855 inclusive no less than £22,000,000 of silver had been exported to the East through England alone, and in 1856 the amount reached £9,000,000. Such is the fact; the cause as yet remains unexplained.

From the *London Critic*.

# THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

THE angels looked down through the frosty night,  
And their eyes were filled with a pitying light,  
As they saw the poor earth lie, shrivell'd and dry,  
Gather'd up close, as a varlet old  
Huddles his limbs when the North blows cold.  
Then swift through the chambers of Heaven they go,  
Snapping the cords of the canopy white—and lo!  
'Tis loosen'd—'tis loosen'd—'tis trembling—'tis fall-  
ing.

First hither and thither a feathery flake,  
Softly and softly they winnow and shake;  
And then in light handfuls 'tis sifted and scatter'd,  
And then comes a burst, like a cloud that is shat-  
ter'd;

Then—steady and fast, and still faster it falleth,  
Still steady and fast through the silent night,  
Still steadily down through the dim dawning light,  
Tufting the tops of the mountain pines,  
Crowning the crags with long silvery lines,  
Peaking the porches and gables old,  
Cresting the low thatch'd roofs, and roll'd,  
Wreathed, and toss'd, as with fairy intent,  
On parapet, balustrade, and battlement.  
Over the woods and the bare brown hedges.  
Wrapping a lace-work fine and clear,  
Pluming the willows light, and the sedges

There on the verge of the frozen mere.  
And look, in the city, lane, and street,  
Where the living currents part and meet:  
Silent they come and silently go,  
And the traffic-din is dumb in the snow.  
Now, borne in the lap of the Norland gust,  
Through the mountain gorges where life is hush'd,  
'Tis driving like surge of a winter sea;  
Whirling in columns of thin white dust,  
Breaking like spray over stone and tree.  
Vainly the grim king dwelling afar  
Where the ice-towers mirror the Polar star—  
Vainly he bade that strong wind go  
Forth on its errand to scatter the snow;  
For see, never heeding, how steady 'tis falling;  
Falling and falling from east unto west—  
Faster and faster from east unto west.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then it is stay'd, and earth is array'd  
In a white garment befitting a bride,  
In a pure raiment beseeching a bride.  
And the red sun glides from his cloudy nest  
To gaze on her whom he loveth best.  
And every white valley and city and hill  
Suddenly flushes with crimson pale—  
A bridal blush through a bridal veil.

WHAT IS A POUND.—What is a pound? asked Peel. What is a milliard? asked lately the *Assemblée Nationale*. We are not about to distress the reader with a financial subject, but to give him the results of a curious calculation, which he may apply to the National Debt if so minded. "In general," says our contemporary, "few people can form a proper notion of a milliard—or 1,000,000,000—francs (£40,000,000) in silver." And then he proceeds to tell us about this milliard—or, as we would say,—billion—of franc pieces.

A milliard weighs 5,000,000 kilogrammes. It would require 2000 four-horse waggons to carry it by land, and, on water, a ship as big as Noah's ark, 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide, and 30 cubits high. Were the 50,000,000 kilogrammes forged into bars a square inch thick, the length of the same would be more than 655,000 yards, more than enough to surround

Paris with a railing ten feet high. Were a milliard of franc pieces laid down on a road twelve feet wide (the usual breadth of a French highway) close to each other, a street so paved would extend three leagues farther than the distance from Paris to Rouen. A single line, composed of a milliard of franc pieces, would have a length of 23,000,000 toises, or 750 leagues more than the circumference of our earth. Lastly, if at the birth of Christ a milliard franc pieces had been inclosed in a machine capable of throwing one out every minute, the machine would have to work for sixty-two years longer before it had discharged itself of its silver burden.

A pound weight of silver is coined into sixty-six shillings. Here is a datum. Let the "ingenious reader," as he was wont to be called, go to work, and tell us what may be accomplished with a billion of English shillings.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE BY SEA AND LAND, FROM THE EARLIEST DATE TO THE LAST EXPEDITIONS IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. Edited by EPES SARGEANT, with Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Co. 1857. Pp. 480.

THIS volume, presented to the reading public in the neat and tasteful typography and dress characteristic of the enterprising publishers, is a timely contribution to the great chapters and facts of Arctic history and explorations. It is a most interesting panorama of the northern world, before which the reader may sit down, and, looking through its graphic scenes and descriptions, may see what has been done and suffered by the host of hardy adventurers in by-gone years, to unlock the great ice regions of the north, and bring down to the people in the milder climes of the sunny south the geographic and scientific treasures of knowledge which had so long been hid from the human mind. Mr. Sargeant has done a good service to the literature and history of our country. The explorations of Dr. Kane and his compatriots, and his recent and demise, have turned the public mind to the north, and we commend this book to many readers, and especially to the young men and women of our country. Books of this stamp are well charged with literary oxygen, which will serve to strengthen and invigorate the mind more than a cargo of vapid love stories.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND ITS ADJUNCTS.

By JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D. Pp. 342. Philadelphia American Sunday-school Union. New York, 375 Broadway; Boston, 9 Cornhill; Cincinnati, 41 West 4th street; Louisville, No. 103 4th street.

IN our humble judgment, rarely have the Sunday-school Union published so good a book, so full of practical wisdom, so instructive, so suggestive and so replete with most important cardinal principles which enter into the well-being and guidance of children, youth and age, and which have so influential a bearing on human happiness in this world and in that to come. We might expect such a book from the learning, the piety, the long practical experience and observation of Dr. Alexander, as a Sabbath-school teacher, minister, pastor and eloquent divine, whom we have long known, and to whose Sabbath ministrations we have often listened with profit and pleasure. We only add, that we earnestly commend this good book to the attentive perusal of every parent, every Sunday-school teacher, and any one interested in training up young minds for usefulness in this world and happiness in the next.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT THE CATARACTS OF THE NILE.—THE EXPEDITION.—It was stated recently that Count d'Escahyrac, the Frenchman who was placed at the head of the expedition prepared by the Vice-

roy of Egypt to explore the sources of the Nile, had resigned or been removed from his post; but letters recently received from him, in Paris, represent that he still remains chief of the expedition, though some of the savans appointed it to have declined to act under his direction. Lieut. Twyford, one of the English members of the expedition has, say the letters in question, succeeded, in spite of the most formidable difficulties, in getting over the three great cataracts of the Nile, the two steamers, five dahabiehs, (large decked barges,) and three smaller vessels, provided for the expedition. This operation was considered almost impossible, and Lieut. Twyford's success in it is described as doing the highest honor to his scientific skill, his energy, and courage. At the second cataract in particular, the local authorities and his pilots declared that it was impossible to get the vessels over, and the Egyptian soldiers and sailors placed under his orders refused to assist him in what they considered the desperate attempt; but he paid no attention to the representations of the former, and the result was that he triumphed; but to do so, it is said that he required the assistance of four thousand men! On the 18th of December, he was within five days' sail of Dongolah-el-Adjous, and it was believed that he would have to remain there some months to repair the injury his vessels had received in their terrible descent. Count d'Escahyrac was at Cairo, and did not contemplate setting out to join Lieut. Twyford before February.—*Literary Gazette.*

EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE AT SEA.—The passengers and crew of the *Pera* on her last outward voyage witnessed a singular phenomenon when approaching Alexandria on the 3d ult. At noonday, the sun became almost invisible, and a dense fog obscured the firmament; the ship with her spars and rigging were covered with a fine powder, which entered the ears and mouths of the passengers, causing the greatest inconvenience. The utmost alarm was felt on board, and some dire calamity was apprehended. The hatches were battened down, and Captain Soy, the commander of the packet, turned her head and ran off to sea again. During the time of this almost complete darkness, the wind was blowing from the south, and the sea was frightfully disturbed. Although the *Pera* proceeded forty or fifty miles out to sea again, still the dense fog prevailed far to seaward, and toward the coast darkness literally overspread the land of Egypt. This phenomenon lasted for eight hours, when the fog cleared away, the wind lulled, and the sea went down. This extraordinary appearance was owing to what is called the *khamseen* or sand-storm, and its extending so far to sea is a most unusual circumstance. From the direction of the wind, the *khamseen* must have originated in the Great Sahara. It raises the sand there in masses which move in a spiral figure, and the heavy particles of sand soon drop to the earth, while

